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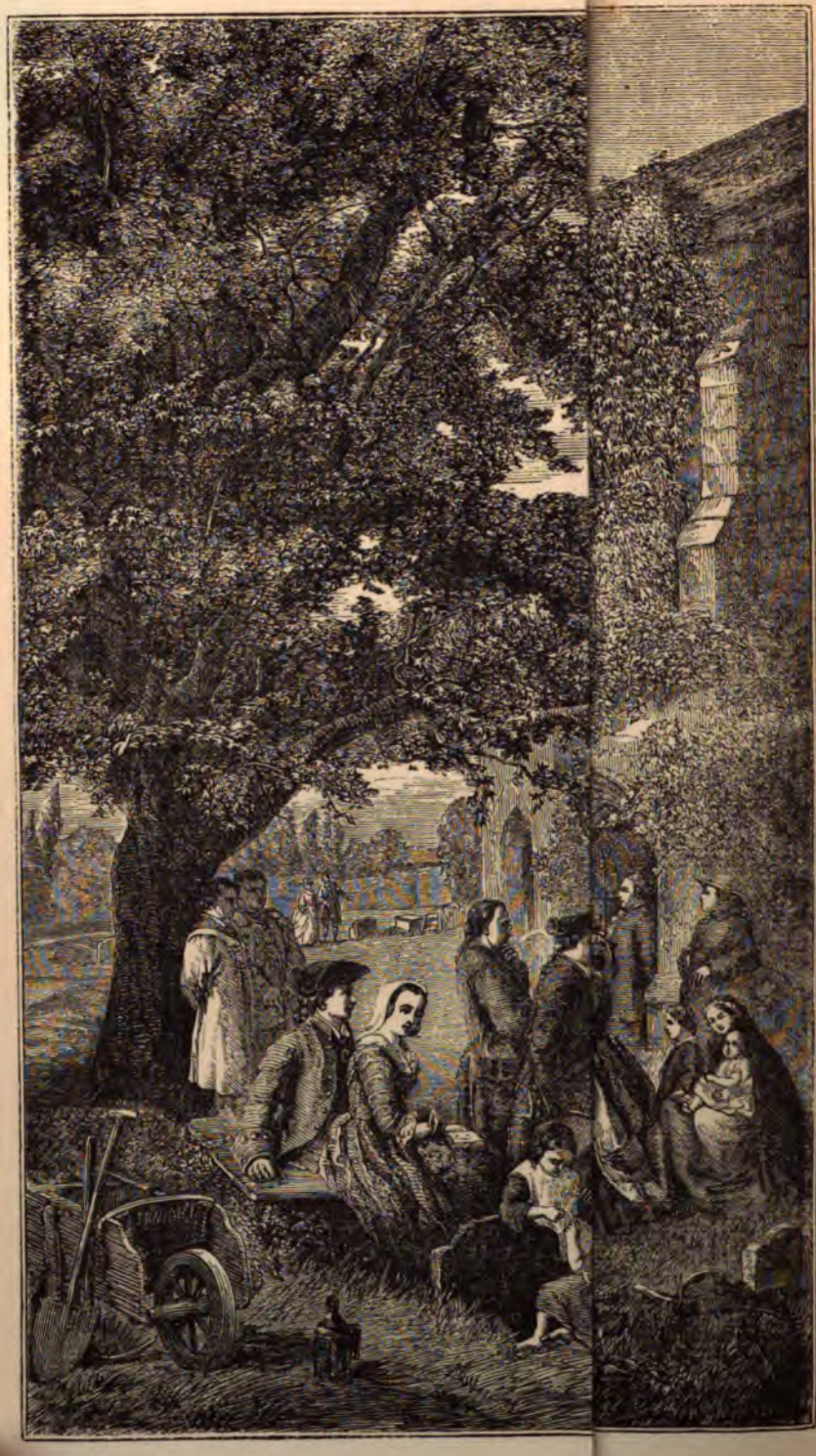

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

"The natal soil to all how strangely sweet!
The place where first he breathed, who can forget?"

The engraving presented to our readers with the first Number of the "Miscellany," for the year 1861, represents one of the most impressive and deeply-interesting incidents in Wesley's long and marvellous career. He had commenced his glorious itinerancy and proclaimed the Gospel in many pulpits of the land, and to gathering crowds in the open fields and market-places of the country; and now the time had come when his native neighbourhood must hear his trumpet-voice calling sinners to repentance, and offering them salvation in the name of Christ. The last time he was on the spot where he first breathed the vital air was to commend his dying sire to the mercy of God, give security for the payment of some of his father's debts, and commit the dear old man's body to its last resting-place, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Seven years had passed away, during which time he had obtained the blessing of a new heart, published many admirable books, both in prose and verse, preached thousands of sermons, laid the foundations of a distinct Christian community, and filled the whole United Kingdom with his fame.

On Saturday, June 5th, 1742, he arrived in Epworth, and "went to an inn in the middle of the town," not knowing whether there were any left in it who would not be ashamed of his acquaintance. He had not gone, however, to pay a quiet visit to the cottage of his birth, to roam unknown over the scenes of his boyhood, or to weep at the shrine of his honoured sire. He was on the "King's business;" he had "a message from God," and he must make himself known in order to deliver it. His name had become "familiar as household words" to the dwellers of his native place. The very truths which he preached had been proclaimed there, and he found a company of disciples who gladdened his heart with the clear statements of their own inward experience of the things of God. The first to greet him was an old maid-servant of his father's, who hastened to him with two or three other poor women. The "man of one business" was instantly made manifest. There was no talk of old times; no gossip about the old people who knew him when he was a boy. He had a higher mission, and at once began to fulfil it. "Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?" was almost his first question; and the answer thrilled him with delight: "I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith." "Have you then

the peace of God? Do you know that He has forgiven your sins?" "I thank God, I know it well: and many here can say the same thing."

The next day was the Sabbath, and, as was his wont, Wesley called upon Mr. Romley, the Curate, a little before service-time, and offered to assist him, either by preaching or reading prayers. The Curate, however, was no friend to the new evangelical movement, and declined the offer. The church in the afternoon was densely crowded, a rumour having spread abroad that Wesley was to preach. Mr. Romley girded himself for the occasion, and, "in a very florid and oratorical manner," warned the vast congregation against quenching the Spirit by enthusiasm. The sermon was distasteful to most of the hearers, who had gone expecting to hear Wesley expound and enforce his own doctrine, and not to hear him and his teaching assailed. As the vast congregation streamed from the church-porch, John Taylor—of whom we know nothing more *—gave notice that "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here,"—in the churchyard,—"at six o'clock."

At the hour of six "such a congregation as Epworth never saw before" covered the places of the dead, earnestly awaiting the arrival of the faithful evangelist. Near the east end of the church, "toward the sun-rising," there is "a plain grit tomb-stone, supported by brick-work," on which is cut the following inscription:—

Here
Lyeth all that was
Mortal of SAMUEL WESLEY,
A.M. He was rector of EP-
WORTH 39 years and departed
this Life 25 of April 1735
Aged 72.
As he liv'd so he died,
in the true Catholick Faith
of the Holy Trinity in Unity,
And that JESUS CHRIST is God
incarnate: and the only
Saviour of Mankind,
Acts iv. 12.
Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord, yea
saith the Spirit that they may
rest from their Labours and
their works do follow them.
Rev. xiv. 13.†

* The American historian of Methodism says that this was "David Taylor, Lady Huntingdon's servant, who was with" Mr. Wesley. This is a manifest error, as is evident from the following passage which Wesley wrote eight days afterwards on *leaving* Epworth:—"Monday, 14th. Having a great desire to see David Taylor, whom God had made an instrument of good to many souls, I rode to Sheffield." It would be well if Dr. Stevens's interesting volumes were a little more accurate in dates and names, both of persons and places.

† Pressing and continuous engagements having prevented my visiting Epworth

Here, on this solemn spot, Wesley takes his stand, and over the ashes of his sainted father, and the former Pastor of his assembled hearers, he announces that, "the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." What emotions must have stirred his heart, what thoughts and reminiscences must have swept through his mind, during that one service! Among the thousand topics which rose to his memory would not his departed sire's last words hold a prominent place? "Be steady," said the venerable man, as he laid his trembling hands upon the head of his youngest son, "Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom: you shall see it, though I shall not." Blessed words! so prophetic at the time of their utterance, and so soon to be fulfilled by the godly toils of his own gifted sons. Whatever Wesley felt on this memorable occasion, he locked up the secret in his own breast: not one word in his Journals or letters hints at any peculiar emotion. He has been accused of great want of feeling for standing over his father's remains, even to publish the Gospel; and Southey, who undertakes to rebuke the accusation, supposes him to have been influenced in his selection of a rostrum by the conviction, "that he should derive a deeper passion from the ground upon which he stood; like the Greek tragedian, who when he performed 'Electra,' brought into the theatre the urn containing the ashes of his own child!" All this may be very pretty and very classical; but to apply it to John Wesley shows a lamentable ignorance of his true character. He was neither stoic, enthusiast, nor play-actor; but a sober, earnest, and godly Minister, who never descended even to tricks of oratory, much less to tricks of the stage, under the false idea that they would give effect to the truths which he proclaimed. His father's tomb was probably the most convenient spot for commanding his congregation, "and he had not stood with a holier or more reverential feeling beside that grave" when his eyes rained down their rivers of tears upon his father's coffin than he now stands over the very spot and preaches "the kingdom of God." To his congregation the scene was, no doubt, impressive and monitory; and Wesley, with his accustomed facility of seizing hold of every circumstance calculated to render his discourses impressive, might possibly press the fact into the service of illustration; but that he deliberately selected this solemn standing-place for the sake of effect, is a flight of fancy too wonderful for our wildest imaginings to take.

Eight successive nights did he stand upon the same spot; and in few places during his whole life did he preach with more glorious results. Every day the interest became more intense; and every night augmented crowds hung upon his lips, and felt that his doctrine dropped as the rain, his speech distilled as the dew, "as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass," because he published the name of the

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before writing this paper, I have been compelled to take the inscription at second-hand. It is copied from Dr. Clarke's "Wesley Family," where the Doctor says, "I give it line for line with the original." I have no doubt, therefore, of its accuracy.

Lord. (Deut. xxxii. 2, 3.) On the *sixth* night he expounded and applied Ezekiel's vision of the resurrection of the dry bones: "and great indeed was the shaking among them; lamentation and great mourning were heard; God bowing their hearts, so that on every side, as with one accord, they lift up their voice and wept aloud." The *seventh* night was more remarkable still. He preached from one of his favourite subjects,—"the righteousness of the law, and the righteousness of faith;" and, while he was speaking, "several dropped down as dead; and among the rest, such a cry was heard, of sinners groaning for the righteousness of faith, as almost drowned" his "voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving; being assured they now had the desire of their soul,—the forgiveness of their sins."

On this memorable night, also, there was one case of religious awakening too deeply interesting to be passed over without a separate notice. Somewhere in the neighbourhood there resided a wealthy, godless man, in well-to-do circumstances, who boasted that he was "of no religion," and had not been to any service of public worship for more than thirty years. From some motive or other he swelled the crowd of Wesley's hearers; and the Preacher's earnest and pungent appeals found a way to his heart. At the close of the sermon he stood motionless as a statue. Wesley, who had observed him during the service, asked him abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner?" "Sinner enough!" was the prompt reply: "and he continued staring upwards till his wife and a servant or two, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home." Nearly ten years afterwards Wesley found this same gentleman still in the neighbourhood, "and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though exceeding weak in body." For some years "he had been rejoicing in God, without either doubt or fear; and was then waiting for the welcome hour, when he should depart and be with Christ."

The *eighth* and last night of his stay, the devoted evangelist preached on the beginning of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, to "a vast multitude gathered from all parts." He continued among them nearly three hours, from six to nine; and they then scarcely knew how to part. As he surveys the result of his week's hallowed toil, and looks upon the whitened harvest-field inviting the sickle of the reaper, he exclaims, "O, let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too; and my strength also seemed spent in vain. But now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since, now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins."

We should, however, form but a very imperfect conception of the labours of these eight days of refreshing, if we confined our attention to the evening sermon delivered from the tombstone. Epworth was made the head of a Circuit for the time being, from which Wesley sallied forth, on horseback or on foot, to many surrounding villages. Burnham,

Ouston, where the Clergyman "offered him the church, and then altered his mind;" Belton, where he stood "under a shady oak;" Overthorpe, Haxey, and Wroote, where John Whitelamb, his brother-in-law, lent him the church, which "could not contain the people, many of whom came from far,"—were all summoned to repentance by the clarion-blast of his trumpet. In addition to this, he visited the sick, and as many others as desired it, at their own homes; he held long conversations with some who had gone astray from the simple doctrine of Christ; and he carefully examined the members of Society "one by one." He had also to throw his shield over some of the poor people who were harassed and "persecuted for righteousness' sake;" his own record of which is really too choice to be omitted. "Wednesday, 9th.—I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a Justice of Peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom, I was informed, their angry neighbours had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people: and, besides, they prayed from morning to night.' Mr. S. asked, 'But have they done nothing besides?' 'Yes, Sir,' said an old man: 'an't please your Worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb.' 'Carry them back, carry them back,' replied the Justice, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'"

We have thus sketched Wesley's first evangelistic visit to his native place; and, if our space permitted, we would gladly follow him through the deeply-interesting records of his subsequent labours in that interesting spot. The town held a large place in his affections to the end of life. "I rode to Epworth," says, he, on one occasion, "which I still love beyond most places in the world." At least fifty-one times did he visit it in forty-eight years; and generally one Sabbath, and two or three week-days, were spent within its borders. He saw what he regarded as a large and handsome "house" of worship erected; he beheld the Society "multiply and grow," until they became a model to all the Societies in England; he had to mourn over their decline in piety and numbers, until, at his last visit, he was compelled to tell them frankly that they were but "a shadow of their former selves." His visits on several occasions were at the time of his birth-day; and in the place of his nativity he wrote two or three of the loveliest pictures of old age which ever flowed from human pen. To the end of his days his Epworth congregations continued to increase rather than decline; and on his last visit, only seven months before his death, he writes: "As soon as the afternoon service ended," that is, in the church, "I began in the market-place to press that awful question, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' on such a congregation *as was never seen at Epworth before*." It is worthy of remark that his pulpit on this occasion was not his "father's tomb," but the "MARKET CROSS." The year after his first visit, he again stood over the ashes of his father, and preached

from, "And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know Me, from the least to the greatest." (Heb. viii. 11.) But ever after that he preached either in "the house," or in the "market-place." The reason probably was, that Mr. Romley, the intolerant Curate, who was the first Clergyman to refuse him the holy Sacrament of the Supper, forbad Wesley any more to preach on his father's tomb. J. K.

THE SICK MAN'S MISTAKE; OR, AM I RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BELIEF?

In a large hospital-ward, where lay many sick men, there was one whom we will call Green, though that was not his name, who was one of those strange compounds of oddities and talent, very useful when they are good, but very difficult to manage when unrestrained by right principle. His life had been crowded with incident: he was a travelled man: born in America, he served in her navy, knew her cities, visited her prairie-lands, and imbibed much of her spirit and tone. Afterwards he entered the East India Company's service; and when, happily, both masters and men were discharged from further active duty, he enlisted into a distinguished English regiment, in whose hospital he now lay sick. At his bed-head hung a paper on which were entered his name, age, rank, disease, diet, order, and religion. The latter was "Wesleyan;" and as such he was visited; and he gave his spiritual adviser as much difficulty in dealing with the disease of his heart and soul, as he did his physician with his complication of bodily ailments. There was some strange terrible disorder of mind or soul, that baffled all attempts at cure. With a new month, there was a new description-paper at the bed-head; and now his religion was marked "Roman Catholic." His Wesleyan visiter, sitting on the next bed talking with another sick one of his flock, noticed the alteration, and called him by name; but there was no reply: there was a suppressed titter among his comrades; but, as he saw that feigned sleep would not be taken for sufficient excuse, he turned in bed, and looked at his visiter.

"Why, Green, how is it you are called Roman Catholic on your card this month? Do you want the Priest?"

"No, no, Sir," said he; "but the fact is, I am as much one thing as another. I have gone to all sorts of religions. I go where I like best. Just now, at this garrison, I go to the Wesleyans; but, may be, I should change at the next station, if the Parson didn't suit. I am no ways particular where I go."

"But you are doing wrong by that sort of thing: there is no consistency in such conduct."

"Very true, Sir; but indeed I've met with very little of that article, consistency, in all my travels. But to me it seems that all religions are alike: Parson and Priest say the same things, or pretty nearly that. So my custom is, to go and hear the man that can say what he has to say in the best style: anyhow, I'm consistent in that. I always choose the Parson that pleases me most. Some folks quarrel a vast deal about their faith, as they call it: Catholic and Protestant get to blows about their religion; a pretty proof to me that neither is worth much: so I have no faith, and am neither Protestant nor Papist, and therefore never quarrel."

"Well, I intend to talk the whole question with you; because it is of great importance, and I shall try to impress on you the fact that you are

responsible to God for your belief, and that that responsibility is very, very great. First of all, let us settle as to names. You are neither Protestant nor Papist, you say; but what were you originally? What should you be, say, if you took your parents' faith?"

"A strange compound, Sir; a mixture of the two; and indeed in faith much like the wine they give us in hospital, none the better for its dilution. My father was a Protestant, who never protested; my mother a Catholic, who never confessed: what in the world should I be, Sir, if I followed them?"

This conversation became very popular among the sick soldiers in the ward; for it was on a subject that had often been mooted in barrack and hospital, and was one on which Green was great: consequently several men were very attentive listeners.

The visiter said, "We will leave the question of Protestantism and Romanism alone for awhile, because there is a matter of more pressing importance to you. Here you lie sick; your disease is chronic; the rest of your life will be spent between duty and hospital, and most likely the largest part of your time will be spent under medical treatment: now this cannot last very long, a few years at most,—and what then? You have had many a change in your life; have been in the service of two countries; been in the navy of one, in the army of another, and borne arms in a third; you have been a sailor, a soldier in the line, and are now in the cavalry; you are living; you will die: you are on earth now, where God's truth is taught you; you will be—where?"

"O, Sir! how solemn you talk! I've scarce ever thought about that seriously. But I ain't like some fellows, that *don't believe nothing*, and make a mock at everything: only I believe one thing as much as another; that is, that all religions are good: and you know a man can't help what he believes; it is as he is made to believe; and if God does not make me believe right, what can I do?"

He had become serious in tone, and appeared anxious. The reply was,—

"That is the very thing you ought to think about. You are certainly wrong: what can you do to be set right? Now let me tell you plainly, that the great mistake of your life is, that you imagine you are not responsible for your belief. But you are responsible for it, and that responsibility is heavy. Just think how important God makes it in the Bible. After our Saviour Jesus Christ had died for us, and risen from the dead, He came to His disciples, and told them to 'go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;' and He said to them, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' So that you see your eternal salvation depends on your believing on Christ: if you believe aright on Him, you will be saved; if you do not so believe, you will be damned."

"I never disbelieved the Bible, Sir," said he.

"No, that may be; but there is a great difference between disbelieving the Bible, and believing on Jesus Christ for salvation."

"How, Sir?" asked poor Green earnestly.

"Why, in this way: a man may believe all that the Bible says, and yet fail to secure for himself the blessings of the salvation of Jesus Christ. As I passed up the garden just now, the sun was shining gloriously. It was very bright and warm. A number of the patients were out sunning themselves, and looking very happy: but under the porch, and in the corridors, were some others, who were cool and hidden from the sunshine; but then the fault was their own: they knew that the sun shone brilliantly outside, and, if they would, they could go and

bask in its rays; but if they preferred the dark, long, brick corridor to the open air and green sward and sunlight, they must take the consequences. So in reference to religion, the Sun of Righteousness is shining, and every one that comes under His beams rejoices. He shines for every person in the world; but God gives to each one liberty to choose whether he will go in the sun, or stop in the shade. Hitherto you have preferred the shade. You believe the Bible, you say; and those comrades of yours in the corridors believe that the sun is shining; but, like them, you have not come into the warmth and light."

"No, that is true; but how am I to do it?"

"By exercising the power which God is willing to give you; by believing in Christ. You have never yet tried to believe in Him: and therefore you cannot say you are not responsible for your lack of faith; for you do not know that you do lack power to believe. God has given the men down-stairs limbs by which they can walk to the sun-light; and He has given you a heart by which you can believe unto salvation, through His promised grace."

"The fact is, Sir, I don't think the importance of the thing ever fixed itself on my mind before."

"Well, be thankful if you see the need of deeper thought on the subject now. You are an old sailor: just tell me what you would do, if some day at sea you were sent out with the boats to another ship, and the yellow flag was hoisted as you pulled towards her."

"O, I should keep as far off the strangers' ship as possible, and get back to my own as soon as I could."

"But why?"

"Because I should suppose that there was infection on board."

"Yes, but if you did not believe it, what then?"

"Ah! that would be my look out."

"True; you would be responsible for your unbelief: so in reference to the affairs of your soul. The flag of danger is hoisted, the flag of salvation too: if you will not heed them, the fault is yours. If you will, you may be saved; or, in the words of St. Paul, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"This is a thing I shall think about till you come round again, Sir: anyhow, I sha'n't trifle about it again. It seems something terrible to me, looking at it in your way; and yet my mind was peaceable enough about the future before. You see I did not know, I did not think: everything seemed great about me, and I felt safe: just like a Muscovy duck that I have seen washed overboard at sea; it swam so proudly in the waters as the ship dashed on; it was free from coops and the knife. I felt free like that, bound by no creeds, but swimming where I liked."

"That is rather a strange illustration, Green; but, as you have given it, let us press it a little further. Did you ever think that though that poor bird was free from coops, free on the broad waters, swimming proudly enough, yet that it would never reach a shore of safety, never meet its mate, but must ultimately perish on those waters?"

"Bless me, Sir, how the things turn against me: you mean that in my freedom I shall be lost."

"No, I do not mean that exactly; for, thank God, there is a refuge for you. If you stayed on the troubled waters of unbelief, you could reach no shore of safety; but Jesus, who of old walked on the waters to His disciples, comes now to you, and will guide you to Himself, if you are willing. Now, I must leave you. Say these two prayers very earnestly from your heart: 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' 'Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.'" C. H. K.

ALONE IN DEATH AND JUDGMENT.*

We all speak of death familiarly, as if we knew what it was, as if we had taken its measure and weighed its import. But who amongst the living can tell us what it is? There are some points in the subject which are only painful, only humiliating; not practical, and not profitable. But there is one point which is truly and deeply so: I mean, that in death we shall be alone, and shall feel ourselves so to be. Friends may or may not be around us; they will have ceased to be with us. We must feel that we are going, and they (for the present) staying; we have that in hand with which they cannot intermeddle; we have that in prospect, which is only for us, not for them; to give in an account, in which their names indeed may occur, but not as the debtor, only as creditors; they may have been sinned against, and they may have forgiven, yet are we not hereby justified; for no man may deliver his brother from the consequences of sin even against himself, nor make agreement unto God for him. Often, indeed, the presence of mourning friends must be an aggravation, rather than alleviation, of the pains of dying. We shrink instinctively from the thought of dying in solitude: in proportion as it is the latest moment of human companionship, it is clung to with tenacity, though we know that it is the latest, and even then superficial, if not illusory. Already is the soul, if consciousness be granted and truth felt, alone with God; viewing itself as in His sight, and preparing for a yet closer access. The words of a Christian friend may suggest thoughts of solemnity or of hope; his prayers may encourage, comfort, and help: but he is no longer with us as he once was: he speaks to us as departing, as going, and that alone: he prays for the dying man as for one in circumstances not his, circumstances different from any others, and in which there is no partaker.

In death we shall be alone; and can we follow the soul one step further, and see it standing in judgment before the throne of God? Whatever be the actual meaning of the word judgment as applied to that last act of decision and discrimination by which the eternal state of each one of us is to be determined, thus much we may say of it, that it will be an individual act; that neither nations, nor churches, nor families, will, in that sense, be the subjects of judgment, but the soul itself, and by itself; that, in the strictest meaning which can be given to the words, "every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

You must all die alone; you must all be judged alone. Do not hide from yourself these two certainties. It is most important that you should well remember them. They have a direct bearing upon your life here and now. If you are to die alone, if you are to be judged alone, must it not be good for you sometimes to live alone; to practise it as a thing which has to be learned, and cannot be learned too early?

There are two senses, at least, in which you ought all of you to practise the being alone.

First. One of these is, being alone in prayer. I do not mean that you must necessarily be in a place by yourselves in order to pray: if this were essential to prayer, then the poor and the young, in most cases, could never pray. But I mean that in praying, whether by yourselves (which is, no doubt, a great advantage) or in the presence of others, you should try to shut out the recollection of any other presence than that of God: you should feel yourselves to be alone with a Father who is in secret; as much alone with Him as if you were in a waste wilderness: upon your being able so to feel depends the question whether your prayer is a

* From *Memorials of Harrow Sundays*. By Charles John Vaughan, D.D. Second Edition. London: Macmillan and Co.

reality or a formality, heart-deep or only from the lips, accepted or unheard by Him who calls that alone worship which is offered in spirit and in truth. Be alone with God twice at least every day in prayer, and then it will be no shock to you to find yourself often left alone with Him in the events of this life, alone with Him at all events in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.

Second. Again, if you are to die alone, and if you are to be judged alone, be not afraid also to think alone; and, if necessary, to act alone. What good will it bring to any of us to have had a whole multitude with us in doing wrong? What will that excuse be worth, on a death-bed on which we are lying alone, at a judgment-seat before which we are standing alone, "Others said so, every one did so?" That is not the question: Was it right to do so? Did you feel it to be right to do so? Was your conscience satisfied that it was right to do so, and had you taken proper pains to inform your conscience on the subject? O, my brethren! we should not be such servile followers of one another, if we could only realize and remember the fact that we must stand alone at last before God. Far better to be singular now than to be condemned then. Far better to have been blamed a little now for being too precise, than, because you feared the word of a companion whose power to harm you was, after all, extremely limited, to have incurred the wrath of Him who is "able to destroy both soul and body in hell." They whom you now so much fear, that you are ready to give up to their dictation the very safety of your immortal soul, will themselves too be standing one day alone before God, not able to deliver themselves, much less to screen you. Be independent of them now. Perhaps they will thank you one day for having stood aloof from them when they did wrong. Be alone in your judgments upon things: it does not therefore follow that you will be singular in acting: you may be so, or you may not: be prepared to be so if necessary, and commit the keeping of your life as of your soul to God.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

More than three centuries ago, a little treatise, entitled "The Benefit of Christ's Death," appeared in Italy. Emanating from presses in Venice, in Stuttgart, in Lyons, it swiftly found its way into the hands of the readers of Europe. In Tuscan, in Italian, in French, in German, in Croatian versions, it was eagerly read and widely circulated. Forty thousand copies of it were within a few years uttering its voices and bearing to multitudes its warm illustrations of "the glorious riches of God's free grace, which every true believer receives by Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Rich in evangelical theology, fervid in expression, loving in application, it is not strange that it thus won its way to the hearts of God's hidden ones in Papal lands, as well as to the embrace of many others in realms in which the Reformation was giving the word of the true Gospel to the people.

The little book was too true to Christ and His cross to escape the ban of Rome. It was condemned by the Inquisition. Under their curses and threats it sank from sight, as a stream in Eastern lands sinks amid burning sands before the sun. "The Benefit of Christ's Death" disappeared. Its forty thousand copies were sought out in their homes, and destroyed. So utterly was it rooted out, that in 1840 Macaulay said of it, in the "Edinburgh Review," "The Inquisitors proscribed it; and it is now as utterly lost as the second decade of Livy."

But Macaulay was mistaken. The stream that had disappeared before the fires of Inquisitorial hatred was not totally lost. It still existed, though

unseen. Many a soul had drunk at it and been refreshed, and it had become within him a well of living water. And, besides this, after three centuries, beneath the arid sands the stream still survived; and now it rises again to the upper air, sparkling in the sunlight, and offering refreshment to the thirsty soul.

Dr. M'Crie, the Scotch historian, had learned from the will of one Thomas Bassinden, printer in Edinburgh, who died in 1577, that an English version of this treatise must have existed previous to the death of Bassinden. This statement induced the Rev. John Ayre to search for a volume which he thought might still survive in the English language. In 1843 or 1844 he succeeded in discovering it, and in 1847 he reprinted it; stating in the Introduction that no copy of the original Italian work was known to exist. This republication awakened a new interest in the subject, and led to the discovery by antiquaries of three copies in Italian, of one in French, one in German, and of a copy of the Croatian version, as well as of several English copies.

It was found that there was in existence also a manuscript English translation of the book, in the library of the University at Cambridge. This version was made from the Italian by Edward Courtenay, the twelfth Earl of Devonshire, in 1558, whilst lying a prisoner in the tower. Its interest is increased by the fact that King Edward the Sixth, of England, had evidently read, and in two places had written in it.

The English translation, which has been republished in London, was made from the French version, and printed at London in 1573. An Italian version has also been re-issued at Pisa, and at Florence; thus giving it again to the land of its birth. In German, Dutch, Danish, and French, it has likewise renewed its race; and recently it has been given also to the American public. The lost stream will soon flow broader and deeper than ever.

But who was the author of this book? It bears the name of no writer. To proclaim the precious truth of salvation by Christ's death alone was too dangerous a deed in Italy, three centuries since, to make evangelical authors anxious to be known. They wrote for Christ, not for fame. Yet there can be scarce a doubt that the author of the "Benefit of Christ's Death" was an Italian scholar and Professor, Antonio dalla Paglia; or, as he ordinarily called himself, and is called by others, Aonio Paleario.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW AMERICAN PLOUGH.

THE "Western Christian Advocate" gives a very interesting account of this invention, and of the uses to which its inventor is applying the proceeds of his skill.

The Rev. James Peeler, now of Louisville, Ga., was for sixteen years a laborious, zealous, and useful "Travelling Preacher" in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. His health having failed, he was obliged, at the expiration of that period, to locate, as it is called. He settled on a small farm. He was a poor man; his itinerant Preacher's life had not resulted in the accumulation of wealth. He had a family to provide for, and he cast about for some employment, some means of earning his bread, and he had recourse to the plough. He thought he could make an implement of that kind better adapted to its uses, more effective, and cheaper than any he could procure; and thereupon he constructed a plough himself. The good man had no more idea of taking out a patent for that plough than he had of reaping wheat or navigating the water with his plough. But his neighbours saw extraordinary merit in this simple but effective contrivance for agricultural

purposes, and induced him to enter it for a patent. The patent was granted 21st June, 1859; and in every portion of the United States where the plough has been introduced, it has excited unusual interest, proved a great favourite with the people, and in most instances seems destined to supersede all the other varieties of ploughs. So extraordinary was the success of the plough in practice, that the patent acquired a market-value almost without a parallel in the history of patented implements in America. Mr. Peeler has actually sold out rights—state, county, and territorial rights—to his patent, to an amount exceeding five hundred thousand dollars!

Finding himself growing unexpectedly rich, this worthy man made it the subject of reflection and earnest inquiry: "I am becoming rich. I don't need all this money; no reasonable wants of my family require so much money. Why, then, was the money *deposited* with me? Why did I *make* a plough? *Who* arranged all the circumstances of the case?"

He concluded the whole matter was providential. Thenceforward, after decently providing for his family, he devoted his gains to the cause of Missions, the building of churches, &c. To these various interests Mr. Peeler has already given, in the aggregate, hundreds of thousands of dollars: and the work of doing good still goes on, and *is* to go on; for Mr. P. said to the writer who gives these facts: "I will not *trust* myself with a large amount of money. It belongs to God; and I shall administer it as I go along to promote the best interests of man."

What he has given is only the beginning of what he *intends* to give, as the patent will probably become more and more productive as it becomes more and more extensively introduced. Much of the proceeds of sales of the patent consists in obligations for money, payable in sums from year to year. The amount of those payments depends, in some cases, on the success of the patent. So that Mr. Peeler's benefactions will depend, as to their ultimate amount, on the success of his patent in the localities thus contracted for. Some of the larger and most productive States are still held by Mr. Peeler. We are not fully informed as to the various benefactions paid, and to be paid, from the proceeds of this patent. Some of these donations, which have come to our knowledge, are as follows:—To be paid out of profits in hands of agents and assignees, to be applied to educational purposes, under the direction of the Conferences, in Illinois, 4,000 dollars; in Missouri, 4,000 dollars; in Minnesota, Hamline University, 5,000 dollars; in Indiana, Asbury University, 5,000 dollars; in Wisconsin, to Lawrence University and other institutions, 4,000 dollars; in Iowa, Wesleyan University and others, 4,000 dollars; and in Ohio, Ohio Wesleyan University, 7,000 dollars, payable in annual instalments of 1,000 dollars per annum, beginning 1st October, 1861, out of any profits that may accrue: and if the success be adequate, the assignee designs aiding the Ladies' Home Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cincinnati. Mr. Peeler's *heart* is large enough to multiply these donations; and this he will do as soon as his means shall adequately increase, so as to enable him to *execute* as well as to "*devise* liberal things."

A writer remarks, in relation to the simplicity of the Peeler plough:—

"A straight piece of board for a beam, an upright wooden piece and handles,—fifteen cents' worth of lumber,—make the *wood-work*. Four simple iron bars bolted to the beam, and crossing in pairs below, so as to act respectively as braces and counter-braces, make the *iron-work*. The plough may carry *two blades*, one to *turn the soil*, and the other to *subsoil* at the same time, by the same hand,

with the same team, and at *one* operation. If the subsoil-plough is not needed, it may be detached and laid aside for future use *in one minute*. Then, to the principal bar may be attached, in half a minute, any kind of blade or mould that ever has been made,—turning-blade, shovel, bull-tongue, garden-plough, ditching-plough, &c.; thus converting the plough into a new variety every time a new blade is attached."

A GHOST STORY.

THE Court, as the villagers call it, is a good specimen of a substantial, cozy house, built somewhere in the after-part of the last century. The front looks out on a large, close-shaven lawn, encircled with a carriage-drive, beyond which are strips of grass of varying widths, flower-beds, and at the back a well-grown shrubbery shutting in all. If you walked across the lawn, bearing a little to the right, and passed through the shrubbery, you would find it bounded by a very low wall, dividing it from the churchyard. If you went up that short, narrow path opposite the front-door, you would find yourself in an extensive ruin of an old manorial residence, thickly covered with ivy. In front of the shrubbery, to the right of the house, and overhanging the grass-border beyond the carriage-drive, is a very fine evergreen oak, beneath the shade of which is placed a garden-seat.

I am thus particular in my description in order that you may better understand the strange thing I have to tell, and which happened no longer since than this last summer.

One beautiful moonlight night, after the family had gone to their several rooms, a lady—who, with her husband, was visiting at the house, and occupied one of the front bed-rooms—drew up the blind of the large bow-window, and looked out over the lawn at the encircling belt of trees, with their leaves all bathed in the cool, clear brightness, and the heavy shadows beneath, broken up here and there with flecks and patches of moonlight.

As the visiter looked round towards the right, her eye was arrested by a figure seated beneath the large tree to which I referred. It seemed to be a woman, clad in white, or very light-coloured garments.

The gentleman, coming to the window, also saw the robed form distinctly, and agreed with his wife that their hostess should be informed of the presence of this untimely intruder. She was accordingly fetched, and had the proof of her own eyes that the garden-seat was occupied by some one, but whether by any *body* there really seemed room to doubt. The thing was so serious that the master of the house, who had been laughing at the affair, must be called. He was very far from being a credulous or fanciful man; but there was no gainsaying the witness of his own eyes. There, beneath the great dark tree, sat the spectral form, white and motionless as marble. It was not thirty yards off; so there could be no mistake.

Let every matter-of-fact sceptic weigh well the evidence in this case. This was no apparition seen by one frightened person and invisible to every one else; but the sheeted form sat clear and still before the eyes of four intelligent and educated people,—one of them a lawyer.

But there was other and independent testimony. The groom occupied a front-room in a sort of wing at the left of the house. He had been watching the spectre for an hour, but was afraid to make it known.

Two of the maid-servants had a room on the floor above. As one of them drew up the blind, she exclaimed, "Why, there's mistress sitting in the garden, with a muslin dress on!" Her companion, knowing this to be impossible, was frightened, and urged her to look no more, but to get to bed.

The little party in the room below were sorely perplexed. Wishing to find out whether the pale visitant was mortal, the master of the house threw up the sash, and shouted as people are wont to do to a trespasser. The apparition never moved, but sat still as the moonlit-tree above it. The host then resolved to get a nearer view of the weird object, by looking from the window of a room on the same floor, but much further to the right, and, therefore, nearly opposite the garden-seat. He went quietly, and looked: the seat was empty, and the pale ghost had vanished. A slender stream of moonlight poured through the dark tree just above the garden-seat, and passed out slantingly towards the lawn. A moment's reflection solved the mystery, and spoiled my ghost story. The observer noticed that, as he altered his position, the streak of light showed in a different form; and that as he moved away to the left, it became collected into a smaller space, and wore the spectral shape which had caused all this disturbance.

I am not going to hazard a universal negative as to ghostly apparitions; but suppose that the inquiry in this case had not been completed. Imagine the excitement which must have followed; made more intense by every conversation about the matter; the report spreading, gathering much garnish as it went; the testimony of six trustworthy witnesses to confirm the fact. How few such rehearsals are backed by such evidence!

I wonder how many ghosts, and house-hauntings, if perseveringly searched into, would also turn out to be—all moonshine.

THE OLD SUN-DIAL.

MANY persons now living in London must remember the vertical sun-dial, with a very remarkable motto, which was placed on the front of a building at the Temple in London. But most of them probably never heard of the curious tradition, probably a true one, respecting the motto. When, a few years ago, the building was taken down and rebuilt, it is likely the Benchers were either ignorant of the tradition, or had forgotten it, else they would have restored the sun-dial, with its motto. Perhaps they may even yet be induced to do so.

The tradition is this:—That when the sun-dial was put up, the artist inquired whether he should (as was customary) paint a motto under it. The Benchers assented; and appointed him to call at the library at a certain day and hour, at which time they would have agreed upon the motto. It appears, however, that they had totally forgotten this; and when the artist or his messenger called at the library at the time appointed, he found no one but a cross-looking old gentleman poring over some musty book. "Please, Sir, I am come after the motto for the sun-dial." "What do you want?" was the pettish answer: "why do you disturb me?" "Please, Sir, the gentlemen told me I was to call at this hour for a motto for the sun-dial." "Begone about your business!" was the testy reply. The man, either by design or by mistake, chose to take this as the answer to his inquiry, and accordingly painted in large letters under the dial, "BEGONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS."

The Benchers, when they saw it, decided that it was very appropriate, and that they would let it stand; chance having done their work for them as well as they could have done it for themselves.

Anything that reminds us of the lapse of time, should remind us also of the right employment of time in doing whatever business is required to be done.

A similar lesson is solemnly conveyed in the Scripture motto to a sun-

dial: "The night cometh, when no man can work."

Another useful lesson is conveyed in the motto to a sun-dial erected by the late Bishop Copleston in a village near which he resided: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

THE TIDE OF GRACE.

Let me now urge on you, says Dr. Guthrie, the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favourable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers; which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean? The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; and larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbour, when, through a favourable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring-tides; the husbandman has his spring-time, and those showers, and soft winds, and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which the state of the barn and barn-yard depends.

If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us. She was a fair enough professor, but had been living a careless, godless, Christless life. She awoke one morning, and, most strange and unaccountably, her waking feeling was a strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn; and what more natural than that she should say, There is time enough; meanwhile, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep?" As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm: "This desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny; this the tide of salvation, which, if neglected, may never return." She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and, like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow Him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

When Pompeii was destroyed, there were many buried in the ruins of it, who were afterward found in different situations. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found who were in the streets, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city-gate, with his hand still grasping his war-weapon, where he had been placed by his Captain; and there where the heavens threatened him, there where the earth shook beneath him, there where the lava-stream rolled, he stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years had passed away, he was found. So let Christians learn to stand to their duty, willing to stand at the post on which their Captain has placed them, and they will find that grace will support and sustain them.

Our Home Work.

NEED OF HOME-MISSIONARY LABOUR.

THE following extract from the Report of the Rev. N. G. Pilkington, Chaplain of Walsingham Bridewell, to the Norfolk Quarter Sessions, October 26th, 1860, will be read with deep and painful interest by all who are concerned about the moral and religious interests of their follow-men.

REPORT.

I BEG next to draw your attention to tables similar to the ones I drew out last year, and which again prove the frightful amount of ignorance prevailing in our agricultural districts.

READING.

Out of 219 *prisoners*—

Could not read a letter in a book .	81
Could read very imperfectly	65
Could read fairly	40
Could read well	32
Unknown	1
Total	219

WRITING.

Out of 219 *prisoners*—

Could not sign their names	120
Could write very imperfectly ..	63
Could write fairly	29
Could write well	6
Unknown	1
Total	219

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Out of 219 *prisoners*—

Could not say the Lord's Prayer .	61
Only could say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer	85
Only could say the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments	72
Unknown	1
	219

Thus showing that 146 out of 219 did not know a word of one of the Ten Commandments.

Fifty-two, or nearly one-fourth, must be classed as home heathens; meaning by the term, persons totally ignorant of the common truths of Christianity; who were as unable to tell me anything whatever respecting the birth, life, and death of Jesus Christ, as though they had lived all their lives in a heathen instead of a Christian country; who had no notion whatever of the atonement considered by itself, or of its necessity; and who not unfrequently attributed the death of our Redeemer to the transgression of some human law or other, and for which He had deserved punishment. Five had no notion of what was meant by the word Queen; eight could not tell me how many months there were in the year; while many more could not tell me the names of the months; and, incredible as it may seem, one labourer positively could not name the days of the week, knowing only Saturday, Sunday, and Monday.

These are simple, plain, and ugly facts; and they speak for themselves.

The questions put to the prisoners were not in any single instance put abruptly or without leading questions to gain their confidence and remove any embarrassment they might feel; and in the worst instances were afterwards repeated by either the schoolmaster or head-turnkey of the prison, but with no better result. There is the wretchedness of a heathen ignorance in our villages as well as large towns; at our doors, and, not unfrequently, amongst some of our domestic servants, in our very homes.

The "Norfolk News," of November 3d, 1860, observes on this Report:—

"We observe that out of 219 prisoners 81 could not read a letter in a book, 65 more could read very imperfectly, and only 32 could read well. Of these 219, more than half—namely, 120—could not sign their names; and only 6 could write well. The religious knowledge of these poor creatures was in a miserably low state. Specimens are given in the Report,

of their barbarous ignorance, which almost surpasses belief.

"Mr. Pilkington properly designates these pitiable objects 'home heathen.' Such they are, and as such they should be regarded. It is a distressing reflection that such a mass of moral destitution exists within reach of our churches, our chapels, our halls, and our mansions. Thousands of miles do we send, at a vast cost, numbers of earnest and devoted Missionaries, to supply to savages the means of salvation; whilst here, at our very doors, a multitude is herding, whose souls are dying out of them for want of religious knowledge, and whose mental powers are perishing from neglect of culture. Mr. Pilkington tells us that it is only neglect; for that they are mostly capable of culture, his figures fully demonstrate.

"These wretched Pariahs of England, it should be remembered, are not mere negative evils. It is true that all in them that was allied to the Divine seems well nigh lost, and that they are degenerating to the level of the animal. This is true; but it is not half the truth. It is not into imbecility that they fall. A potency remains in them, a form of life, but its tendency and adaptation are for crime. These poor wretches, owing in many cases to no fault of theirs, are absolute pests and nuisances in the neighbourhood where their lot is cast."

It is gratifying to state that the spiritual necessities of this county have been practically considered by our Connexion. Five additional Ministers have been recently appointed to our Circuits in it. This addition must, however, only be regarded as the earnest of greater Home-Missionary efforts where they are so much needed.

CHARLES PRIEST.

THE EXHORTERS IN BIRMINGHAM WEST.

Birmingham, Oct. 31st, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WAS deeply interested the other evening in what is called the "Exhorters' Tea-Meeting," held in Howard-street school-room, in this Circuit. The place was full. The guests, for the most part, had come from those scenes of humble life which the Exhorters had done much to evangelise. They were come together, in part, to countenance those whom they felt to be their friends. And it really was refreshing to see them, and many of the leading members of our Societies, both male and female, mingling and sitting at table together. I never saw a tea-meeting, I think, in which cheerfulness and Christian propriety were more happily combined. Most of the Exhorters were present, and gave short addresses in the course of the evening. Nor was it a small joy to know that we had such men among us. Men of such heart, prepared with so much simplicity and warmth to use their talent in preparing the way for others. The proceeds of the meeting went towards defraying the incidental expenses of the movement; such as lighting and cleaning the various rooms in which religious services are occasionally held. Will you permit me to introduce an extract or two from the Report? It struck me as worthy of notice.

"The Exhorters have been an organized body in the Wesleyan-Methodist West Circuit, Birmingham, for about thirty-five years. During that time, in spite of much discouragement, they have been cheered with much fruit. A few men, mostly poor in this world, but by the grace of God fitted for such work, have given themselves to God, and live to speak for Him in the dwellings of the poor; to whom they have means of access such as many others cannot command. They have often pioneered the way for the larger forces of Methodism. One case may show the character of their work. The cause at Smith-street room began with an open-air service. Then one of the neighbours opened his house for weekly meetings. Two houses were by-and-by filled to overflowing. And at length the present room was opened, a Society formed, a Sunday-school established, and now all are in efficient operation under ministerial oversight.

"The Exhorters have successfully laboured to draw the people into our ordinary congregations. Many find their way from the cottage-services to the free

seats in the chapels. 'I have noticed them,' said one old man, 'coming in their working clothes, almost ashamed, and dropping into the first empty seat. But they have improved and improved every Sunday, till I have had to show them their own seat in a pew upstairs. And so they get up and up, till they get up to heaven.'

"There are at present twelve Exhorters; and nine houses, in various localities, in which the people gather to hear the truth.

"The Eye Infirmary, in Steel-house-lane, is a most interesting place. The attendance, we are sorry, in one sense, to say, has lately been larger than usual. All the patients who are not confined to bed are present in a room made very dark. Sometimes it is the Exhorter's lot, after there has been a general operation on the patients, to go up into the ward when it is so dark that he cannot see either the beds or those who occupy them; and the word only of the nurse, or the occasional groan of a sufferer, is the only evidence he has that living creatures are listening to the words he utters. This place offers a fine opportunity for doing good. The sinner, in many cases, is indeed drawn aside from the world, and shut in from its gaieties, so as to have solemn hours for reflection on spiritual and unseen things. And many instances have occurred which seem to show that God had brought wanderers aside, that in darkened solitude they might hear His voice, and be saved. Many have learnt there to say, with the Psalmist, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word.'

"In Nelson-street we meet in a bake-house. It is always full; and there sinners often receive the bread of life for the first time, and unite themselves to the neighbouring Society at Summer-hill.

"Hunter's-vale is a place opened about two years ago. A good work is going on there. Many of the earnest and zealous converts are devoting themselves to God's work. The class which was begun a year ago now numbers seventeen. All these have been converted on the spot. The services are always crowded; two rooms being quite full, and the Exhorter having to stand in the door-way between them."

These extracts are given as mere specimens from the Report; but they may serve to show that it is possible for many of our people to act for Christ and His church in the double capacity of recruiting-parties and pioneers; while they indicate the fact, that where Methodism is faithful to God, and true to herself, she is still equal to a large share in the work of evangelizing the masses.

I am yours truly,

S. W. CHRISTOPHERS.

To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."

Religion and Morals.

"I CAN'T FIND IT IN THE BIBLE."

SUCH is the reason often given by a parent for not having a child baptized. "I can't find it in the Bible: if I could see it there, I would have my child baptized at once." The answer to this objection is simple: "You may find it in the Bible, if you look for it in a teachable spirit. Only bring to the reading of God's word the same fairness and candour with which you are expected to treat the things of every-day life, and you will have no difficulty in the matter." If, for instance, some one were to write word to you that Edward Clarke and his household were gone to Australia, and that William Jones and all his were gone with them, and that the household of Charles Evans had sailed in the same ship, you would at once understand that these three persons, their wives and all their children, old and young, had emigrated. You would never think of asking, "Have their children gone with them?" Yet, this is exactly what the Bible tells us about the baptism of three families in the days of the Apostles.

In Acts xvi. it is said of Lydia, "She was baptized and her household;" and of

the jailer, "He was baptised and all his;" and in 1 Cor. i. St. Paul says, "I baptized also the household of Stephanas." Now, what you would naturally infer in the case of the emigrant families, you should also infer in the case of the baptized families; and that is, that the children were included, whatever might have been their age. With regard to the jailer, when the Apostle said to him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," he could not possibly know of what the jailer's house consisted. He clearly meant what he said to apply to all his children, even to the babe in arms, which he might have had. If it had been intended that the children should be left out in the above baptisms, it would, according to the usual plan of the Scriptures, have been so said. Thus, in the last chapter of Genesis, when "all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house," went up to bury his father, it is said, "Their little ones they left in the land of Goshen." The exception of the little ones is expressly mentioned. But there is nothing of the kind in the case of these baptisms.

Besides, the words "house" and "household" occur in many other passages of Scripture, where they signify the whole family, without respect to the age of its members.

Does the objection, "I can't find it in the Bible," mean that we have in the New Testament no direct command to baptize infants? Such a command was not necessary, and therefore was not to be expected. Infant baptism is taken for granted in the New Testament. The very fact of its not being forbidden is enough.

When the Crystal Palace was in London, at the time of the Great Exhibition, I took all my children to see it, and we were readily admitted. Since that time, this palace has been taken down and rebuilt in another place, much enlarged, and with increased attractions. The other day I went to see it again: not having heard of any prohibition of children, and therefore taking it for granted that all classes and all ages were still admissible, I had with me all my family, as on the former occasion. I need not say, that we were all gladly received. If, indeed, I had seen some such notice as this put up over the entrance, "No admission for little ones," I should have known that I ought not to have presented mine; but the very absence of any such notice was an assurance that my children were as much entitled to go in as myself. The principle which thus holds good in the common matters of life, applies also to baptism. Children were admitted into the church of God in its early days; the command to admit them has never been done away, and therefore they are to be admitted still.

Does an objector say, "Your reasoning goes upon the principle that the old Crystal Palace and the new Crystal Palace were the same buildings, only under different circumstances: prove to me that the Jewish and New-Testament church are one church, and I will allow your reasoning to apply." This is easily done. Look at that pear-tree standing in my orchard. It has been there for many years. Some time ago, finding it unproductive, I grafted upon it a different kind of pear, removing most of the old branches to make way for the graft. But it is still the old tree; still only one tree. No one would dream of calling it two trees. Now, this is the very kind of illustration which St. Paul employs in order to show the oneness of the Jewish church and the Gentile church. Read Romans xi., and you will find that the Apostle there represents the Jewish church as an olive-tree, putting forth branches, which, being unfruitful, are broken off; and the branches of a wild olive-tree, (that is, the Gentiles,) being grafted upon the old stock, take their place. But, after all, it is the old olive-tree. All along it has been, and still is, one and the same tree.

Look again at my house. It's of many years standing. Some time since, finding it unsuitable to my wants, I added to it a new wing, pulling down the partition-wall, and throwing it all under the same roof. But it has ever been, and still is, one dwelling. This, also, is in another of the Apostle's illustrations, by which he sets forth the oneness of the Jewish and Gentile churches. Thus, in Ephesians ii., speaking of Jesus, he says, "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

Nay, we may go to a greater than the Apostle Paul, in proof of the oneness of the two churches. Our Lord once said to the Jews, "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." From this threat of the Saviour, we learn that the church of the Jews ("the kingdom of God") was not to be done away—it was to be continued—but it was to be transferred to Christians. Still, it was only to be a transfer. The thing transferred remained, in its elements and principles, the same. Sometimes now, when a borough has been proved to be corrupt, the right of sending a Member to Parliament is taken away from it, and transferred to some other town. But the same classes of persons who had this right in the one town, have it also in the other. Exactly in the same way, those parties, namely, children, as well as adults, who were admitted to a share in the privileges of the Old-Testament church, are entitled to a share of these privileges in the transferred or New-Testament church. The channels, or sacraments, by which these privileges are conveyed, are, indeed, changed, as the changed character of the Christian church required; the passover having given place to the Lord's supper, and circumcision to baptism; but the parties entitled to them remain unchanged. Is it said circumcision and baptism are two very different things, having no connexion with each other? The Apostle Paul teaches the contrary. In his Epistle to the Colossians, he mentions them together in such a way as clearly to prove their resemblance, blending them with each other, or rather merging the one in the other. The passage is this: "In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead."

The argument, "I find no direct command in the Bible for infant baptism, and therefore I see no necessity to have my child baptized," proves too much. It goes upon the principle that we are to do nothing which the Bible does not literally and expressly command. Be it so. Where do we find in the Bible any command not to baptize infants? There is not a single passage in which such a command is to be met with. So that those persons who keep their children from the font, because they find in the Bible no command to take them, act directly against their own principle.

The truth is, that the Bible sanctions, and indirectly enjoins, many things which it does not expressly command. There is no instance mentioned in Scripture of a female partaking of the Lord's supper; yet the most rigid Baptist would not on this account exclude women from the table. Neither is there any direct command to keep holy the first day of the week, instead of the seventh; but Baptists universally do this. Again, we are nowhere commanded to teach children to pray, or to send them to school; but no right-minded parent would plead this as an excuse for neglecting these duties.

Thus far, I have supposed that there is no positive command in the Bible that infants should be baptized. But I am much mistaken if a remark made by our Lord about children does not amount to a command to baptize them. Some parents once brought their little ones to Jesus, in order that He might touch them, thinking that even a touch from Him would convey a blessing. The disciples, in the spirit of those who plead, "I can't find it in the Bible," supposing that the Saviour would not care to notice children, found fault with these parents, and bade them to go away. "But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." "Of such is the kingdom of God." This is the remark to which I allude. Its plain meaning is, "The church of God receives little children." Now, the only way in which little children can be received into the church is by baptism. So that in this remark of our Lord we have virtually a command to baptize them.

If a public hospital had this notice over its gate, "Children received here," it would be an invitation to take children there for relief. No parent of a sick child could say, "I don't find that my

child can be admitted, and therefore it is of no use to apply."

Putting together all that has been said, it must, I think, be clear to every candid person that there is really no ground for the plea, "I can't find it in the Bible;" and that a parent who makes this a reason for neglecting the baptism of his child, is guilty of disobedience to God, and does a grievous wrong to that child's soul.

Hear the words of the Gospel written by St. Mark, in the tenth chapter, at the thirteenth verse:—

"They brought young children to Christ, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

The Household.

WHO'S YOUR DRESSMAKER?

"I CAN'T tell how you always look so well, Fanny: meet you where one will, people might think you had just come out of a band-box. Not that you are too smart or stiff, or the like of that, for everything about you appears quiet and easy enough; but, somehow, nobody ever catches you in a mess, nothing is ever out of place with you, and everything fits as if it had grown there. Who's your dressmaker?"

"Why, as to my dressmaker, Sarah, you must not think that I am like the folks who keep dressmakers always going; and who have nothing to do themselves but to be pleased with a dress to-day, and to get out of love with it to-morrow, because something else strikes their fancy, and then to pay their dressmaker's bill, without asking how many poor fingers have been kept at it night as well as day to meet their whims. I am sure dressmakers would get on quite as well, and perhaps better, both in body and soul, if such people would spend some of their money in helping their poor neighbours to get a garment or a bed-cover now and then, and think less of what they shall wear themselves. And I tell you what, Sarah, I think it is a shame to girls, such as you and I are, to be going to almost first-rate mantua-makers, and milliners, and to be spending so much of their gettings in order to be like other folks, or because they will have what's 'just come out.' And, after all, who thinks the better of them? They only get laughed at for their would-be finery, and poor sort of pride. For my part, I would rather appear to be what I am. If one can be nothing more than decent, the decency should be real and thorough; something of which a body need never be ashamed; something that would put it out of people's power to make fun of us as they do of a puffing shopkeeper, who has little or nothing but what's in his window, and that more show than worth."

"Yes, yes; 'tis easy to talk like that, Fan; but what's the use of it? You would never have a girl rigged up like her grandmother: one must go along with the times: fashion is fashion all the world over."

"Ah! there's the mischief, Sarah: people will make fools of themselves rather than be out of fashion. Fashion is fashion, you say, all the world over: now that brings to my mind what a young woman of my acquaintance told me the other day."

"What was that, Fan?"

"Well, I was going to say, the young woman a few years ago was taken by a lady across the water, and they stayed some time in France. She told me that in one part, I think it was somewhere in the south, all the girls looked so nice, though they dressed very much alike; only

showing a little difference of fancy as to colour here and there; but the fashion was the same as it had been in their grandmothers' days. They never thought of changing; and, as she said, 'nobody that looked at them would ever wish them to change, they looked so well. It was quite a treat,' says she, 'to see them in the market. They wore a full petticoat or skirt of white woollen, with a red band above the hem; a light jacket of scarlet cloth, trimmed with black velvet or braid. Their apron was sometimes of a dark mulberry-colour, fastened, perhaps, with a pretty sash, and pinned up in front over their white stomacher. Ah!' says she, 'you should have seen their shoes and stockings—such pictures of tidiness; and the beautiful snow-white caps fitting so nicely over their plain hair.' I have often said, Sarah, that I should like to see them; they must be patterns, sure enough; and I can't help thinking that it must look a great deal more becoming, and be more comfortable, both for body and mind, to dress like that always, than to have so many tawdry, flimsy, fly-away things about one. I am sure I think sometimes that if the poor heathen people that we pity so, could but see us in our tip-top fashion, they would think that we were the real savages."

"But stop, Fanny: would you have us all dress alike, and never change? Why, what would become of the world?"

"It is not for me to say what would become of the world, Sarah; but I do think that the world is too fond of change; and as to going along with the times, as you say, why, it is enough to ruin a poor body to try to keep up with the times, they go so fast,—too fast for me a great deal. One has scarcely begun to feel at home in a dress, before it is 'gone out,' as the saying is, and you have to look out for something else, and to spend your last penny to keep yourself in the fashion. And when you have to be always getting something new, you can't have anything very good; at least, such as you and I can't."

"Well, but do tell me, Fanny, what one is to do. You seem to have your own notions of things: I should like to know how you manage. Now I think of it, you don't seem to change so often as some people, and yet you never appear to be so much out of fashion as to look odd or dowdy-like. As I said before, I always like you, somehow. Come now, who's your dressmaker?"

"Wait a bit, and I'll tell you. 'Tis true I have my own notions about things, and everybody should; for if things are to be done well, they must be thought about, and one must have one's plans. I have my own way of managing my own little matters too, although I owe a great deal to my dear mother's example and teaching. Bless her! she is gone to a better world; but I never put on a new dress without thanking God for the lessons about tidiness, comfort, and proper care, which the dear saint used to give me. Ah, Sarah, we young folks think little of a mother's value while she is with us: we begin to find it out only when her loving eye becomes dim, and her gentle hand is cold. O, Sarah! it seems to me that my heart never felt all the music of my mother's voice, till death had silenced her precious lips. But I was going to say, as to my notion about dress. We may mind the fashion far enough to save ourselves from being laughed at, and yet never mind it so as to put on things that don't agree with one's look, or figure, or place. Why should I make a scarecrow of myself in order to be like people that, after all, I can't be like? If the fashion suits my looks or fits my figure, when I am really in want of anything, why, I take it as it comes; but you'll not catch me making my own face worse than it is, by hanging bad colours and ghastly shapes about it; nor will I ever make myself uncomfortable, or give up the right of judging for myself what I look best in,—no, not to please all the fashion-makers in the world. But let me say one thing,—a great deal more depends upon little tidy ways about ourselves than upon the clothes we get. I don't mean that anybody may be careless as to the colour or cut of their dress. What fits one may not suit another. A thing may be 'all the go,' as they say, and yet you or I might look frightful in it. We must learn to be a bit tasty, and know how to choose what is most becoming for ourselves. But I mean that, though everything we put on may agree exactly with the colour of our skin, and our size, and

our walk, and the like of that; yet, if we didn't mind one or two little things, nothing about us will go for much."

"What little things do you mean, Fanny?"

"Why, just listen. Whether girls think of it or not, one great secret of looking well in what you wear is to be nice yourself. What matters a good bonnet over a grimy face? What's the use of a pretty shawl around a dirty neck? Who likes a girl that plasters her hair, but seldom combs it? And though I like to see a quiet-colour glove when it is a good fit, a clean hand, after all, has a greater charm. Nothing is worse than a filthy paw; and to see a girl's dirty finger-ends poking through greasy holes in her gloves is about the most nasty eyesore one can meet with. Mind that, Sarah. I need not say that a bright, well-fitted shoe or boot upon a spotless stocking always tells a good tale. Dirty heels are seldom friendly with clean pates. And though pins are little things, they often help you to great lessons. If you mark some people, Sarah, you will find that their way of dealing with a pin is just their way with greater things. A girl that never passes along without picking up a pin, that happens to be on the floor, will be sure at other times to act on the old saying, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' And you may guess, too, pretty well, whether a young woman is tidy or not, if you can find out how she uses her pins. There's a sluttish way, and a neat way, even in fixing a pin. A pin's head is not very big, and needs no trouble to keep clean; but I have seen people who never show a pin's head, but it is dull and dirty. Not that one must let every pin's head be seen,—we may use them without showing them much; but if they do peep, don't let them look as if they had just come out of the grease-pot."

"Come, come, Fan, you are cutting it too fine. Some of us have too much dirty work to be so nice as you want us to be."

"No, I don't think I'm unfair, Sarah. I know what dirty work is as well as most; and yet, from what I've seen among those who are worst off in that matter, 'tis plain enough to me that nobody has any excuse for being untidy. I know many girls who work in cotton-mills, and many who get what some think dirtier work still, among nails and buttons, and the like of that; and then you have had enough of household work to be sure that there's plenty of what is not very clean to be done at home: but what of all that? You may pitch upon a real tidy body any day in the midst of her work; for she's known by the way in which her very working-clothes are kept about her. Then when the work is over, why, one can make herself just what she likes. Talk of dirty work, you should see what I have seen in the west country among the girls that work in the mines. There they are, a long row of them in an open shed, breaking up lumps of ore with hammers. Let anybody go and look, and it would be harder to find dirty women there than clean ones in some places that I know, where the hands set up for much finer things, and turn up their noses at low gettings. A mine-girl would not think herself fit to be seen without a snow-white cotton bonnet, made so as to shade her face, and cover her neck from the sun. She manages, too, to keep her boots black, and her working-dress whole and clean. Nor would she work without gloves, not she; and when her hammering is over for the day, and she puts on her pretty cotton-print frock, and sits to sew or knit in her clean stone cottage on the hill-side or by the road, you would never think, while you looked at her fine bright face, or watched the motion of her nice healthy-looking hands, that she had been so long pounding stones and earthy stuff that very day. I don't mean to deny that untidy girls may be met with there; but I do think that, taking them as a lot, the mine-girls show you how people may be clean and really dress well, though they have very dirty work to do."

"Well, I must give in, Fanny: it's no use trying to speak for a slut where you are, I see; you meet a body at every turn, and nobody but decent people stand any chance with you. Not that I like loose ways and untidy looks; no, no: 'tis because I like what you like that I want to know a little more about how you manage for yourself. Now I have been trying all this time to get out of you who your dressmaker is, and you keep it close still. I should like to know; for I am sure

I would go to her. My things never seem so nicely done as yours, somehow."

"The truth must come out, Sarah: I do a great deal for myself. It always does me good to help myself; and I find that when I am doing my best in that way, other people seem most inclined to help me. And I think there's something in what I've heard a great man used to say, that 'if he wanted anything done well, he did it himself.' I don't mean that I make all my own dresses: but I do manage everything for common wear; and try to keep my best clothes right; for you know, Sarah, that the best things will soon be fit for nothing, unless they are looked after. Now, when I buy anything new, I like to have it as good as I can afford to get. Good things last longest, and are cheapest in the long run. And as to fashion, why, I always try to have my things made so that they may be altered a bit now and then, if need be; and so I keep them, one way or another, as near to the fashion as is becoming for me."

"But how can you find the time for all that, Fanny?"

"Time: why, I suppose everybody has some bits of time on hand now and then; and some people spend them in gossip, or trifle them away. For my part, I try to use up my scraps of time stitching and thinking."

"What in the world have you got to think about, Fan?"

"What have I got to think about, Sarah? Why, about making sure of my fortune."

(*To be continued.*)

Narratives.

THE NEW YEAR'S TEMPTATION.

THE tide of business and of pleasure flowed rapidly along the streets of ———, on New-Year's Eve. Happy children, free for the holidays, sauntered along in groups, stopping at each of the gaily-decorated shops to gaze upon the tempting articles exhibited for sale, and to speculate upon the probable cost of book or toy, and upon the chances of their ever possessing them. Here and there were persons intent on business: bright-looking matrons passing from one store to another in the selection of new-year's gifts for their children; the respectable artisan's wife filling her basket with a bountiful provision for the new-year's-day dinner; while amongst the crowds there was a genial exchange of good wishes for the new year. But the tide of business and of pleasure flowed past one house whose inmates had little acquaintance with either. A pale woman stood in the small room, just in the dusk of evening, preparing a meal for the children who surrounded her; and as she placed it on the table, and all gathered towards it, God's blessing was reverently asked; but there were no bright looks of enjoyment on the faces of any in the group. The mother had been struggling for many years to maintain her children; for the father, who had worked with a strong arm for their support, had been removed by death. It was a fierce and daily contest with poverty; and, poor woman, she seemed to have the worst in the fight: the leanness of their daily fare had sapped the strength of her eldest child, and just before the night we name, she had, with an aching heart, taken him to a neighbouring infirmary, and left him there to become a cripple for life; the doctors having decided that white-swelling in one of his limbs rendered amputation necessary.

And now on this new-year's eve the poor widow had much to weigh down her heart, and make her very sad. Her rent was due, but the needed sum was not nearly raised. A stock of tea-cakes, whose sale usually added a little to her small earnings, lay almost untouched; for the respectable families whom she generally supplied, had not, amidst their profusion of Christmas fare, this week required any.

But she did not despair. God had for

many years been her reconciled Father through her faith in the atonement of His Son; and she could remember wonderful deliverances which He had wrought for her in times of distress as great as the present. So she took as her new-year's motto, "I will trust, and not be afraid. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me!" And, casting her burden on the Lord, she was able to turn to her children with a cheerful face; and the homely meal was brightened by her loving words, and pleasant stories of the past.

The new year and the hallowed Sabbath dawned together; and as she rose next morning, and looked forward into the probable trials of the future, the widow felt thankful that this "first day" might be given entirely to God, and strength be sought to take its discipline and its duties in the spirit of a Christian. The trial of her faith was nearer than she thought. Scarcely was breakfast over, before her door was besieged by applications for tea-cakes from her neighbours who hallowed not the Sabbath. They knew her conscientiousness, and had not generally disturbed her in this way; but to-day she must make an exception to her rule: it was holiday-time, and people must enjoy themselves; and surely she would be glad to get her children a hearty meal. These, and many other pleas were urged by the would-be customers: some tried ridicule, and some abuse, to shake her purpose: and stronger than all these rose the voice of the tempter, suggesting that He to whom she had entrusted her case had not supplied her wants so very liberally; and that in this instance, when relief was at hand, she might certainly avail herself of it. But through all the strife of human and satanic temptation there breathed the still, small voice of Divine guidance: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." "This is the way, walk ye in it." "He that believeth shall not make haste;" and Mrs. ——, keeping a firm hold on the promise of the widow's God, was able "to stand in the evil day."

"Mother!" cried little Johnny, dashing into the room next morning with very unusual animation, "here is a letter from uncle William: perhaps he has sent you a new-year's gift!" "No, dear," said his mother sadly, "your uncle has never spoken to me since I was married; and I fear it is too late to expect him to change now:" but she hastily opened the letter, and written upon it she might have read the triumphant inquiry, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Her brother had relented towards her; and, in a kindly letter, had enclosed the exact sum required to make up her rent, and it had reached her only an hour or two before the landlord was expected to call for it!

"A Judge of the widow, and a Father of the fatherless, is God in His holy habitation."

Our Servants.

TRUTH.

The year 1860 being now past, and the year 1861 having come, without unnecessary grief at our own short-comings, or unkindly remembrance of other people's misdoings, who does not wish to begin the new year better than he has lived the old one? A better year would be a happier year, and we wish every one "a happy new year."

The pride of Great Britain is the sanctity, seclusion, union, and comfort of her families. The family is God's own institution for the concentration and diffusion of the greatest social good. Look at a well-ordered family which way you will, it ever impresses you with respect and delight. But we are apt, perhaps, to under-estimate the importance of "our servants," as an element of well-being and happiness in our families. "Our Times" may be called, on sundry occasions, critical, eventful, spirit-stirring, and the like; but the term that comprehends most fully, and most perfectly, the spirit of "Our Times," is "Money-seeking Times,"

Everybody wonders and inquires what everybody else is *worth:* he that has most money is of the greatest worth; and he that has none is nothing worth. We know that such-like talk is, indeed, nothing worth; for we are very sure that thousands of most worthy people are poor people; and if much money were really necessary to make us worth much, one wonders why God has not taken greater care of His own children, after that fashion. This sort of talk, we say, is unwise; and is damaging to our right judgment and peace of mind. And we would at once express our sorrow at finding that "our servants," carried away by the stream of "our times," can indulge so far as they often do, in calculations about what their situations are *worth*, and how much themselves also are *worth*. This is a habit of thinking which quite saps the mind of all considerations but one, which is just this: How can I get *the most* out of my situation; and what is *the least* I can render in return? Fie upon such thoughts! They are genuine fruits of a covetous heart, and are themselves fraught with untold mischief and misery. No honourable persons can either indulge this disposition in themselves, or respect those who do gratify it. To assist "our servants" in making themselves, and the families wherein they reside, sure of happiness, is our purpose in writing the following paragraphs.

Truth. There is nothing like truth. It is the first and best of all qualities. It is the foundation of honour, the line of righteousness, the plummet of exactness, the pendulum of punctuality, true strength of character; it makes threats terrible, and promises reliable; without it friendship is flattery, and contracts are lies. No matter what else perishes, truth perishes not. Truth abides for ever. Such is the common estimate of truth, that every one despises falsehood; and nobody can be called a false man without offending him. Truth is, of all qualities, the most valuable in "our servants." It does not follow that there should be any less of what besides may form a good servant; of kindliness, modesty, and so on; but unless truth, the fair, the firm, white stone of truth, lie at the foundation, some day or other, everything you heap up will tumble down, because it was not built up on truth. Therefore take truth into your very heart: there it will cure the deceit of the heart itself, and regulate your judgment, and give law to your lips, and unity to your actions, and it will look out at the windows of your eyes, and it will render your whole character clear as crystal. Be sure of this, that you will find many temptations to depart from the truth. An enemy may suggest that the matter being little, the lie to cover it cannot be great; or the matter being great, it is worth a lie to cover it. Horrid! No lie is little. Nothing can be worth a lie. Therefore may you pray, with the devout Psalmist, "Save me from the way of lying." Save me from equivocation, prevarication, hypocrisy, guile, simulation, dissimulation, false looks, false tones; everything that is untrue. Make me, O God of truth, like Thyself in truth: let my yea be yea; and my nay, nay. In truth, let me liken Jesus, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." God loves truth, and will hear and answer such a prayer as that, for Christ's sake. Then, should slander breathe upon you, it will be but as breath upon a diamond: the diamond is dim one moment, bright the very next.

Poetry.

JESUS, SWEET NAME.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

JESU! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High!

Jesu! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;

Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus! what Thou art.

O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O Victor! glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be express'd,
And altogether loveliest!

"WILT THOU NOT REVIVE US AGAIN?"

O FOR the all-reviving grace,
The quickening power Divine,
This deadness from our souls to chase,
But chiefly, Lord, from mine!

We, the dear people of Thy love,
Why cleave we to the dust,
Neglect our glorious hopes above,
And trifle with our trust?

Thy nature and Thy law, we know
Severely righteous still;
And yet how slothful, and how slow
Our progress in Thy will!

We tread the very edge of doom,
And worlds of woe or bliss
O'erhang the other side our tomb;
And yet we sport on *this*.

Hell's hosts conspire against our weal,
Angels our burden bear;
Yet, O, we seem but half to feel
Our own eternal care.

Almighty Spirit! ere Thou make
The long-dead world alive,
Thy living church from slumber wake;
Thy work in *us* revive.

—*Rev. William M. Bunting.*

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XIII.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God."

"WHAT was it?" you are ready to say, "what was it you saw?" Why, it was not the effigy of Sir James Tillie putting forth tokens of life; but it was a living thing mysteriously peering over the old Knight's stony shoulder; it was an owl: and he looked at me from under the ivy, and rolled his lustrous eyes, as if he would say, "Who is this that dares to disturb my first delicious moments of communion with the gathering shadows?" "So it is come to this!" murmured I within myself, as I dropped from the window of the desolate place, and threaded my way down through the darkling wood, "it is come to this: the poor Knight can no longer choose his company; his mortal part, at all events, could it speak, would have to say, 'I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.'" Nevertheless he ought scarcely to complain; for night-birds had their home in that mountain-knoll long before Sir James Tillie was born: he chose to come to them, not they to him. And it may be hard even for an owl to suffer encroachment. But, after all, to think of one's bones reposing where the silence is never broken but by the voice of a solemn bird keeping "watch and ward," is much more pleasant than to conceive of being buried in some open yard, where the sod which covered one is to be trodden down and worn away by the feet of those who pay no respect to dust which fetches nothing in the market. Yes, and much more agreeable than to suppose one's mortal tenement pressed beneath the squat slabs of some cemetery, whose stones serve the double purpose of covers for the dead, and pavement for the living. To look at some of our graveyards, is to be tempted towards the opinion that, as to any tasteful care of departed friends' memorials, many are disposed to say, as a primitive Jew said about his brother's blood, "What profit is it?" How little there is in such cases to remind us that

"The dust we tread upon was once alive!"

I have not much affection for Paris; but I do love the example of her "*Père la Chaise.*" If she has no "homes" for the living, she becomingly provides them for the dead; and if no heart is to be found under the accomplishments of her social life, she manifests a lovely feeling in her attention to the tombs of her children,

But I am getting out of my way. My returning steps were bent towards Halton. It was now dark; and I felt, as I entered the porch, that the light from a mullioned window promised me a cheerful home. The walls of my chamber, like those of the parlour below, were adorned with panelled oak. The room had been evidently one of the best of the family-apartments. Here then, said I to myself, as with the aid of my tiny candle I looked around through the dim space; here then, perhaps, the good Sir Anthony Rous used to repose after the hospitable toils of the day: for who could forget the name of one whom Thomas Fuller puts among his "worthies?" The humorous biographer has left but few words, it is true, as he never gives more than the living pith of his material; but in this case, as in every other, he throws a charm over the place where the subject of his notice lived and moved. "Give me leave," says he, "to transcribe what I find written of him: 'He employeth himself to a kind and uninterrupted entertainment of such as visit him, upon his not sparing inviting; or their own occasions; who (without the self-guilt of an ungrateful wrong) must witness, that his frankness confirmeth this welcome, by whatsoever means provision, the fuel of hospitality, can in the best manner supply.' He was father to Francis Rous, late Provost of Eton, whose industry is more commendable than his judgment in his many treatises." It is pleasant to know a little about the places into which Providence leads us. One can relish a meal all the better for knowing that men of honourable memory had dined in that room; and one's chamber has a deeper charm if he can call up its former occupants, and spend a sleepless hour in mystic communion with them. So I thought as I pushed open a small door in the wainscot, and found myself in what, it may be, was the old Lord of Halton's private closet; where, probably, he had taken godly counsel from Master Fitz-Geffrey, the Parson of the parish, who lived to see both the Squire and his lady laid low. Nor has the merit of his quaintly-titled funeral-sermons for them helped to keep their names fresh, or his own, as a theologian, popular, or even alive; though the worthy Pastor still figures, now and then, in a rare catalogue, as "a Cornish poet," and the author of "Sir Francis Drake, his Honourable Life's Commendacion, and his Tragical Death's Lamentation." Other memories came; so that mine was a watchful night. The bed afforded repose, but no sleep. For a time my musings were broken now and then by certain strange movements behind the wainscot; but one soon gets used even to such things; and towards midnight, Milton was in my mind, and I thought I could understand a little of the feeling which he expresses in one of those gemmy bits of his, which make us feel the witching power of pure English, when used by a true poet:—

> "Let my lamp, at midnight hour,
> Be seen in some high lonely tower,
> Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
> With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato, to unfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> The' immortal mind that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshy nook."

I was not in a "lonely tower," though in deep stillness; there was no "lamp" to break the gloom; and yet I was on the watch: not that I wanted to "unsphere the spirit of Plato," but my soul seemed alive to any intimations it could catch about one immortal mind at least, which had probably begun its life in that very chamber, and had performed by no means a common career before it left its "fleshy nook." Where was the spirit of Francis Rous? A sentence which once fell from his pen came now so vividly, that it might have been borne to one by living breath: "I was first breathed from heaven; and I came from God in my creation..... Where should a low spirit find happiness but in the Highest Spirit? and where should a created spirit seek happiness but in the Spirit that created it? Wherefore, being a spirit, I fasten myself in a spiritual happiness; and this spiritual happiness I look for in no other but in the first and best Spirit, beyond whom there is neither good nor being." One could never doubt the heavenly rest of the old Republican's soul, though I confess I could never fully take in either his political belief, or his religious creed. He was born within the walls which now sheltered me. His training was completed at Oxford. In the first Parliament called by Charles I., he ap-

peared as the Member for Truro, in his native county. At a later session, he represented Tregony; and then Truro again claimed the honour of giving him a seat. As a Radical reformer, he struck right and left, and at every real or fancied abuse in turn; now at the Church, and now at the Court; here at taxes, and there at Arminianism. In the Parliament of 1653 he sat for Devonshire, and figured first as Chairman, and then as Speaker. It was now that he conceived the notion of forming an English commonwealth after the model of ancient Judaism. But when he found that those about him were not prepared for a theocracy, he took what seemed to be the next best plan, and proposed the Protectorate under Cromwell, in whom, he thought, the virtues of both Moses and Joshua were combined. His reward was a place in the Privy Council of His Highness. In 1656 he entered Parliament as a Member for Cornwall, and very soon after was promoted to the House of Lords. His remarkable career was finished at Acton, on January 7th, 1659; and he was buried in great state at Eton, of which he had been Provost for sixteen years. Clarendon is unfair to his memory, and leaves a sketch of his character among the few wickedly or carelessly daubed portraits which disfigure his noble work. Cromwell's "Parliament repaired to the Parliament House," he tells us, "and made choice of one Rous to be their Speaker; an old gentleman of Devonshire, who had been a Member of the former Parliament, and in that time been preferred and made Provost of the College of Eton, which office he then enjoyed, with an opinion of having some knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues, but of a very mean understanding, but thoroughly engaged in the guilt of the times." To the eye of a Royalist there would be many dark shadows on the character of a man who had done so much "to change times and laws;" and indeed the mere fact that Rous had acted as a chief Trier of public Preachers, and as Commissioner for putting out "scandalous and ignorant Ministers," was quite enough to disturb the balance between prejudice and truthfulness in the mind of a Court historian. The stern "Trier" was, however, far above contempt. Nor will a calm student of his writings believe that he was "of a very mean understanding." Among the "Treatises and Meditations" which he dedicated "to the saints, and to the excellent throughout the three nations," may be found "Diseases of the Time, attended by their Remedies," and "Oyl of Scorpions, or the Miseries of these Times turned into Medicines for curing themselves;" and, if one may judge by the manner in which he deals with popular evils, it was woe to the blind and godless Cleric whose abilities were tried by Francis Rous. In the theological branch he would have as little mercy in some cases, perhaps, as a Divine whom I heard bawl once after a Methodist Preacher, "Arminianism is a lie; it was never true, it was never ordained to be true!" Yet, perhaps, an Arminian even might manage to admit the old "Trier's" leading aphorism, "The root of predestination is unsearchable, the wit of man is short and shallow;" especially when he was told from the bench that, "in these and the like depths of God, no man is to wade above his stature. Every man should understand according to sobriety; that is, according to the measure which he containeth. Let not the homer tear itself to pieces by stretching itself to be an ephah, but every member (for members are different) aspire to his proper fulness; and though they reach not to such mysteries, they may converse in points of more absolute necessity to salvation." But unsound doctrine even would stand a better chance in the presence of the Commissioner than practical vice. It might do some people of our own times a great deal of good to be rebuked by him; for, alas! he might be speaking of these days when he said, "Another great sin of this land is deceitfulness of trades. Single trades are grown to be double, for there are two trades in one; the one is a skill of doing it truly, the other of doing it deceitfully. And he is the most skilful tradesman that knoweth the falsehood of his trade, rather than he who knoweth the truth of it." Nor would some of his utterances on "monstrousness of apparel" be out of place were they issued against the present rage for appearances. "For by the ambition of clothes there is a general remove," says he, "and the lower is stept into the place of the higher, and each goes about to be like them who are unlike

him. Besides, the whole shape of this notion is changed, and clothes are no longer interpreters, but need themselves an interpretation. So that if a man that forsook this land some forty years since, should now return again, in good manners he could not but say, your Lordship, to a gentleman; and your Worship, to the son of a farmer....Such a confusion hath this vice bred, that by it both men and their degrees are grown out of knowledge; for unknown they are both to themselves and others." The old Republican censor was both hard and sharp, some will think; but he had his amiable points; and were it only for the filial piety which breathes in the dedication of his works to his father, one must cherish an affection for his memory. A dutiful son cannot be a graceless man. So I thought at least, as I lay ruminating in that old room at Halton; where at length sleep fell upon me, as I was dreamingly trying to picture to myself the forms and features of the worthy father, and his reverent and grateful son.

Five-ways. X.

Anecdotes.

CLEANING THE OUTSIDE OF THE PLATTER.

The Mohammedans repeat certain forms of prayer five times every day. Whether at home, in their shops, in the streets, or on a journey, as soon as the appointed time arrives, they fall on their knees, and go through with the whole routine of prayers and bodily prostrations. One day several Moslems called upon us, at the eighth hour of the day, (about two o'clock P.M.,) and after they had been sitting some time engaged in conversation, one of them arose, and said to his companions, "I must pray." They all asked, "Why? It is not the hour of prayer." "Because," said he, "when I went to the mosque at noon to pray, I had an ink-spot on my finger-nail, and did not perceive it until after I came out, and hence my prayer was of no avail. I have just now scraped it off, and must repeat my noon-prayer." So saying, he spread his cloak upon the floor, and then kneeling upon it, with his face towards Mecca, commenced his prayers, while his companions amused themselves by conversing about his ceremonial strictness. He proceeded, with his head turned sufficiently to hear their conversation, and after he had finished, disputed a remark one of them had made while he was praying. Truly it may be said of the prayers of this people, that they are solemn words on thoughtless tongues. They worship God with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him.

—*Henry Harris Jessup.*

A HAPPY EXPERIENCE.

The following conversation took place with a slave, an old man, in one of the Southern plantations in the United States of America:—

"You are an old man: will you not die soon?"

"Yes, I know I must."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I think I shall go to the good land."

"Why do you think you will go there?"

"I cannot tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow Jesus and I get nearer together."

Good reasoning; blessed experience. "Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am."

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Rev. William Shaw, late General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in South Eastern Africa, has furnished a thoroughly good book, under the title of *The Story of my Mission*. He was, as most of our readers know, the pioneer of the Wesleyan Missionary operations among the colonists and native tribes in that interesting portion of Africa. He gives ample information respecting the habits and customs, manners and superstitions, of the untutored children of nature with whom he met; and tells, with characteristic modesty and force, a tale of

successful labour among them. The facts he gives, and the observations he makes, on many topics of deepest interest to the colonists, will amply repay an attentive perusal. A sound and discriminating judgment is everywhere apparent; and no one, after reading these pages, will wonder at the extraordinary influence which their author acquired amongst all classes in the land of his toil. It is interesting to know that a copy of this book reached Her Majesty a day after Prince Alfred returned from his African travels, and which she was pleased graciously to accept.

Whoever wishes to obtain, within a moderate compass, the information the Scriptures give of heaven, will do well to procure *Edmondson's Scripture Views of the Heavenly World*, now re-published at the Methodist Book-room. New and cheap editions of the truly valuable *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, and the instructive *Letters on the Distinguishing Excellencies in the Character of Remarkable Scripture Personages, by the Rev Robert Huston*, are issued this month. Mr. Mason has also added three Tracts to those published under the direction of "the Wesleyan-Methodist Tract Committee." The first of these is the capital article, written by one of the ablest living Methodist Ministers, entitled *Who's your Dressmaker?* the beginning of which our readers have in some preceding pages of our present Number. Another Tract, belonging to the Large-Type Series, entitled *I am no Scholar*, by one of our most successful Tract-writers, deals well and wisely with the objection couched in those words, so often used by the ignorant to excuse their neglect of religion and of the means of grace. *A Story of the Irish Revival* gives an account, in the man's own language, of a wonderful instance of the power of Divine grace in the conversion and the reclamation of a terrible backslider.

Our friend who makes the inquiry, and others who wish for information on the subject of class-meetings, will do well to read the Rev. John Hartley's *Plea for Class-Meetings*, Price 2*d.*; the Rev. R. Newstead's *Advices to One who meets in Class*, Price 2*d.*; the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman's *Thoughts on Class-Meetings*, Price 4*d.*; the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer's *Absence from Class*, Price 1*d.*; and the Rev. Edmund Grindrod's *Duties, Qualifications, and Encouragements of Class-Leaders*, Price 4*d.*

Memorials of the Departed.

Mr. John Lloyd was a native of Madeley, in Shropshire. His father was a miner, and was killed by an explosion of foul air, whilst his son John was a mere boy. Little is known of John's early youth, except that his school-education was very limited, and that he was accustomed to the dangers and privations of a miner's life from a tender age. The character of his parents does not appear to have been decidedly Christian: they were, however, deemed respectable people. In 1832 John was living at Bilston, Staffordshire, with his mother and two sisters, who all died of cholera in that year. He was then a "decent, steady" youth, but not religious. A fellow-workman, afterwards for many years a Leader at Bilston and Ettingshall, was a friend to him; took him to God's house, and sought his conversion. One afternoon, perhaps on a Monday, when the miners in this district seldom work, the two young men spent their time in singing hymns. In the evening they attended a prayer-meeting, in the course of which Mr. Lloyd obtained redemption in the blood of Jesus. He repeatedly spoke of this in after-life; and always regarded his conversion as a sudden one. For a period of more than twenty-two years, the character which he maintained proved the reality of the good work then begun. He now met in class, grew in grace and in knowledge, taught in the Sunday-school, and, in about three or four years, was received on the "Plan" as a Local Preacher. In 1836 he removed to Ettingshall, near Bilston. Here he became a Class-Leader; married; and, through the help of one of his Methodist friends, rose from the position of an ordinary workman to that of a "butty." This odd expression designates a contractor; one who undertakes

to work the mine, and raise the mineral to the surface at a certain sum per ton. After considerable difficulty and discouragement, he eventually prospered in business, and realized property. He built a house for himself at Monmore-Green; and then, like David, had it in his heart to build a house for God's worship at the same place. This was desirable, as the place was destitute of one, and as the population was fast increasing. A Wesleyan chapel was built, and opened in the spring of 1847. Here Mr. Lloyd sustained the office of Trustee, Chapel-Steward, Society-Steward, and Leader. In 1854, Mr. Lloyd's employers requested him to take the management of a colliery near Longton. He rather reluctantly consented, and removed thither with his family in May. He immediately connected himself with the Wesleyan Society there, raised a class, frequently preached with great enlargement and power, and did what his hand found to do, while it was day: alas! the night was at hand. Here he lost his second daughter by death. This event, doubtless, reminded him impressively of the uncertainty of life, and the nearness of eternity. He often said in the family-circle, "I sit loose to all below;" "This world has little attraction to me;" with other observations of the same import. His wife could not help noticing decided progress in piety and heavenly-mindedness. On the morning of May 25th, 1855, he left home to attend to business as usual, and proceeded to examine the workings of a mine, when an explosion, similar to that which caused the death of his father, terminated his life. The Rev. John Kirk, then of Wolverhampton, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Lloyd at the time, remarks, "Your beloved husband was indeed a blessed man of God. I cannot express the high esteem I had for him. He would be found ready. Sudden death would be to him sudden glory." Mr. Lloyd's early education was, as we have said, defective. He felt that; and though he had business to attend to, a young and increasing family, appointments on the "Plan," two classes, and other church-engagements, yet he found time to improve his mind. He had a plan of reading, which marked out work for each day in the week. In the relations of husband and father he was remarkably kind and considerate. True religion and good sense blessed him for both worlds. They will do the same for every friendless youth.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bunting, Robert,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	43	Oct. 1st, 1860.
Huggins, Mrs. Rachel,	Thetford,	Thetford,	69	Oct. 15th, 1860.
Jessop, Mrs. E.,	Wickersley,	Rotherham,	64	Oct. 4th, 1860.
Lock, Mrs.,	Coronation-square,	Lynn,	69	Oct. 23d, 1859.
Norton, Mrs.,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	67	Oct. 13th, 1860.
Olivent, Mr. G.,	Park-gate,	Rotherham,	50	Sept. 30th, 1860.
Parkes, Eliza,	Duke-street,	Birmingham, East,	56	Aug. 14th, 1860.
Pascoe, Mrs.,	Redruth,	Redruth,	37	Sept. 15th, 1860.
Pymer, Mr. John	Thetford,	Thetford,	80	Oct. 13th, 1860.
Richardson, Margaret,	Ravenstonedale,	Hawes,	15	Dec. 31st, 1859.
Shepard, John,	Wickersley,	Rotherham,	56	April 23d, 1860.
Snare, Mr. Henry,	Thomas-street,	Lynn,	70	Oct. 30th, 1859.
Sutherby, William,	Selby,	Selby,	16	Jan. 9th, 1859.
Taylor, James,	Selby,	Selby,	48	March 8th, 1859.
Wade, Mrs. B.,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	47	Oct. 15th, 1860.
Ward, Martin,	Selby,	Selby,	65	Jan. 9th, 1859.
Whiteley, Mr. James,	Edingley,	Mansfield,	79	July 11th, 1860.
Wood, Mrs.,	Pardshaw,	Cockermouth,	94	Oct. 6th, 1860.

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THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

It is very interesting to observe how different means may conduce to the same end, and to watch the way in which similar results are attained by persons situated at great distances, and surrounded by very different circumstances. Oneness with diversity is a stamp which the Creator has put on the works of His hands; and it is a sign that man is made in His image, when we see him able to use various means for the accomplishment of the same final purpose. One interesting form, under which to trace this modifying and applying power, is found in examining the buildings of distant ages, and those of different countries at the present time; in noticing the forms under which most races of men, except uncivilized nations and wandering tribes, have reared habitations for themselves, and larger buildings for religious and public purposes. It would be curious to have a complete history of the various materials which have been employed; and to see how, while man has made them serve his great purpose, they, in their turn, have made modifications necessary which have given a peculiar stamp to the buildings of one nation or age, and have led to the existence of circumstances which did

not enter into the calculations of the man who first used them. Where no rock sufficiently hard for the purpose was to be found, some artificial mixture has been used. Thus, of the first city of which we have any details, we read, "Go to, let us make brick, and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar." Those millions of earth-made bricks have crumbled to earth, forming vast hills of ruins which look like natural elevations from the "plain" on which they rise.

There is a great contrast to this in that mighty city, Rome, in the substance of which its massive and most remarkable buildings are composed; and, from that as much as from anything, it derives, perhaps, its title to the name "eternal." Time would have left much more than yet remains, had not the hand of man been diligent, during many years, in pulling down, and using for comparatively modern buildings, the great remains of antiquity. Yet, even now, the Coliseum stands with its massive blocks of travertine fitted together, unaided by cement, which time seems only to harden. It is to its buildings that it owes its catacombs; at least, to the cement used in them.* The soil around the city is peculiar, being of volcanic formation; consisting of a compact tufa, with beds overlying it of more recent formation, formed of ashes and cinders, with currents of compact lava intermixed. Among the volcanic ashes, a peculiar kind is found, called "pozzolana:" it is unequally distributed, more in patches than in veins, or continuous beds. This, mixed with lime, formed the cement which has so greatly contributed to the durability of Rome. When a deposit of pozzolana was discovered, it was dug out by means of subterranean galleries, much in the same way as our coal-mines; and then abandoned. Thus, as Rome increased in size, there were formed around it, chiefly outside the walls, not large caves and caverns, but here and there galleries and passages, unequal in height and width; perhaps, on an average, nine feet high, and five feet wide; sometimes swelling out almost into small underground chambers, with one or two ways branching from them; again narrowing so as to allow barely a way through, rising and ascending according as the material had been found out; not at a very great depth below the surface, but sufficiently so to be dark and obscure.

Most likely, at first, these catacombs were isolated; but after they began to be used for refuge and a place of burial, communications were formed between them, and many miles might be traversed without ascending to the light of day. That it would be difficult to find the right road in such a labyrinth may easily be imagined. Stories are told of those who, taking a lamp and a piece of cord, have sallied forth to explore, and have been unfortunate enough to find their light extinguished, and at the same moment to lose the precious cord which was to reconduct them to the outer world. It would not be easy to over-colour the intense anxiety with which groping search would be made for the missing guide, or the feeling of despair experienced in case it were found impossible to recover it. Owing to the great danger of getting lost among these various

* Murray's Hand-Book.

windings, most of the entrances to the catacombs are now closed. On going over many of the Roman churches, it is a common thing to hear the guide say, "And there was an entrance to the catacombs, but it is now closed." Only one is freely opened to visiters, that of San Sebastiano: others may be seen on Friday, by a little trouble, on obtaining an introduction to Padre Marchi, who takes much interest in them. This is the origin and present state of the Roman catacombs, and were this all, other cities might boast of much the same thing, similar excavations being found at Naples, Palermo, Syracuse, and Malta. In Egypt, something of the same kind is known, and in the more modern city of Paris.

It is the use which has been made of the catacombs at Rome which has given so great an interest to them, and caused them to be the subject of such long and eager controversy. Though, no doubt, too much has, in many cases, been made of a little; and Romanism, ever inclined to fabricate marvellous tales, has often supplied striking histories to unknown remains; still, there is enough resting upon good evidence to give a feeling of confidence in looking at the testimony which these dark retreats have furnished to the faith of the early church, and to afford a stronger sympathy with those who, sometimes in life, as well as in death, were compelled to take refuge "in dens, and in caves of the earth."

At the time of the birth of Christ, it was usually the custom among the Romans to burn the bodies of the dead; and though there is much in this repugnant to the ideas of the present day, it, too, has connected with it, its associations of interest, and its sacred memories. The remains of the departed were not guarded with less care because they were reduced to a shapeless mass; and two very remarkable remains now existing in Rome, the Mausoleum of Augustus, and the yet better-known fortress of St. Angelo, built by Hadrian as the resting-place of his ashes, bear witness to the anxiety which was shown to preserve what was mortal. The tombs lining the Via Appia, stretching across the desolate Campagna, show that man's natural desire for immortality would fain have bestowed it on his body, if possible. And the Columbaria prove that, as far as the preservation of the body goes, the very burning, which seems so destructive, can yet guard the precious dust as well as the earth in which we fondly lay our dead. These buildings seem frequently to have been intended for one family or tribe of people, sometimes the slaves and freedmen of an Emperor. They are square buildings, occasionally met with in the gardens of the larger villas, descending into the ground some depth, the bottom reached by a flight of steps on one side. Round the walls are niches, from about one to two feet square, each containing an earthen vessel called "olla," in the shape of a saucer with a cover to it; they are even now full of ashes, among which pieces of bone may be distinguished. Frequently there is an inscription on the "olla," or over the niche. A model of one of these may be seen in room X of the British Museum.

The Christians, thinking much of the resurrection, and probably supposing it to be near at hand, were anxious to preserve the form of their

departed friends as long as possible. To them had been given the promise that the "body also itself shall be delivered from corruption;" and they perhaps wished to imitate, as far as they could, the external circumstances of the death of their Saviour: they had no power to burst the bonds of the grave, but at least those dear to them, should lie down as He had done, in the hope that His voice would be heard bidding the dead live, before what was once so precious had again returned to dust. Besides, their first teachers were Jews, men who naturally carried with them their cherished ideas of the way in which it was most suitable to dispose of the bodies of their departed friends. Thus it came to pass that the Roman Christians were not long before they had recourse to the winding paths and recesses of the catacombs, as the most suitable and secure resting-place for their dead. The lowest order of the people, not able to obtain the honour of a funeral pile, seem usually to have practised burying, and employed for that purpose the excavations left on the Esquiline Hill. "The sand-diggers were of the lowest grade: there is reason to suppose that Christianity spread very early among them;" and that, from their thorough acquaintance with the underground passages, they were able to shelter themselves and their fellow-Christians in time of persecution; while, in using them as a burying-place, they carried out an idea which was familiar to them, from having before seen many bodies deposited there. The rage of enemies must have been intense indeed, to have made men wander about these gloomy abodes merely to wreak vengeance on dead bodies; and the place would be generally shunned from the association connected with it. Be the beginning what it may, it is certain, from the inscriptions, that as early as the second century the catacombs came to be used as the general burying-place of the Christians.* About the year 314 they were formally made over to the Christians, as church-property; and they are called the burial-place of the martyrs. It is the inscriptions which form the chief interest attaching to what now remains; and they have almost all been removed from the places where they were first discovered, and are placed with much care in the Vatican and in the Lateran Museums. The slabs containing inscriptions are usually let into the wall; and other remains, in the form of sarcophagi and bas-reliefs, are ranged by the side: for in later times these were sculptured by far abler hands than those which traced many of the first rude inscriptions. Yet these perhaps possess a deeper interest: they place before us the circumstances of the church in its early ages before it was corrupted by wealth, while it was comparatively free from superstition. They show that it was at first chiefly among the poor that the Gospel prevailed; that the noblest hopes and strongest faith were possessed by those who had little of this world's good. It is in the gallery of inscriptions in the Vatican, containing more than three thousand, that those found in the catacombs have chiefly been placed; though many are now being arranged round the gallery of the Lateran, where what is called a Christian Museum is

* Maitland.

formed, in which are the more elaborate sarcophagi. Among them is one of great beauty, with bas-reliefs of the Good Shepherd surrounded with angels gathering grapes. The gallery of the Vatican derives increased interest from having not only Christian inscriptions, which are ranged on one side, but also Pagan ones, on the other; which latter are classified according to ranks and professions, from nobles to slaves. Thus it is easy to compare and contrast the ideas of death possessed by the Christians, with those of the Pagans. Take the following in illustration :—

Pagan.

Caius Julius Maximus, aged 11 years, and 5 months. O relentless Fortune, that delightest in cruel death; why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me? He who lately used to lie joyful on my bosom. This stone now marks his tomb. Behold his mother.

I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched me away innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set up this.

Christian.

Petronia, a Deacon's wife. The type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones. Spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace on the third before the nones of October, in the Consulate of Festus.

(Fragment.)

Who gave and hath taken. . . . blessed . . . . . of the Lord . . . . who lived . . . . years. . . in peace, in the Consulate of. . .

The letters on the Christian monuments are from half an inch to four inches high, generally coloured red: they are often very roughly done, and not unfrequently badly spelt. Many are in Greek; and sometimes Latin inscriptions are in Greek letters, and Greek ones in Latin.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY JOHN S. MAYSON, ESQ.

THE great object of Christian Missions is so familiar to us that, on that account even, it is possible that while it engages our attention in raising funds for its support, we may neglect sufficiently to sustain the true Missionary spirit, first enkindled in a mortal's breast when he has found a long-sought Saviour, and then manifesting itself in a thousand loving ways.

Embracing first all within its immediate influence, it soon seeks and finds extended action. It is but natural that the good man's personal labours of love commence with those nearest and dearest to him; and well if they most abound amid the misery which surrounds his home. Yet, while retaining these in its embrace, his charity will ever take a widening range. Kindred, country, home, never neglected, he is not, or cannot remain, unmindful of those millions of his fellows dwelling in darkness on which no single ray of Gospel light has ever dawned; where sin and sorrow reign supreme. To these he must needs extend the high privileges of his happiness; privileges how much enhanced by his church-communion!

Feeble if isolated but a giant when roused to exertion by contact with

others of kindred spirit, he unites his money, his prayerful efforts, his time and talents with theirs, and for a common cause.

How grateful ought we to be, that we (laymen with Ministers) can thus act in joyous union, and so share in that great work which is everywhere being effected by commissioned heralds of God's grace! These for a moment let us regard! Sent forth by human, by *our* instrumentality, see them well nigh fainting in the contest with the powers of this world; but, strengthened from above, spending a lifetime in their Master's service; in all their conflict encouraged by the blameless and blessed memory of their Saviour's suffering experience,—His shameful but atoning death; His last command and promise, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" "I will be with you always."

Whom else, what else, need they?

> "Happy, if with their latest breath
> They may but gasp His Name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> 'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

Much has been done in the world's wide field, and some fruit the writer has delightedly seen during a short sojourn in a far-off clime; but how very much more remains to be done! The harvest is rich in promise. Providence is offering souls to our charge; but the "labourers are few." Pray we, therefore, that more labourers be sent.

O that our Wesleyan-Methodist Society, so pre-eminently Missionary in its origin and constitution, may receive such an abounding measure of active love as shall evidently hasten that happy day when one man shall not have occasion to say to another, "Know the Lord," but when "all shall know Him from the least even to the greatest."

Manchester.

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION, AND ITS MANIFESTATIONS.

"Wilt Thou not revive us again: that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?" (Psal. lxxxv. 6.)

"A REVIVAL of religion," according to the popular understanding of the expression, conveys a somewhat complex idea. Our conception of the idea may be practically clear; but it may be well that we give it a definite and descriptive statement.

By a revival of religion we understand a special and unusual manifestation of *Divine power*, quickening the spiritual life of Christians, and securing conversions in unwonted numbers.

It will be observed that this statement lifts our thoughts above all means and activities possible to human agencies, and fixes it upon God as the source of this quickening life and this converting power. And if we advance to speak of the process of a revival, we find that this sense of dependence upon the Holy Spirit, the Author of that special Divine influence, is often the first thing brought vividly home to the heart. There has been, perhaps, with some minds, a dissatisfaction with the spiritual state of the church,—their own included,—and a growing concern for the spiritual interests of the community.

In this restlessness of rekindling spiritual desires, they undertake to do more than they have done. They utter something of their burden privately to their brethren, something publicly in the social religious meeting, and begin to address their unconverted fellow-men as they have opportunity. But all the while their own hearts are heavy and uncheered; and all the while they seem unable to move others. Something they felt needed to be done, and they are trying to do it; but the deep fountains within them are not broken up, the windows of heaven above them are not opened, and they set their faces toward seeking God, though He be not far from anyone of them, and their sorrowful prayer bursts forth, "Come, O breath, and breathe upon these slain." Then within them there springs a new tenderness of conscience. They accuse themselves of many things in their life to which they have been indifferent, or striven stoutly to vindicate. Their spirit is softened and subdued. If they have any harsh words to speak, they are words of self-condemnation. They have that contrition of heart which allies them to the publican, not to the Pharisee, with nothing proud and bitter in it, but of such a gentle sweetness that God loves it as a dwelling next to the high and holy place —His palace of heaven itself. There is more and more importunate prayer. Brethren begin to covenant with one another to unite in supplications till the great blessing comes. They consecrate themselves anew to their Master and His work. Alienated members are reconciled. Causes of dissension are banished. Meetings are more frequent. They are better attended. Faces long absent are seen in the praying circle. Voices unheard there for months or years, give out a self-accusing testimony; begin to make confession, break down, try again, and finish more intelligibly and effectively by sobs and tears. Family-altars, fallen and dishonoured, are rebuilt. Long-deserted closets open and shut upon frames all trembling in shame and penitence. Then follow a new zeal, loving and burning; a fresh devotedness that sticks at no self-sacrifice; a burden for souls that weighs like lost eternities on interceding hearts. Backsliders are reclaimed. Preaching takes on a fresh type, dealing with awakening, alarming, and melting truths, and bathing each discourse in the all-compassionate spirit of Jesus. Worldly minds, careless and prayerless, are touched; gay and pleasure-loving youth is sobered; some stout-hearted rebel, openly defiant of God's Spirit, and making sport of those unwonted demonstrations, is smitten down, perhaps first of all, beseeches prayer and guidance, and strikes deep sensations to men's hearts as he asks, "What must I do to be saved?" Converts multiply; their rejoicing songs mingle like sacrificial flames; their new experience thrills all listeners. The air of the place is solemn, as though filled and stirred by unseen vital influences. Men go and come as though vaulted everywhere by a Sabbath sky. The work deepens and spreads. There is more humility, more wrestling in prayer, and adventurous activity, and the revival is in its full and victorious progress.

CHRIST FOR EVERY MAN.

In Miss Marsh's little book, entitled "Light for the Line," an account is given of Thomas Ward's death. He had been in great doubt; but before Miss Marsh left his bed-side, she heard him say, "I see Him now. He is here. He is near. He is with me. He is around me. He will never let me go. How could I ever doubt Him? He is the Saviour of sinners. He is my Saviour. Jesus is mine, and I am His. His blood has bought me. I never knew what He is till now. O! tell them all

to come to Him, to come now! Tell every man you meet, 'Christ for every man—Jesus Christ for every man.' *My* blessed, blessed Saviour, world without end. Amen. Blessed, blessed Jesus!"

Let us turn now away from the poor ignorant railroad-digger, to another different person, a scholar and a man of letters, the late Sir James Mackintosh, and see how he, as well as his poor ignorant brother, made much of Christ. "Whenever a word from the Scriptures," says his son, "was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed that at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them, and looked at the person who had spoken. I said to him at one time, 'Jesus Christ loves you.' He answered slowly, and pausing between each word, 'Jesus Christ—love—the same thing.' He uttered these last words with a sweet smile. After a long silence, he said, 'I believe.' We said, in a voice of inquiry, 'In God?' He answered, 'In Jesus.' He spoke but once after."

Thus do learned and ignorant, high and low, need Christ; and thus it is proved that all true Christians make much of Him whom their soul loveth.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

(*Concluded from page* 11.)

AONIO PALEARIO, the author of the old book previously described, was born in the Campagna di Roma, at Veroli, about the year 1503. He studied at Rome under the most eminent masters, and soon took rank with the learned of that city. In 1530 he went to Perugia, in the Romagna, and thence to Sienna, a city of Tuscany; where, in 1538, he married. He here taught the learned languages, whilst diligently studying the Scriptures and the works of the writers of the Reformation. The light that arose within him shone out, and the brand of heresy was soon fixed upon him by the bigots of the Italian Church. In 1542 he was brought before the Senate of Sienna, but for the time escaped the penalty of his heresy.

One Otho Melius Cotta was his most determined enemy; and with this person three hundred leagued themselves in a resolution to destroy Paleario. In order to insure his condemnation, twelve of these were selected to bear witness against him. He had, in consequence, to defend himself before the Senate of Sienna; which he did with so much spirit that for the moment his defence was successful. "There are some," said he, "so censorious as to be displeased when we give the highest praise to the Author and God of our salvation, Christ, the King of all nations and people. For writing in the Tuscan language to show what great benefits accrue to mankind from His death, a criminal accusation has been made against me. Is it possible to utter or conceive anything more shameful? I said that, since He, in whom Divinity resided, has poured out His life's blood so lovingly for our salvation, we ought not to doubt the good-will of Heaven, but may promise ourselves the greatest tranquillity and peace. I affirmed, agreeably to the most unquestionable monuments of antiquity, that those who turn with their souls to Christ crucified, commit themselves to Him by faith, acquiesce in the promises, and cleave with assured faith to Him who cannot deceive, are delivered from all evil, and enjoy a full pardon of all their sins. These things appeared so grievous, so detestable, so execrable, to the twelve, I cannot call them men, but inhuman beasts, that they judged that the author should be committed to the flames. If I must undergo this punishment for the aforesaid testimony, then, Senators, nothing more happy can befall me. In such

times as these I do not think a Christian ought to die in his bed. To be accused, to be dragged to prison, to be scourged, to be hung up by the neck, to be sewed up in a sack, to be exposed to wild beasts, is little: let me be roasted before a fire, provided only the truth be brought to light by such a death."

In 1546 he was invited to Lucca; whence, after ten years' service, he removed to Milan, at the invitation of its Senate, to take the post of Professor of Eloquence. Here his persecutors, who had dogged his steps for years, secured their prey. Paleario was seized by the Inquisitor Angelo di Cremona, about 1568, conveyed to Rome, and committed a close prisoner to the Torre di Nona.

The charges against him were disposed under the following four heads:—That he denied purgatory; that he disapproved of the burial of the dead in churches, and preferred the ancient Roman mode of sepulture without the walls of the cities; that he ridiculed the monastic life; and, lastly, that he ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. In his examination he appears to have manifested great firmness. When questioned by the Cardinals of the Inquisition, he addressed them (it is an enemy who reports his words): "Seeing that your Eminences have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed Apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment: pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfil your office." Judgment was given; and he was condemned, after a lengthened imprisonment, to be suspended on a gibbet, and his body to be committed to the flames: more probably, however, he was burned alive.

The Romanists, according to their frequent practice in such cases, pretended that Aonio was repentant and died in the communion of their Church. But this assertion is refuted by an author, Laderchius, who drew his materials from the records of the Inquisition, and who says, "When it appeared that this son of Belial was obstinate and refractory, and could by no means be recovered from the darkness of error to the light of truth, he was deservedly delivered to the fire, that, after suffering its momentary pains here, he might be found in everlasting flames hereafter." Indeed, the last letters which Paleario wrote to his family on the morning of his death show the falsity of the pretended recantation. They would, we may readily conclude, have expressed his contrition, had he felt any, for opposing the Popish doctrines. Thus does the old man write from his dungeon in the face of a cruel death:—

"My dearest Wife,—I would not wish that you should receive sorrow from my pleasure, nor ill from my good. The hour is now come when I must pass from this life to my Lord, and Father, and God. I depart as joyfully as if I were going to the nuptials of the Son of the Great King, which I have always prayed my Lord to grant me through His goodness and infinite mercy. Wherefore, my dearest wife, comfort yourself with the will of God and with my resignation, and attend to the desponding family which still survives, training them up and preserving them in the fear of God, and being to them both father and mother. I am now an old man of seventy years, and useless. Our children must provide for themselves by their virtue and industry, and lead

an honourable life. God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with thy spirit! Thy husband,

"AONIO PALEARIO.

"*Rome, July 3d*, 1570."

Thus gladly did he meet death, and, giving himself up to his tormentors, entered into his eternal rest.

METHODISM.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

RISING fresh from the study of that precious fragment of church-history, the Acts of the Apostles, we cannot fail to recognise, in the rise of Methodism, *Christianity in earnest* to fulfil its glorious mission to mankind, by preaching the Gospel to every creature, according to the command of its Divine Author. To every mind, interested in the spread of Christ's kingdom, it does undoubtedly present, in its origin and progress, a fitting subject for religious study and intelligent reflection; for around it cluster facts of highest interest and most profound significance. It is now generally acknowledged by enlightened Ministers of every denomination, and by recent historians, and living essayists, that Methodism has been the chief instrument in promoting a great national revival of religion during the last century, and of extending its blessings to the distant regions of the earth. It may not, therefore, be unacceptable to the readers of the "Miscellany," if we devote a few papers to the illustration of Methodist history, including incidents in the lives and characters of its founders, and in those also of their noble coadjutors; or, more fully, its Providential history, spiritual effects, and rapid progress. And for the accomplishment of our purpose abundant materials are at hand; materials which have been furnished both by friends and foes, and which are continually increasing.

Methodism has, from the beginning, been subjected to almost every kind of ordeal through which it was possible for it to pass. It has been openly assailed by ignorance and brutality in their wildest fury; learning has sneered at it from its high places; wit has ridiculed it; while rank and wealth have denounced it as a base, vulgar thing. Formality, self-righteousness, and hypocrisy have agreed to brand it with the opprobious epithets of "enthusiasm," "fanaticism," and "religious madness." Yet, it is admitted that all along it has wrought great reformation in men's lives, transforming the drunken and licentious into sober and chaste living, and making peaceful and happy many a once troubled and wretched home. But it is still, in the eyes of the world, a mean and despicable thing, endured and tolerated from mere necessity, and to a large extent the sect everywhere spoken against.

But, after more than a century of fiery trial, the derided thing still lives, and flourishes too, in every soil and climate under heaven; and that not by the policy and power of man, but by the wisdom and power of God. Methodism is now a great fact, whatever the opinions of men respecting it; and though its very success has silenced some of its adversaries, and modified the opposition of others, yet it is not, by any means, even now, a general favourite with the world.

A great change, however, has come over the spirit of the dream of many of its antagonists. Once it was altogether bad; from this "Nazareth" no good thing could possibly come; therefore it was laughed to scorn. But of late years it has become the fashion partly to praise it, and partly to blame it; and, in spite of the anomaly, from the same fountain have come forth both sweet and bitter waters. It has entered upon a new era of its history, and is no longer to be assailed by brute force, or by that blind and bitter prejudice which will see no good in it at

all. It is in our day regarded as a proper theme for the polite essayist; and a late Poet Laureate discovered in its history gems which he deemed worthy of a rich literary setting; and hence we are treated to Southey's "Life of Wesley." Another finds it a tempting subject for philosophical analysis; and the result is Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism." Others of less elevated mien, whose calling is to cater for the popular taste, and live by their employment, have found in Methodism a subject for a "People's Lecture;" and their treatment of it has been in harmony with their calling.

From all this we fear nothing for Methodism, but anticipate much good both to it and to everybody. Most of its critics have derived some benefit from the acquaintance which they have been obliged to make with the real facts of its history, and the evangelical character of its teaching; while the prejudices which survive are just such as lie against Christianity itself, rightly interpreted. And we regard it as no unfavourable sign of the times, that the attention of minds so diverse in their character, should continue to be directed to that great revival of religion which commenced in the beginning of the last century, in the United Kingdom, and America, and which has extended its blessed influence to the most distant regions of the earth, and which now, like a mighty river, is irrigating and fructifying its vast moral deserts.

There is no indication at present that the origin of Methodism is likely to be lost to the knowledge of mankind. At the time we write, there are two elaborate and independent histories of Methodism issuing from the English and American presses; the former by Dr. G. Smith, and the latter by Dr. Stevens. These works contrast favourably with some of those productions to which we have referred. They are at once comprehensive, impartial, and friendly in their tone and spirit. Their authors, with other high literary qualifications, possess that which is essential to a true historian of Methodism; namely, an enlightened, fervent piety. These histories are the production of men who possess the power of religious discrimination, and are, in consequence, able both to recognise and defend that work of God whose origin and progress they record.

The readers of the "Miscellany" are very numerous. Upwards of two hundred thousand minds come monthly in contact with it; and though we are glad to know that it finds its way into various religious circles, yet the majority of its readers belong to the Methodist family, and many of them are numbered among its youth. All these, from their position, know more or less of Methodism; but how many of them have read the Journals of the Wesleys, John and Charles, or the Lives of the two brothers, or those of the early Methodist Preachers? Yet, the subject is fraught with interest to every one who takes pleasure in the progress of Christ's Gospel, to whatever denomination he may belong; and it should certainly be more especially so to the minds and hearts of those whom Providence has connected with the Methodist branch of the church of the Redeemer. Now no one is competent to form a correct view of the great religious revival to which the name of Methodism has been given, who does not know something of the religious state of the nation prior to its commencement. Individual Christians undoubtedly existed, and here and there little bands of those who feared the Lord, and thought upon His Name, spake often one to another in words of sympathy and encouragement; but as to the people generally, they were wholly uninfluenced by religion. There was a prevailing ignorance of the doctrines of the Gospel, and its morals were all but universally discarded, and that by high and low. After the restoration of the King to the throne, the flood-

gates of iniquity were opened, and the desolation was general. "Under the last of the Stuarts, the Court became a royal brothel, and the play-house the temple of England. The drama of the day could not now be exhibited; nor even privately read, without blushes. Many of the most learned and devoted Clergymen, whose writings are imperishable in our religious literature, were either silenced or displaced. The ministrations of the Church grew formal and ineffective; the Puritan churches themselves at last fell into general decay; while the masses of the people sunk into incredible vice and brutality. England had lapsed into virtual Heathenism, when Wesley appeared."

On the Continent, infidelity prevailed, decked out in all the tinsel show that poetry and eloquence could give it; and at home, the most popular writers were sceptics and infidels. The Clergy of the day had neither learning nor heart to cope with the antagonists of Christianity; nay, many of themselves were deeply tainted with Socinian error, while the rest cared not for any of these things. Public worship was in a great measure neglected; and where it was observed at all, it was degraded into a mere empty, lifeless form. The higher classes laughed at piety, and prided themselves in being above its fanaticism: the lower classes were grossly ignorant, and abandoned to vice. Wesley himself, in his "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," asks, "What can an impartial person think concerning the present state of religion in England? Is there a nation under the sun which is so deeply fallen from the very first principles of all religion? Where is the country in which is found so utter a disregard to even heathen morality, such a thorough contempt of justice and truth, and all that should be dear and honourable to rational creatures? What species of vice can possibly be named, even of those that nature itself abhors, of which we have not had for many years a plentiful and still-increasing harvest? Such a complication of villanies of every kind, considered with all their aggravations; such a scorn of all that bears the face of virtue; such injustice, fraud, and falsehood, we may defy the whole world to produce. Just at this time, when we wanted little of 'filling up the measure of our iniquities,' two or three Clergymen of the Church of England began vehemently to 'call sinners to repentance.'" It was at this very period, when ungodliness was the universal, constant, peculiar characteristic of the nation, that the Lord sent forth a few of His servants, as with trumpet-tongues, to proclaim the everlasting Gospel to a fallen Church, and a guilty land.

This testimony of Wesley, as to the state of the kingdom in reference to religion, is confirmed by the direct statements of both Churchmen and Dissenters, and admitted on all hands. Both Southey and Taylor not only admit it, but confirm it; the latter acknowledging that, beside its direct effects upon the masses of a people fast lapsing into Heathenism, Methodism reanimated the languishing Nonconformity of the last century, which, just at the time of the Methodist revival, was rapidly in course to be found nowhere but in books.

Never, in any country nominally Christian and Protestant, was a living, earnest, and fearless preaching of the Divine doctrines of the Gospel more needed than in England, about a century and a half ago. *Without* the Church, all was darkness; and *within* it, all was death. The nation seemed gradually hastening to a perilous crisis, and yet none appeared alive to its danger; or, if at all apprehensive of approaching ill, knew not the remedy, and were not able, therefore, to apply it.

But, loudly as the sins of the people cried to heaven for judgment, God did once more, in wrath, remember mercy; and from one of the most degraded,

licentious, and godless periods of our country's history, since the Reformation, we date the beginning of one of the most glorious and extensive revivals of religion which the annals of Christianity record. And notwithstanding the discredit that for a long time was attempted to be thrown upon Methodism, and the dishonour put upon its supporters and adherents, the present generation has almost universally come round to acknowledge it to have been the work of God. There are still those who quibble at some of the attendant circumstances, the mere accidents of its history; but it is generally admitted that it imparted life to the Church, and salvation to the nation.

A DREAM.

And a most singular dream it was. We had been listening to a smart debate between two friends, on a somewhat peculiar question. One of them insisted that our countrymen have now been so long familiar with Christianity, and the views which Christianity teaches, that, however faulty in practice, they are substantially right in their estimates of the good things both of this life and the life to come. The other stoutly affirmed that we are generally and practically ignorant of the simplest truths; and that one who should apply the principles of the Scriptures to life, would be stared at as altogether beside himself.

That debate tinged our dreams the next night; and we here recount some portion of them, hoping the reader will take them for what they may be worth.

We seemed to be walking along a busy street, with a stranger, whose whole mien impressed us as something more than human. Presently we met a crowd of street-idlers following a distressed-looking man, whom an officer was conducting to prison. Coming nearer, we found it to be our old friend B., a true Christian, but one who had been unfortunate in business. T., a malicious man and a creditor, had got him arrested; and here he was in a woful plight.

"A forlorn-looking man!" we heard a rich neighbour mutter, as B. passed his door. "A shiftless fellow," chimed in a thrifty retail grocer. But suddenly, our strange companion passed through the crowd, and asked the officer to stop for a moment with his prisoner. Then, stooping, he reverently kissed B.'s hand, as if doing homage. What he said, we were too utterly bewildered with amazement to hear distinctly. We caught the words, however, "More than conqueror!" as the stranger stood gazing, with the deepest interest, on poor B. The officer, half dumb with astonishment, here asked, timidly, whether he objected to B.'s imprisonment. "No," said the stranger, "a light affliction, but for a moment;" and, as the crowd passed on with their prisoner, we seemed to hear a rustling as of wings, and a whisper from my singular companion, "Sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation."

We had not walked more than through one square in another direction, when the stranger's attention was drawn toward the senior partner in one of the largest wholesale houses in the city. He was a man of fair character, though of no special religious profession, who had risen from nothing to become a millionaire. He happened to be sitting at this moment, with a party of brother-merchants, in his splendid establishment, discussing a plan for a new railroad. All eyes turned to him, as if his words were conclusive. His splendid equipage stood waiting for him at the door. In a corner, one youth was whispering to another, "If I'm ever worth a twentieth part as much as he is, I shall indeed be made." Just then, without

ado, the stranger walked into the very centre of the busy circle, exclaiming, as he fixed a sad, pitying look on the millionaire, "Miserable man! there may possibly be hope yet remaining." There was a general commotion, of course. One of the company cried, "Insolence!" another, "Crazy!" another was lifting his hand, as if about to seize the intruder; when a second glance at the stranger awed them all into silence. "Wretched creature," he continued, "your life is a pitiable failure. You have never yet really begun to live: downward, every hour, you sink, while deeper gloom gathers over your future. Why will you make of yourself the utter wreck that you are?" And, wonderfully enough, the great capitalist seemed suddenly struck through with a conviction of the truth of it all; and, bowing his head, he sobbed aloud in anguish.

Our next adventure was at a cheerful fireside, to which, dream-fashion, we seemed transported in an instant. An amiable and devoted mother—quite wanting, however, in the "one thing needful"—was caressing her only daughter, while the husband and father sat near, watching them thoughtfully. "How beautiful a picture," we inwardly exclaimed, "of domestic peace and maternal love!" Imagine, then, our amazement as the stranger approached the mother, saying in a tone of mingled sternness and sadness, "Do you know, O woman, that the daughter you love has no deadlier enemy on the earth than yourself? In all this guilty city is there no tempter so fatally, so steadily leading her astray as you are. In some coming day she may remember no other name with so deep and lasting an execration as your own." Shocked by his words, we here broke in with the question, "Is this literal truth? How can these things be?" "How can it be otherwise?" he replied: "no other being on the earth has an influence over this child to be compared for a moment with that of her mother. And that influence—the silent, steady power of *un-Christian example*—is moulding her into a worldly character, leaving her without hope, without God, for eternity. Whoever does *most* to mislead the soul, is the soul's most fearful foe." As he ceased, his words seemed to have fallen like a sentence of death on the unhappy mother. Long as she had listened to the Gospel, the state of her case, thus unfolded, was as new to her as a direct revelation from heaven.

So, as the stranger passed from place to place, his every action and word startled and confounded all whom he met, as if the truths and bearings of Christianity had been something unheard of. We awoke, pondering and wondering; and have since found in the vision abundant food for reflection.

NEGLECT OF THE BIBLE.

MANY Christians have weak characters and barren lives, because they have little acquaintance with the word of God, and rarely search it as for hid treasure. There is a moral in the following incident:—

A few months ago a man told his Leader that he was losing power over daily temptation, and that his peace was not so abiding as it used to be, and that altogether he was much cast down. The Leader thought there must be some cause for this. He considered a moment, and then asked,—

"Do you read your Bible every morning before you begin your day's duties?"

He had hit the nail on the head. The member acknowledged that he did not. Of course he was told that there was no need to wonder over his loss of power and peace, when he was neglecting a plain duty. If that member had spoken correctly of his

state, he would have said something like this:—

"Well, I have been trying the experiment of rushing into the thick of worldly cares and temptations without looking into my Bible, and I find it won't do. I am losing ground; my peace is almost gone, and temptation sometimes proves too strong for me; and I am going the wrong way. That is my experience."

Every one sees that such a statement would have been admonitory to all who heard it, and infinitely better adapted to answer the end of class-meetings, than a bare recital of present feeling, without any reference to the fact of which such feeling was the fruit.

A CUP OF SORROW.

An eminent Divine tells us that, soon after the death of his wife, his two children were taken from him within a few hours of each other. "My cup of sorrow," he says, "was filled to the brim. I stood a few moments, and viewed the remains of my two darlings. I felt, at first, as if I could not submit to such a complicated affliction. My heart rose in all its strength against the government of God, and then suddenly sunk under its distress; which alarmed me. I sprang up, and said to myself, 'I must submit, or I am undone for ever.' In a few moments I was entirely calm, and resigned to the will of God. I never enjoyed greater happiness than during that day and the next. My mind was full of God; and I used afterwards to look towards the burying-ground, and wish for the time when I might be laid by the side of my departed wife and little ones."

There is great beauty in such religion as this; for the grace of submission to this great and bereaving Father is the hardest and rarest of Christian attainments. There is such a temptation to angry rebellion when the blow cuts deep. A wife is suddenly taken; a crib is left empty, or a cradle deepens into a grave. A noble, gifted son is cut off in the prime of life; a son who was all the world to her who leaned upon him. A lovely daughter withers and droops; her beauty falls off like the rose-leaves, and presently she goeth down to darkness and the worm.

Beside such new-made graves, unbelief utters its reproaches, "not loud but deep." But submission whispers, with faltering lips and choking utterance, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The will of the Lord be done.

PRAYER, SHORT AND LONG.

A PRAYER may be *short* for two reasons: it may be because he who prays is simple-hearted, and will not say more than he feels; and it may be because he is in haste to be about his worldly business or amusements, or does not like to tarry long alone with God.

A prayer may also be *long* for two reasons; either because he who offers it makes a merit of long prayers, or because his heart is so full that it cannot quickly unburden itself. Let not one who goes thus to his closet fear to stay there until he has told all that is in his heart in the indulgent ear of his Father in heaven; until he has spread out the whole detail of his cares, his sins, and his wants, under the eye of Him "who seeth in secret."

There is nothing in the words or in the example of our Lord which forbids you staying alone before the throne of grace just as long as, in the simplicity of your heart, you feel disposed to stop there. But the laborious effort to prolong secret prayer is, perhaps, to be avoided.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. I.

FEW subjects have recently excited a deeper or more wide-spread interest than that of "the Divine authority, and universal and perpetual obligation, of the Sabbath." We have no hesitation in asserting that "the Sabbath question" is one that affects the very essence of morality and practical religion. It appeals at once to the best interests of whole communities, and to those of each individual member of the body politic; and the observance or non-observance of one day in seven, as a "holy day," appropriated in the most direct and special manner to the business of religion, we take to be not the least certain index to the moral and religious character of a man, or of an entire people.

The whole world has been fully advertized of the fact, that on the Divine injunction of keeping of a Sabbath, and the extent of the obligation, there are diversities of opinion. Christian churches themselves have differed; theologians of the same church have differed. Much has been written on the question on both sides; and research and learning have been employed, sometimes, we fear, in darkening what we take to be, after all, a tolerably clear and plain subject.

In the statements and arguments which may be adduced in this and subsequent papers, we make no pretension whatever to novelty. On a theme on which so much has been written, it were idle to suppose that anything really new can be advanced. Our aim will be plainly to STATE THE QUESTION, and to furnish the SCRIPTURAL GROUNDS on which we claim for the Christian Sabbath a cessation from secular pursuits and amusements, and a strictly spiritual and devout observance.

The Sabbath is to be found in the Bible: of this there is no doubt. *It is there!* There, beyond dispute, (for on this subject all are agreed,) placed, like the sun in the heavens, by God Himself. The TIME *when* the day was instituted; the PEOPLE *for whom* it was specially designed; the EXTENT *of its obligation;* and the TERM *of its duration;* these are questions that have been, and still are, warmly debated.

The leading theory antagonistic to the claims of the Sabbath, as being universally and perpetually obligatory, is that which regards it as a mere institution of Judaism. The Sabbath, we are told, was first given to the Jews by Moses in the wilderness; that, like the Passover, it began with Judaism; was a part of Judaism; was restricted to Judaism; and, consequently, when Christ abolished the Mosaic economy, the Sabbath as a Divine institution ceased.

This entire theory, of course, falls to the ground, if it can be satisfactorily proved that the Sabbath was established long prior to the existence of Judaism; that it is, in point of fact, as old as creation; was instituted in the original paradise; and was given, primarily, not to the Israelites in the wilderness, but to Adam in the garden of Eden; to Adam as the fountain-head and representative of the whole human race.

That these points can be established we have no doubt. If so, the inference is inevitable: "THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN;" not for a particular race; but for man *as* MAN,—for ALL MEN; man *generically* considered; and, therefore, we of the present day can claim the privileges of the Sabbath, unfettered, unrestricted, unbroken, as a gift from above, "our birth-right;" and are as solemnly bound to observe its laws, as much so as any people who ever existed under the canopy of heaven.

FIRST.—*The paradisaic origin of the Sabbath we infer from the position it occupies in reference to the work of creation, and from the manner in which it is first introduced to our attention in the Sacred Volume.*

We refer to the sacred records. The inspired penman, detailing the events of

creation in their regular and consecutive order, day by day, from the period when "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep," up to that moment when perfection crowned the handiwork of Jehovah, concludes his narrative in these words:—"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." (Gen. ii. 1—3.)

Now, the question which arises here, is this:—"Do these words record the setting apart the day, *at the time*, or do they refer prospectively, (as some persons tell us,) to its being set apart on Mount Sinai, *hundreds of years afterwards?*" Can any one hesitate as to the answer that is to be given? The history of creation, throughout the entire six days, is chronological, unbroken, complete. But, if we are to look forward into the depths of twenty-five centuries, (as the advocates of the Jewish origin of the Sabbath tell us,) for the first institution of the Sabbath; then, this history presents no orderly series, and its chronology admits of no computation. At a particular time, in a particular juncture, "the Book" says, "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." When? Two thousand five hundred years subsequently, is the reply! Who that has not an hypothesis to support, would admit as an argument an assertion so unnatural, overstrained, and monstrous? We might as well break asunder the links in the chain of sacred history at any other period as at this. We might as well suppose that the heavens and the earth were not created on the days which Moses records; that the sun and moon did not shine until a long period after the time here specified. This theory which supposes the narrative in Genesis to be by prolepsis or anticipation, one would think was originally started to make men of plain and unsophisticated sense wonder at the vagaries of men of learning. If the Sabbath was not instituted at the time which is here assigned to it, all is thrown into uncertainty. A plain historical statement becomes confused; the whole foundation of faith is overturned; and we are left perfectly at sea, even as to the order and succession of the works of creation.

SECONDLY.—*The Ante-Judaic institution of the Sabbath is evident from the fact, that it was distinctly recognised by the Israelites in the wilderness, and was enforced by God upon them, before the utterance of the Ten Commandments upon Sinai.*

Of this there is positive evidence. Jehovah promised to rain bread from heaven for the sustenance of His people; and in reference to that miraculous display of Divine power and goodness, this was the direction given: "On the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily." (Exod. xvi. 5.) Here we have implied a perfect familiarity with the law of the Sabbath. "On the sixth day." What sixth day? If the people had known nothing of a seventh or Sabbath day, how could they tell which would be the sixth? But they were at no loss; and we are told that "on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for one man." (V. 22.) Which is the more reasonable supposition, that the people chanced to hit upon the right day, or that the Sabbath was a well-known institution?

The entire narrative, as furnished in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus, demonstrates this,—that the law of the Sabbath, as observed by the Jews, was *antecedent to the Sinaic code;* it was understood by them; it was acted upon by them. From whence did they derive their knowledge of that law? There is no evidence whatever that there had been any Divine formal promulgation of it, since the day that God finished the work of creation. We naturally and reasonably infer then, that it was the "original boon," handed down from man to man, through successive generations; preserved and guarded by the special providence of God. A flower of paradise; transplanted into the moral wilderness, to cheer and gladden man by its bloom and fragrance, amid the toils and cares to which the curse had doomed him!

(*To be continued.*)

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

II. ACTIVE LIFE.

Not many months after Havelock's arrival in India, in 1823, he had to embark for Burmah, and engage in the war that had been commenced with Alompra, whose name will be ever memorable in the history of the Burmese Mission, for the cruel imprisonment of Dr. Judson, and the heroic conduct of his devoted wife. This is one of the few incidents that will take a permanent place in the annals of the church. The 13th Regiment, to which Havelock belonged, was quartered in a temple of Buddha, near Rangoon. In one of the cloisters of the Great Pagoda he assembled his men for worship. The voice of psalmody was heard in the area that had previously resounded with the praises of the atheistic "teacher of the three worlds;" and the oil-lamps of their oratory were placed in the lap of the idols, that were arranged around it in a sitting posture; the whole scene full of interest, from the strange contrast between the heathen formalities of its former priesthood, and the holy fervour of its present occupants. He was, now for the first time, in actual conflict with an enemy, and was entrusted with responsible command; but his health soon failed, and he was obliged to visit Bombay for its restoration. On his return he joined the army at Prome; and it was here he received the honourable testimony from Sir Archibald Campbell, who said, on a sudden attack, when the men of another corps were not forthcoming because of intemperance, "Then call out Havelock's saints: they are always sober, and can be depended on, and he is always ready." When a truce was proposed, he was chosen as one of the Commissioners to the Burmese court, and had an audience with the King at Ava, who gave him a patent of honorary rank. The war ceased soon afterwards, but peace brought with it no promotion, and Havelock had to work his way towards a position of influence, step by step, after repeated trials and disappointments. This must have been a source of continued trial to his ardent mind. We shall notice only the more important changes in his various appointments; but their record is instructive and admonitory to the youth who may be led away by the supposed desirableness of a soldier's life. The monotony of the cantonment was relieved by the preparation of a work published at the Serampore press, in 1825, entitled, "Campaigns in Ava."

For three years Havelock held a staff-appointment at Chinsura; and on the 9th of February, 1829, he was married to Hannah Shepherd, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman. In a letter written some years afterwards, he calls her "the best of mothers, and not the worst of wives;" and whatever disappointments he may have had as a military man, when in the midst of his domestic circle he appears to have been eminently happy. A few weeks after his marriage he was admitted into the Baptist church, by the Rev. John Mack; and in his attachment to this denomination of Christians, he remained firm and faithful until his death. In 1831 he had to join his regiment at Dinapore, on the limited pay of a subaltern. There was no Minister at this station beside the Chaplain; and for three years he conducted Divine service with his men, assisted by another officer; and their congregation usually consisted of about sixty persons. On the birth of a son at Agra, it was proposed that the family name of Lionel should be given him; but the father said, "This name signifies 'little lion;' and there have been lions and tigers enough, and too many, of my race already. I wish the next generation to be lambs." For the Nonconformist soldiers he solicited from the Governor-General the same privilege that had been conceded to the Romanists, that they might not be obliged to attend the services of the Church of England, but be allowed to worship God according to their consciences. This boon was not granted until another order of men were in power. When confined to his couch by illness, it was reported that one of the "saints" had been found drunk. This at first gave him

great pain. He had devoted himself to the establishment of Temperance Societies in the army; and frequently said that the British soldiers were the best in the world, "when kept away from drink." On subsequent inquiry it was found, however, that the delinquent was another man of the same name as one of the Baptists. It was then that Colonel Sale made the remark, "I know nothing about Baptists, but I know that I wish the whole regiment were Baptists; for their names are never in the defaulters' roll, and they are never in the lock-up." Similar testimonies were given, on several occasions, to Havelock's personal worth. He was a leader of the Lord's host in his regiment, and equally excelled in his attention to all the duties of the soldier. Amidst all the perplexities of the camp he maintained a close communion with God. Throughout life, even when upon march, it was his custom to secure two hours in the morning for the reading of the Scriptures and private prayer; and one-tenth of his income was sacredly devoted to purposes of humanity and religion.

In 1834 he was appointed as Interpreter to the 16th Foot; for which position he had qualified himself by the study of Persian and Hindustanee. In the following year, notwithstanding the strong opposition against him as "a Methodist and a fanatic," he was appointed as the Adjutant of his own regiment, the 13th; the Governor-General saying, that he was "unquestionably the fittest man in the corps for it."

When Havelock was with his regiment at Kurnaul, his wife, then at Landoura, was awoke one calm moonlight night by the cry of "fire," and found that the bungalow in which she had retired to rest was on a blaze. With her infant in her arms, she attempted to escape, but fell. By a faithful native servant she was rescued, after being severely burnt; but the infant survived its injuries only a few days. Two of the native servants perished in the flames. This was a severe affliction to Havelock; but he bowed submissively to the will of God. When the soldiers of his regiment heard of the pecuniary loss he had sustained, they came to him in a body, and begged him to allow each man to devote one day's pay to help him in his difficulties. This was a noble act, equally honourable to the officer and to his men.

In 1838 he became a Captain by purchase, at the mature age of forty-three. Not long afterwards, he was engaged in the expedition to Cabul, where our army met with the severest disasters, and was overtaken by one of the most serious reverses that British soldiers ever had to encounter in any part of the world. The General in command was entirely unfit for his position, and the wiser men that were around him were under an unaccountable infatuation. In Cabul, Havelock held a series of religious services, in the interval employed by the diplomatists of the Government in vain efforts to consolidate the British power in this wild and distant region. "In May, 1841," writes an intimate friend, "Havelock was on the staff of General Elphinstone; but as his old regiment, the 13th, was then at Cabul, he was able to meet the men again, and, assisted by some officers of artillery, he was able to assemble them on Sabbath evenings for Divine service, and to meet them occasionally during the week in a tent which had been set apart for the purpose. On many of these occasions I had the satisfaction of being present during my stay in Cabul, up to September, 1841; and I have, to this day, a very vivid recollection of the fervour with which all joined in the service, and the heart with which they sung the hymns which Havelock read out to them, and amongst others,—

'Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your Sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.'"

(*To be continued.*)

The Household.

WHO'S YOUR DRESSMAKER?

(*Concluded from page* 24.)

"You are a queer maid, Fan: I shall never find you out. What fortune are you looking after?"

"Why, a good conscience, Sarah,—

don't you think that's a grand fortune?—and peace with God, and a feeling that my heavenly Father loves me, and a hope of being with my Redeemer for ever: that's my fortune, my dear; and you may have the same, if you will. And now, let me tell you how I came to think about this. I wanted somebody to make my best frock. 'Tis true, I might have learnt to make it myself. But I like to live and let live. To divide labour a little is best for all parties; and I don't wish to be unfair to those who have to get their living by dressmaking. So, as I said, I wanted somebody to help me. I heard one day about a poor girl who was left without father and mother. She had the full use of only one hand, they said; and yet she kept herself decently; for she had learnt to make dresses so well, that she was never without work. Well, I went off one evening to seek her. It was up a passage into what they called a court. Not a court, however, like some of those down in the town,—close, and dark, and dismal-looking: though, as to that matter, people may be happy and keep themselves decent, even in such courts, when Providence puts them there. But the court I was speaking about was snug, yet so cheerful and pretty. There was a row of cottages with little gardens in front on one side, and the path ran up on the other between the wall and a nicely-cut thorn-hedge. Mary (that's her name) lodged with an old woman in the top cottage. One could have hung over the gate looking at the garden almost for ever, it was so neat and pleasant. The flowers and shrubs were so fresh, and they looked as if they were minded by somebody who loved them. There was a bit of a rockery, too, in the corner under the window, with a few small creepers and a patch of houseleek on it. O! it was beautiful. And what a picture the inside of the cottage was! You should have seen the dresser, and the brasses on the chimney-piece, and the table scrubbed just as white as the old woman's apron, and the bright balsams in the window; and as to the floor, why, it was cleaner than some people's dishes. The very heads of the nails on which a small looking-glass, and the hearth-brush, and kettle-quilt, and the like of that, were hanging, seemed to have their daily rub, they were so bright. Mary was putting away the tea-things when I went in; and the old woman had settled down in her chair with her spectacles on, and was turning over the leaves of a large Bible that was before her on the table. For my part, I could not take my eyes off Mary. She was the little queen of the place. She was still in mourning for her mother; and had on a high black dress without any trimming: trimming would have spoiled it. 'Ah!' said I to myself, when I saw how it fitted her quiet little figure, 'she's the dressmaker for me.' She wore a white starched collar, fastened with a small black brooch, shaped like a leaf. Her dark hair was done up quite plain. I'm sure nothing else would have suited her calm pale face. And then those eyes of hers, they made you feel as if peace itself were looking at you. Altogether, she was the dearest girl; she had my heart at first sight. Well, what do you think? She turned to me with a sweet smile, and said, 'Perhaps you wouldn't mind stopping with us at prayer; for my old friend and I always pray together about this time of the day.' What could I do, Sarah? I sat down. The old woman read the thirty-fourth psalm, and I thought it had never seemed so beautiful before. Then Mary prayed; first for the old woman, and then for me; and my mother's prayers came to my mind, and the tears started. But when she prayed for herself, and asked God to bless her in answer to her parents' prayers which they had so often put up for her, I thought I should have dropped down on the floor, and I felt ready to weep my soul away. When we got up from our knees, I could do nothing but weep. And then, to make it worse,—'Prayer is good,' says Mary to me: 'you love prayer, don't you?' O, Sarah! what could I say? for really I never prayed, though so many prayers had been offered for me. She asked me to go to a meeting where a few good people talked and prayed together. So I went; and liked it so much that I went again; and I still go. Mary seemed to take a liking to me, and we walked together; and she spoke to me so kindly about the Saviour's love to such as me, that my poor heart

was fairly broken, and I began to feel the meaning of what Jesus said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' And I did come to Him; and He mercifully showed me that His word is true, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out.' And, O! my dear Sarah, it is a happy thing indeed to know that He loves you, and that you love Him. There is none like Jesus to me now; but, next to my Saviour, there is nobody so close to my heart as that little darling Mary. I have learnt many useful lessons from her as to managing my clothes and other things; but the best of all is, that she brought me to Christ, and taught me the way to be happy and good."

"You make me feel I don't know how, Fanny. I should like to see Mary; and yet I am almost afraid, she is so good. Do you think she would talk to me about religion? To be sure one must be godly, I know; yet it is hard to begin, somehow. But come, tell me more about Mary. It seems pleasant to hear such things, though it makes me feel that I am far from what I ought to be. If I could undo what's past, I would; but as I can't, I must try to do as you have done, Fanny. Do pray for me; and tell me more about Mary, how she came to be so good, and how she got on when she lost her mother. God must have been very good to her."

"Yes, Sarah, there is no doubt about that. God is always as good as His word; and you know He says, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me.' He has been good to Mary. When she was a very little one, some girl let her fall, and hurt her left arm so, that she has not been able to use it much ever since. While she was growing up, her mother, who was left a widow, poor thing! used to think sometimes what the child would do when she was gone. 'I know,' she would say, 'that I ought to cast my care upon Him who has so often been my Friend in the time of need, and who has promised that He will be the Father of the fatherless, as well as the Husband of the widow; but when I look at the darling's weak arm, and see that she will never be fit for hard work, I am tempted to forget all about Providence, and to weep at the thought of my precious Mary wanting bread.' But the good woman little thought that Mary, all the while, could see through her looks, and was quietly forming a plan for setting her mother's mind at rest, and for getting herself ready, if ever she should be left an orphan. She used to lie awake at night, she told me, thinking what she should do: until, at last, it came to her mind all at once, that there were two or three nice girls in the next street who were dressmakers; and that if she could get her weak hand used to holding work, and learn to sew well, they might perhaps tell her a few things about cutting and fitting, and all that, and so she might manage to pick up a living. Well, do you know, she put herself about it, and tried, and tried, until she really could do any sort of sewing; and then she went to these girls: and it seemed as if God had put it into their minds, as well as her own; they were so kind. They let her come whenever she liked, to see as much of their way of doing things as she pleased; and they told her many things besides. Dear little creature, she would do work for them by way of repaying them a little, as she said, for their kindness. But, by and by, she started on her own account, and got on too; so that, after all, her mother lived to see her in a fair way of doing something for herself. The old woman came to her death-bed at last, as you and I must, Sarah. May we have as beautiful a finish as she had. 'There's not a leaf moving, my dear,' said she to Mary, as she was passing. Did you ever hear anything so sweet as that, Sarah? Well, if we live in peace with God, He will take us away in peace."

"Was that the way she died, Fanny? O! what I would give to think that my end would be like that! I've made up my mind to turn over a new leaf, and see whether I can't get at this good way of living; for that's the secret of a good finish, I see."

"Yes, so it is, Sarah; and I am sure you make me happy to hear you say what you do. Never fear; God will never cast out a sincere soul."

"You did not tell me, Fanny, how

Mary found the comfort of religion, nor how she got to lodge with the nice old woman in the cottage."

"No, Sarah, nor have I told you many other things about her that I have in my heart. I believe she learnt to love her Saviour when she was a little child. It seems as if the blessed Jesus goes about still blessing little children, though we don't see Him. And when a kind mother is every day bringing her child to Him, and asking Him to be a Friend to that child, I, for one, believe that He comes again, and puts His hand upon the pretty little head, and smiles, and gives His blessing. And, O, Sarah! how beautiful and yet how solemn are His words, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' Now I do think, that the old woman at the cottage has found out the truth of what the Redeemer said; and that she has received Him, by receiving that precious child Mary. The old woman knew Mary's mother; and when she heard of her death, she went and asked the poor girl to lodge with her. She has a bit of a pension; and so they can help one another. And I am sure that cottage is not far off from heaven; no, it is a little heaven itself; and many times have I thought of the wise man's words when I have come in and found them happy over their plain little meal: 'Better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' Now you'll love my dressmaker, won't you?"

"I love her already, Fan. But I must try to live like her; and will, God helping me."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCII.

"*And the Lord said unto Moses, Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua: for I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven. And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovah-nissi: for he said, Because the Lord hath sworn that the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation.*" (Exod. xvii. 14—16.)

There is confessedly a difficulty as to the rendering of this last verse. The words literally are, "For He said, Because the hand is on, or against, the throne of the Lord, the Lord will have war with Amalek." Our translators, supposing the hand to mean the hand of God, have considered the expression, "the hand on the throne of the Lord," as equivalent to "the Lord hath sworn,"—as if He had laid His hand upon His throne; and so, accordingly, they have rendered it. But they were not without some doubt on the subject. They supposed that "the hand" might mean the hand of Amalek; and in this view the passage would run thus: "Because the hand of Amalek is against the throne of the Lord, the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation." Accordingly they have so translated the passage in the margin; and to this rendering I confess I am strongly inclined. It expresses, in a very definite and emphatic manner, what is everywhere plainly taught in Scripture, and implied in the whole passage, independently of the precise rendering of the last verse; namely, that God regarded the cause of Israel as His own cause, and their enemies as His enemies. He had chosen them, in the exercise of His sovereign grace, that they might be to Him for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory in the earth. The manifestation of His

supremacy as the living and the true God was suspended on the safe conduct of Israel to the land of Canaan, and their establishment in the possession of that land as their rightful inheritance. Not only had all this been sworn to Abraham, and the promise repeated to his posterity, but God had given intimations of His purpose sufficiently plain and palpable to be intelligible to all the surrounding nations, and sufficiently terrible, moreover, to show how vain and impious it were to attempt a defeat of that purpose. Those, then, who dared to make the attempt were waging war against God's sovereignty; they were disputing and endeavouring to disprove His supremacy; they were lifting their hand against the throne of the Lord. In this fearful warfare, this desperately infatuated rebellion against Jehovah, Amalek had the guilty pre-eminence of taking the lead; and it was befitting the Divine rectitude, therefore, that he should not only be defeated, but be set forth an awful example of the righteous judgment of God, that others might take warning of the inevitable ruin which must sooner or later be the portion of those who are found fighting against Him.—*Gordon's Christ in the Old Testament*, vol. i., pp. 260, 261. Edit. 1854.

No. XCIII.

"*Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth.*" (Num. xii. 3.)

Some critics have found a difficulty about this verse, on the ground that Moses could not be supposed to speak in this way of himself. I confess I cannot understand how there should be any difficulty about the matter, with those at least who believe the plain and simple statement of the Apostle: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." Under this inspiration Moses spoke and wrote; and I will venture to add, that he never was in a more humble and subdued frame of spirit than at the moment that he recorded these words. After the temporary distrust or unbelief to which a short time before he had for a season given way, the testimony here borne to his character by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, must have filled him with the deepest humility and self-abasement: and they who have experienced most largely the grace and forbearance of God will be the best able to understand how Moses must have felt in the circumstances here related. Indeed one of the chief objects of recording the singular transactions narrated in these verses seems to have been to declare, and to preserve on record, the Divine testimony to the high places which Moses occupied, as bearing a Divine commission, and to the fidelity with which he had discharged the trust committed to him, so as to be an eminent type of Christ, whose servant or vicegerent he was. From the moment, indeed, at which he received his commission, or rather from the moment of his birth, he typically represented the Saviour.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 77.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XIV.

"How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent steps, from stone to stone,
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate in Christian love
Upon the dead and dying!"

"A BOAT, Sir?" "Want a boat, Sir?" was the well-known cry which reached me from several points as I came down to the beach at Saltash. My choice was soon made; the boat was ready, a cloak and knapsack were flung astern, and in another minute the weather-beaten but kind-looking boatman and I were fairly off for a cruise up the river. The tide was now running down in great strength, so that we pulled along as near as possible to the shore, which was richly variegated with gardens, orchards, and meadows. By

and by, taking advantage of a little breeze, the sail was hoisted, and we glided up pleasantly, at once lulled and refreshed by the ripple of the water and the breath of the morning. "Stay!" said I at last, with a gentle turn of the helm, just as we had cleared a long mud-bank over which the tide was broken into a kind of merry dance,—"Stay! I will land at this point; and you shall take the boat on to Cargreen, where I will join you again at dinner-time." The sail was lowered, the boat touched the shore, and, with the aid of my companion's offered shoulder, I leaped on the weedy sand, and started on a ramble up the creek towards Landulph church. It was a delicious hour; so bright, so balmy, so still. Now and then I caught that marine scent which floats around the margin of tidal creeks: always of itself grateful to my sense, it was doubly so now, because of the agreeable recollections which it brought of the sea-side wanderings of my boyhood. My way was marked by the tangled fringe of stunted wood, and shrubs, and flowers, which overhung the beach, as if it would be a band of kindred between the verdure of the fields and the patches of more lowly vegetation which received its daily nourishment from the sea-water, as it ebbed and flowed. Now and then I lingered to watch the gambols of an old friend, *Hipparchia Janira*, the meadow brown butterfly: an old friend I say; for how many times has the fluttering creature taught me the possibility of keeping up a cheerful spirit under sober appearances through all the changes of sunlight and shadow! Then, a little group of the small tortoise-shell family (*Vanessa Urticæ*) would court my attention, as if they were travelling like a troop of smiling fairies to entertain lone pilgrims with their pretty dresses and airy movements. Nor was I left without one salutation from a lonely pair of azure blues (*Polyommatus Argiolus*). Let no one laugh at my enjoyment among the butterflies. I have communed with nature long enough to know and feel that while my heavenly Father has painted tiny wings and peopled the summer air with transient life for my pleasure, He commends the lovely creatures to my notice, and bids me bless them with a smile of complacency and kindness. But now I found myself approaching the church. A path which opened on the water-side led me past the rectory into the leafy retirement where the little parish-sanctuary seemed to be hidden from the notice of all but the few who sought it at the hour of prayer. I remember when the embowered path from the parsonage to the church used to be paced by the travelled, accomplished, and kind-hearted author of "Discoveries in Asia Minor," F. V. J. Arundel; but he had now passed away to join the departed spirits from those "ancient cities," whose memory he had helped to preserve. The soul who loves to muse in a scene of plaintive beauty and deep and holy stillness, must linger as I did in the graveyard of Landulph. In the depth of the creek, hid on the water-side by rich foliage, and sheltered behind and on either hand by the swelling hills, the lone tower and ancient porch look down upon the green resting-place of those who for many ages had come there to worship. Many venerable tombs crowded near the eastern window of the church, which was darkened with luxuriant ivy, rising thickly from behind rich clumps of hazel which flung their shadows over the memorial-stones below, and which were almost rivalled by clusters of *Spiræa-Ulmaria*, meadow-sweet, whose dense cream-coloured panicles shot up to an unusual height, and sent out their perfume over the hallowed scene, as if they would regale the dead with "pure incense," and remind the living that the "memory of the just," is like "ointment poured out." The heavy buttresses which on one side supported the venerable walls were curiously decked with moss, inwrought with creepers and ivy, and embossed with the richest clumps of wall-spleenwort I ever saw. Nor could any heart devise adornment for tombs, like that which time had woven around some of the older monuments; an ivy-robing with border-fringes of sombre ferns, the black maiden-hair, and the deep-green hart's-tongue hanging around in full and solemn beauty. What tales of ancestry were there! If men are to be honoured in proportion to the antiquity of their distant family-line, I was among the tombs of true nobility.

There were the Lowers, the Dawes, and the Hodges, some of whom were to be traced back as occupiers of the surrounding soil for many hundreds of years. But the most interesting and impressive memorial was within the consecrated walls. There, on a brass plate, near the altar, was the following inscription, underneath the figure of a spread eagle :—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF THEODORO PALEOLOGUS OF PESARO IN ITALYE DESCENDED FROM YE IMPERYAIL LYNE OF YE LAST CHRISTIAN EMPERORS OF GREECE BEING THE SONNE OF CAMILIO YE SONE OF PROSPER THE SONNE OF THEODORO THE SONNE OF JOHN YE SONNE OF THOMAS SECOND BROTHER TO CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS THE 8TH OF THAT NAME AND LAST OF YT LYNE YT RAYGNED IN CONSTANTINOPLE UNTIL SUBDEWED BY THE TYRKES, WHO MARRIED WTH MARY YE DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM BALLS OF HADLYE IN SOUFFOLKE GENT, AND HAD ISSUE 5 CHILDREN THEODORO, JOHN, FERDINANDO, MARIA, AND DOROTHY, AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT CLYFTON YE 21ST OF JANUARY 1636.

The last of the Greek Emperors was heard to cry amidst the bloody tumult which rose around him when the Turks stormed the Imperial city, "Is there no Christian who will cut off my head?" He fell amidst heaps of slain, and was found buried under a frightful mass of mingled friends and foes. The victorious Mahomet found in Thomas, the brother of the fallen Emperor, a man who gave him reason to say that in the great country of Peloponnesus he had found many slaves, but no man except him. He defended the castle of Salmonica against the Moslems for twelve months; and when the case became hopeless, he escaped with a few naked followers to Corfu, and from thence passed into Italy, where he shared the hospitality of Pius II. His descendant, Theodore, probably sought refuge in England from the storm which threatened the children of the Greek refugees in Italy under Paul V. and Gregory XV. Whether his retreat on the banks of the Tamar was near the spot where he landed; or, whether he was drawn towards it by the offer of hospitality, or the charms of scenery and climate, one would like to know; but there is no voice to answer such questions. Did he come alone? or did other fugitives find a home in Cornwall at the same time? Certain it is, that Greek surnames still linger there. It may be that a few broken remnants of Grecian life mingled their blood with that of the western Kelts. What became of Theodore's sons does not appear. His daughter Dorothy married William Arundel of Landulph, in 1656, and died in 1681. Mary died unmarried. Her burial was registered in 1674. And so the Imperial house of Constantinople has its last memorial in the records of a little parish on Tamarside! The other family-lines of the household soon melted away after the fall of the Empire. Demetrius, the brother of Thomas, and of the last Emperor, died under a monastic habit in the fallen city. And of the sons of Thomas, the lineage of one was soon lost amidst the obscurity of low Italian life; while the only son of another, who had returned to the East, disappeared in "the habit and religion of a Turkish slave." The latest known surviving branch therefore became identified with the Cornish Arundells. Not an unworthy name to be taken by the daughter of a Paleologus. The first seat of the Arundells was Hempston-Arundell, near Totness, in Devon. About the time of Edward III., a branch of the house came into the possession of Trerice in Cornwall by marriage with the heiress. And from that Trerice sprang many a notable and brave gentleman. There was Sir John, who figured and fell in the struggle between the White and Red Roses. He was Vice-Admiral of Cornwall under Henry VI.; and as the Sheriff of his native county, under Edward IV., lost his life during an attack on St. Michael's Mount. He had sometimes resided at Efford, on the northern coast of the county; but gave the final preference to Trerice, it is said, because it had been foretold that he would die on the sands. The prophecy, if ever such prophecy had been uttered, was fulfilled when he received his death-wound on the sands between Marazion and St. Michael's Mount. Then there was John, who, in 1522, received royal thanks for caging Duncan Campbell, a

notorious Scotch pirate; and who was made Vice-Admiral of Cornwall during the first years of Mary's reign. Another John Arundell was still more famous: he was known as "Old Tilbury" and "John for the King." When he had passed his "fourscore years," he bravely defended Pendennis Castle, one of the two last garrisons which held out for royalty against the Parliamentary forces. The old Governor and his men were reduced to scanty and questionable fare. They picked the bones of their dogs and cats, and then, as the story goes, fired them at the "round heads." Nor would they treat, but on the best conditions. Their terms were at last accepted; and the handful of half-starved heroes marched out under arms, and, with drums beating and colours flying, passed to the rear of the beleaguering force. Hurrah for the brave fellows! Honour to the memory of the sturdy "Old Tilbury!" I kindle at the thought of Pendennis. My boyish enthusiasm used to glow as I looked at the embattled promontory from the grassy ridge which Republican troops once threw up against it. And how proud I have been to share a morsel within the old castle's massive walls, when I thought of the men who would have perished with hunger rather than stain the honour of their flag! But a word more about the Arundells. Sir Richard, the son of "John for the King," distinguished himself in the royal army both at Edgehill and Landsdown, and suffered severely in his fortunes for his unwavering loyalty. Nevertheless, times changed, and he became the first Lord Arundell of Trerice. His grandson was the fourth and last who bore the title. The Arundells of Landulph, however, must not be forgotten. Thomas, a son of Sir John, who was killed "on the sands," built a mansion at Clifton on Tamar, in 1500, and thus fixed the seat of that younger branch of the family which became allied to the fallen house of Constantinople. And now I was on my way to this last home of a broken lineage. "Where is Clifton?" said I, to a jolly-looking labourer, as I passed out of the quiet churchyard.

"Cliff'n, Zur, ez t'other zide o' tha parish."

"Which is my way?"

"Why, yiu muss go auver tha hill, Zur, an go droo Cargreen."

Yes, thought I, and it is time I was at Cargreen; for my boatman will want some dinner, and so do I.

Five-ways. X.

Poetry.

THE WICKET-GATE.

'Mid the fast-falling shadows,
Weary, and worn, and late,
A timid, doubting pilgrim,
I reach the wicket-gate:
Where crowds have stood before me,
I stand alone to-night,
And in the deepening darkness
Pray for one gleam of light.

From the foul sloughs and marshes
I've gather'd many a stain;
I've heard old voices calling
From far across the plain:
Now, in my wretched weakness,
Fearful and sad I wait;
And every refuge fails me
Here at the wicket-gate.

And will the portals open
To me, who roam'd so long,
Filthy, and vile, and burden'd
With this great weight of wrong?
Hark! a glad voice of welcome
Bids my wild fears abate;
Look, for a hand of mercy
Opens wide the wicket-gate.

On to the palace Beautiful,
And the bright room call'd Peace,
Down to the silent river,
Where thou shalt find release;
Up to the radiant City,
Where shining ones await;
On, for the way of glory
Lies through the wicket-gate.

Our Servants.

ORDER.

We spoke a few words in our last Number on Truth. Next to truth is *Order*. An orderly person, whether employer or servant, has an orderly mind. Order always exists in the mind first; then in one's habits. A youth, some time ago, was converted to God, and made happy in His love, while his mother and he were praying together at home, in the town of Leeds. Shortly after receiving this salvation, the youth silently withdrew, and went up-stairs into his chamber alone. The mother, hoping to hear her beloved son pour out his thanks to God in private in his own heart's expression, stepped very quietly to his room-door, which she found he had left a little ajar. To her surprise, there was no hymn of praise, no voice of prayer, but the noise of taking out and putting in the contents of a drawer. Disappointed, she stepped forward, and said to her son, "My dear, I thought you had come up to pray: what are you doing in your drawers?" He replied, "The Lord has put my mind in order, and so I thought I would put my drawer in order." This was quite natural. An orderly workman cannot bear to have his tools out of order, nor a Captain his ship, nor a soldier his accoutrements, nor a tradesman his shop, nor a student his library, nor an orderly servant her house. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a capital rule; but some people read it thus, one would think, "A place for everything, and everything *out* of its place."

Where there is order, there is ease of movement: like a machine in order, every part runs smoothly. Disorder produces derangement and irregularity of action. An orderly house is just twice as large as a disorderly one. Any person, who for the first time inspects a ship ready for sea, especially a "man-of-war," feels astonished at the immense quantity of guns, ball, gunpowder, firearms, cutlasses, for fighting; of provisions and beverages for living upon; of clothing and hammocks for apparel and sleeping in; of all kinds of cooking-apparatus, crockery, glass, &c.; and at the stores of spars, sails, ropes, and other things, for replacing any that may be lost; besides the presence of perhaps eight hundred men on board day and night, for six months in succession; and all contained, with the ship's state-room, saloon, dining-rooms, and berths, in a space not larger than a good house occupied by a family of a dozen persons, and three or four servants. Yet all those seamen have sufficient room, because every man and every thing are kept *in order*.

Where *order* reigns much time is saved, and time is precious. The reason of this is, all is ready for instant use. We have seen carpenters and other tradespeople lose both much time, and all their temper, in seeking their tools. Work is thus delayed; and who is to pay? On the other hand, we have seen orderly tradesmen despatch work with ease, cheerfulness, and at a reasonable price. The one man will be turning over everything, and saying, "Where is that tool? I saw it a minute ago; I can find anything but what I want:" the other has everything at hand, and can all but see in the dark.

Some servants make an orderly *appearance*, but nothing more. The middle of the kitchen is "clear decks;" but how are the closets? especially the lower closets? and the kitchen-drawers? Everything is there, but entangled, lumbered, lost. Perhaps it is Sunday, or may be a holiday. Our servants have gone out in silk, wearing coronetted bonnets, and carrying parasols; they have neat gloves, and walk in kid. But the lady of the house has passed their bedroom-door. What a scene! All there is just the reverse of what they appear in the street. The room is just as it was left when they arose in the morning, with the exception that their other clothes have been hastily thrown off, and are lying all about the room, waiting for the hand of *order*.

Order is a great saver. It is difficult to calculate the inconvenience and loss occasioned by disorderly housekeeping. When a house is well "upheld," that is, perfectly furnished from cellar to attic with well-made articles, in the hands of orderly people it will need but a few pounds sterling to keep it all right for many years. One thing seems to belong to another, and

each to all. The plainest utensils are thus akin to the finest ornaments; and every article becomes actually respected for its long service. We saw a dinner-service, the other day, that was twenty-four years old. Why, it seemed to be faithful and precious as the servants who had handled it. On the other hand, where there is disorder, one thing is lost, another is missing, a third is broken; then other articles must do their own work, and be made to serve for the missing too: and so disorder brings in extravagance, and, in a few months, or years, all is done-up; and to the annoyance of disorder must be added the expense of a re-upholding. We hope our servants will increase their own comfort and ours, by resolving, this new year, unto Truth to add Order.

Narratives.

A TRUE CONVERSION.

It was the custom of Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, occasionally to spend some time in the larger towns and cities of the Union; and when he did so, he preached every day. The good Bishop's spirit was often refreshed by the successes which accompanied these efforts. On one occasion a young lady was truly converted to God. She had just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, having finished the course of study, and having received a certificate setting forth her attainments and accomplishments. Special attention had been bestowed upon her musical education. She had a voice of great power and melody, and her performance on the piano exhibited rare attainments in the art. Her father was a gentleman of wealth, and took great pride in his daughter. At fashionable parties she was a star of general attraction, and her musical power, as well as prepossessing appearance and manners, made her society extremely desirable.

This gifted and accomplished young lady was induced to go one evening to hear Asbury. His voice and manner riveted her attention; and ere she was aware, as the man of God presented the claims of religion upon the young, her heart was touched. She yielded to the persuasive power of the Gospel, and in penitence sought and found the blessings of religion. Her conversion was as sudden as it was unexpected by her friends; but it was, nevertheless, clear and genuine. No place to her was now so attractive as the house of God; and thither she wended her steps from evening to evening, enjoying the rapturous bliss

"Of a soul in its earliest love."

Of course, it was not long until the change wrought upon her by the power of the Gospel was known to her parents; who, strange to say, felt grieved and indignant at the result. They were worldly and thoughtless, not only neglecting the claims of religion themselves, but wholly careless in regard to their children. Their only object was to fit them for moving in fashionable circles, and no pains or expense were spared to effect it.

To win her back to the world was now the design of the father. He was too much of a gentleman, and had too much respect for himself and the proprieties of life, to resort to any coercive measures. He accordingly brought around her the thoughtless and the gay of her companions, and threw her as often as possible into their society. Naturally amiable, and loving her parents with all the devotion of an affectionate child, she yielded to her father's requests to visit different places of mirth and gaiety; and though she did not put on the morose look of cloistered piety, yet she was serenely quiet and affable in her manners, preserving the true dignity of the Christian. She had a heartfelt joy to which the worldly are strangers; and while she felt sympathy for the pursuers of shadows, she allowed not her anxiety for their spiritual welfare to destroy their brief uncertain joy. She preferred holding up the light of a Christian example

in a calm, quiet, unobtrusive manner, rather than to resort to any effort to convince them of the error of their way. All the efforts of her father were, however, of no avail to lure her from the purpose she had formed to lead a religious life.

As a last resort, he gave a large party, and sent out invitations to the most worldly and fashionable of the city. The evening at length arrived; the company came together; all was a scene of gaiety and mirth, for the pleasure-loving throng were there. In the midst of this scene it was arranged that she should be invited to sing and play on the piano one of those fashionable airs to which they had been wont to listen with so much interest previous to her conversion. She made no objection as she was led by her father to the piano. Taking her seat, she commenced in a strain the most touching, because it came from her heart, and sang, with a full clear voice, that beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley:—

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

"No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

"Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!"

She had not sung through one verse before her father, who stood by her side, was seen to drop his head. Every whisper ceased, and the most intense feeling was evidently pervading the entire company. Every word was distinctly heard, and each seemed an arrow from the Spirit's quiver going directly to the hearts of the hearers. When she ceased, her father was gone. His feelings were too great to be suppressed, and he sought another room, where he gave vent to his tears. Mary had conquered; and from that hour she was free from the allurements of the world. For many years she lived to adorn her profession, and then went up to join the song of the redeemed in heaven.

The Portfolio.

DOMESTIC FAULTS.

A WRITER thus speaks of the fatal influence of small faults on the peace of households:—

"Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with one than the other. The Eastern traveller can combine his forces, and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he scarcely can escape the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice; the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, rude dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track over which the mere skeleton of the companionship stalks alone."

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in your own history of that hero, says Dr. James Hamilton, who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to a more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in

his horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades.

There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awakening, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping upon a steed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.

LIVE FOR CHRIST.

You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the midday sun. Only live for Christ where you are.—*M'Cheyne.*

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Rev. Edward Jewitt Robinson, Wesleyan Minister, Glasgow, and formerly a Missionary in the Tamil provinces of Ceylon, has condensed into a small and well-written volume his own observations, and the reliable statements of others, on the condition of female life in India, under the title of *The Daughters of India.* The Rev. Thornley Smith has produced another capital book, which he simply entitles *Saul.* In it, he embodies a great deal of information under the four divisions into which it is divided, Saul the Pharisee, Saul the convert, and Paul the Apostle and Martyr. The Conference-Office has issued this month new editions of the late revered and honoured Joseph Entwisle's short, practical and edifying treatise on *Secret Prayer;* and the *Memoir of Miss Sarah P——*, by M. G., showing the necessity of conversion to God as a preparation for death, for the use of young persons. The titles of the New Tracts added to the Large-Type Series are, *But I cannot feel now; Greediness; Slavery:* the first, showing the danger of trifling with spiritual influences; and the two latter earnestly dealing with various forms of godless pleasure and of mammon prevalent in our days. *The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson,* by A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester, U.S., has been re-issued in this country by the energetic house of T. Nelson and Sons. This Memoir equals in interest the memoirs of the two former wives of Dr. Judson, the distinguished Baptist Missionary to Burmah. This volume is sure to command a large sale. We are not surprised to find that *Doing and Suffering: Memorials of Elizabeth and Frances,* daughters of the sainted Edward Bickersteth, has reached, in a few months, the seventh edition. The home-picture it gives of two loving sisters is exquisitely beautiful. Its chief attraction, however, lies in the diversity of religious experience it portrays. The younger sister, a sufferer, with abundant and evident tokens of fellowship with her Saviour, is, in consequence of manifold affliction, called to pass through great spiritual conflict. She is sustained and comforted by the elder sister, ever radiant with peace, and joy in believing. The letters the latter writes constitute the main and most attractive and edifying portion of the volume. *Annals of the Rescued,* published by James Nisbet and Co., contain the experience of working men once slaves of drink; but, now, by the blessing of God on the labours of the devoted Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, recovered from the path of destruction. It will be read with deepest interest. Messrs. Strahan, of Edinburgh, have added to their list two at-

tractive volumes; the one, *From Death to Life*, by the Rev. A. Saphir, consisting of an exposition of eighteen remarkable conversions recorded in the Bible; the other, a translation of *The Near and the Heavenly Horizons*, by Madame de Gasparin, addressed to the suffering.

Memorials of the Departed.

GEORGE WATTS was born November 2d, 1802, on a small farm called Redmyres, in the parish of Newhills, in Aberdeenshire, of honest and pious parents. They endeavoured to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, seeking to make them wise unto salvation. So trained, they acquired habits of the strictest morality, sobriety, and industry. When a boy, George was very affectionate, dutiful, and teachable. After he reached manhood, and some years after he had quitted the parental roof, he wrote to his mother that he had not forgotten her fireside-counsels, nor ever should as long as he lived. He became a gardener, and in the course of time obtained a situation in London; afterwards, he removed into Wales, where he fell in with a small English Methodist Society. He became the subject of strong conviction. He felt himself to be a debtor who had nothing to pay; a lost soul without an interest in the world's Redeemer. For some time his grief was intense; his soul was in an agony, and for a short period he seemed almost without hope. During this season of sorrow, he was very diligent in attending all the means of grace; and it was not long before he was enabled to sing,—

"Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, He died for me."

He then felt the chains by which his soul had been bound broken off, and he rejoiced in the liberty of God's children. His language now was,—

"What shall I do to make it known,
What Thou for all mankind hast done?"

What did he do? He sent home, in letters to his friends, tidings of the great things the Lord had done for his soul; he at once cast in his lot with the people amongst whom he had received salvation; he constantly manifested in his life the sincerity of his profession; he brought forth fruit unto God, and this appeared especially in acts of benevolence and kindness to the needy, and to the cause of Christ. His partner in life soon followed him not only into the little Christian Society to which he belonged, but into the kingdom of God's grace, and they rejoiced together. Mr. Watts became a Class-Leader, and continued to hold that office until laid aside by affliction. For the discharge of his duties he was well furnished out of God's treasury, having known the Scriptures from a child; and the soul-agony through which he himself had passed, prepared him to sympathize with every one in similar circumstances. He laboured to extend the cause of his great Master, and very soon had the happiness of seeing the room at Abernant become too small for the worshippers. The Lord now put it into his heart to build a house to the honour of His name in Aberdare. He sought the Divine guidance; bought a piece of ground; secured help, and had the pleasure of seeing the chapel consecrated to the worship of God in 1841. After securing this object, he then turned his attention to the instruction of the young on the Sabbath. He bought Bibles and other books requisite for the work. He endeavoured to stimulate the children by the distribution of small books. He also established a Tract Society for the benefit of adults. For a season these efforts seemed to be successful. Shortly afterwards, however, unhappily Mormonism made its appearance, and destroyed the results of much anxious labour. The chapel and school were deserted: Mr. Watts was now the only Class-Leader left. Moved by the

deplorable ignorance and superstition which this sad departure from the truth evidenced, he united with several other benevolent and philanthropic tradesmen of the place in building a commodious school-house; and, also, a neat house for the accommodation of the schoolmaster. They furnished the school with all the necessary apparatus, and very soon had the happiness of witnessing the mental and moral culture of the children of their neighbourhood. The cause he so much loved again prospered; and his class grew so large that it was necessary to divide it, and appoint another Leader. From time to time, he was greatly encouraged by many coming to the chapel, inquiring their way to Zion. He had, however, the sad mortification and pain of seeing the Society, for the second time, torn to pieces. It was not now a foe from without that did it, but foes within, who joined in the sad agitations of 1849-52. This was a great trial to Mr. Watts; but he continued to pursue the even tenor of his way; and he lived long enough to see many more coming up to the help of the Lord than he had witnessed in days gone by, so that before his death there was scarcely a sitting in the chapel to be let. In July, 1856, he was visited with severe affliction. From the commencement of his illness his friends saw much reason to fear he would never recover. The strong, hale man, who had passed more than half a century without a serious illness, was now compelled to spend wearisome nights and days. Months passed on, bringing very little change. As the winter, however, wore away, he appeared to mend; and, in the month of May he was so much better that hopes were entertained of lengthened life. But they were soon cut off; for, in the beginning of June, as he was one day walking out, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, and on the following day the worst symptoms of his complaint returned, and it was evident that his sickness was now unto death. During the last twenty years the Lord had prospered him in worldly circumstances. He had resolved to retire from business; and the cottage was being erected in which it was hoped he would enjoy a long season of leisure. The Lord, however, was about to take him to a better rest. He was often racked with excruciating pain; but in patience and peace he possessed his soul. He was ever considerate of others; and it often surprised his attendants how little trouble he gave. When it was put to him if he was willing to leave all and go, if the Lord called; he cheerfully replied, "O, yes! And there is one thing I can say now,—that the work I have lived to do in this world, I do not regret." On another occasion, being asked if there was anything in his affairs that he would wish to have attended to, he answered, "No; I believe I have done all, and have left everything straightforward, so that my family may be comfortable, and all things may proceed as usual when I am gone." He then gave a few directions concerning his funeral, and desired that his friends would at once submit to the will of Providence, and give him up to God. On Friday, July 24th, 1857, after having been quiet for two hours, with his hands clasped, and his eyes directed upwards in prayer, he very sweetly exchanged the bed of suffering for the rest which remains for the people of God. Mr. Watts read the Bible through once a year at family-worship. He loved Wesley's hymns, and they always formed a part of his devotional exercises. It was his practice every day to turn his shop into a closet; and there, before the shutters were taken down, he would enter in and shut the door, and on his knees, behind his counter, pray to his Father in secret. He sympathized with the needy; and many an act of kindness did he do unknown to any one on earth but the recipient. He was a warm supporter of Missions. He never took upon himself to preach. But sometimes, before the railroad was made through the mountain over which the Preachers had to walk, and which lay between Merthyr-Tydvil and Aberdare, and the weather hindered their coming, he would read one of Wesley's sermons, or give a short address. He was a faithful reprover of sin. Many a short and effective sermon was preached by him behind his counter.

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JOHN WESLEY AT THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

A THOUSAND historic circumstances cluster around the ancient foundation, now known as the Charter-House, where John Wesley was first placed "under tutors and governors." A little more than three centuries and a half before the founder of Methodism was born, a terrible plague, which had ravaged many parts of Asia, broke out with fearful violence in London. The ordinary burial-grounds filled apace, and great difficulty was felt, especially by the poor, in finding "a burying-place where they might bury their dead out of their sight." Moved by the pious example of Stratford, Bishop of London, Sir Walter de Manny, "a most valiant man at arms," and a great favourite with Edward the Third, "purchased of the Master and Brethren of St. Bartholomew's Spittle, a piece of ground called Spittle-Croft, containing thirteen acres and a rod," which he surrounded with a brick wall, and had it duly consecrated as a burying-place for "the poor and needy." So dreadful was the mortality that, according to a Latin inscription on an old stone cross which long stood in the yard of the Charter-House, more than fifty thousand corpses found sepulture in this "thirteen acres and a rod of ground" in less than one year.

Soon afterward Sir Walter "went off to the wars," and sold the ground to Michael de Northburg, who had succeeded Stratford as Bishop of London. According to the fashion of the times, and a very good fashion too, this Prelate erected a chapel on the ground; and, at his death, bequeathed considerable sums for "founding, building, and finishing a convent of Carthusians." Meanwhile, our good friend, Sir Walter, had returned from the wars, and resolved to do some good in the world before he went out of it. "Advancing in years," says the historian, "the hero reassumed the saint, and with the consent of the Bishop of London, to whom Michael de Northburg bequeathed the patronage and care of his foundation, took on him the care of erecting and endowing a double monastery of Carthusians in *New Cherche Hawe*;" that is, being interpreted, "New Church Close," as the site was then called. Sir Walter's "charter of donation" bears date "March the 28th, in the forty-fifth year of Edward the Third."

The monastery prospered greatly until the time of Henry the Eighth, when many of its inmates were cruelly imprisoned, and four of them were "hanged, drawn, and quartered," because they refused to renounce the Pope, and acknowledge the King as "*Supreme Hedd in the Erthe of the Church of Englonde.*" The monastery was dissolved; and in 1545 the site, buildings, and revenue were given to Sir Edward North, one of Henry's favourites, who was elevated to the peerage by the notorious Queen Mary. From North, the estate passed by purchase into the hands of the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk, who lost his head for "paying his addresses," in more senses than one, to Mary Queen of Scots. When James the First came to the throne of England, the Charter-House was the town-mansion of Lord Thomas Howard, who was soon afterwards created Earl of Suffolk, and was called "Howard House." As King James approached London, "the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and five hundred of the chief citizens, *all in velvet gowns and gold chains*, met His Majesty on horseback at Stamford-Hill, near Highgate," and conducted him "in grand procession to the Charter-House," where he held his court for four days, and "created more than eighty Knights."

In 1611 Howard House and its grounds were purchased by Thomas Sutton, one of the most remarkable men of his time, and, like Wesley himself, a native of Lincolnshire.* He was a man of great learning and spotless integrity; a soldier, who took no mean part in the wars of the North, and in repelling the "Invincible Armada;" an officer of state, trusted and honoured by all who knew him; a merchant, who amassed the largest private fortune then known; and, above all, a man who "feared the Lord greatly." "Mr. Sutton," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, in his account of the "Worthies of Lincolnshire," "used often to repair

* The inscription on his magnificent tomb in the chapel of the Charter-House says, "He was a gentleman born at Knayth, in the county of Lincoln, of worthy and honest parentage." Where *Knayth* is I do not know. Can any of your readers inform me?

into a private garden, where he poured forth his prayers to God, and was frequently overheard to use this expression, '*Lord, Thou hast given me a large and liberal estate, give me also an heart to make use thereof!*'" What a model prayer for our modern men of wealth! It was answered in Mr. Sutton's case; for his benefactions to the poor and his gifts to various institutions were on the most princely scale; "and, to crown all, this fortunate good man founded the great Hospital in the Charter-House to the glory of God, to the honour of this Protestant church and nation, and to his own everlasting reputation." He lived not to see his noble project completed, but died in London, December 12th, 1611, a few days after all the necessary arrangements for the endowment of the foundation had been made.*

And now, lest our readers should begin to think we have quite forgotten the heading of our paper, we must refrain from further writing of the old Charter-House, and hasten to our account of John Wesley's connexion with it. In 1714, when eleven years of age, he left his home of many trials and many blessings, well furnished with the rudiments of learning, and set out for this seminary of instruction. A journey to London from a remote part of Lincolnshire was no easy task in those days. As there was no "through" conveyance from Epworth to the metropolis, the boy had, no doubt, various "shifts" ere he reached the "stage" which took him to his destination. If he travelled alone, his brother Samuel, who was then at Westminster, probably "met him at the coach," and conducted him, "box and all," to the Charter-House. It is more likely, however, that his "going to school" was so timed as to chime in with one of his father's rather frequent visits to London on business. Anyhow, he reached the Charter-House in safety, and was duly entered as one of its pupils. What were the emotions of this thoughtful but sprightly boy, when he first found himself transported from the extreme quiet of a small market-town to the noise and din of the metropolis, and from the well-ordered and devout family-circle of the parsonage to the romp and riot of a public school? There is no answer to the question; records fail us, and conjectures are vain. His well-instructed mind would soon brace itself up to his new position, and "strive for the mastery" in its noble pursuits.

When he entered the establishment, it was under the care of Dr. Walker, who inherits the reputation of being an eminent scholar, and with whom John soon became a favourite on account of his thoughtful and studious habits. The discipline, however, whatever it might be in other respects, was anything but perfect in protecting the weak from the strong. It is bad enough for a "youngster" to be domineered over and thrashed in the dormitory or the play-ground by his bigger companions; but to have the beef and mutton violently stolen from his plate every

* For the historic facts above-stated, I have relied upon *An Historical Account of Thomas Sutton, Esq., and of his Foundation in Charter-House*, by PHILIP BEARCROFT, D.D., *Preacher at Charter-House*. London, 1737.

day in the year, is a serious matter, and touches a tender part. Yet this was poor little Wesley's fate during the greater part of his residence among the "Carthusians." A small daily portion of bread was his only solid food. "Those theoretical physicians who recommend spare diet for the human animal," says Southey, "might appeal to the length of days which he attained, and the elastic constitution which he enjoyed." Certainly we do wonder that the boy kept up his vigorous health and hard study on such scant fare. His own philosophic mind, however, found a satisfactory reason for his continued vigour in a very simple fact. Before he left home, his father, well-knowing the value and importance of exercise to a studious and growing youth, made him promise to run round the Charter-House grounds three times every morning before breakfast; a promise which he faithfully kept to the end of his school-days. His Charter-House experience taught him how little he could do with in the shape of food, and probably laid the foundation of that general temperance which was so strongly marked at Oxford, and which distinguished him through life.

His progress in learning was evidently of the most satisfactory and encouraging character. In his last year's residence the time had come for some decision to be taken as to the future of his brother Charles. His father seems to have hesitated in the choice of a profession, and to have entertained grave doubts about "breeding his third son a scholar." These matters were duly communicated to the eldest brother, who replied in the following vigorous sentence, urging John's success as an argument in favour of Charles being prepared for College:—"My brother Jack, I can faithfully assure you, gives you no manner of discouragement from breeding your third son a scholar." And two or three months later, when John had left the Charter-House, and was probably spending a short time with Samuel before his removal to Oxford, he again writes,—"Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can." These notices speak well for the industry and attainments of the young scholar of sixteen, just about to enter the University.

Such indications in reference to his learning are cheering, though scanty; and we deeply regret that we cannot find anything, even though equally meager, which sheds a ray of light as to his religious feelings and conduct. These five years at the Charter-House formed an important period in his life. Youthful temptations would begin to wield their witchery over the mind, and much holy resolution would be required to resist them. His devout mother, no doubt, was "always labouring fervently in prayers" for him; and her ready pen would send him long and beautiful letters of caution and counsel. And, from his devoted obedience to all parental advice, from his own fixed and steady mind in all things where religion was concerned, and from his manifest seriousness when he arrived in Oxford, we may safely draw the conclusion that he continued a serious, God-fearing youth. If he knew not until after-years the heartfelt joy of conscious acceptance with God, he was, we thoroughly believe, a youthful *servant* of the Lord, anxious to do the great Master's will, and to approve himself in His sight.

Who were John Wesley's cotemporaries at the Charter-House, and what positions of eminence did many of them attain, is a deeply-interesting question; and we have sometimes wondered that there are not more incidental notices of them in his voluminous Journals. There were, no doubt, many who rose to useful, if not high, positions in the various professions and in commercial life. For the most part they probably pursued courses far different from his; and when he became the object of public obloquy and scorn, there was but little temptation to recognise him as an old school-fellow. His silence indicates to us that they rarely crossed his peculiar path: had they done so, the interesting fact would have been duly chronicled. There are, however, two refreshing notices in his Journals which, though they evidently refer to the same person, we cannot refrain from quoting. On Wednesday, May 9th, 1764, having preached to "the simple, loving, earnest people at Barnard-Castle" the night before, he writes, "I was invited to breakfast by Mr. F——, a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been school-fellows at the Charter-House; and he remembered me, though I had forgot him. I spent a very agreeable hour with a serious as well as sensible man." Four years afterwards, when he again visits the neighbourhood, the "old school-fellow" invited him to something more than a breakfast. "June 1st, 1768," he says, "many of the militia were present at Barnard-Castle in the evening, and behaved with decency. I was well-pleased to lodge at a gentleman's, an old school-fellow, half a mile from the town. What a dream are the fifty or sixty years that have slipped away since we were at the Charter-House!" This "serious as well as sensible man," the only "old Carthusian" Mr. Wesley ever mentions, was a Mr. Fielding, a Magistrate, and a very ardent member of the Church of England.* He resided at Startforth-Hall, a beautiful little mansion, on which we have often looked with delight as the home of Wesley when he visited this ancient town, lovingly remembered as the scene of some of our own earliest ministerial toils.†

Mr. Wesley's attachment to the Charter-House remained strong and undiminished to the end of his days. Once every year did he "go on pilgrimage" to the old haunts, walking leisurely through the grounds around which his youthful legs used to take their daily triple scamper in obedience to his father's command, and chatting good-humouredly with every boy who came in his way. There is a record of one of these visits from his own pen, in 1757, thirty-eight years after he had left

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* See "*The History of Methodism in Barnard-Castle*," by ANTHONY STEELE. A good book, written with great care, but sadly too little known.

† On Wednesday, June 9th, 1784, Mr. Wesley says, "I went to Barnard-Castle. Here I was informed, that my old school-fellow, Mr. Fielding, and his wife, were gone to rest. His son, not choosing to live there, had let his lovely house to a stranger: so in a little time his very name and memory will be lost." This loss, however, will not occur long as John Wesley's Journals are read; and the day is far distant when *they* will be consigned to the huge tomb of forgetfulness.

for Oxford, and when he was in the height of his labours and successes. "Monday, August 8th. — I took a walk in the Charter-House. I wondered that all the squares and buildings, and especially the school-boys, looked so little. But this is easily accounted for: I was little myself when I was at school, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly, the upper boys, being then bigger than myself," (as he knew to his cost when they stole his meat,) "seemed to me very big and tall; quite contrary to what they appear now, when I am taller and bigger than them. I question if this is not the real ground of the common imagination, that our forefathers, and in general men in past ages, were much larger than now: an imagination current in the world eighteen hundred years ago. So Virgil supposes his warrior to throw a stone that could scarce be wielded by twelve men,—

*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.**

So Homer, long before,—

Οιοι νυν βροτοι εισι.†

Whereas, in reality, men have been, at least ever since the Deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for stature and understanding."

How characteristic is a notice like this! The man of philosophic turn of mind and ready learning is seen at once. To most men every year would render a pilgrimage to the haunts of their boyhood more painful than the last; and as in age and infirmity they called up early reminiscences, how many of them would exclaim,—

"And often with a faded eye
I look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!"

"But," says Southey, in one of the most beautiful reflections in his entire book, "Wesley seems never to have looked back with melancholy upon the days that were gone: earthly regrets of this kind could find no room in one who was continually pressing onward to the goal."‡

Sheffield. J. K.

THE CATACOMBS AT ROME.

(*Concluded from page* 37.)

A PAGAN inscription may frequently be distinguished by the letters D. M. on the top, standing for the full words, *Diis Manibus*, "To the Divine manes, or souls of the dead;" and though occasionally these are on a Christian monument, it is the exception to the rule. They may, in

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* "Men, that, in size of body, are like those whom the earth now produces."

† "Such as are the men of these our days."

‡ *Life of Wesley*, vol. i., p. 26.

such a case, be intended for *Deo Maximo*, "To the great God;" or they may have been done by an ignorant sculptor from long habit.

Bearing in mind that the first Christians numbered among them very largely the poor and ignorant of this world, many of whom were unable to read and write, it is easy to see how soon the adoption of symbols would become common; and it is very interesting to read names rudely written down, with some Christian sign in the same way that a man would now put his mark as a witness to his name.

The dove with the olive-branch in its mouth, and the word *pace*, "in peace," is very common: a favourite idea, also, in modern times, as it appears repeatedly among the marbles of the present St. Peter's at Rome. The anchor, the palm, and the sheep are also met with; a crown and a ship. Some of these were at one time supposed to be exclusively confined to those who had been martyred; but it would seem that this cannot be proved.

Those who wrote, often did it in much the same style as the most ignorant of our country-clerks.

"Navira, in peace,—a sweet soul, who lived 16 years and 5 months. A soul sweet as honey. This epitaph was made by her parents. The sign a ship."

Now *navis* is the Latin for "ship;" and a ship is represented as the best phonetic symbol for Navira.

Again:

Here is an inscription with a pig; and we find it is the tomb of a little girl named Porcella, which means, in Latin, "a little pig."

"Here sleeps Porcella in peace: she lived 3 years, 10 months, 13 days."

There are, besides, as among the Pagans, many signs of the business or occupation of the departed, hammers, axes, saws, shears, combs, shoes, &c.:—

Illustration.

A slab represents a stonemason at work upon a sarcophagus; a boy is helping him, by working the drill employed in boring the stone: his other implements of the trade are on the ground; and the finished sarcophagus, with a name on it agreeing with the name in the inscription, informs us that Eutropus was engaged in the trade of a sculptor, and maker of sepulchral monuments. He stands in a praying attitude with a cup in his hand. The inscription, which is in Greek, reads thus:—

"The holy worshipper of God, Eutropus, in peace. His son made this. He died on the tenth Kalends of September."

Another grave-stone is erected to the wife of a shoemaker, two slippers being scratched thereon.

In an interesting little volume, entitled "The Contents and Teachings of the Catacombs at Rome," just published, and from which these epitaphs have been selected, the following remarks occur:—

"It would be an interesting inquiry, but beside my purpose, to search how far these endeavours to inscribe symbolically names and professions, led to the general adoption of family symbols, such as crests and armorial bearings; which very commonly consist of some allusion to, or play upon, the family name or occupations. This practice, subsequently reduced into order, as the science of heraldry, has usually been attributed to the inscribing of symbols on the shields of those who engaged in the Holy Land during the middle ages. But it is quite evident the practice was not then originated, but merely revived; for traces of it exist not only in the Catacombs at Rome, but upon the tombs of the Armenian Christians to this day: it was adopted by wealthy families in the Augustan age."

The Christian epitaphs are remarkable for the absence of surnames, which is common on those of the Roman. Very frequently *pace*, or *in pace*, is found in them; thus distinguishing them from those who laid their friends in the grave without any solid ground of comfort as they mourned over their separation. These words contain the same idea as the word cemetery; which began to be applied to the Catacombs, probably, in the second or third century, and which, by calling them a place of sleep, implies a time of awakening. The Catacombs were, probably, gradually closed about the seventh century, and remained so for about a thousand years, when their treasures were brought to light and eagerly seized by the Romish Church. It is strange that Papists should have shown so much enthusiasm in this respect; for in these authentic and simple records there is much evidence to prove that practices now supported and maintained by their corrupt system were unknown in those early days.*

The name of the Virgin does not once occur, as far as the inscriptions have yet been examined. Prayers do not appear to have been offered for the dead, and we have no calling upon the saints to intercede; at least this may be affirmed of the first three or four centuries.

The Lapidarian Gallery contains only "one inscription with the phrase, *Ora pro nobis*, 'Pray for us;'" words which now ring on the ear as chanted in the processions which visit the picturesque little chapels so abounding in Roman Catholic countries, and so perpetually addressed to the eye in passing the cemeteries there; and it is the more remarkable when it is known that the Catacombs remained open during half the fifth century.

It is true that, when persecution had ceased, the place which had so often formed a safe refuge came to be looked upon with great veneration. The small chambers became enlarged and decorated, where the church had formerly been compelled to worship in secret; and exceeding honour was paid to those who had perished as martyrs. But in studying the inscriptions we are enabled to go back to more early times, and to rejoice in the simplicity of the faith held by those who were regarded as the object of the world's contempt and scorn. We can think of them as holding the same faith as ourselves, as honouring the great Head, being part of the "one body," as members of the great family which is being gathered in heaven. Their names, little known among men, have yet survived many that panted in their day for earthly immortality; and, though now removed to an honourable place on earth where the eye of man may gaze on them, they are yet more gloriously written in the book of life.

The word *martyr* is frequent upon the tombs.

The following inscription is given by Dr. Maitland:—

"Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good: for, while on his knees and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O,

* *Dr. Maitland's Church in the Catacombs.*

sad times! in which among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? And what than such a death? when they cannot be buried by their friends and relations. At length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

This epitaph is a singular illustration of the natural shrinking of human nature from persecution and suffering, and a glorious triumph of the Divine hope in Him who hath redeemed us from the power of the grave. There is reason to believe that very few perfect inscriptions relating to martyrs now exist: indeed, it does not appear to have been the practice of the early Christians to obtrude their own sufferings upon others; their inscriptions almost always point to a glorious immortality.

Peace is inscribed on thousands of graves; *Suffering* on but very few.

It has been well said, "Turn where you will in the Catacombs, all is peace, peace, peace, everywhere."

The *number* of those who were martyred and buried here is variously estimated. They are not to be numbered by man; but known unto God are all His martyred saints.

A great quantity of lights, chiefly earthenware lamps, have been discovered in the Catacombs. It will at once be seen that in such places they were necessary, and quite a different thing from the employment of candles in worship during broad daylight; a practice far more senseless, and having less in harmony with the deep wants of our nature, than some things which the Church of Rome favours. The number buried in the Catacombs must have been very great, if, as is stated, there are more than seventy thousand inscriptions. Rawlinson says that the Catacombs are calculated to extend over nine hundred miles of streets, and to contain almost seven millions of graves.

It is interesting to trace the gradual progress in art among the remains; but the more finished productions have too often traces in them which tell that the Church was losing her simplicity as she numbered among her members those who could command the means for more than the rude scratching of a name with some well-known symbol beside it. Mr. Maitland has pursued the subject at some length, and his book will be found to contain much information to those who may desire to pursue the subject farther.

Perhaps there is nothing more instructive in these remains, placed, as we have stated above, side by side with those of Pagans, than the great difference between the joy and trust which simple faith in Christ can give, and the unsatisfactory result of the proud teaching of philosophy when man has to confront his last enemy. The well-known letter to Cicero on the death of his daughter, by Servius Sulpicius, is echoed on the proud monuments where name and titles are fully set forth: there is no hope in them; grief, and love, and desolation are there, but they never rise above the words of Sulpicius,—"if there be any sense in the dead." The Christian epitaphs, on the other hand, are full of the assurance of another nobler life: not only could they speak of *peace* after a time of persecution, and perhaps a violent death, but they were sleeping *in Him*, who was to them the resurrection and the life; and these ancient records bear witness how truly and how consolingly "life and immortality were brought to light" by Him.

THE REPRIEVE, AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

A YOUNG lady one day visited some soldiers' wives who were sick in the female hospital of a great garrison. She thought her work done; but, passing down the ward, her eye rested on a pretty-faced but sad-looking young woman of twenty-three, whose pillow was quite wet with tears and perspiration; and so pitiful was the sight of that sorrowful-looking sister, that the young lady stopped at her bed, and said kindly to her,—

"I have a little hymn here that may perhaps comfort you; for you look sad. Read it; and when you have done with it, give it your husband to read."

Poor woman! kind lady!

"How many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May heal or wound a heart nigh broken."

The visiter, waiting not for reply, passed to the door of the hospital, where her brother, an officer in high command, awaited her return: before taking their departure, however, a nurse, who had heard the words spoken at the bedside, came and said,

"Do you know, Ma'am, who that poor woman's husband is?" "No," replied the lady.

"He is ——," said the nurse: "he lies in —— jail, and will be hanged for murder next Friday. The poor young wife has not spoken for a week; and her dear innocent child was born here the very day its father was condemned."

"Just wait a little longer; I feel that I must go back and speak again to this poor woman," said the visiter to her brother; and to that heart-burdened creature she said,—

"It seems as though God has sent me to you. I have only just heard about your husband: now tell me, how I can help you, and I will do it most gladly."

Ah! had she not spoken for a week? had she lain there without one word of love for her babe, without singing one note of music to hush it when it cried, or soothe it when it grieved? But will she stay silent? Can no skilful hand finger the instrument and make it vibrate? O, yes!

"Feeling hearts, touch them but rightly,
Will pour a thousand melodies unheard before."

She spoke: "O, Miss! if you would but write to my husband; if you would but tell him I will come to see him in the jail on Wednesday; for I hope the doctors will let me go."

That was gladly promised; loving words were spoken,—words of God's truth: but then, even after all, how slight the consolation! for the thought was uppermost in each mind, "He is to be hanged on Friday."

These were the circumstances of the man's case. He was a young handsome fellow. A few years before the murder, he had eloped with his wife, a mere girl, and had deeply offended her parents; now they were reconciled, and he was visiting them. The visit had passed pleasantly, the last night of it had come: suddenly, the father-in-law was overcome by violent passion; the remembrance of the marriage, the old rancour sprang up in his mind; and he grasped his soldier son-in-law by the throat; he grappled with him for half-an-hour. In the affray there entered an old woman, a good Christian, who on the morning of that very day had read portions of the Bible to this soldier. She interfered, and he struck and continued for some time to cut her with his sword. She lingered for six months, and then died. A verdict of wilful murder was given against the man, and he was sentenced to death.

Were there no extenuating circumstances? There were; but, strange to tell, they were not brought forward on the trial. Long before the murder, this man had met with a serious acci-

dent on board the Himalaya, where falling, a spike entered his head. Medical men had warned him that he would be subject to great excitement; that, if he took intoxicating liquor, he would be in danger of insanity.

Now what can be done? The lady visiter thought that at least a subscription for the wife might be set on foot. At once she wrote to a lady of great wealth, intelligence, influence, and godliness, and asked for assistance. Prayer also was offered. The answer soon came: and what an answer! The lady had been so impressed by the letter that she could not sleep; early next day she travelled several miles to London, went to the Home Office, but the Secretary of State was absent. She asked for a reprieve.

"On what do you base your plea?" was asked. "If on the fact that the man was drunk, it will be of no avail: the Queen will not hear it."

"No, but on temporary insanity."

"Then, Madam, if you will write to ——," (the Secretary of State,) "I will carefully deliver the letter to him this evening."

A letter, earnest and clear, was written at once by the lady, whose name is prominent for good works, and for religious influence in high circles in the land. She enclosed the letter of her friend the visiter to the wretched wife, and handed the two to Mr. ——, private Secretary to the Home Secretary. He said, "But it is late; this is Wednesday, the man is to be hanged on Friday; and indeed I may tell you that his death-warrant, the order for execution, has been signed and sent."

"Ah!" said the lady, "and so has yours, Sir. No, no, it is not too late."

"Do tell me what you mean, Madam: you are the second person who this week has told me that my death-warrant is signed," said Mr. ——.

"I mean," replied the lady, "that God who reigns above over us all, has fixed the day of your departure hence; and that it is only a matter of time, a little longer or a little shorter, with any of us; and that it is our wisdom each to prepare for that certain event of death."

Other conversation followed. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was declared, and four persons in the Home Office sat down to read God's holy word, and there knelt in humble prayer and reverent worship before Him who guides and rules the hearts of Princes, and teaches senators wisdom.

The letters were delivered. God heard prayer. A British Statesman was, as he should be, humane; the Queen of Great Britain did a royal thing, not breaking God's law: she agreed that this was a good case for clemency, and granted a reprieve. The man was mad, an asylum and not the gallows was his place; the old wound was remembered; the fact that lengthened seizure of the throat would induce undue cerebral action was admitted, and quick messengers bore down the reprieve; an idle crowd lost their expected gratification; a man's life was prolonged, let us hope to be devoted to God. The young wife was not widowed, nor her three children left fatherless, or, worse than that, left to grow up and be cursed with the taunt, "Your father was hanged!" And how came all this about? What prompted the action of the good angel-ladies? "The Times" had two leaders in favour of a reprieve, but had failed to move the Government. The hand of God was in it: Christian love worked; faithful prayer prevailed. Let us pray, "God save our gracious Queen," and "grant Thy salvation to everyone connected with this remarkable case." C. H. K.

THE HISTORY OF THOUSANDS.

THOUSANDS of men, once said Dr. Chalmers, breathe, move, and live; pass off the stage of life, are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point

to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, and love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year: you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

"I NEVER KNEW BEFORE YOU WERE A CHRISTIAN."

THIS was the salutation received by a Christian brother, as he was met by a friend when leaving a prayer-meeting.

"O, yes!" was the reply to the implied inquiry, "I've been a member of the church two or three years."

"Is it possible?" was the rejoinder: "well, I never knew it;" and at once a new topic of conversation was introduced. But the echo of those words, "I never knew before you were a Christian," sounded drearily through that man's heart, startling from their securities doubts, fears, and eager questionings. What wonder that he pondered on the words? what wonder that again and again he searched his heart to see if indeed his soul had experienced the blessings of redemption? what wonder if again he renewed his covenant-vows, and again consecrated himself more unreservedly to his Master's service?

Of how many professing Christians might the same be said, by those even with whom they are thrown in frequent contact! Alas! if, in the momentous judgment-hour, Jesus should say to the waiting soul, "I never knew you were a Christian," where, then, should hope be found? When He who has said, "By their fruits shall ye know them," has come year after year, seeking fruit and finding none, will He not presently say, "Cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground?" O, may the Christians of this land yield in season the fruit of holy living, that men may take knowledge of them that they have been taught of God. A very good man once said, "If I should meet a person but once, I should wish in that one interview to leave upon his mind the conviction that Jesus was my Friend."

THE DOINGS OF FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

FAITH, saith Bunyan, believeth the word of God; but UNBELIEF questioneth the certainty of the same. (Psalm cvi. 24.)

Faith sees more in a promise of God to help, than in all other things to hinder; but unbelief, notwithstanding God's promise, saith, How can these things be? (Rom. iv. 19—21; 2 Kings vii. 2; John iii. 11, 12.)

Faith makes thee see love in the heart of Christ, when with His mouth He gives reproofs; but unbelief imagines wrath in His heart, when with His mouth and word He says He loves us. (Matt. xv. 22—28; xxv. 24.)

Faith will help the soul to wait, though God defers to give; but unbelief will fret and throw up all, if God makes any tarrying. (Ps. xxv. 5; Isai. viii. 17; 2 Kings vi. 33.)

Faith will give comforts in the midst of fears; but unbelief causeth fears in the midst of comforts. (2 Chron. xx. 20, 21; Matt. viii. 26; Luke xxiv. 25.)

Faith will suck sweetness out of God's rod; but unbelief can find no comfort in His greatest mercies. (Ps. xxii.; Num. xii.)

Faith maketh great burdens light; but unbelief maketh light ones intolerably heavy. (Mal. i. 12, 13.)

Faith helpeth us when we are down; but unbelief throws us down when we are up. (Micah vii. 8—10; Heb. iv. 11.)

Faith brings us near to God when we are far from Him; but unbelief puts us far from God when we are near to Him. (Heb. x. 22; iii. 12, 13.)

Where faith reigns, it declareth them to be the friends of God; but where unbelief reigns, it declareth them to be His enemies. (Heb. iii. 18; Rev. xxi. 8.)

Faith putteth a man under grace; but unbelief holdeth him under wrath. (Rom. ii. 24—26; Eph. ii. 8; John iii. 36; 1 John v. 10; Heb. iii. 17; Mark xvi. 16; John viii. 24.)

Faith purifieth the heart; but unbelief keepeth it polluted and impure. (Acts xv. 19; Titus i. 15, 16.)

By faith the righteousness of Christ is imputed to us; but by unbelief we are shut up under the law to perish. (Rom. iv. 23, 24; xi. 32; Gal. iii. 23.)

Faith giveth us peace and comfort in our souls; but unbelief worketh trouble and tossings, like the restless waves of the sea. (Rom. v. 1; James iv. 1.)

Faith maketh us see preciousness in Christ; but unbelief sees no form, beauty, or comeliness in Him. (1 Pet. ii.; Isai. liii. 1—3.)

By faith we have our life in Christ's fulness; but by unbelief we starve and pine away. (Gal. ii. 20.)

Faith gives us the victory over the law, sin, death, the devil, and all evils; but unbelief maketh us obnoxious to them all. (1 John v. 4; Luke xii. 46.)

Faith will show us more excellency in things not seen, than in them that are; but unbelief sees more in things that are, than in things that will be hereafter. (2 Cor. iv. 18; Heb. xi. 24—27; 1 Cor. xv. 32.)

Faith makes the ways of God pleasant and admirable; but unbelief maketh them heavy and hard. (Gal. v. 6; 2 Cor. xii. 10, 11; John vi. 60; Ps. ii. 3.) "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our FAITH."

THE GODS OF THE HEATHEN.

A NEW-Zealand Chief was laid on a sick bed: he was asked, "Do you pray that you may get well?" "No," he replied: "we have no *good* God to whom we can speak: our gods make us sick, and kill us, but give us nothing. Yours is a good God, who hears you when you pray. Teach us to know Him; for New-Zealand people know nothing that is good."

It is only the Bible that makes known this good God. "The Lord is good," He is "abundant in goodness." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) There are hundreds of similar texts which tell us of the love and goodness of God: but the poor Heathen are ignorant of all these; they have no Bible to tell them of the love of God.

When they think of their gods, they think of them as cruel beings, who delight in human blood and human misery. This leads parents to kill their children, and children to murder their parents; and causes men to burn, drown, and, in other ways, to destroy one another. As they think of their gods, so they fashion them; they make them frightful-looking images; in some cases, with rows of skulls round their necks for beads, and their hands and mouths stained with blood. They are objects of terror to young and old. But "our God is merciful;" and that we may be like Him, we are taught, "Be ye merciful, as your Father also is merciful." (Luke vi. 36.)

They also think of their gods as if they were like themselves, living in all kinds of sin: they believe them to be thieves, murderers, and drunkards; and the feasts kept in their honour are scenes of the worst vices and crimes. When a Hindoo was rebuked for his sinful conduct, he said

to the Missionary, "I may do as the gods do: they sin, and so may I." If this man had read the Bible, he would have found it written therein, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," saith the Lord. (1 Peter i. 16.)

Heathens often treat their gods with disrespect and scorn. They have been heard to say to an idol, "If you will grant us our request, we will give you an offering of sweetmeats, fruit, and flowers; or, we will worship you for many days to come: but if you will not give us what we ask, we will keep you without a drop of water; or, we will put a rope round your neck, and drag you round the house; or, which will be worst of all, we will beat you with a slipper!" If there should be a want of rain, they have been known to build up a wall of bricks round their idol, and threaten to keep him a prisoner, until he helps them. Some years ago, at a place called Nussack, the people bricked up their poor god, and presented neither offerings nor worship, until the rain began to fall: they then took away the bricks, and begged pardon of the idol for treating him so unkindly. What low ideas must they have of their gods when they can treat them in this manner!

Can they love such gods? No! They may be filled with fear and terror, but they cannot truly love them; they may join with delight in the sinful feasts, but they cannot feel any reverence for these vain idols. But the God whom we worship is worthy of, and claims, our highest love. We love Him for what He is in Himself; great and good, holy and merciful. We love Him for what He is to us, our Father in heaven. We love Him most of all, when we think of the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. He freely gave Him to die for us, that through Him we might obtain the forgiveness of our sins, and the salvation of our souls.

THINGS THAT FRIGHTEN US.

"AND the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail." (Exod. iv. 4.)

MOSES was one of the most remarkable men in the Old Testament. His life was a scene of chequered change. He was born in trouble, cradled in danger, schooled in splendour, educated in solitude, and called to heaven in mystery. Like all other great men, he was disciplined in the midst of difficulties, and sanctified in the midst of sufferings. We have him here in the presence of something that frightened him. Let us learn a lesson from the circumstances.

1. *That in passing through the duties of life, we often meet with things that frighten us.*—Moses did. Once it was a man, now a serpent. These may be taken as types of difficulties we all meet with in passing through life. 1. Hard lessons. 2. Hard labour. 3. Hard living, &c.

2. *That fleeing away through fear is not the way to put to flight things that frighten us.*—"Moses fled from before it." But still it remained a serpent. Such a course could not alter its form or character.

So with hard lessons, hard labour, hard living, hard fighting; if we flee away in fear, we shall only make matters worse. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Examples, Jonah, Elijah, &c.

3. *That there is a right way to deal with things that frighten us.*—"Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail."

There is no difficulty but there is a way out of it, and no furnace but there is a way through it. With a right method, and strong resolution, the hardest lesson can be learned, the hardest labour performed, the hardest living endured, the hardest fighting sustained.

4. *That if we don't know the right way to deal with things that frighten us, there is One who does.*—"The

Lord said unto Moses," &c. The Lord is, 1. All-seeing; 2. All-wise; 3. All-powerful. Let us be, 1. Penitent; 2. Prayerful; then we shall be, 3. Powerful to overcome all difficulties, and to put to flight the things that frighten us.

"COME BOLDLY TO THE THRONE OF GRACE."

If you want your spiritual life to be more healthy and vigorous, says Ryle, you must come boldly to the throne of grace. The secret of your weakness is your little faith and little prayer. The fountain is unsealed, but you only sip a few drops. The bread of life is before you, yet you only eat a few crumbs. The treasury of heaven is open, but you only take a few pence. O, man of little faith! wherefore do you doubt? Awake to know your privileges; awake, and sleep no longer.

Tell me not of spiritual hunger, and thirst, and poverty, so long as the throne of grace is before you. Say rather you are proud, and will not come to it as a poor sinner; say rather you are slothful, and will not take pains to get more. Cast aside the grave-clothes of pride that still hang around you. Throw off that Egyptian garment of indolence which ought not to have been brought through the Red Sea.

Away with that unbelief which ties and paralyses your tongue. You are not straitened in God, but in yourself. Come boldly to the throne of grace, where the Father is ever waiting to give, and Jesus stands by Him to intercede. Come boldly; for you may, all sinful as you are, if you come in the name of the great High Priest.

Come boldly, and ask largely, and you shall have abundant answers; mercy like a river, and grace and strength like a mighty stream. Come boldly, and you shall have supplies exceeding all you ask or think.

"Hitherto you have asked nothing: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

LAZY READERS.

It has been remarked by the celebrated Haller, that we are deaf while we are yawning. The same act of drowsiness that stretches open our mouths closes our ears. It is much the same in acts of the understanding. A lazy, half attention amounts to a mental yawn. Where, then, a subject that demands thought has been thoughtfully treated, and with an exact and patient derivation from its principles, we must be willing to exert a portion of the same effort, and to *think* with the author, or the author will have thought in vain for us.

RELIGION IN PAYING DEBTS.

Writes one, "Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right, for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and deserving church-discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. If religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not the religion of the Bible."

Good! every word. If you owe anybody a penny, and have a penny in your possession, go and pay it. If you have none, go work, dig, ditch, plough, work any honest work, until you get it, and pay it. You will breathe freer, and sleep easier. You will honour and love all men and yourself more.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XV.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Now then I was on my way over the hill to Cargreen. I had formed, I thought, a sort of tender friendship with every object, the lowliest thing even, that helped to give a distinctive beauty to the road; and yet something fresh and new seemed now to unveil itself at every step. It was on the Cornish side of the river, but there could be no lovelier specimens of the true Devonshire lane. The peculiar depth, the verdant richness, the mellowed light, and the mysterious whisperings breaking on the balmy stillness, all were there to touch one's soul. There at length was the little hamlet, gently bending towards the river from the ridge of its green headland. An open path down through a steep meadow brought me to the village-orchards, and a narrow way which might help to recall an inspired story about one who met an angel in "a path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side." No vineyard-path even in the land of promise could be richer, sweeter, more refreshing, or more full of simple pure enchantment than that little shaded gully-like road into Cargreen. And then I was free to enjoy it. There was no unearthly form to check my steps, or point his flaming sword at my conscience. Nor was I in a temper to need reproof from the tongue of an ass. No, the sight of the rural homes, from whose simple hearths there now came the healthy and grateful scent of the smoking fagot, called up too many holy and happy recollections for me to think of any other than "the Angel of His presence," who once said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Any person might have thought, however, that he was wandering among the footprints of One whose "paths drop fatness." I was in a depth of luxuriance. The walls which bounded the orchards, and for some little way shaded the path, were most curiously but beautifully mantled with an interwoven variety of creeping plants richly embroidered and gemmed with the wood-strawberry blossom, grouped with wild geraniums, primroses, and lingering violets. On passing down the lowly street, which was as quiet as ever, I found my boatman at his post, lounging with a sort of dreamy watchfulness in the stern of his well-trimmed "Water-Witch." The parlour of the "decent public," which overlooked the village-jetty, afforded very agreeable shade and rest while our cheerful hostess was making a hasty dinner ready for us. This was soon forthcoming, with many apologies from the good woman, as she laid the cloth, for what she called the "rough fashion" in which it was set out. Kind-hearted creature! she little knew how many worse fashions I had met with in much grander places. She managed, after all, to furnish the table with a plentiful, tempting, and savoury meal. The fare was wholesome, and it was cleanly served. Nor is it a small enjoyment under such circumstances to prove that "hunger is the best sauce." All natural cravings being properly stilled, my mind was set upon Clifton. As I turned off towards the storied spot, a loving glance was cast towards a small building at the top of the village, around which holy memories must ever cluster, while there is "left one stone upon another." It was a house of prayer. And within those hallowed walls some of the purest Christian spirits that ever lived had received "with meekness the engrafted word," and had often "lifted up their voice with one accord to God," "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." "Blessed souls!" thought I, in passing, "I shall never again see those intelligent happy faces, upturned, and seeming to reflect other light than what fell from the bright chandelier which hung from the

roof, and cheered the little sanctuary during a winter-evening's service. No, most of them are gone to their reward; but we shall meet again. Though unseen, they are not far off. In the meantime, I, for one, will bless the memory of the men who in simplicity of faith and spotless zeal sought out the neglected nooks of rural life, and planted many living churches upon the fruitful hills of Tamarside." My road now crept along near the course of the river. At first it was a narrow lane, hedged on either hand by a wilderness of sweets, in which oak, and ash, and hazel, lent their variegated greens; while the dog- and the field-rose lavished their pink-and-white blossoms, and seemed proud to shelter the modest groups of more tiny beauties which peopled the recesses of the wild garden. An opening between the bushes here and there, or a gateway, afforded me a peep at the bright blue river. Then I came down upon the damp margin of a small creek, where a lone tree-stump served to mark for the traveller the depth of the rising tide. From thence the path led over a swelling headland, now covered with ripening corn, in the midst of which the eye caught, now and then, the bright-blue disk of a corn blue-bottle (*Centaurea Cyanus*) or a pretty flower of the perennial flax (*Linum Perenne*). There was another creek, and another hilly corn-field, at the bottom of which one must needs linger by a quiet well, and look into its clear depth. Nor could any pilgrim who loves chaste and simple beauty pass on without paying a tribute to one of the finest specimens of musk-mallow (*Malva Moschata*) I ever saw. It was rejoicing by the well-side, and seemed happy to greet the passenger, or to be admired by him. Now those whose taste or whose interest keeps them shut up to the study of their own species, may put me down for a crazed body, fit only to be classed among those who in Job's days were "solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste. Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat. Who were gathered together under the nettles, and brayed among the bushes." Nevertheless, I shall not give up that secret of joy which I learnt from Him who used to watch the breeze playing with the rock-rose, and the tall feather-grass on the hill-side over against the home of His holy childhood. No, "sweet nurslings of the vernal skies," I will never

> "Scorn, too proudly wise,
> Your silent lessons, undescried
> By all but lowly eyes:
> For ye could draw the' admiring gaze
> Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
> Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
> He taught us how to prize."

But now Clifton was before me. It was seated near the point of a spur which sloped from the range of Tamar's guardian hills, and jutted towards the Devonian border, so as to make the river turn back on its own course, with a curious infolding twist. I knew that the venerable abode had fallen into the condition of a mere farm-place; but who that thought of those who had found a last refuge there from the storm which had wrecked an empire, could lift the latch of that gate, and enter without feeling? The trees which still shaded the homestead and the few remains of garden and orchard-ground served to show that Clifton had seen better days. The remains of the old mansion, however, formed the chief object of my visit. I had fondly cherished the thought of seeing what had been seen within my own times; for I remembered a visiter's report that "the old mansion remains, with its hall, chapel, and other apartments; much dilapidated, but occupied as a farm-house." Ah! like many others, I had failed to mark the flight of time, and to calculate on the changes which may pass over a scene during even a short interval of absence. I was sadly disappointed. I looked for the "old mansion," but there was an ugly modern farm-house built of the refuse material of the ancient home, which had been torn down to make way for it. The farmer, with his wife, was in the front garden, gathering fruit. "Excuse me," said I, as I opened the gate, "but is this Clifton?"

"Ees, I reckon, Zur."

"But where is the old house?"

"I never zeed any other than thees."

"But there was another once: do you know where it stood?"

"I've heerd 'em tell how there uzed to be a houze t'other zide there; but the Squire pulled 'n down, I reckon, an' took the best

o' the stuff up to hiz houze to uze up. Will 'ee plaize to go in and drink a cup o zider, Zur?"

Hospitality must always be honoured. We went in; and sat together on the form by the long table, and chatted over a cup of cider; which, "rough" as the farmer politely feared it was, was a great deal better than what so many are now affecting to sport at their tables, under the name of "Rhenish wine." But people will be in the fashion, though it be at great expense both of pocket and paunch.

"Well now," I remarked, "about this old house: you never saw it, you say; but you must have heard something about it; you know Sir Nicholas Lower used to live here."

"Ees, I've heerd 'em tell. I b'leeve 'tes found in ould books or zumthing, I kean't tell what they call ut."

"You mean a register, perhaps."

"Ees; yu've ben abroad, I spoaze."

"Not far; but who owns this estate now?"

"Squire Currit'n, Zur, auver to Pentillie on the hill there. Hee's taking all the varms about here into hiz awn hands, and puts hinds like upon 'em: they zay that hee'll do the zame wi' thees, when my tiirm ez out."

"Ah! so it is," thought I, as I shook hands with the good farmer, "this centralizing power of capital makes itself felt on these quiet acres as well as amidst the humming swarms of a steam and iron world. Is it for good, or for evil? I cannot tell: does anybody know?" One could but turn and take a last look at Clifton. My hope had been cut off; but still even that dull farmhouse gave out an impressive lesson. The walls within which the broken remnant of an Imperial line found a retreat and breathed their last, were sacred no longer than they suited the convenience of the tenant and the interest of the landlord. They could not be allowed to stand as bare memorials: *cui bono?* As long as they stood, they must occupy a plot which might make "returns;" while, if taken down, they would supply cheap materials for a new house. And there ends the glory of the Constantines on Tamar-side. The Turks honoured and kept up the dome which witnessed the public devotions of the last reigning Paleologus; I wish the Christians could have afforded to respect the chapel, at least, in which the relics of his fallen house offered their latest prayers.

Lady-land. X.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. I.

(*Continued from page* 49.)

THIRDLY.—*The Ante-Judaic institution of the Sabbath may be fairly inferred from the terms of the moral law itself.*

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." "Remember." We are shut up by this word to the conclusion that the law about to be recited was not a new one, but the re-publication of an existing statute. The form of expression here employed could scarcely have been used if the people had never before been cognizant of the claims of a Sabbath. The injunction, "REMEMBER," implies *previous knowledge*, with a tendency to forgetfulness.

It will be seen upon an examination of the fourth commandment, that there is a reason assigned *in* the law, *for* the law, which carries with it strong presumptive proof, to say the least, not only of the existence of the Sabbath at that time, but also *from the date of the grand event it was designed to commemorate.* "FOR in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: WHEREFORE the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." (Exod. xx. 11.) Here the reason of the Sabbath is stated to be the completion of creation: but where is there an example in Scripture of any instituted com-

memoration not being coeval with the work it was intended to commemorate? Did the Passover wait two thousand years before it was celebrated, after the deliverance which it was designed to perpetuate the recollection of? Did circumcision, under the Old Testament, or baptism, and the Lord's supper, under the New, remain in abeyance for centuries before they were acted on? Is it reasonable to suppose, then, that the commemoration of the glories of creation should be delayed for two thousand five hundred years; especially when the reason for the celebration existed in full force from the beginning, and had reference to the whole human race, as well as to the Jews? It really is a tax upon human credulity to receive so far-fetched and improbable a theory!

Such are some of the grounds on which we receive the Sabbath as something more than "a mere relic of Judaism." It was instituted in paradise; it was obligatory upon the Israelites before the establishment of the Mosaic economy; its previous existence was distinctly recognised in that great epitome of religious and moral duty which God Himself wrote with His own finger on tables of stone.

But it has been objected:—"*If the Sabbath was instituted at the time of the creation, and if it was observed all along from that time to the departure of the Jews out of Egypt; it appears unaccountable that no mention of it, no occasion of even the obscurest allusion to it, should occur until the times of Moses.*"

We are not quite so sure that no allusion is made to the Sabbath in the earlier pages of inspiration. We think an argument in favour of such allusion might be based upon the time mentioned in Scripture, of Cain and Abel's offering sacrifice:—"And in process of time." (Marg., "*at the end of the days*," Gen. iv. 3.) We think, furthermore, the distinctly recognised division of time into weeks of seven days, necessarily involves the idea of a Sabbath. (Gen. xxix. 27, 28.) But we venture to assert, that even admitting there is no references made to the observance of a Sabbath in the early part of the Mosaic records, *the silence of Scripture proves nothing against our view of the primitive institution of the Sabbath.*

No mention is made of sacrifices from the time of Abel till the deluge, a period of fifteen hundred years; but does this prove that sacrifices were not offered? The Bible says nothing about circumcision from the days of the Judges to those of Jeremiah, an interval of eight centuries; but who imagines that, therefore, during that period, circumcision was not an established institution of Judaism? No mention of the Sabbath occurs in the histories contained in the books of Joshua, Ruth, the first and second books of Samuel, the first book of Kings,—covering a period of more than five hundred years; but who doubts that the Sabbath law all this while was in its fullest vigour? Even in the Prophets, the Sabbath is seldom mentioned, except incidentally, and when its desecration called forth the terrible denunciations of Divine wrath. So much, or rather *so little*, stress can be laid on the mere silence of the sacred writers on this subject, during a given period of Bible history.

But supposing the Sabbath originally instituted in paradise, observed by the ancient Patriarchs, re-enacted on Sinai, what then? What, it may be asked, has all this to do with us? Why, its universal and perpetual obligation follows as a consequence. "If the Divine command" (said Dr. Paley, the great oracle of those who contend for the Jewish origin of the Sabbath) "was actually delivered at the creation, it was addressed, no doubt, to the whole human species alike; and continues, unless repealed by some subsequent revelation, binding upon all who come to the knowledge of it. The establishment of this point precludes all debate about the extent of the obligation."

But there are additional grounds on which we rest the universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath. What was the ORIGINAL DESIGN of the Sabbath? What were the PRIMARY REASONS for its institution? We shall proceed with these inquiries; and we think we shall be enabled to show that, on these grounds, the Sabbath still exists in all its unimpaired force and authority, universal in its obligation, and abiding in its claims.

Leeds.

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

III. ACTIVE LIFE *continued.*

FROM November, 1841, to the 16th of April, in the following year, Havelock, along with Sir Robert Sale, was shut up in Jellalabad; and during this period, the eyes of all India were turned towards them in extreme anxiety, as they were only a mere handful of troops, and had to contend with famine, earthquake, and a host of infuriated Affghans. But their trust was in God. On an early Sabbath of the siege, Havelock read the Church Service in the midst of the men and officers; and then arose in their minds a sublime courage and confidence, when they joined in the words of the forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed." They were saved by the approach of General Pollock; after which the honour of England was retrieved, and the lost provinces were again brought under our sway. For the victory of Istaliff, the nation is indebted to the skill and valour of Havelock. In the following years he was almost constantly engaged in active warfare, in consequence of the Sikh invasion. At the battle of Moodkee he had two horses shot under him. At the close of the same day he drank eagerly at a well, from the water of which his horse recoiled. It had been poisoned, and he never perfectly recovered from its effects upon his constitution. At Sobraon, he had a third horse borne down by a cannon-ball, which passed through his saddle-cloth. In a skirmish at Ramnuggar, he lost his brother William; and in writing of the event from Bombay, where he assisted the residents in all their enterprises of usefulness, he says to his sister, "To how small a number our seven of a family—eight at first—is now reduced! As each falls in succession into the grave, is not the event a warning to those who remain to draw nearer and nearer to Jesus Christ? Then will He draw nearer to us, and be our stay here, and hereafter our everlasting portion."

When the Punjab campaign was commenced, Havelock was anxious to share in its toils; but he was necessitated, by the failure of his health, to visit England, arriving in London on the 5th of November, 1849. He was presented to Her Majesty by the Duke of Wellington. Other honours awaited him; but he yet found time for more congenial pursuits, in visiting the afflicted, and in imparting pleasure and instruction to his own domestic circle. In the exercise of family-prayer he was earnest and affectionate. An Irish servant-girl was once melted into tears, and when she arose from her knees, said, that her master was too tender-hearted for a soldier, and that he ought to have been a Priest. He expressed to his old schoolfellow at the Charter-House, Sir William Norris, the thankfulness he felt to Almighty God, who had shielded his head "in twenty-two Indian fights, and among them four of Gough's slashing combats." Leaving his wife and children at Bonn, in 1851 he again set his face toward the land of the sun. We there see him appointed as Quarter-Master General, and in 1854 gazetted as Brevet-Colonel. On the breaking out of the Persian war, he was appointed to the command of the second division of the army, under Sir James Outram; and on embarking for Bushire, he was saluted from the battery at Bombay, as Brigadier-General. As the steamer that conveyed his men was moving upwards near the enemy, he commanded them to lie down flat on the deck, that they might escape the balls fired against them; but he himself stood upon the paddle, to be ready with his assistance in any case of emergency, and he escaped unhurt, though exposed to a tremendous fire. Before the war had been seriously entered upon, news was brought that a treaty of peace was already concluded. It is pleasant to read in the General Orders at parting, that the General commanding was able to express his warm approval of "the entire absence of crime amongst so large a body of troops, scarcely one instance of misconduct on the part of any individual having been brought to his notice."

The conclusion of the war, before honour had been gained or spoils won, would

cause disappointment in the mind of many a warrior encamped on the shore of the Persian Gulf; but in this event there was a visible interference of the providence of God, as the mutiny of the Sepoys broke out immediately afterwards, and through this peace the Indian Government was not distracted by a distant contest in the hour of its peril; and Outram and Havelock were set free to hurl back the stream of rebellion that then threatened to overwhelm our possessions in the East.

SUFFERING AND SERVING.

THE authoress of "The Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars" relates the following touching incidents:—*

Not very long ago a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman lodging in an alley in Holborn, who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat; and on the little table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers, the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathizing countenance, smoothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face; the mouth and chin of which were covered by a cambric handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few inquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then, remembering that it must seem so easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God; but how much harder it must be for her to believe it; lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or by day, increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death; I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind. And then I added, "If you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who, when He was on earth, healed all manner of disease with a touch or a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withholds it from you, does so from some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to know it. If it be so, will you just lift up your finger in assent?"

She raised her pale, transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face.

I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, "I believe that one wave of your hand gives more honour to your Saviour in the sight of all the angels of heaven than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render Him, in comparative health and ease; because your faith is so much more severely tried." It seemed a new and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work would glorify her Saviour. She had just meekly borne, because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This makes me *so* happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory for Himself out of such a poor creature as me!" Soon after, she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His.' He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing."

When her companion came down-stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to relieve her occasionally of the nursing by night.

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired.

"No, Ma'am; we are no relations: we were fellow-servants together at a hotel in the West End. And once, when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly: so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers, for she's an orphan; so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings whilst I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid! a QUEEN!" I thought

* *Midnight Chimes; or, the Voice of Hope.* London: James Nisbet and Co.

to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honoured.

That woman of a royal heart sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of disinterested, self-sacrificing love. One word revealed its inner secret. "We *are* as good as sisters," she said: "we both know that our Saviour loves us; and we love Him, and want to love Him better."*

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Five houses were thrown open to receive her; but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.

* This story was told the following day to a few young men, who were members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, and who were chiefly men of the working-classes. Early the next morning four pounds were sent me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer and her nurse, with these words written on the envelope, "A token of sympathy and respect from Christian brothers."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCIV.

"*For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*" (2 Tim. i. 7.)

One and the same Spirit is all these at once. And till that Spirit is given us, there is nothing but enmity and disaffection towards God; there is nothing but feebleness and impotence as to anything that is good; there is nothing but distemperature and diseasedness in man, which have pierced him to the very heart. This Spirit, therefore, in reference to these several exigencies, is a spirit of love, of power, and of a sound mind. The same Spirit that makes the soul capable now of doing things that require power; the same Spirit that rectifies the mind, and heals it of those distempers under which it was wasting and consuming before, is a SPIRIT OF LOVE. It is said to be a Spirit "given;" a Spirit superadded to our own; a Spirit that we had not before. Indeed, it must be some other Spirit than ours, which must render us capable of God.—*Howe's Sermons on Several Occasions*, vol. i., p. 56. *Edit.* 1744.

No. XCV.

"*Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.*" (Luke xi. 42.)

What a strange oversight was this! that the Pharisees, those devout men, those zealous pretenders to the greatest strictness in the observance of the law of God, as well as to the profoundest knowledge of it, even beyond all other men, should be guilty of such an oversight as to pass over the sum and substance of it; to wit, the love of God! And yet our Saviour speaks of it as their common character. If then the Pharisees, those knowing and strict men, as they would be thought to be, were in such an error as this so commonly, we may well conclude that the spirits of men are generally prone to acquiesce in the mere externals of religion, and take up with the outside thereof, without ever going any further. They think their case is well enough with God if now and then they bow the knee, and compliment Him in duty, and put on some face and show of devotion; while, in the meantime, the love of God is an unthought of thing. So that how many must say, if they would speak as their case truly is, "I never thought that the love of God must go into my worship!" Since then the proneness of mankind to acquiesce in a fair and civil deportment, and in the mere formalities of religion, proceeds from one common fixed cause, the want of this Divine principle of love, it is necessary that we seriously consider the matter, lest we ourselves be thus dreadfully imposed upon.—*Ibid.*, p. 68.

No. XCVI.

"*Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.*" (Matt. v. 44.)

We should do them what good we can

ourselves; and pray for them, that they may have that good which we cannot procure for them. The order and gradation of this precept is very observable. We are first in general enjoined to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us; and then we are enjoined to do them good, and to pray for them. As if our Lord had said, "First, do all the good you can to them yourselves; but when you are gone as far as you can, then engage and set on work an almighty Agent by prayer. Pray that God may do them good when you can do them no more."—*Ibid.*, p. 276.

Poetry.

A PENITENT'S HYMN.

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even *me!*

Pass me not! O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even *me!*

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O, forgive and rescue me,
Even *me!*

Love of God—so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ—so rich and free,
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even *me!*

Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, O, bless me,
Even *me!*

Narratives.

LISETTE'S DREAM;

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.*

LISETTE has run her fourscore years. Lame of one leg, but erect and well made, there she is in her old, straight-backed arm-chair. Poor as are the adjuncts, the figure is charming. Slender, with noble features, a pale complexion, grey hair, almost hid under a cap of thick lace; black eyes, as young as they were at twenty, soft, limpid eyes, which look into, and allow you to look into, the soul. A smile completes the face; a smile in which blend such freshness, such exquisite delicacy, such sweet graciousness, that once seen, it floats eternally in the memory.

Lisette was a spiritualist; there are such in villages: she had been an excellent manager in her day; had baked, fed the cattle, worked hard in her time. She had taken her part in the vintage, wielded the rake, dug the garden, and grew enough to fill all the presses in the cottage from top to bottom. On washing-days, the hedges round were rich with her treasures; no one more apt to labour, more prudent as to expense; but while her arms were employed, her brain was active. And now that all she could do to amuse herself was to mend clothes, or wind thread, thought had got the upper hand.

Lisette had a soul; she was conscious of it; nay, she was anxious about it. This in France is not common in our days in the country, any more than the towns. Lisette belonged to that austerely brought-up generation, kept under by their fathers; grand, grave men, who governed by a look, without waste of words. They had strong natures, and lived soberly in their sheltered nooks. Local papers had scarcely an existence. Ten years might pass without a new book drifting into their dwellings. Nevertheless, the peasant read on Sunday winter-nights; read the Bible, that his-

* From the French of Madame de Gasparin.

tory of nations, that philosophy of the heart, that Divine poetry, that speech of God to man; and he made his children read it; their little fingers following each word: and that generation, growing up thus beneath the shadow of Jordan's palm-trees, in direct relation to the God of heaven, fed on faith, early subject to duty; that generation had a character at once gentle and courageous, calm and reflective, practical and ideal; such as our age most certainly will not transmit to its children.

Lisette had grown up under that system; had breathed the very air of the East. For her, Ruth, and Naomi, Sarah, Moses, and Rachel—who would not be comforted, were personages more living, more real, than the great Napoleon and his twelve Marshals. Even as a child, when she used to take the cows to feed in the forest-glades, Lisette would sit down beneath some spreading pine, and would dream of Jacob's flocks, of Leah, of the wondrous ladder; with the intense gaze of her soul fixed on the depths of past ages in simple faith. She spoke to God; God spoke to her. Had an angel, palm in hand, appeared before her, it would not have surprised her. If the bush that shadowed her strawberry-plants had suddenly kindled with supernatural flame, Lisette would have approached as did Moses; putting her shoes from off her feet, she would have received the Divine command with a simple heart. She was no visionary; she had too much common sense for that. Her piety had a touch of austerity and timidity; there was a reserve about her which reminded you of the women of the Old Testament rather than of the New. She had a great fear of offending God; she loved from afar, very humbly; reverence almost veiling love. Brought up rather on the precepts of Moses than the revelation of Christ, you would have taken her for one of the Israelitish women who followed Miriam.

When she spoke of death, her smile was rather sad, and she would say, "Well, I hope, indeed; but can God really forgive me?" She felt a deep need of holiness, and thirst after truth. She believed, hoped, and loved; but her pale face bore the impress of a holy terror; her heart dared not expand. It was of this we were conversing. She showed me the awful Jehovah; I pointed her to the God of Abraham. She spoke to me of sin; I spoke to her of pardon. She said to me, "I have erred too much." I said to her, "Christ has suffered more."

"I am sad," said Lisette to me. "Listen; you will laugh; I have had a dream."

"Dreams are liars," answered I, foolishly enough.

"O dear, no! Dreams are not all true, I know; yet Joseph dreamed."

"Yes; God can employ——"

"The Lord has many messengers," she broke in. "It has left a gloom on me. I was walking in a meadow towards evening, the sun was down: clouds of dust rose from the road,—a wide, smooth road; much quality went along it; coaches, riders, merchants; men walking behind their cows; poor people too,—a crowd like a fair. They all went one way. I did not trouble myself about where it led; did not seem much to care. I had not chosen that road, yet went on. On one side, under the thorns, I saw a rough path; one of those mountain-tracks full of brambles and stones, felled trees, roots in which the foot caught. There was no crowd there; only now and then some heavily-laden traveller, some woman looking harassed and sad. They sat down, or rather, all but fell; then they looked to the top of the hill, took courage, rose, settled their baggage better over their shoulders, and, bending under it, dragged on amongst the stones. The others, those on the highway, had not taken any notice of me: these gave me sad looks, but said nothing. I was uncomfortable; it seemed as though they were mourning over my fate. As for me, badly off as they were, I did not pity them. I said to myself, 'Suppose I go to them.' I did try; I went aside, and got upon the path; the stones rolled down, I felt weary; I hurt my foot, and returned to the meadow. Then those in the path looked at me more sadly than before, and went on. I had a weight at my heart. But evening was closing in; there was nothing for it but going on, though, as I went, I trembled. A fear came over me: all at once it broke upon me that we were all going towards death. Then

I tried to get back into the path, but there was no longer any path, any travellers, only the great green meadow, and I was walking alone in the middle of it."

Lisette was in tears: then she recovered.

"At the end of the great meadow I saw a beautiful dwelling. This house was of gold, bright as the sun at noon; the setting sun shone through the clear windows and fell upon it. A great rush of joy came over me. I was happy! No one had told me so, but I knew quite well this dwelling was the paradise of God. When I came close to it, I looked for the door: there was none on that side; I went round the house,—no door. Fear came over me. I returned to the front, and looked up. Behind one of the windows of clear glass I saw an old woman, like myself, with white hair, and a severe though sweet look. She looked very happy. I cried out. Then she turned to me.

"'You have made a mistake,' she said; 'you did not take the right road. You will not get in, my daughter.'

"As for me, I fell dead."

Lisette was pale: fear, that fear of God which hath torment, had got hold of her. She could not pray.

"Lisette," I said, "you have told me a dream. I will tell you a story, a very short one:—

"One spring day, in Judæa, just as the corn was ripening, a crowd was coming out of the city. With much tumult, and loud cries, they were leading three men to execution. Of these three, two had killed, stolen, pillaged: they were thieves. The other had announced God's pardon:—it was Jesus. They nailed them to the cross. One of the criminals insulted Jesus; the other, suddenly struck, said, 'Dost thou not fear God? As for us, we are punished justly; but this man hath done nothing amiss!' Then turning to Jesus, 'Lord, remember me!' He got in safe, Lisette! What road, then, had he taken?"

Lisette kept a solemn silence; a Divine light dispelled the shadows on her brow.

"Neither the highway, nor that terrible mountain-path, had he, Lisette?"

Lisette looked at me; her beautiful black eyes shone; a sweet pure smile played round her mouth. "*He believed*," she said. That day we reasoned no more. Many winters have passed since Lisette entered the golden house.

Our Servants.

QUIETNESS.

Let a person go to a goldsmith, and show him a nugget of gold, and say, "I want to know the value of this gold, if you please." The smith will take it to the refiner of gold, who will put it into his "fining-pot," where it will be separated from alloys, run off, cooled down, weighed, and returned to its owner with, "Value of this fine gold, 'so and so,' in price, and no more." Next, let the same person take a diamond, or some other jewel, to a lapidary, or dealer in jewels and precious stones, and ask the price of his diamond. The lapidary, like the goldsmith, will apply the proper tests to the diamond, and will ascertain its degrees of hardness, clearness, and weight, and will return it with "'So and so,' and no more, is the value of this precious stone." Now, exhibit in the discharge of duty, in the vexations of unreasonable men, in the provocations of ungrateful hearts and of offensive tempers, a calm and equal mind; a heart prepared to endure the pressure of abused authority, or the glances of unfair suspicion; a heart that returns "good for evil," and is ever ready to forgive: the goldsmith has no fine gold, nor has the lapidary any precious stone, comparable with such a mind and heart; they cannot name its price. Take it, then, to its Giver, God. He looks upon it, and says, "It is a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of *great price!*"

Our servants, if they cannot be at the same time both ladies and servants, may,

however, be more lady-like than they are, by becoming more quiet in their mode. We do not mean that they should become less active, or do less work; but simply that they should make less noise about it. Rivers can run rapidly, and yet silently; the machinery that runs most swiftly goes smoothly; and people can do a deal of work with little noise. Indeed, it is an adage, that "where there's most talk there's least work." Now it is lady-like to be quiet in everything; to move quietly, to speak quietly, to work quietly; and servants will be improved when they imitate their lady-employers in a quiet mode. For instance, in the use of one's voice, either in conversation, or in public speaking, or in singing, it is not the loudest parts which are the most agreeable or the most effective. Generally, the loudest parts are the weakest in effect. Distinctness of utterance, and an easy, natural manner of address, are the most certain to produce effect. Servants should remember this as well as anybody else. What a difference it makes in the tranquillity of a household, whether the servants talk in a loud, broad voice, as though they were driving horses and carts, or in a subdued and gentle tone; whether they will shout to one another from the top to the bottom of a five-storied staircase, or wait until they exchange words half way; whether when they bring in the breakfast-things, or the dinner-service, and especially when they gather them together to take them away, they clatter and rattle them one within another, so as to interrupt all conversation, and to show that the pieces are all as yet sound and serviceable, or put them dexterously within one another, seen not heard; whether, when they stir the fire, they strike all the bars with the poker, and hit the back-plate, as though they were in great wrath, or pass that useful instrument quietly between the bars, and, having properly used it, lay it silently down upon the fender, and not let it fall down to find its own place by its own weight; whether, when they pass in or out of rooms, or in and out of the house, they will remember that doors can be shut quietly, or slam them to their places, so as to shake the whole house, and everything in it; and whether, when they run down-stairs, or move across the floors, they will not do so upon their heels, making a heavy, thumping noise as with two four-stone weights, but rather, upon the front part of the foot, without any noise at all! Perhaps it is worth while just to say that nature has given to dumb animals a grace and lightness of motion denied to man. Look at the roebuck, the palfrey, the lamb, the greyhound, or any of the domestic animals. The finest lady in the land cannot walk with a step so noiseless and easy as any of these. The next time you see a lady leading her pony, mark the difference in the agility of their stepping. How much more beautiful is the action of the irrational animals when untrammelled in their fields! Now, it is well to remember that a noisy way in one thing produces noise in other ways. A noisy talker will become a noisy cook, or housemaid, or a noisy walker, or a noisy worker; on the other hand, a quiet talker will be quiet in every other habit. Quietness of manner in servants reflects on all around: the children become quiet; but where the servants are boisterous, the children will be quarrelsome. And, what is still better, quietness has a good moral influence; it favours habits of reflection; it strangles all gossipping; it makes room for prayer, and promotes watchfulness; and it secures the respect of other people. Now and then, one has heard the praise of a servant by her employer finished with this remark, "She does all her work well, and so quietly, that you can scarcely tell there is anybody in the house."

P. H.

The Monitor.

EARLY DEVOTION.

BY THE REV. DAVID HAY.

"The fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Prayer is a wondrous power, an almighty grace, which God has bestowed upon His

people, and everywhere the spirit of religion shows itself in the practice of devotion. "I give myself to prayer," was the declared resolution and habit of the Psalmist. And Christ's disciples are taught by their Lord "to pray always," and by the same spirit of inspiration to "pray without ceasing." The petition of every one, who is desirous of doing the Master's will, will therefore be,

"Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease."

Alas! that so many of us should come short of this spirit of grace and supplication, and be verily guilty of restraining prayer before God.

Yet, great is the privilege of prayer, and mightily availing with Heaven. God has given us access into His presence through His Son, and promised us that whatsoever we ask in His name He will do it for us. And this is not an occasional act of grace which is granted to the earthly petitioners of Heaven's bounty, but a standing ordinance of Divine mercy and compassion.

Devotion is always needful and profitable, and especially is this true of *early* devotion. "My voice shalt Thou hear in the MORNING; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and look up." "Early will I seek Thee," said the Psalmist; for what treasure is so great to the soul as that of God in His favour and love? The language of the seeking soul with every opening day will be,—

"O disclose Thy lovely face;
Quicken all my drooping powers!"

For though it is a pleasant thing to see the sun, and the natural light rejoiceth the eye, yet is there no day to the soul until the Lord lifteth up the light of His countenance upon it.

"Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart."

It is on the *praying* soul that the Sun of Righteousness ariseth with healing in His wings, and fills it with a radiancy Divine. Truly, it is good to call upon God in the morning, and to get the start of the world, temptation, and sin, and thus obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

And especially should this be the case with us on the morning of the day of sacred rest. That, above all other days, is the day which the Lord hath made for the sons of men to be glad and to rejoice in.

"On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope."

And as the disciples of Him who sometimes continued all night in prayer, and on other occasions rose a great while before it was day that He might pray; so should the early morn of the Sabbath be spent; not in ease, sloth, or guilty slumbers, but in earnest and believing supplication. It is in this exercise that the soul finds its best preparation for the public duties of religion; such as the morning-class, the Sabbath-school, and the public worship of Almighty God. Prayer calms the mind, and elevates and strengthens the soul for the fulfilment of its high calling. But by how many of our public worshippers is this preparatory exercise almost wholly neglected! Late sleep leaves no time for meditation and devotion; and all they can accomplish on the Sabbath morning is a hurried and disturbed attendance at the house of the Lord: so undevout and unprepared do many enter upon the public solemnities of God's holy-day! Had they a deeper sense of the mercies with which God is daily enriching them, and of the care He is exercising over them, and of their still continued need, they would hasten to meet their heavenly Father in secret, and through His Son adore His goodness and His love. Thus is it with the true-hearted Christian; for he feels,—

"New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

"New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."

The absence of *early private* devotion may in part account for the neglect and great decay of *early public* devotion. This was once a distinguishing characteristic of the Methodists, but few traces of

it now remain. In the days of Wesley and Whitefield, the people were seen in little groups, moving along the streets of London, long before dawn, with lanterns in their hands, on their way to the early service of the day. And though the same necessity may not now exist for the five or six o'clock preaching, as then, we see no reason why the seven o'clock Sunday-morning prayer-meeting should not be more generally kept up in Methodism. In our own comparatively brief recollection these were once more numerous, both in our towns and villages, than they are now. Is the spirit of interceding grace poured out upon us less copiously than on our fathers? They loved prayer, and the well-attended prayer-meeting was a settled institution in Methodism, blessed and glorious. But now it is difficult to find a convenient season for prayer. If we urge the week-night prayer-meeting, business engagements are pleaded as a reason for non-attendance. We announce, after the Sunday-evening sermon, a prayer-meeting; but, no, it is too late, and people had better retire to their homes to meditate and pray, which, literally rendered, in too many instances, means nothing more than to indulge in unsuitable gossip, and thus to fritter away the effect of the preaching of the word. If we invite attendance on the Sunday-morning prayer-meeting, where godly men unite in supplication for the blessing of God upon themselves, His Ministers, the congregation, their families, the town, the nation, and the world; we are answered, "This is too early!" Too early for those who though they could, yet do not, make the Saturday a day of preparation; and who, though not so weary as to need extra rest, slumber through some of the best hours of the holy Sabbath. Once, or at most twice, on the Sabbath, (providing the Preacher suits their taste, and the weather is temptingly fine,) is all the public devotion many of our modern professors ever think of paying to their God and Saviour, during the circle of the week. As to the prayer-meeting, it has never occurred to them that they have any special call of duty to attend it, whenever it may be held,—morning, noon, or night,—on the week-day or the Sabbath. Are such people really followers of Him who has recognised in His disciples this habit of united prayer, and has encouraged them by the promise, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven?" Hear this, ye Christians who habitually neglect all meetings for intercessory prayer! Where are the men with whom you have ever agreed to pray for the fulfilment of the Father's promises? Devotion, in *this form*, thou offerest not, either early or late, either on the Sabbath or on any other day! And callest thou thyself a disciple of a praying and interceding Saviour? Art thou a follower of Him who said to His servants, "Pray always," and "spake a parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint," in whom dwells not the spirit of prayer?

We do not suppose that any one among us could always attend the week-night or Sabbath prayer-meeting, or that all the fathers and mothers, masters and servants, &c., of our congregations or Societies could, even were they so disposed, be constantly present at the early meeting for intercession on the Sabbath morn. But between *always* doing a thing and *never* doing it, there is a wide difference. And, surely, to those who have no family-cares, and who have youth and health on their side, we may make our appeal, and not in vain, on behalf of *early* devotion. Many of the old Methodists, whose early devotion in our youthful days we were familiar with, formed the habit when they were young. And let our young men form the habit betimes. Our Master calls for righteous resolve, self-denial, and sacrifice, and let us dutifully respond. An easy-going, slip-shod religion is neither productive of happiness nor usefulness. And if we have not the spirit and power of prayer, let us pray for both; for He giveth His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Pray we must; for—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer."

Preston.

Our Home Work.

AN AWAKENING IN A PENITENTIARY.

One of our poets—himself a dweller for years in the cold shades of self-righteousness, but at length ushered into the sunshine of God's free love—has written,—

"Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.
The' atonement a Redeemer's love has wrought
Is not for you; the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,
Herself, from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn?
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when Heaven denies it thee."

On Easter-Monday we were in L——, and went by appointment to a Penitentiary to speak a few words to the inmates. Sixty-four in number, they were so hardened in badness that, the very evening before, though prayer had often been made for them, the matron had been intimating privately her intention to resign her post, so utterly fruitless did all her labours seem, and so hopeless all future effort.

We arrived at six, and found the women assembled in their usual place for worship. At the close, we asked them if *they* "meant that night once more to turn their backs coldly upon the Saviour?" giving them two minutes to consider, and all being quite silent for that time. The two minutes had not expired, when suddenly one of them rose, and, crying out bitterly, "O Jesus! Jesus! I'm lost; I'm lost for ever!" fell prostrate on the floor. Others immediately cried out; and, in a few minutes, the whole number were sobbing in intense anguish. Obliged to leave for another meeting, we called on our way back in two hours, and found that the women had continued in that state till nine o'clock, when they retired to their dormitories, but only to weep and wail. The next morning we returned to London.

Ten days passed, and a friend wrote,—"It is impossible to convey a just idea of the great change which has been wrought." Out of nineteen, "as far as we can judge, all but one have realized peace. That one it took six or eight women to hold, so terrific was her conflict; reminding us of the poor man amongst the tombs. Another had several conflicts with the powers of hell. I was asked my opinion upon these repeated conflicts. I could give none, save that Jesus claims the whole heart; and that it might be that some darling sin was kept in reserve; the Lord must have the whole heart; they must come to Jesus fully—no reserve. I have been there again this morning, and find that, last night, after a most severe struggle, that woman was enabled to roll all upon Jesus. A pleasing feature is manifested. As soon as they have obtained peace, they are ready at once to tell the others of the rich mercy they enjoy, and ask them to seek Jesus." And he adds,—"It has been one continued scene of quickening of souls. One of the Committee said to me yesterday, 'Seeing is believing: I could not have conceived the thoughts which passed and repassed through my mind on witnessing several prostrated, and the happy change when they realized peace.' Last night, they were much cheered to know that you still thought of them. 'O! tell him,' they at once all said, 'never to be weary in speaking to the lost outcasts about their never-dying souls.'"

Another eye-witness writes,—"I have spent the last two nights in the house with the matron. Never can I forget the terrible fights I have seen in these poor women; the agonized look, the heart-rending shriek, the desperate struggles, the bitter wail, 'I'm lost! I'm lost!' and then, as the contest seems drawing to a close, the sweet smile playing on the lips, and the joyful exclamation, 'I'm so happy in Jesus! so happy in Jesus! I love Jesus! yes, I do love Jesus, and He loves me! Come unto Me, all that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest! Yes, rest in Jesus! it is so sweet to rest in Jesus!'"

"The tenderness of their conscience," an eye-witness writes about the converts, "is worthy of special notice. They seem

to dread the slightest approach to sin, in either thought, word, or deed, as they would the plague. One of them who had been brought up with a knowledge of Scripture and of hymns, and whose great delight now was to read, said to me to-day, 'As I was sitting here at my work just now, my eye fell on a book, and I was tempted very much to take it up; but I knew that it would prevent me getting on with my sewing: again and again I felt the temptation, but I thought of the passage about servants serving not with eye-service as men-pleasers.' She told me she was tried very sorely with her temper; sometimes a companion would speak sharply, and she had great difficulty in not speaking hastily again. She often had to go to a place where she could be alone, to pray; for that, she said, was her only safety. She showed me and repeated a beautiful hymn as being a great favourite of hers: the burden of it was, longing for complete sanctification and conformity to the image of Jesus."

One of them wrote to the matron thus:—"O that night above all nights, which can never be forgotten by me, or by any other woman in the house! When the Holy Spirit was coming amongst us, there came a trembling all over me. As we fell on our knees, I felt as if the house was on me. Never till that moment did I feel that it was *my* sins which had nailed my Saviour to the cross. O, what did I see! Go down into the depths of hell, and what would you see there? Yes, if you could go further for wickedness, it would be my life; my misspent life. I had been brought up a Roman Catholic, my father and mother severely punishing me if ever they found me playing with any Protestant child. Before I entered this house, fourteen months ago, I had been living for five years in the most horrible sin. The morning of the day I came here, I was looking for a knife to cut my throat with; I so shuddered at the thought of my sins: and, if it had not been for the woman beside me taking notice of me, I would have done it. One day, some months ago, a lady gave us all a little prayer to say: 'Lord, show me myself!' I prayed it, and I continued liking to hear and do everything that was good; but all the time I was blind to the Gospel of my Lord and Saviour. I never knew what it was to be forgiven. One day I would feel happy, and another day miserable. I would try if I could find anything in the Bible to satisfy me. I found many precious promises and invitations. But I did not feel any better. I never knew real happiness. I went on in this sort of way till the 9th of April, when the Holy Spirit opened my eyes. That night I remained for some time crying for mercy. I saw I was lost, dead in sins, a brand in the very fire. All of a sudden, I heard as it were a voice say, 'Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee: go and sin no more!' That moment I got up a new creature. I believed, without a doubt, that God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Yes, that moment, I am persuaded, He washed away all my sins in His precious blood; and, I believe, He will remember them no more."

Monthly Notes for Readers.

Mr. Mason has recently issued new editions of several valuable and important works: among them will be found *the Rev. Richard Watson's Theological Institutes*, in four clear but closely-printed volumes, royal 18mo., of upwards of 500 pages each. The low price at which this edition is published, places this work within the reach of every one engaged in any of the offices of Methodism. The indices of texts and topics in the last volume will be of value to those who have frequently to consult this masterly work on systematic theology.

The Rev. John Farrar's *Biblical and Theological Dictionary*, with its vast stores of information, has also been re-issued. The spiritual letters of that devoted Missionary, John Hunt, on *Entire Sanctification: its Nature, the Way of its Attainment, and Motives for its Pursuit;* and the well-known *Friendly Hints, addressed to Youth*, by the Rev. John Doncaster, with its large store of striking anecdotes, have also been re-printed. Our Sunday-school friends will be glad to have *The Wesleyan Sunday-School Hymn-Book* bound up with the thin double-column edition of Wesley's Hymns and Supplement, in royal 24mo., pearl type. This forms a convenient pocket-volume for use either in chapels or schools, and may be had for 3*s.*, and upwards, in roan, plain or gilt; or in morocco, gilt, or elegant gilt. The ninth edition of the late Dr. Bunting's sermon on *Justification by Faith* is now on sale. Within the compass of 24 pages, a most full and conclusive statement of this cardinal doctrine of Christianity is given. We know of no greater service that can be rendered to the cause of Christ than the free circulation of this celebrated sermon in the neighbourhoods where this tenet is impugned. The New Tracts for this month are *The Break; or, Force and Check;* and in the Large-Type Series, *It is all over;* and *Is there any hope for me?* A venerable Minister, the Rev. Henry Cheverton, has added to our Reward-Books, incidents in his own pastoral life, under the title of *Reminiscences: or, a Soldier; a Soldier's Wife, and a Sailor; exhibiting some Differences, and a Contrast, in Character and Conduct;* and another edition of the edifying *Memoirs of John Davey Bersey*, a Wesleyan Minister's son, has been sent forth. The Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, the author of the Memoirs of the saintly M'Cheyne, has added to the spiritual biographies which enrich our language, that of a devoted Missionary to China, the Rev. David Sandeman. Mrs. Bayly, the author of "Ragged Homes, and how to mend them," has rendered good service by a new work, entitled *Workmen, and their Difficulties;* in which, in her own beautiful style, she shows how the principles of Christianity may be brought to bear on all matters connected with the various services in which the sons of toil are occupied. Miss Marsh has sent forth another very precious little tract, entitled *Midnight Chimes; or, the Voice of Hope*, from which we have taken the instructive narrative found in a former page, under the title of "Suffering and Serving." *Grace abounding*, by the Rev. John Baillie, now Minister of Portman Chapel, contains many striking facts and opinions on the subject of revivals. We have extracted from this volume the account of an awakening in a Penitentiary. These last four works are published by James Nisbet and Co., London. James Hogg and Sons have added to their admirable list of books for the young, *Studies of Christian Character*, by Bitha Fox; which cannot fail of impressing many useful lessons, most attractively put, wherever it is read.

Memorials of the Departed.

Eliza Haines, aged twenty-nine years, from her earliest years was the subject of the enlightening and restraining power of the Holy Spirit. While, however, treading the slippery paths of youth, she remained undecided for God. At the age of nineteen or twenty, she was taught many profitable lessons by the side of her afflicted mother. Under the pious counsels and prayers of that mother, accompanied by the Spirit of God, her mind became increasingly enlightened, and she began to see the state of her own heart. To these she always attributed her subsequent conversion to God. Many times did she make grateful mention of the good she had derived. Her mother's death brought her to decision: from that time she was very constant in attending the means of grace. In February, 1852, she

joined the Methodist Society. In the following month she was enabled to rejoice that her sins were forgiven, through faith in Christ her Saviour. She now grew in grace, and by her life and conduct proved the sincerity of her professions. She became a Tract-distributer. She was, however, soon called from doing, to suffer, the will of God. During that affliction her friends found her meekly relying upon Christ, and desiring to submit to His will. She then felt that the Gospel of Christ called her to the enjoyment of perfect liberty from sin; and in answer to earnest, believing prayer, through the infinite sufficiency of God's grace, she was brought into a state of purity, peace, and joy. She longed for heaven, if it were the Lord's will; but, to the joy of her friends, she recovered strength sufficient again to attend the means of grace, and to visit the sick. In patience she possessed her soul. Weak in body, she was strong in faith, giving glory to God. More than ever she now sought the salvation of those belonging to her. She also broke through her natural timidity, and commenced family-prayer. The closing scenes of her life were protracted and severe. God was glorified; for none could witness her patience and confidence without adoring Him whose grace supported her. Her prospect of heaven was never once intercepted by a cloud. On a friend, who was visiting her, saying, "You cannot come to see my new home;" her reply was, "No; but I hope you will come and see mine." A short time before her death she said that, for several nights, when all had retired to rest, she enjoyed such a delightful sense of the presence of God, that she wished the nights were longer. The day before her death she was visited by one who read to her that hymn beginning,—

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God."

She had just strength sufficient to say, "Yes, yes." On the following day, January 28th, 1858, while suffering much pain, she said, "I shall soon be home;" and scarcely had she uttered the words when she entered into rest.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Andrews, William, jun.,	Londonderry,	Londonderry,	18	Dec. 13th, 1860.
Arundel, Peter,	Old Malton,	Malton,	89	Dec. 31st, 1860.
Ashley, Mr. Henry,	Gravesend,	Gravesend,	74	Jan. 16th, 1861.
Ayles, Miss Alice,	Portland,	Portland,	58	Nov. 24th, 1860.
Bancroft, Mr. Isaac,	Derby,	Derby,	70	Oct. 27th, 1860.
Barlow, William,	Crawshaw-Booth,	Bacup,	64	Nov. 19th, 1860.
Bell, Mary,	Fall-Burn,	Bacup,	71	Oct. 22d, 1860.
Crabtree, Mary,	Wood-Top,	Bacup,	49	Dec. 14th, 1860.
Crouch, Jane,	Findern,	Derby,	42	Nov. 9th, 1860.
Ellis, Jemima,	Oswestry,	Wrexham,	18	Nov. 14th, 1860.
Gibbs, Robert,	Portland,	Portland,	19	Nov. 27th, 1860.
Holt, Eliz. Parkinson,	Home,	Bacup,	54	Dec. 23d, 1859.
Hunt, James,	Leiston,	Framlingham,	77	Jan. 9th, 1861.
Kerr, Andrew,	Deerpark,	Londonderry,	18	Jan. 2d, 1861.
Lashmere, Mary Ann,	Gravesend,	Gravesend,	56	Jan. 16th, 1861.
Marshall, Elizabeth,	Norton,	Malton,	55	Dec. 26th, 1860.
Peach, Mrs. Mary,	Derby,	Derby,	62	Nov. 11th, 1860.
Scales, Ann,	Rawcliffe,	Snaith,	44	Jan. 15th, 1861.

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AUCKLAND CASTLE.

Auckland Castle, the residence of the Bishops of Durham, stands pleasantly in an extensive park at the east end of the town of Bishop-Auckland, and ten miles west from the city of Durham. The situation, near the confluence of the rivers Gaunless and Wear, like that of most ecclesiastical edifices of the ante-Reformation period, is admirably chosen. Pleasant green-sward, verdant slopes, grassy undulations, stately oaks, cooling shades, and sparkling waters are features in this charming episcopal retreat. For some distance the right bank of the Gaunless is formed by a precipice of considerable height, which discloses on its breast, amid wild flowers and tangled brushwood, specimen-strata of the geology of the neighbourhood. From its summit the ground rises gradually into a bold back-ground, clothed with luxuriant timber. Any one climbing this elevation is richly rewarded with the prospect, distant and imposing, which it affords. It is true that to the eye of painter and poet the surrounding scenery is sadly marred by the smoke of numerous collieries, coke-ovens, and iron-works; but to most men in this utilitarian age these objects are the most significant features in the landscape, as evidences of local industry and wealth. They contribute, moreover, to the enrich-

ment of this opulent see; and so long as these unsightly, but advantageous, excrescences are kept at a proper distance from the Park, and it stands like an emerald in a setting of ebony, the occupants of Auckland Castle themselves cannot well complain. This beautiful spot, it appears, had once, in the year 1670, a narrow escape from a coal-pit! Until very recently, herds of deer added to the park-like appearance of the place; and in remoter years, (down at least to 1587,) even bisons might be seen in the grounds of Auckland Castle. On the eve of the important battle of Nevill's-cross, the English army bivouacked in the park. Royalty itself, in the person of Charles I., was twice entertained at the castle. A third time this unfortunate Monarch lodged at Bishop-Auckland. On that occasion no Prelate was there to receive him, and he himself was a prisoner in the hands of his subjects.

Auckland Castle became an episcopal residence early in the eleventh century. The original building, which was an ordinary manor-house, was reconstructed and enlarged by Anthony Beck, "the magnanimous Bishop," who held the see from A.D. 1283 to 1311. At the abolition of Episcopacy in the time of the Commonwealth, the castle and manor of Auckland were sold by the Parliamentary Commissioners to Sir Arthur Haslerigg, who built himself a mansion within the court. Bishop Cosin, on obtaining the see at the Restoration, demolished Haslerigg's house, rebuilt the castle, and repaired the chapel. As the building was left by Cosin, so it appears at present. The gateway and screen in front were added by Bishop Barrington. To the designation *castle* it is certainly not architecturally entitled; nor was it called anything more than "hall," or "manor-house" by its earlier occupants. Bishop Sherwood, who lived towards the close of the fifteenth century,—emulating, it may be supposed, the lay aristocracy,—was the first who gave it the proud and lordly name of "castle." But whatever its designation, it was long the seat of a mighty power, and the centre of immense wealth.

When the Bishop of Durham was Count, or Prince Palatine, he exercised in the county royal prerogatives; having his Mint at Durham, appointing Coroners, holding Courts, levying for service, outlawing offenders, and being, in fact, within "the patrimony of St. Cuthbert's," *quasi rex*. This power belonged originally to the Earls of Northumberland; but was usurped eventually by the Bishops. Pudsey was both Earl and Bishop. The earldom he obtained by purchase from Richard I., who, to raise money for the Crusades, was willing to sell anything. As the aspiring Prelate buckled on the sword, the King, laughing, remarked, "I can make, it seems, a young noble out of an old Priest!" When the earldom reverted to a layman, Pudsey's successors, in the encroaching spirit of the Romish hierarchy, retained for the Bishop the prelatian power. This power was considerably diminished at the Reformation, and was totally abolished at the death of Bishop Van Mildert, in 1836.

In the old times of Romish domination, the shepherds of this important see made occasionally strange use of the pastoral crook. Bishop de Kirkham, for an insult which he received, publicly chastised a Baron of

his diocese, and compelled him to settle a sum of money to maintain for ever certain scholars in the University of Oxford. This Baron is supposed by some to have been John de Baliol, of Barnard-Castle; and the school thus founded, it has been surmised, may be Baliol College, Oxford. Beck, another pugnacious Bishop, rode in an expedition against the Scotch at the head of his own army, joined to the royal troops, as General of Division.

The see of Durham was coveted, not unnaturally, by many an ambitious ecclesiastic. To obtain it, Cardinal Langley resigned the Lord Chancellorship of England. The princely Wolsey held it for a few years, squandering its revenues, but not visiting the diocese. It was the occasion of many a stiff contest between the Crown, which frequently wished to obtain it for its own nominee, and the Monks of St. Cuthbert, who exercised the power of election. In these contests both parties generally appealed to the Pope; who, according to circumstances, took part with the Monks, or took part with the Monarch. In the year 1345 the nomination of Hatfield to the bishopric, by Edward III., was sustained by the Pope against the monastery. "If Edward," said His Holiness, "had chosen to recommend an ass for Durham, he should have had my sanction." The occupants of the see were sometimes men of rank and high connexions. Bishop Watchon was an Earl; Pudsey was nephew to King Stephen; Beck possessed the kingdom of Man; and Neville was son of the Earl of Westmoreland, and grandson of John of Gaunt. Since the Reformation, the mitre of Durham has sat upon the coroneted brow of Lord Crew. Bishop Thurlow, although not nobly born, was brother of the famous Lord Chancellor; Barrington was of patrician family; and the present Bishop, who has higher claims to veneration than any which rank confers, is of noble blood.

The Bishops of Durham in the dark days of Popery were not very apostolic in their lives. The character given of De Marisco, who held the see in the early part of the 13th century,—"ostentatious, licentious, and extravagant; accused of simony, sacrilege and homicide," was, to some extent, applicable to others. Many of these dignitaries of a Church which teaches the meritoriousness of asceticism appear to have "fared sumptuously every day." Bishop Ruthal, in writing to Wolsey from Auckland Castle, says: "I broght hider with me viij tunne of wynne, and I hafe not two tunne left at this houre, and this is faire utteraunce in two moneths." For this he "thankyd God and St. Cuthbert." Long before the time of Ruthal, the see was held by Bishop Bury, the author of a curious work called "Philobiblon." He was Treasurer and Chancellor, and received the bribes of suitors, not in the usual form of money, but in that of crazy quartos, and decrepit folios. To use his own words: "I love books not pounds, (*libros non libras,*) manuscripts not florins, lean pamphlets not good-conditioned palfreys." His love of intellectual diet, however, did not prevent him from indulging in more substantial fare. The provision for the household of this bachelor-Bishop was, "a

fat ox per week; seventy-two fat pigs a year, thirty-one quarters of wheat, and seventy-eight of malt." Of Bishop De Insulu, an old chronicler says, "He kept, like other modern Bishops, two monkeys to drive away his cares." Some of the Bishops were great hunters, and ran down in the forest of Weardale many a noble stag. There were tenants of the see who, instead of rent, supplied greyhounds; and three turners at Wolsingham furnished annually three thousand wooden trenchers for the Bishop and his greenwood men. Tunstall, the last of the Romish Prelates, had other matters to mind. When committed to the Tower, Auckland Castle was searched by the Royal Commissioners for evidence against him.

Pilkington, the first Protestant Bishop who held the see, had a strong leaning to Puritanism, and, according to an old record, "was very well redd in Divynitie, and a perfect scholer, altogether myslyking the capp and surpless, as other like ceremonies:" Of a different spirit was Bishop Neile, who helped to compile the "Book of Sports," and was one of Laud's tools. It was he who, when James I. asked if he might not take his subjects' money without consent of Parliament, replied, "God forbid you should not, Sire; you are the breath of our nostrils!" Of much the same stamp was Lord Crewe, who, it is said, bribed the notorious Nell Gwynne to obtain the bishopric. He sat in James II.'s unconstitutional Court of Commission; and when the Pope's Nuncio was received by the King in solemn procession, Crewe followed in the train. Amongst the Prelates distinguished as writers, were Dr. E. Chandler, the defender of Christianity from the attacks of Collins the infidel; and Butler, the author of the renowned "Analogy." These works were written before their authors became occupants of Auckland Castle. Dr. Maltby, recently deceased, was a Prelate of liberal views, and contributed occasionally towards the erection of Methodist and Dissenting chapels; but, perhaps, he was more "comprehensive" than evangelical.

The present Bishop, Dr. Montague Villiers, (who, by the way, receives only £8,000 a year from the affluent revenues of the see, the remainder being handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,) is all that could be wished for by a lover of Protestant and evangelical truth. A few weeks ago it was my happiness to hear him preach in the chapel of the castle. Other objects there were to interest me;—the painting over the communion-table, supposed to be from the pencil of Reynolds; the monument to Bishop Trevor from the chisel of Nollekens; the resting-place of Bishop Cosin; the tablet to the memory of Mrs. Longley, wife of the last Bishop, and the fourth interment in the chapel; the antique black-letter Prayer-Book, with its prayer for Charles I., and James, Duke of York, which lay open before me in the stall which I occupied. These things interested me; but what pleased me most was, the Bishop's sermon, rich in Gospel truth, and faithfully applied to the heart and conscience. May God raise up a succession of such men to the now populous see of Durham! It is to be hoped that the days of Pudsey and Beck, and even of

Neile and Crewe, are for ever gone, and that the future Bishops may be more emulous of St. Paul than of St. Cuthbert.

London. T. M'C.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE PAPERS ON METHODISM IN HEPTONSTALL.

(*To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."*)

MY DEAR SIR,

AT the close of two interesting papers on "Methodism in Heptonstall," given in some recent Numbers of "The Christian Miscellany," (see November and December, 1860,) the writer remarks—"Methodism has no reason to be ashamed of its history in this locality." To what distance the *locality* reaches in the writer's use of the term, I have no means of knowing; but if it extend to the district within view from Heptonstall, the words quoted will be found to contain great force and fulness of meaning. It is not, however, to the history of Methodism in this neighbourhood, considered under its direct or Connexional action, but of Methodism as it has exercised a beneficial influence among other communities, and, in many instances, has been the source or origin of other religious interests, in this locality, to which I beg permission to make a brief reference. The case in hand is but one among innumerable instances that might be named in proof of the deep debt of gratitude Christians of various religious bodies owe, under God, to the memory of John Wesley and his coadjutors.

My personal knowledge of the district around Heptonstall is very imperfect; but I have a vivid remembrance of the strong and pleasurable impression made upon my mind a few years since, when, on the occasion of a visit to the place, an intelligent friend, acquainted with the neighbourhood, pointed out to me numerous objects of interest. I was struck with the strong love of the working classes for their hill-side homes, plainly shown by the many cottages, and rows of cottages, that were seen in various directions, far beyond and high above the large mills that had been built on the course of the stream at Hebden-bridge, and other places in the valley, at which they worked. Happy would it be for the sons of toil generally, were they more frequently blessed with cottage-gardens and mountain-breezes! Gaining an elevation that commanded a fuller view of the surrounding country, different spots were pointed out to me sacred to the memory of many good and great men of former days. In one direction, over the ridge of some high hills, the finger was pointed towards Haworth, from which centre of Christian activity and zeal Grimshaw so often sallied forth to preach the Gospel in his wide "Circuit." Just across the valley, snugly nestling amid a cluster of trees, Wainsgate appeared,—the cradle-church of many of the Baptist churches of this and other districts; and where Fawcett undertook his first spiritual charge. Not far distant from Wainsgate a row of humble cottages stood, at the end house of which John Foster was born..... Some of these names

of persons and places were suggestive names, that touched a sacred chord. I thought of John Bennett's "round," of William Darney's "Societies," of Grimshaw's "men" and "Circuit;" and I was reminded of Edwards, of Leeds,—of Knight, of Halifax,—and of others; men who were greatly honoured of God in reviving and extending evangelical religion throughout this and adjoining districts; and some of whom laid the foundation of most influential religious communities; and all of whom were either directly associated with the early Methodists, or were to some extent indebted, under God, to John Wesley for their evangelical views and Christian zeal.

Any history of the revival of religion in this district during the last century would be shamefully incomplete, were no prominent mention made of Grimshaw and his remarkable evangelistic labours. Your readers will, it is hoped, call to mind two welcome articles on "William Grimshaw," given in the "Christian Miscellany" of last year, (July and August,) founded upon Mr. Hardy's interesting Memoir of the Incumbent of Haworth. Another name of some local interest a hundred years ago is that of John Crossley. He was born at Halifax in the year 1731; was led, through the ministry of Grimshaw, to a serious life, and became a zealous Methodist. Subsequently he changed some of his religious views, and engaged a room at Upper Saltonstall, where he regularly preached on the Lord's day. In 1761 a chapel was built for him; and the Rev. Messrs. Knight, of Halifax, and Edwards, of Leeds, and another, joined in ordaining him to the office of the Christian ministry. Crossley, Knight, and Edwards, had all belonged to early Methodism. Titus Knight was specially indebted to the Methodists for his religious knowledge, and his rescue from want. At the time of his conversion to God he was a poor collier, deeply involved in debt. The Society at Halifax raised a subscription, and set him free. When the new preaching-house was built at Halifax, Wesley allowed Knight the use of it for a day-school. By this means, he for a time supported himself, and gave instruction to his family,—one of whom became a Dissenting Minister, one a surgeon, and two became Clergymen in the Established Church,—one of them being appointed Vicar of Halifax.

Referring to certain secessions from early Methodism, and mentioning the name of John Edwards, of Leeds, it may be as well to observe, that, about the period in question, (1750—1760,) considerable uneasiness and doubt existed in the Wesleyan Connexion respecting its permanence; and a few of the Preachers withdrew from it: about the same period certain slanderous reports were circulated touching the ability and reputation of some of the Preachers. To meet the case, Charles Wesley made a special tour of inquiry through the north of England, and instituted a diligent search as to the truth of the rumours. The result was highly satisfactory, and greatly to the credit of the Methodist Preachers of that day. The examination, however, led to the enforcement of a stricter discipline, and to a firmer adherence to the Methodist system; and resulted in some of the secessions noted. The wonder is that these secessions were so few.

Some of the Preachers were exceedingly popular, and had acquired great local influence. Yet the supply they obtained of the necessaries of life was most scanty and uncertain; and no provision whatever was made for the support of their families. It is no cause of surprise, therefore, when John Wesley's itinerant system had to be strictly enforced, and Charles Wesley's High-Church sympathies were freely discussed, that some men found a settled pastorate, among an attached people, more agreeable to their tastes, and more in harmony with domestic claims, than the hard life of an Itinerant Methodist Preacher offered. This was the case of John Edwards, of Leeds. He was an effective Preacher, not unfavourable to our religious opinions; but he was anxious to locate himself in the midst of his friends. Methodism not admitting of this, he seceded, and became an Independent Minister at Leeds, and the founder of the Dissenting interest that since Edwards's days has flourished in that town under the pastoral care of Edward Parsons and others.

The somewhat close, though indirect, connexion of John Edwards, of Leeds, and others of Methodist origin, as well as Grimshaw, with the locality of Heptonstall, might be illustrated by numerous local particulars and places. I confine myself, however, to one further case, that of Wainsgate, already mentioned. This meeting-house derived its name from the name of the farm on which it was built: it is situated not far from Hebden-bridge, in the township of Wadsworth. It has a plain old-fashioned chapel-frontage, with a dwelling-house attached; and was erected for a Mr. R. Smith, who at one time attended the ministry of Grimshaw, at Haworth, but subsequently became the first Pastor of a little Baptist society that was gathered together at this place about the year 1750. Mr. Smith died in 1763; and during the following twelve months, whilst the church remained without a settled Pastor, the vacant place was chiefly supplied by the father of Foster, the Essayist, who read Gurnal's "Christian Armour" to the congregation. The Essayist, himself, lived with his father not far from Wainsgate, and worked for a time at the loom. A local tradition says that young Foster, at a time when stationery was very dear, was accustomed to mark down with chalk upon a board his strong thoughts as they arose, and afterwards transfer them to paper in a more perfected form. In the year 1765 Mr. Fawcett was ordained to the pastoral charge of the church at Wainsgate: John Fawcett was born at Lidgett-Green, near Bradford, in 1739. From childhood he was seriously inclined, and gave diligent attention to the improvement of his mind. Under a sermon preached by George Whitefield, at Bradford, he became more earnestly concerned for the salvation of his soul. He joined the Methodist Society, and for two years repaired regularly to Haworth church on those Sabbath-days when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. He was accustomed, also, to go from Bradford to Leeds on the Sabbath-day to hear John Edwards. About the year 1758 the Baptists, assisted by Mr. Smith, of Wainsgate, introduced the Gospel into Bradford; and Fawcett, who attended their services, and was led to

adopt their doctrinal views, withdrew from the Methodists, and formally joined the Baptist church. He shortly afterwards began to preach, and, having greatly helped the friends at Wainsgate during the time they were without a Pastor, he received a call from the church to settle amongst them. In the year 1764 he removed to Wainsgate, and was ordained to the pastoral work in the following year. The subsequent life of Mr. (afterwards, Dr.) Fawcett, is full of interest. He became a leading man in his own community; and exercised an influence by his pen as an author, and by his service as a teacher in preparing young men for the Christian ministry, as well as by his local ministerial labours, in the highest degree advantageous to the Baptists, and useful to other Christians. The prosperity that attended his ministry at Wainsgate led to an enlargement in 1777, when a new chapel was erected for the Doctor and a portion of his charge, at Hebden-Bridge,—a chapel said to be the model of many other places of worship in the neighbourhood. Physical infirmities necessitated his retirement from public life in the year 1805. He died at Ewood-Hall, July 25th, 1817, aged seventy-seven years.

When Methodism first appeared at Haworth, Heptonstall, Leeds, &c., it was like a handful of corn on the top of the mountain. In widely-extended districts around spiritual barrenness prevailed. It is true the places in question were not so thickly populated as at present; but an industrial people were gradually increasing, and God graciously provided for their religious instruction. Here, as in innumerable other instances, the Head of the church was pleased to honour Methodism by giving its representatives a forefront rank amongst the pioneers of the Gospel; and to bless it, by permitting it to run into numerous "sidings," and, in various ways, to exercise an influence in forming the character and directing the steps of many eminent men, who, nevertheless yielded no submission to its authority. We can never regard as an unmixed evil a few losses sustained by early Methodism, through the secession or defection of some of its Ministers and members. By the overruling mercy of God, these occasions of passing regret are to be viewed as balanced sorrows. Into many a parish-church and Dissenting chapel, light and life were carried by men who received their first lessons of Christian knowledge, and attained their earliest religious experience at a Methodist class-meeting, or under a Methodist Preacher. The Methodist people, therefore, may well afford to review even the least favourable pages of its earlier history with submission,—may we not say, with thankfulness?—when they discover in the evangelical welfare of numerous Christian churches of this day a result, in some measure, of the difficulties and trials of their forefathers. And rightly may we triumph in the grace of God that sent forth the Wesleys and their cotemporaries to "spread scriptural holiness through the land."

Yours, very truly,

S. R. H.

SUBMISSION TO THE LORD'S WILL.

EVERY converted person, said Dr. Guthrie, in a sermon which he recently preached at the re-opening of Regent's-square Church, London, submits himself to the will of Christ: "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" not, "What will my Minister, or parents, or neighbours, or friends, the public, the press, my family, my partner, the wife of my bosom, or the children of my heart,"—but, "What wilt *Thou* have me to do?" We must submit our will to Christ. Now, brethren, to yield up a man's will to another, is one of the most difficult things in the world. I'll bring you a thousand people in the world who will give up their money, untold gold, but would not give up their will. Far easier to bend cold iron than to bend a human will. Does not every parent find that to be the most difficult thing he has to do in his family, in imparting to the child what is the best part of education? The best part of education is not learned at school; it is not found in books; it does not lie in Latin, Greek, or philosophy; it is not communicated by teachers. The best education a child gets is at home, or he should get it; the best teacher is a parent; and the best lesson a parent can teach his child—the best learning he can give him—something better than the richest fortune—is to take his children one by one, and break the backbone of their self-will. That is what makes a happy home. One God makes a harmonious universe. One ruler in a house makes a happy house; and happy the children that have early learned that lesson of self-denial that says, "No;" that turns a deaf ear to the siren song of pleasure; that puts a triumphant foot upon temptation. That commands fortune, and secures success in this life. I say, happy the children that, having early learned that, have learned to say to a wise, good Christian father, what Jesus said to His,—"Father, not my will, but thine be done!" That is the first lesson children should be taught; and the battle of the nursery is the battle of the world and the church,—submission to the will of another,—giving up our will to Christ; saying, not, "Lord, what would I wish, or what would I like, or what would this one will, or what would this one say?" but, "What wilt Thou have me to do? Say it, and I'll do it, though I should die for it. Give the word; 'speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth.' In this church, this day, what wouldst Thou have me to do?—in the place of business, what wouldst Thou have me to do?—in the family, what wouldst Thou have me to do?—in the world, what wilt Thou have me to do? I will die to myself; henceforth, my own will be dead; may I have no will but Thine!"

There is a memorable passage in the history of St. Francis that may throw some light on this subject. The grand rule of the Franciscan Order, which he founded, was implicit submission to the Superior. Well, one day a Monk proved refractory. By St. Francis's order, a grave was dug, deep enough to hold a man; the Monk was put in it; the Brothers began to shovel in the earth; St. Francis looked on as stern as death. When the mould had reached the wretch's knees, St. Francis bent down, and looking at him, he said, "Are you dead yet? Is your self-will dead? Do you yield?" He got no answer; he gave the signal, and the burial went on. There seemed to be down in that grave a man with a will as iron as his own. When at length the mould had reached the wretch's lips, St. Francis bent down once more, and said, "Are you dead yet?" The Monk lifted his eye to his Superior, and he saw in that cold, grey eye no human feeling; he was dead to pity and human compassion, and ready to give the signal to finish the burial. It was not needed; the iron bent, and the funeral was stopped; the poor

Brother said, "I am dead." Now, brethren, there was death to the will of a man. It has been often said that Popery is not so much a denial of truth as a caricature of it; and it is true there. I would not be dead to any man; I have got my mind, and head, and reason from God Almighty, and bend it before no human authority. But the obedience that I refuse to man,—Jesus, I give to Thee; not wrung from me by terror, but won by love; not the result of fear or force, but gratitude. I am dead; I wish to be dead. Paul was dead. He said, "I am dead; I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I." Saul of Tarsus was dead; it was Paul the Apostle that lived. "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Now, brethren, what happy, what good, what brave Christians, we would be had we no will of our own! I have seen a servant come in the morning to his master to get his orders, and he has spent the day executing them; and would God every man and woman in this house went each morning to Christ to get their orders, and say, with Saul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do this day?" There would be no difficulty in getting money for Christ; no difficulty in getting people to work for Him; no difficulty in getting people to sacrifice for Him. Did you ever see a steward grudge paying away his master's money? And if I and you felt our money to be Christ's, we never would grudge paying it away for Him. I have seen many a ploughman whistling in the furrow; I have seen the milkmaid singing at her pail; I never saw one of them fret because they had to spend the whole day in their employer's service: no more would we to spend the day, the night, the year, the life, in Christ's service, if we felt that we were His servants. I have read with admiration how a troop of cavalry would ride to death, and soldiers throw themselves into the fiery breach, knowing that they were to leave their bodies there, because it was the will of their Commander. Shall they do that,—amid the shell and shot of battle,—obedient to the will of an earthly Captain, and Christians do less for Christ? My dear friends, are you your own—body—soul—your own? Have you anything you can call your own? We have one Master,—one Master in heaven; and if it be true that He bought us with His life-blood,—bought us with His tears,—bought us with His thorny crown,—bought us with the agonies of Mount Calvary;—in the name of reason and religion,—in the name of God and heaven,—what right has any Christian to himself? Is there a Christian man or woman here not ready to say as Saul, the happy convert, said?—"I have done with myself: I no longer live. I have no will but Thy will. Tell me what I am to do, and I will do it,—take up my cross and follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. Where Thou goest I will go, and where Thou lodgest I will lodge; Thy people shall be my people, and Thy God shall be my God: nought but death,—nay, thanks be to God,—not death—no—nothing, henceforth, shall part me and Thee." God give us this spirit, brethren.

WHAT DO WE REMEMBER?

WHAT are the acts on the part of others which are most distinctly impressed on the pages of memory? Acts of kindness. Go back to the seasons of childhood and youth: what images rise first in remembrance? The images of those who were kind to us. Apart from the family-circle, those who performed acts of kindness toward us and others, are most frequently called to mind. Fallen man is selfish, and loves to cherish the remembrance of injuries received: still, benevolent actions fasten them-

selves spontaneously in the memory, with greater tenacity than even injuries received.

Everyone wishes to be remembered by others. Nothing is more painful than the conviction that we are forgotten,—that no one remembers us. In the fact noticed above, we find a hint as to the course to be pursued by those who would not be "to dull forgetfulness a prey." Let them abound in acts of kindness. Let them seek to make all around them happy. Years may roll on: the child may become a man of grey hairs; yet will he remember the man that sympathized with his childish joys and sorrows, and took pains to make him happy.

But a stronger motive to benevolent acts lies in the fact that God remembers them. However small, every truly benevolent act is noticed and remembered, and will be rewarded by Him. Even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall not lose its reward.

THE UNIVERSAL QUEST.

"I SEE that when I follow my shadow, it flies from me: when I fly from my shadow, it follows me. I know pleasures are but shadows, which hold no longer than the sunshine of my fortunes. Lest, then, my pleasures should forsake me, I will forsake them. Pleasure most flies me when I most follow it."

Who the author of the above paragraph is, I do not know; but it suggests some very important truths in regard to the great search which we are all making. It is amazing that the accumulated, unvarying experience of the millions of our race, added to the precepts of Divine wisdom, has not made us wiser. But so it is. "Live and learn" is the motto; but we live a great deal, and learn very little in regard to the great problem, how happiness is to be attained. There are some axioms upon the subject, drawn from experience, which it is well to keep ever in mind.

1. Happiness is not to be sought directly, or, if sought thus, is not to be found. It is not an object, but a result, a consequence. A man may travel round the world in search of it; (as many do;) he may traverse the countries, and rummage the cities of the old world; he may dig among the ruins of past ages, and wander among the works of modern times, and fail to find it, while it will spring up spontaneously before one who is simply seeking to fulfil the end of his being, to do good, and to glorify God. When will the world learn that happiness is soonest won when least wooed?

2. It is not something outside of ourselves; it has its seat within the heart. The busy multitude are toiling hard to surround themselves with some chosen circumstances, in which each one is sure he will find what he craves so earnestly. Many a man has reared a costly mansion, and furnished it with every luxury, or surrounded himself with broad acres, in the expectation that amid these surroundings happiness would come and make its home, and he has found it was farther away than ever; while another without anything around him, has learned to be content, and thus to be happy. Happiness has very little to do with externals, but everything to do with the heart.

3. Happiness is not in selfishness. The proportion between the two is exact, but it is inverse; the more one has of the latter the less he will have of the former. One who seeks to minister to his own desires first, who in the choice between doing good to himself and doing good to others chooses the former, will find that he has chosen just the wrong method. There is a grand paradox in regard to this, which everyone must learn by himself, and reduce to practice ere he can be happy.

4. Happiness is something higher than pleasure. Pleasure is the mere froth upon the cup of life; it is easily dissipated. The breath of affliction will drive it away in a moment; but true happiness will abide and survive the saddest scenes of life, because it is a living principle, settled deep in the soul. Very few indeed aspire to real happiness: the multitude attempt to satisfy themselves with the fruitless chase of an empty shadow, pleasure.

5. It is an axiom in morals, as well as in hydrostatics, that "no stream can rise higher than its source." This is the grand reason why those, who look to this world for their enjoyment, so universally, and so constantly, meet with disappointment. There is no stream of earth than can rise to the height of an immortal spirit. The fountains of this world's joys fail to yield a supply because the source is too low. He who would have true, solid, lasting happiness must seek it from God. He alone can make a soul permanently happy. "Christ in you the hope of glory." "God with us," and God in us, is all we need; and worlds could not make us happy without Him.

ALWAYS A HYPOCRITE.

YES, that is the cry: he has sinned and fallen, and you now say, "He was always a hypocrite."

I do not believe it. I cannot believe that through all the years in which he professed to follow Christ, he was a traitor to his Master. I pity the heart that can readily credit such a tale.

The poor old man has sinned and fallen. God pity him; for man's sympathy is full of scorn. How eagerly they whisper the sad story, and gloat over the shameful details, as though a brother's fall was a cause for rejoicing! The angels, the pure angels, weep, while frail man looks on with scorn.

True, they close the tale with, "I pity him;" yet their sympathy goes no further; and they add, "But I believe he was always a hypocrite."

Is not his present shame enough, that all the good of his past life should be counted as nought, or as the cunning acting of a confirmed villain?

"Always a hypocrite!" David fell, Solomon sinned, and Peter denied his Master thrice; yet who will say these were "always hypocrites?"

I do not know this poor old man, though I have seen him often, as he sat in the house of God; and now, when the story of his shame is on every tongue, my heart bleeds to think of him as, disgraced and deserted, he hides in the solitude of his home, moaning and weeping impotent remorse for the sin which has stamped the Cain-mark on his brow. God help thee, brother; and, in thine agony, find room for gratitude, that though thy sinful, erring brethren cast thee off, God, the pure, the almighty, heeds thy repentance, and will forgive thy sin. "For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

And you who join in this hiss, which pierces the lacerated heart, pause and look at yourself. What has kept you from falling? Perhaps you were not tempted. Then thank God for that, and strive to help those who were. Or, being tempted, you fled to the great Source of Strength, and found power to resist. Then be grateful, and assist those of weaker faith.

Proud Pharisee, despise not thy brother. Look deeply into the recesses of thine heart, and mark well the points of weakness, which, if attacked in an unguarded hour, might prove vulnerable; and humble thyself in the dust, thanking God, not that thou art "not as other men," but that He has supported thee in thy weakness, and guarded thee from "the sin which doth so easily beset."

And ye, young lambs of the flock, who, in your innocent purity, can scarcely believe that such iniquity

abounds, and penetrates even into the church of Jesus, while tears and prayers are fervently offered for the sinning and suffering, nestle closely to the Shepherd's bosom, and pray that prayer as you never did before, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE TILL YOU COME TO IT.

"NEVER cross a bridge until you come to it," was the counsel usually given by a patriarch in the ministry to troubled and over-careful Christians. Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business, and uncertainties hanging over your life, at the gloomy contingencies which fancy sketches and invests with a sort of life-like reality, —at the woes which hang over the cause of the Redeemer, or at any other earthly evil? Do not cross the bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to cross it; and if you do, you will find that a timid imagination has greatly overrated the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can enlighten the Christian's every labour. In approaching the notch of the White Mountains from one direction, the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road; it seems as if his journey must stop abruptly at the base of the barriers. He begins to think of turning back his horse, to escape from hopeless enclosure among impassable barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him unto other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path, teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is neither required to turn back, nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by crossing the bridge before he comes to it. Such is often the journey of life. How much of its toilsome ruggedness would be relieved by attention to the above admonition! Never cross a bridge until you come to it. Or, to express the same counsel in a form that does not involve the charge of a Hibernicism, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep" (garrison) "your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

MAKING RELIGION OUR BUSINESS.

OLD Thomas Watson says, that few make religion their business; and asks, Is he an artificer who never wrought in the trade? Is he a Christian who never serves Christ? Many will commend religion, but will not work it into daily practice. Others mind earthly things until the fire of heavenly love is put out. The bee may suck a little honey from the leaf, but put it in a barrel of honey and it will be drowned. So men in trade, at the shop, farm, counting-room, may be perfectly drowned in business.

1. A man who makes religion his business does not place his religion in externals, in forms, and shadows, and leaves, instead of fruit. Pomp of worship destroys the purity, as the paint on the glass hinders the light. Formality may damn as well as profaneness.

A Christian's main work is in his heart. He gives God the vitals, worships Him in spirit and in truth. Aaron must offer the fat upon the altar, not the skin. Those that give God the skin of duty, will carry away only the shell of comfort.

2. He avoids hindrances. A wicked man stands in the way of temptation. The Christian flies from it, and lays aside every weight of sin that doth so easily beset him. As a man may miss heaven by loitering in the way, he seeks haste, and is careful not to be taken off his work and out of the way.

3. He tries to preserve conscience, and would rather offend the world than it. He regulates it by the Scripture as his watch by the dial.

4. It influences his every-day actions. In eating and drinking, avoiding excess; in recreation, not to get into amusements; in buying and selling, does not sell the refuse of the wheat, (Amos viii. 6,) nor falsify the weights. (Hosea xii. 7.) In marrying, he seeks virtue before dowry, a helpmeet in the Lord, to be joined to one who is "the temple of the Holy Ghost."

5. It will make him a good husband, father, and a light in every place where God sets him.

6. He will take care of his company. Sin is catching. Men who mingle with the Heathen learn their works. If you put rusty and bright armour together, the bright will not remove the rust from the other, but will partake of it. Evil company, like the spider's embraces, will suck out the precious life.

7. He will watch his eye as Job. "I made a covenant with mine eyes," his thoughts, passions. Jonah in a passion quarrels with God. If he is angry, we need to be watchful. He stands upon his watch-tower, and, like the virtuous woman, whose candle goes not out by night, (Hab. ii. 1; Prov. xxxi. 18,) he keeps his watch-candle always burning.

8. Daily he examines the accounts of his soul. He is critic upon himself, not on others. He is afraid of painted holiness. He trieth whether he is in the faith. (2 Cor. xiii. 5.)

9. He can want health, riches, friends, but not Christ. He will follow Him upon the water; in persecution, will wrestle with difficulties. He is not a sailor who has gone to sea for pleasure, but for a profitable voyage. The hypocrite will sail when things are calm and serene, but not in a storm. He will hold on to heaven in the midst of tempests and death-threatening dangers.

10. He lives every day as if his last. Prays in the morning as if he were to die at night. Lives as if he were presently to be called to God's bar. Walks soberly, righteously, and godly. Girds his loins. Trims his lamp. Sets his house in order, that when death comes for him he may have nothing to do—but to die.

This is the man who makes religion his business.

HOW THE HEATHEN ARE CONVERTED.

More than half a century ago, both the true and the false theories of Missions were described in one of the simple narratives of the United Brethren. Johannes, a North American Indian, thus describes the mode and manner of his own conversion:—

"Brethren, I have been a Heathen, and have grown old among them; therefore I know very well how it is with the Heathen, and how they think. A Preacher once came to us, desiring to instruct us, and he began by proving that there was a God. On which we said to him, 'Well, and dost thou think we are ignorant of that? Now go back again to the place from whence thou camest.'

"Soon after, another Preacher came, and began to teach us, saying, 'You must not steal, nor drink too much, nor lie, nor lead wicked lives.' And

we answered him, 'Fool that thou art, dost thou think that we do not know that? Go and learn it first thyself, and teach the people whom thou belongest to not to do those things.' Thus we sent him away.

"But, some time after, Christian Henry, one of the Brethren, came to me into my hut, and sat down by me. His discourse was nearly in these words: 'I come to thee in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends me to acquaint thee that He would gladly save thee, and make thee happy, and deliver thee from the miserable state in which thou liest at present. To this end He became a man, gave His life a ransom for man, and shed His blood for man. All that believe in the name of this Jesus, obtain the forgiveness of sins. To all those who receive Him by faith, He gives power to become the sons of God. The Holy Spirit dwelleth in their hearts, and they are made free through the blood of Christ from the slavery and dominion of sin. And though thou art the chief of sinners, yet, if thou prayest to the Father in His name, and believest in Him as a sacrifice for thy sins, thou shalt be heard and saved, and He will give thee a crown of life, and thou shalt live with Him in heaven.'

"When he had finished his discourse, he lay down upon a board in my hut, fatigued by his journey, and fell asleep.

"But I could never forget his words. They constantly recurred to my mind; even though I went to sleep, I dreamed of the blood which Christ had shed for us. I thought, 'This is very strange, and quite different from what I have ever heard.' So I went and interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians; and thus, through the grace of God, an awakening took place among us. I tell you, therefore, brethren, preach to the Heathen, Christ, His blood, His sufferings, and His death, if you would have our words to gain an entrance among them; if you wish to confer a blessing upon them."

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

Archbishop Whately, in his "Future Revelations," seems to take the ground that there can be no repentance upon a dying-bed. His argument may, in a word, be summed up thus. Life is then practically ended; there is nothing left to give to Christ; we cannot, in fact, be said to be on probation; and, therefore, to talk about repentance under such circumstances, is utterly to misunderstand and misuse language. Without expressing an opinion as to the obligation, for these reasons, to deny the possibility of conversion in our dying moments, are there not other considerations, along with these, that should compel us to distrust the reality of a spiritual change at such a time? It would be sinful to declare that there are any whom the mercy of the Saviour cannot reach; and it certainly can extend to any who will receive it. But it is not wrong to say that sinners may be so situated that they cannot accept the offered grace of Jesus. Whether this is necessarily the case with everyone who is unreconciled to God when death is just upon him, we do not positively affirm, though we fear there is little reliance to be placed by us in their professions of faith, or by themselves in their feelings of peace and security in that awful hour. The only practical test of the idea thus advanced, may be found in the instances of those who repented when they supposed themselves dying, but who when recovered went back again into sin. With singular and startling coincidence, such cases, and they are innumerable, cut away any hopes we might build upon purposes to turn to God when there is nothing else to trust in.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

No. XVI.

"He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home."

"So the old gateway is gone," said I, accosting a man in one of those remarkable streets of Saltash, which, as an old surveyor said, "every shower washes clean."

"Yes, Sir; they took it down about twelve months ago."

"And Mr. Drew, who used to keep that house?" I inquired, pointing towards a small quiet-looking inn, at which, on my first visit to the town, I had enjoyed a fulfilment of the once familiar road-side promise, "good entertainment for man and horse."

"Ah! he's gone too. Great changes, Sir, since you were here last, Sir."

"Since I was here last: do you know me then?"

"Know you? to be sure I do, Sir. Don't I remember the first time I saw you come trotting down under the old gateway that's gone now, in your spattered boots and rough riding-coat with a fur collar? It seems but yesterday. O yes, Sir! bless you, I should know your face anywhere. Time serves you pretty well, so far, Sir; though Saltash has seen many alterations. There are but few of the old folks left."

No indeed, so I felt, as I looked at one house and then another, and saw that they were now the homes of families to whom I should be a stranger. "Great changes," as the man said, "great changes," kept ringing in my ears. The quiet morning air seemed loth to lose the sound. There must have been "great changes," thought I, as I passed up the street, and felt as if my footfall were disturbing the pleasant stillness of the place; great changes at all events since 1540, when a traveller found this same "Asche a praty quik market-town, whose tounesmen use boothe marchandise and fischery;" and even since King James's day, when a visiter said, "The towne increaseth daylie in merchaundise and wealth: there belong unto the towne some eight ships, besydes small boates. The haven is capable of anie burden. The great carrack that Sir Francis Drake browghte home so rich, arrived here and was here disburdened, and after fatally fyred." A short walk brought me to the top of the hill; and there I hung over a gate to feast my eyes once more on the beautiful scenes which were endeared to me by so many pleasant and holy associations. Here there was no token of change. Below, was the Tamar calmly spreading herself like a small inland sea. On the left, Moditonham creek appeared as a little silver lake sparkling amidst its circle of wood and copse, gardens, orchards, meadows and lawn. There was the Tavy on the other side, winding her way among the woods from her moorland birthplace. In the far back-ground Kit-Hill and Rough-Tor were courting the distant clouds, while the gigantic peaks and undulations of Dartmoor swept along the horizon like the swelling breakers of an uplifted ocean about to burst in upon the lovely paradise beneath. But it must needs be that my eye turn again and again towards the venerable town, rather on account of the nearer than the more distant associations which it called up. One might indeed have looked and indulged in dreams about times when the old borough was represented in the Commons' house,—now, in the Long Parliament, by the historian Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon,—and now by a poet, Edmund Waller; or about the days when General Ruthen found short refuge within the gateway after his defeat on Bradock-down, "as the Cornish came up, fell upon his works, and in a short time beat him out of them, and then out of the town, with a good execution, many being killed in the fight and

more drowned." But the ancient river-pass had later memories which were dearer to me than tales of assault and storm, taking and retaking by Cavaliers and Roundheads in turn. It seemed "but yesterday," as my friend in the street said, since the "old familiar faces" were cheering the fireside in one, and another, and another hospitable home; "but yesterday," since I sat at table in the wainscoted dining-room of that tall old mansion, and found myself within a circle such as does not often gather around one in this shifting world. There was that majestic lady at the head, in widow's weeds, throwing her glance into the very depths of your soul, or hushing you with an ethereal smile, or charming you with the utterances of her beautiful simplicity and Christian kindness. On her right is one whose face is a sermon on the blessedness of the man who prays without ceasing; and of whom a venerable Minister once said to me, "He is the only clerical brother who ever hallowed a passing chat by directly and plainly inquiring after my spiritual welfare." On her left sits a person whom she always speaks to as her "dear George." Who is he? Who can it be, that enjoys the close friendship of the lady whose image I always recall when I want to have before me an impersonation of all that can be dignified, elegant, spiritual, and saintly in woman? Who is it? Why, it is George Coad, the old letter-carrier, who always has a place among her most honoured guests. Let nobody laugh. George was a saint. That lady knew this; and so did I. It was said of him, and said truly, that there was not an adult person in his native town, whether rich or poor, within the range of his knowledge, whom he had not at some time and in some manner warned to "flee from the wrath to come." Such a man, whatever his birth might be, was worthy of being placed among the friends of those who were greatly his superiors in life; and of being sought as the occasional preceptor and spiritual guide of highly-educated and accomplished Christians. His appearance at the table I shall never forget. He was easy, evidently free from any thoughts about self; modest and amiable amidst all that bespoke strong distinctive character. Some would have called his outer man coarse, rustic, and perhaps careless. Whatever the casket seemed, however, it enclosed a gem of delicate water. "There is a striking contrast," said a lady of the circle, "between George's rough, not to say wild, exterior, and sometimes gentle actions. It was from him that I first learnt, as I imagine, devoutly to look on flowers. On entering the parlour one day, I silently observed him. The ladies present were engaged in conversation with each other, and he was waiting their leisure. A beautiful nosegay lay on the table, which he was viewing with pious admiration and delight. He took up one flower and then another, touching each very tenderly, and looking upwards. From his countenance, one might have guessed his unexpressed aspirations,—

'These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good, Almighty!'"

"My dear George," it was said, "I hope you will leave us some record of God's mercies to you, during your pilgrimage."

"Excuse me, Madam, but I can't do that. I have nothing to say about myself; and, if I can prevent it, nothing shall be said about me when I am gone."

"We understand you, George," another remarked; "but if a record of God's mercies may glorify your heavenly Father, surely you cannot refuse to render Him this tribute."

"I am afraid, Sir, of this self. It is very hard, if not impossible, to write faithfully about self. And, further, I don't much like to find sons writing their fathers' memoirs. They are never fair. Stay, I think I know one exception. But look at the books they have made about Wilberforce, and Dr. Clarke, and others: why, better those sons had left it to other people, who could see both sides of a question. No, no; you will get no autobiography from me; and God has saved me, too, from the fear of being flattered by a son when I am gone to my rest."

All George's precaution failed, however, to prevent others from making records; nor could he secure his desired oblivion. Too many hearts cherished his memory. Too many minds treasured up

his words. He was born in comparative poverty; but lived to secure the honour of being spoken of by his widowed mother as her "good son." His conversion was real. And in the reality of his conversion was to be found one great secret of his holy character and useful life. "It was in that cow-house," he would say, when he passed the spot, "it was in that cow-house, fifty years ago, that my heart was broken to pieces: the Lord apprehended me, not as a persecutor, but as an idolater. There I heard a Methodist Preacher. Before that time I could not shed a tear, if all my relations had died, my heart was so hard; but then I shed thousands of tears. Thus I went on for several months, when by faith I saw our Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, in agony for me. Then it was I felt so happy that I could hardly contain my peace and joy: I wished to go immediately to heaven!" Happy man, he was spared as a bright example of the practical as well as the heavenly character of the religion he had found. He had many plans of public usefulness; but his greatest power was in private. His appeals to the individual heart and conscience were resistless. He talked on religious subjects with fidelity and earnestness in every circle to which he had access; and was never ashamed of his Divine Master in any company, whether rich or poor. To homes which were shut against him, he often found means of sending useful books; and indeed neglected no opportunity of recommending Christ by word, by letter, and by patient endurance of the cross. Among the friends whom George's holy character and influence had drawn around him was a gentleman connected with the early history of the Tract Society; and he has given his tribute to the memory of the old postman, in "A Present to Sunday-School Teachers." "On the banks of the Tamar," said he, "on the borders of Cornwall, the Lord has raised up one of those plain, unlettered men, who, like a silent but deep stream, without noise or observation, is instrumental in pouring forth fertility far around. Previous to the call by grace of himself and a few other noble associates, the beautiful landscapes, on this part of the Tamar especially, were in awful contrast to its moral picture: instead of the songs of praise now ascending from Sabbath to Sabbath, families were living like beasts that perish. By the instrumentality of this poor man, schools have been formed, and prayers and praise arise. Several of the scholars now branching forth into life are giving sweet evidence that the Lord of the Sabbath has blessed the schools. The current of Christian beneficence in such a character runs silent but deep; let my reader take the following as a specimen:—A young person experiencing the truth of our Lord's words, 'Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake,' was, after repeated and continued trials and persecutions, which she was enabled to receive in meekness and filial affection, ordered by her own mother to quit the paternal roof, unless she promised impossibilities; namely, to quit the Lord and His people. In this critical and trying situation, and during the conflict between conscience and natural affection, her mother reiterating the threat of turning her out of doors,—an unexpected letter arrived, bearing marks of pious affection, and advising her in particular to look up to her Almighty Friend and Protector for support, consolation, and direction in her trying situation; that no premature step might be taken in leaving the parental roof, but that she might still be enabled to bear the cross like her dear Lord, and in His strength overcome evil with good; and begged her acceptance of the enclosed two-pound bank-note. Surprised and thankful for such advice, which appears to have been a word in season, she felt anxious to trace her unknown but tried friend. After repeated fruitless research through the village, the question at length was closely put to our venerable friend, who was pressed so as to be compelled to say that he knew of the circumstance, and obliged to hint that he himself was the writer and the donor. The poet might sing,—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

Not so the Christian hero and philanthropist, who, actuated by the great Captain of his salvation, from the depths

of comparative obscurity in private life, reflects the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, constraining the wondering world to say, 'See how these Christians love!'"—Ah! the loving and the loved, in this case, have all passed to the scene of their immortal communion. The young Christian who thus shared George's sympathy and counsels became the wife of one, the light of whose genial spirit played around me for several years, while it cheered the scenes of his own ministerial toil. I saw her at last amidst the calm glories of her journey's end. Since then, she and her husband have met again; and but now, their only daughter has given me her parting blessing in a whisper which seemed to come from the heavenward side of the river. Blessed souls! I shall not say farewell to you; though, for a little, it must be, "farewell" to the Banks of the Tamar.

Lady-land. X.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCVII.

"*And Moses took the rod from before the Lord, as He commanded him. And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock? And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice: and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, Because ye believed Me not, to sanctify Me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them.*" (Num. xx. 9—12.)

It has long been a question with Commentators, what was the sin with which Moses and Aaron were chargeable on the occasion here referred to, and on account of which there passed upon them also sentence of exclusion from the land of Canaan? It is said generally in the passage before us, that they believed not God, to sanctify Him in the eyes of the children of Israel; and in the 106th Psalm the subject is thus referred to: The people "angered Him also at the waters of strife," or Meribah, "so that it went ill with Moses for their sakes: because they provoked his spirit, so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips." Moses and Aaron, then, were chargeable with unbelief and irritation. With regard to the anger or irritation to which they gave way, it was the natural consequence of their unbelief, and was sufficiently manifest in the language which Moses employed, when he said, "Ye rebels, must we fetch you water out of this rock?" as if it had been against them, Moses and Aaron, that the people had sinned; and as if their honour and authority, not God's, had been insulted. But wherein consisted their unbelief, of which this unadvised language was the consequence? Perhaps they doubted whether it were enough simply to speak to the rock, as they were expressly commanded to do; and whether it would not be necessary not only to smite the rock, as Moses had been instructed to do on a former occasion, but to smite it twice. And if so, then it was a distrust of God's power; a doubt whether the rock would give forth water at the Divine bidding, unaccompanied by the smiting of Moses, which formed no part of the Divine commission which he had received.

And if this was the point on which Moses and Aaron were charged with unbelief, the rebuke with which it was visited was full of instruction to the church in all subsequent times. The rock which supplied Israel with water, and which followed them in the wilderness, was one of the most significant of the many types of Christ with which the Old-Testament church was favoured. As that rock was once smitten with the rod of Moses, the lawgiver of Israel; so it behoved Christ, the Antitype of the rock, to be smitten once, but only once, with the rod of the Great Lawgiver, that He might vindicate the law, yea, magnify and make it honourable. When Moses, therefore, smote the rock again, and twice too, not only without authority, but in opposition to the Divine command,—for he was commanded to speak to the rock,—he marred the beauty of that significant

type, whereby the perfection of Christ's one sacrifice was so clearly set forth; and the rebuke, therefore, which he and Aaron thereby incurred, does most emphatically condemn the presumption of those who would add to Christ's one efficacious offering of Himself, either by works of self-righteousness, or by the frequent offering of what they call His body and blood in the idolatrous sacrifice of the Mass. The Divine influence which Christ, by His Spirit, imparts to His church, may, for the chastisement of the church, appear for a season to be dried up, as the rock in the wilderness did for a time withhold its water from the thirsting Israelites. But Christ needs not to be smitten again, either in reality or in figure, to give forth to His people the water of life. He has only to be spoken to in the prayer of faith, founded on the warrant of God's word; and whether such prayer proceed from the individual believer in his humble cottage, or whether it be offered up as the united supplication of the church in her collective capacity, it will not fail to draw down in rich abundance those communications of His grace, even the quickening influences of His Spirit, whereby He refreshes His inheritance when it is weary.—*Gordon's Christ in the Old Testament*, vol. ii., pp. 94—96.

No. XCVIII.

"*Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life.*" (Gen. xlv. 5.)

Joseph does not say that it was from God that his brethren sold him. This was their own act; and all the wickedness of it was their own. But it was God who sent him into Egypt, which his brethren never thought of, nor intended; their only concern being to get rid of him. And when God did that which they never intended to do, that may well be said to be God's doings, who permitted their wickedness, and made use of it to accomplish His own wise counsels: as he tells his brethren, "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it for good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive." (Gen. l. 20.)—*Sherlock on Providence*, p. 229, *Edit.* 1715.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. II.

Of the antiquity of the Sabbath we have spoken. It is the most ancient and venerable of all the institutions of our world,—a relic of Eden. It is also Divine in its origin; for "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." From the birthplace of the Sabbath, and from the fact that it was given to our first parent in his primeval and unfallen condition, we have drawn the inference that it was designed for the *race of man*, and that its observance is universally and perpetually binding upon man. The Sabbath, we have shown, was instituted whilst as yet the whole human family existed in the loins of our great progenitor; and, consequently, cannot with any fairness be contended for as merely forming part of the civil or ecclesiastical polity of any particular people. This view will be further confirmed if we unfold the ORIGINAL DESIGN OF THE SABBATH, and state the REASONS which revelation itself assigns for the observance of the sacred day.

First. — *The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the fact that it was designed to* COMMEMORATE THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE GREAT WORK OF CREATION.

That this *was* the original intent of the Sabbath is evident from the distinct statement of Scripture:—"God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: BECAUSE that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." (Gen. ii. 3.) "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh

day: WHEREFORE the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." (Exod. xx. 11.)

Now, here we have a matter in which all nations, and all ages of men, are alike interested. We are told that the Sabbath is a merely local or national institute; but its very origin stamps it with the character of a world-wide and enduring ordinance. The system of nature in its vast and beauteous variety was not designed for the Jewish people only, but for that large family of intelligent beings treading this globe, of whom God is the great Parent. What had the Jews to do with creation more than we have? The world is as fair and beautiful to us as it was to them. Creation is the common property of mankind. Is it not manifest, then, that the day which was set apart to commemorate its completion, and to celebrate its mighty achievements, belongs to, and is binding upon, the whole human race? As long as creation lasts, the law of the Sabbath—unless distinctly repealed by the power which originally enacted it—must be, on this ground, universally obligatory upon man.

Secondly.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the fact, that it was instituted as a* DAY OF HOLY WORSHIP, *and to afford opportunity for* SPECIAL ACTS OF RELIGIOUS HOMAGE AND SERVICE UNTO GOD.

Several Scripture passages distinctly bring out this great point. "And God *blessed* the seventh day, and *sanctified* it." (Gen. ii. 3.) There can scarcely be any dispute about the meaning of "blessing" and "sanctifying" the day. It obviously refers to the setting of it apart for religious observance; not by God,—that would be absurd,—but by His creatures.

"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it *holy*." (Exod. xx. 8.) Sin, on any day, or under any circumstance, is offensive to God. To keep the Sabbath "HOLY," then, involves, by fair implication, special and specific acts of worship.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, Concerning the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations, even these are My feasts. Six days shall work be done: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation; ye shall do no work therein: it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings." (Lev. xxiii. 2, 3.) Here the Sabbath is not only recognised as a day of repose from worldly pursuits, and enjoined to be set apart for holy uses; but it is also specifically ordained as a day for public worship;—for "holy convocation," or assembly.

"Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." (Isai. lviii. 13.)

It is manifest, from these scriptures, that the Sabbath was originally appointed as a day for distinct and special acts of religious worship, and for the purpose of maintaining and increasing holiness in the soul; and, on this ground, its claims to sacred observance must be regarded as being co-existent with and co-extensive as our race. That rational creatures should distinctly and repeatedly acknowledge the kindness and preserving care of their Creator; and that man—more especially made for the glory of God—should formally worship and adore Him, seems to be but natural and reasonable. That particular times and stated seasons should, likewise, be set apart not only for private, but also for SOCIAL RELIGION, in which there should be combined worship, and in which one man's worldly business should not interfere with another's devotions, seems, also, to be in unison with the dictates of nature.

If there had been no such sacred institution as the one for which we now plead, it is beyond question that the system of religion revealed in the Bible would—so far as its practical influence upon the minds and hearts of men is concerned—have long since ceased to exist. "Take away the Sabbath," (says the great Dr. Owen,) "and neglect and confusion will quickly arise and destroy all regard to solemn worship; which never did flourish in our world, nor ever will, without a due religious attention to such a day. Any man may foresee the disorder and profaneness which would ensue, upon the taking away of that whereby our solemn assemblies are guided and pre-

served: wherefore, by God's own appointment, it had its beginning, and will have its end, with His public worship in the world. Take this from off the basis whereon God hath fixed it, and all human substitutions of the like kind, or for the same purposes, will quickly discover their own vanity. Nor will religion long prevail in the minds and lives of individuals, without the advantage of such an institution which is the sacred repository of all sanctifying ordinances."

The *necessity* of the Sabbath for the purpose of moral training and spiritual instruction and profit; and the fact that it was instituted for this great end, is proof demonstrative of its universal and perpetual obligation.

(*To be continued.*)

Narratives.

BETKEN.

MAID-SERVANT OF PETER VAN KULEN, GOLDSMITH IN BREDA.

THIS humble Christian woman was a convert to the Reformed doctrines; and her Christian intelligence, conscientiousness, and intrepidity would have done honour to the most exalted rank. Kulen himself, who had embraced the same sentiments, had long held, with much approbation, the office of Deacon or Elder among the Reformed in Breda; and they secretly held their meetings for the exercise of religious worship in his house, for they were not allowed to assemble publicly.

Both these worthy persons were doomed to suffer for their steadfast adherence to the truth. In spite of the circumspection Kulen had exercised over his words and actions, his sentiments were discovered, and, being accused of heresy to the authorities, he was apprehended, imprisoned, and laid in irons; and, to seclude him from all intercourse with his Christian friends, he was removed from the common prison to the castle. He had to support himself in prison; and his servant, Betken, brought him his food from day to day. On these occasions she was unremitting in her endeavours to comfort and confirm him from the word of God. This she continued to do without obstruction for a period of more than nine months. At last, however, she, too, was imprisoned; but so far from regretting this as a calamity, she rather rejoiced, accounting herself happy in being called to suffer for righteousness' sake.

To extort both from her and from her master a confession of their faith, and information respecting their Christian brethren, it was resolved upon to put them to the rack. The master passed through this trying ordeal, which he appears to have endured with firmness, refusing to reveal his associates. Betken providentially escaped it. When about to have applied to her the engines of torture, she thus addressed the Commissioners who had come to her for that purpose: "My masters, wherefore will you put me to this torture, seeing I have in no way offended you? Is it for my faith's sake? You need not torment me for that: for as I was never ashamed to make a confession thereof, no more will I be so now, when I am before you; I will freely disclose to you my mind therein." But they wanted to extract from her more than a candid and full profession of her belief; and perceiving that her words had no effect on them, she said, "Alas! my masters, if it be so that I must suffer this pain, then give me leave first to call upon God." This request was granted her; and so deeply affecting was her prayer, that in the midst of it one of the Commissioners, convinced of her innocence, was so overwhelmed with terror at the idea of having any hand in her sufferings, that he swooned, and could not for a long time be recovered. This accident was the occasion of her escaping the torture.

Soon after, she and her master were examined at the same time. Both made confession of their faith; and neither by persuasions nor threatenings could they be induced to recant, and return to the bosom of the Romish Church. They were therefore sentenced to be committed to the flames.

To witness their execution, which took

place on the 29th of May, 1568, about two months from the date of the incarceration of Betken, a vast multitude assembled. Among the crowd were many of their Christian friends, who had come together, not for the purpose of gazing upon the revolting spectacle of their corporeal struggles, but to encourage them with their presence, and be able to bear testimony to their intrepidity and constancy in death. Whilst Betken and her master were led forth to execution, strong expressions of sympathy and indignant complaints were made by the people. Several women, observing the cheerful courage and steadfastness of them both, were so greatly excited, that, disregarding the danger they might thereby incur, they broke through the crowd and embraced them, praising God for the grace given them, and crying out, "Fight manfully; for the crown is prepared for you." But no uproar was created; nor were any attempts made to force them from the hands of the Magistrates, as had been done with success in various instances in other places. Meanwhile the two martyrs earnestly besought God that He would be pleased to perfect the good work which He had mercifully begun in them, and assist them, by the power of His Holy Spirit, until they had finished their course. On reaching the place of execution, Betken began to address the people with serene countenance, exhorting them to be always obedient to the word of God, and not to fear those who can kill the body, but who have no power over the soul. "As for me," she added, "I am now going to meet my glorious Spouse, the Lord Jesus Christ." She and her master then fell down upon their knees, and engaged in prayer with great fervour. Having risen up, they were bound with chains to the stake by the executioner; during which operation, Betken, in whom was not to be seen the least symptom of fear, encouraged her master to be strong in the Lord. He was first strangled, and then burned. Being more obnoxious, from her greater intrepidity and freedom in owning her sentiments, which was interpreted as a proof of her invincible obstinacy, she was denied the poor favour of being strangled before the flames had seized upon her. But her faith, if it did not literally quench the violence of the fire, gave her fortitude to endure it without shrinking; and out of the midst of the devouring element she was heard and seen, to the admiration of many of the spectators, to magnify the Lord.

The martyrdom of this female took place the year after the Duke of Alva's arrival in the Netherlands. Had it taken place somewhat later, she would, in all probability, have been prevented by the gag from speaking to the people. To prevent the martyrs, whose dying words produced a powerful impression on the spectators, from speaking at their execution, wooden balls were at first put into their mouths; but as these sometimes slipped out, in which case the martyrs did not fail to open their mouths and tell the people how joyfully they suffered for the sake of Christ, a new and more effectual mode of gagging them was invented, by the infernal ingenuity of some of the persecutors under the administration of Alva. The tongue was first screwed between two pieces of iron, and then it was seared at the tip with a red-hot iron, which caused it to swell to such a degree, as to become immoveable, and incapable of being drawn back. "Thus fastened, the tongue would wriggle about with the pain of the burning, and yield a hollow sound;" upon which, shocking as was the sight, some of the Friars looked with savage delight, as upon a curious experiment; and, to provoke laughter, made jocular remarks on the sound produced by the suffering member.*

* Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," folio edit., vol. iii., Appendix, pp. 49, 50.—Brandt, vol. i., p. 275.

Our Servants.

ECONOMY.

THERE is a common saying in the north of England, that "the husband must ask the wife if they are to live."

And assuredly many a good man who has been a hard worker, a careful man, and a man not without either good sense or good morals, has been brought into embarrassment and misery, simply by the want of thrift in the wife. All that he could earn, and all that he could gain, has the wife consumed in house-keeping and in other expenses. Worse than this, however, is the case now before us. From all sides we hear the outcry against the extravagance of our servants: so that it has come to pass, that both the husband and the wife must now ask *the servants* if they are to live. It is of little use that the family be frugal up-stairs, if the servants be wasteful down-stairs; for what an economical lady will save in a month, a couple of unthrifty servants will disperse in a single day.

Now what we wish to impress our good friends with, in this paper, is this, that "our servants" are trustees of our property. It is not necessary that there should be a legal agreement between us and them, to constitute them trustees: the fact that they are received into our families; that they eat and drink the same general diet; that a good part of our property is in their hands; that such is our confidence in their uprightness, that doors and drawers are often left unlocked; we say such facts as these constitute "our servants," in a good sense, "trustees." The first duty of trustees is to take care of property; the second, to employ it; and the third, to improve it. Let our servants look at these points; and decide whether they will be faithful or not. If they choose, they can give our meat to dogs and swine, or waste it upon professional beggars at the door, or throw it away with the ashes: there are many who practise these ways. Or, if they choose, they can remember that any part of a good ox, or of a good sheep, is good food; that little fish are just as sweet as large; that an occasional dinner of "odds and ends," nicely cooked, is a capital relish, and makes a clean larder. If they like, they can buy or bake ever so much more bread than is requisite; and then eating the crumb, leave the crusts—"till after;" which "till after" means "for evermore:" so one wasted batch of bread succeeds another, year after year; while beggars fatten, and the master of the house pays the score. If "our servants" be careless, they will presently lose our knives and forks, and spoons; our pans and our brushes; our crockery will be broken, and our glass let fall; part of our linen will be lost, part burnt, part out of use for want of mending; and as an answer to all inquiry, we have heard them say, "They are not our things." Just so; and for that very reason they should be taken care of, and not wasted. If "our servants" will remember that they are not the owners of our property, to neglect and waste it, but a kind of trustees to take care of it, and to use it rightly, we shall sincerely thank them. More than that,—"saving is good haddling" (earning); and many a servant, who is not of the swiftest in getting through her work, is, for all that, of great worth by what she saves. On the other hand, sometimes swift servants are likewise wasteful, so that if we were to set down what they destroy against what they earn, they would, perhaps, blush to see the balance.

Now we venture to say, that it is decidedly for the servant's own good that she become frugal. No generous mistress will be content to pay a clever, frugal servant her bare wages: a little present now and then, or a permanent advance of wages, is sure to reward her care of property. Many a tradesman is ruined by the extravagance and dishonesty of his servants; whilst many another is upheld and enriched by the faithfulness of good servants. But we speak principally of our female servants. As an instance of experiment,—let a ton of coal be used carefully; that is, let the fire be fed aright, stirred gently, and let every cinder be fairly consumed: then mark down how long that ton of coal has lasted. Then get another ton; throw coal on the fire, and stir it directly and lustily: never mind the cinders,—they have been in the fire once, and once is plenty; so says waste. Now you have had no better fires; but your second ton of coal is consumed in much less time than the first. Observe the same rules with your gas. Light your gas where you wish to use it, and there keep up a good, sufficient light: but when you leave a room for even a few minutes, turn it down, so as to be just "in." Practise this for a twelvemonth. Ascertain how

many feet of gas you have burned. Next year, light up freely all over the house: never mind turning down the gas when you leave the kitchen, or any other room, you'll soon be back; and it looks cheerful: blaze away in this style for the twelvemonth; look at the difference in the Gas Company's bill, and, if we are not in the dark, you will get light. Now, supposing things to have been carried on in all departments of housekeeping, for a few years, in thoughtless, wasteful habits, is it any wonder that the master marvels, and complains of the extravagance of his wife, while she takes revenge on his servants? Then follows a limited allowance for housekeeping, which rule produces the evil of separate purses between man and wife; and the limitation-plan descends to every person in the house, until the house is no longer an English home, but a set of brokers' offices, where everyone is doing the best he can for himself. On every person might be written, as is to be seen on a certain window-sill in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, "This is Number One."

P. H.

Poetry.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITTA.

"ALL things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears!
What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears!
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the wintry skies,
How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies!

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above,
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love;
They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfill'd.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His word,
And to feel if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise what would its darkness be!

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the dust,
All self-deception swept away, all creature hope and trust;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to own,
And flee for hope and refuge to Christ, and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at last;
And brighten every prospect of that eternal home,
Where grief, and disappointment, and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy day;
Even now the bow of promise is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for evermore!

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

IV. THE MUTINY OF THE SEPOYS.

THE year 1857 was the centenary of the battle of Plassey, when the bravery of British troops, and the genius of their Generals, were first presented in their full majesty to the astonished gaze of Asia; and a series of victories was commenced that has resulted in the subjugation of the greater part of India to the sceptre of our Queen. On the 23d of June, 1757, the daring Clive, with seven hundred and fifty Europeans, and two thousand one hundred Sepoys, defeated Sooraj-oo-Dowlah, with an army of sixty-eight thousand men, supported by fifty pieces of heavy cannon. From this time a hundred years had passed over, of almost unbroken prosperity. The opportunity was taken at home, on the platform, and in the senate, of celebrating the war-deeds of our soldiers, and the success of our statesmen in the difficult task of governing the most extensive colonial possession the world ever saw; and it was gratefully proclaimed that, notwithstanding the differences of religion and race, the people were happy under our sway, and loyal to our Government. This was true of the masses of the people, but not of the tens of thousands in the ranks of the military. The reign of the hundred years was remembered in India too, and prophecies were covertly uttered that the era had come in which it was destined that the rule of its numerous nations was to return to a native race. The symbol of rebellion was passed from regiment to regiment among the native troops. Petted and pampered by their officers, their wishes had been yielded to on every occasion; no regulation was knowingly enforced that at all interfered with the pretensions of caste; and from the deference constantly shown them, they were led to believe that they had only to put forth their united strength, and the whole of India would be their own. But some motive was yet wanting that would be of universal acknowledgment and equal force. This was presented at the moment they were most ripe for general revolt. A new kind of cartridge, prepared with the grease of swine, had been invented, which they were inconsiderately required to use. The Hindoos abominate animal fat of all kinds, and the Moslems have an equal aversion to every portion of the pig; so that at once the anger of the two most numerous classes in the army was aroused in bitter and mutual virulence. One hundred thousand men, in excellent discipline, all well-armed, set themselves to the task, apparently an easy one, of overturning the British Government, that they themselves might reign as the lords of the land.

The scenes that soon followed were of the most terrific character. In many instances, British officers were massacred by men in the midst of whom they had been accustomed to live in the utmost confidence, and their families had to submit to indignities that the lip may not utter, nor the pen write; persons who were innocent of everything but the fact of having a fair skin and foreign speech were put to death, after cruel torture; the most important magazines were seized upon; treasure of untold value was plundered; and above the strongest ramparts of the land the rebel flag was hoisted, amidst wild music, and still wilder cries. The first symptoms of open mutiny were seen at Berhampore, in the month of January; but the means taken to punish the offending soldiers were so lenient, that an encouragement was thereby given to the spread of the evil and the increase of the danger. On Sunday, May the 10th, whilst the Europeans were at church, in the solemn worship of God, at whose bar they were so soon to appear, the Sepoys rose at Meerut, massacred all upon whom they could lay their hands, and then marched to Delhi, about forty miles distant, where the same cruelties were perpetrated. The aged King of Delhi was proclaimed Emperor of India; and from Meerut to Allahabad all British authority was for a time extinguished, and a population of thirty-one millions was

under the authority of the rebels. The blood of the Missionary mingled in the common stream; but instances have come to light in which native Christians yielded up their lives rather than return to Heathenism; and the onward course of the Gospel, though for a time arrested, has not suffered any permanent obstruction, as many of the natives themselves are now led to confess their conviction that the miseries their country has had to suffer are in consequence of their rejection of the word of God.

On Havelock's return from Persia, when off the island of Ceylon, the steamer in which he was sailing struck on a reef of rock, not far from Caltura, where we have an interesting Mission. It was not long after midnight; and on proceeding on deck, after seeing their position, he said to the sailors, "Now, my men, if you will obey orders, and keep off the spirit-cask, we shall all be saved." The passengers, crew, and specie, were taken off in the canoes that came to their rescue immediately that their perilous situation was discovered. When they had reached the land, he called upon all present to return thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance; and they knelt down upon the sand for this purpose. Near the same spot, the writer has often proclaimed the Redeemer's love to interested congregations, with the palm-tree waving above him, the bright moonlight all around, and not far distant the noise of the sea as it rolled on the island shore. On his arrival in Calcutta, the General found the whole community in a state of most painful apprehension. Three days afterwards, he was appointed to the command of a moveable column, consisting of the 64th and 78th Highlanders, with other troops; and he was to be guided in his movements by circumstances, as opportunity was presented for using his force to the best advantage. On the 20th of June he wrote to Mrs. Havelock, expressing his confidence in God, and breathing forth an ardent prayer that he might be Divinely guided in the arduous course that was before him. His prayer was answered; and though his life was taken, his fellowship with God was maintained amidst the privations of the siege and the dangers of the battle, and he fell not until victory had crowned with success his perseverance and prowess.

Popery.

THE MASS-BOOK.

THE following curious extract from the Public Mass-Book or Missal of the Romish Church is a fair sample of what is taught in a Church which claims infallibility in matters of faith:—

"Mass may be defective in the matter to be consecrated, in the form to be used, and the officiating Minister. For if in any of these there be any defect, namely, due matter, form, with intention and priestly orders in the celebrator, no sacrament is consecrated."

The defects in the Bread.—1st. "If the bread be not of wheat, or, if of wheat, it be mixed with such quantity of other grain that it doth not remain wheaten bread, or if it be in any way corrupted, it doth not make a sacrament."

2d. "If it be made with rose or other distilled water, it is doubtful if it make a sacrament."

3d. "If it begin to corrupt, but is not corrupted; also, if it be not unleavened, according to the custom of the Latin Church; it makes a sacrament, but the Priest sins grievously."

Of the defects of the Wine.—"If the wine be quite sour or putrid, or made of bitter or unripe grapes, or if so much water be mixed with it as spoils the wine, no sacrament is made.

"If after the consecration of the body, or even of the wine, the defect of either kind be discovered, one being consecrated; then, if the matter which should cannot be had, to avoid scandal he must proceed."

The defects in the Form.—"If anyone shall leave out or change any part of the form of the consecration of the body and blood, and in the change of the words, such words do not signify the same thing, there is no consecration."

The defects of the Minister.—"The defects on the part of the Minister may occur in those things required in him: these are, first and especially, *intention;* after that, disposition of soul, of body, of vestments, and disposition in the service itself, as to those matters which can occur in it.

"If any one *intend* not to consecrate, but to counterfeit; also, if any wafers remain forgotten on the altar, or if any part of the wine or any wafer lie hidden, when he did intend to consecrate but what he saw; also, if he shall have before him eleven wafers, and *intended* to consecrate but ten only, not determining what ten he meant; in all these cases there is no consecration, because *intention* is required.

"Should the consecrated host disappear, either by accident, or by wind, or miracle, or be *devoured by some animal, and cannot be found*, then let another be consecrated.

"If, after the consecration, a gnat, a spider, or any such thing fall into the chalice, let the Priest swallow it with the blood, if he can: but if he fear danger, and have a loathing, let him take it out, and wash it with wine, and when mass is ended, burn it, and cast it and the washing into holy ground.

"If poison fall into the chalice, or what might cause vomiting, let the consecrated wine be put into another cup, and other wine with water be again placed to be consecrated; and when mass is finished, let the blood be poured on linen cloth or tow, remain till it be dry, and then be burned, and the ashes be cast into holy ground.

"If the host be poisoned, let another be consecrated and used, and that be kept in a tabernacle, or a separate place, until it be corrupted, and after that be thrown into holy ground.

"If in winter the blood be frozen in the cup, put warm cloths about the cup; if that will not do, let it be put into boiling water near the altar, till it be melted, taking care it does not get into the cup.

"If any of the blood of Christ fall on the ground by negligence, it must be *licked up with the tongue*, the place be sufficiently scraped, and the scrapings burned; but the ashes must be buried in holy ground.

"If the Priest *vomit the eucharist*, and the species appear entire, he must *piously swallow it again;* but if a nausea prevent him, then let the consecrated species be cautiously separated, and put by in some holy place till they be *corrupted*, and after let them be put into holy ground: but if the species do not appear, the vomit must be burned, and the ashes thrown into holy ground."

And now, reader, I ask you, as an intelligent responsible creature, whether it be possible that any such degrading thing can happen to the glorified body of the blessed Redeemer? Can it be possible that the body, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ *can be* "lost by some accident," or "be carried off by wind," or "be poisoned," or "be eaten by some animal," or "be vomited from the stomach of any Priest," or "His blood be frozen up until released by hot water?" And yet all this is affirmed by the Romish Church, and provisions made to provide against the occurrence of such horrid results. Is this the Gospel of the grace of God, or any part of it? or is it Paganism seven times brutalized? Where will you find a Pagan nation, or people, so degraded, as to make the eating of their gods an act of religious worship? And yet, as you will see by the above extracts, and by the sacrament of the Mass, such are the teachings of Rome in the nineteenth century.

Our Home Work.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF VILLAGE METHODISM.

In a pleasant valley among the Welsh mountains, completely boxed in by the surrounding hills, and thus almost cut off from connexion with the world without, is the little village of Ll——. It boasts of a small public-house, two establish-

ments at which every possible article is sold, an old church with a school, and a Wesleyan-Methodist chapel.

With this latter building there is a history connected. Time was when the villagers had scarcely heard of "the people called Methodists," still less had listened to any of their Preachers. But in the course of time one of these devoted men found his way over the hills to Ll——, and preached in the open air. From that period the place was often visited, and a small Society was formed; among the members of which was a person of no less importance than the wife of the Vicar. Ever afterwards the parsonage was open to the Methodist Preachers; there they made their home for the night, and there they were entertained with food for man and horse. The good Clergyman had a comfortable income, and was a man of property besides. Yet there was no ostentation in his living. His house was furnished, and his table was spread, in a style that showed him to be a man whose wants were few. His hospitality was as homely as it was free. Strange stories are told of the reception the Preachers met with at his house. On one occasion, it is said, the new Preacher, in making his first rounds, found his way to Ll——, and was of course directed to the parsonage. It was in the forenoon of the day; and, entering the house, he found the good lady at the fire, frying pancakes for dinner. He had scarcely, at the bidding of his hostess, seated himself, when she turned abruptly upon him, and asked, "Do you like pancakes?" The Preacher was somewhat "taken aback" by the question, and answered, "Well, I cannot say that I do." The good wife forthwith went to the foot of the staircase, and called to the Vicar, who was in his study above, "Parson, here's the Preacher come; but he doesn't like pancakes: what shall we do?" The Preacher felt considerable vexation that he had declared his taste at all; but what they had for dinner that day, whether the pancakes or some fresh supply of meat, tradition does not inform us. But the Vicar was growing old, and by many tokens was he warned that he had not long to live. Still he grew in grace; and as his piety matured, stronger and stronger grew his love to the once despised Methodists. His large-heartedness was manifested by his deeds. At one time, giving £500 to the Foreign Missions in connexion with his own Church, he gave the same sum to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. And this noble action he afterwards repeated. His wife was equally liberal, and eminent in her love for Missions. At one Wesleyan Missionary meeting she gave £50 as an offering to the cause; and there are those still alive who remember the excitement produced as the Circuit Minister told out the bright sovereigns on the platform, and spoke of it as "his speech."

But the good couple did more than give their gold. They wished to erect a more substantial monument to testify their love to Methodism, and to the work of God. The Vicar finally resolved to build, upon his own ground, a chapel for these same Methodists. While this idea possessed him, he had a dream. And, surely enough, he dreamed of the completion of his own half-formed plans. He thought he saw, fixed on the hill-side, a neat Methodist chapel, well filled with people. The doors were thrown wide open, and Dr. Bunting was preaching the opening sermons. These night-visions appear to have hastened the work; for in a short time afterwards the foundation-stone was laid, and the chapel erected. And, to complete the story, Dr. Bunting actually preached the first sermon in it; and the old Vicar was led into the chapel, a man on either side supporting him, and sat, and heard the Preacher, and saw with delight the fulfilment of his plans. Soon after he died. But before he died, he gave the chapel with the parsonage-house and fields adjoining, by a deed of gift, to the Wesleyan Methodists. The heirs at law disputed the claim, and even went so far as to try by force to gain possession of the chapel. A lawsuit ensued, in which the Methodists gained the victory. And now the little chapel, with the house and farm, are secured to the Conference for "the people called Methodists" for ever, and the rental of the premises goes to the support of the work of God in the Circuit.

A good man was Parson Lloyd! A good woman and true was his wife. Their names will long live in the memories of God-fearing men; and when

their names are forgotten, the savour of their lives and deeds of piety will ascend, as the odour of a sweet-smelling sacrifice to God.

The lane which leads to the village is trodden by but few, and seldom does a stranger enter the church, or read the epitaphs on the tomb of this excellent pair. But they deserve to be kept in remembrance. It may be well said of them both, "Their works do follow them." The wife died first, and the epitaph is evidently from the pen of her husband. Two years after her death, he died, in a good old age, full of years. Here are the inscriptions on their tomb:—

"UNDERNEATH *are deposited the remains of* MARY, *the beloved wife of* DAVID LLOYD, *Clerk, Vicar of Ll——. She died March* 10*th*, 1836. *Ætat.* 89.

"She was a woman possessing many valuable traits, sound in faith, upright in morals, friendly to the poor, sympathetic to the distressed. But chiefly she delighted in supporting the Gospel Missions to the Heathen.

"This is emphatically the work of God! Great is the reward that awaits every faithful servant in this work. The LORD *hath pronounced them blessed."*

"SACRED *to the memory of* DAVID LLOYD, *Clerk, who was Vicar of this Parish forty-nine years.*

"He possessed strong mental powers, highly cultivated, was purely evangelical in his ministry, and unbounded in supporting Gospel Missions. He died March 3*d*, 1838. *Ætat.* 85.

Kington. I. E. P.

The Portfolio.

INVISIBLE HARMONIES.

WE are apt to "limit the Holy One of Israel," and to say, "Some things have worked together for our good." God says, "All things!" Joys, sorrows, crosses, losses, prosperity, adversity, health, sickness; the gourd bestowed, and the gourd withered; the cup full, and the cup emptied; the lingering sick-bed, the early grave!

Often, indeed, would sight and sense lead us to doubt the reality of the promise. We can see, in many things, scarce a dim reflection of love. Useful lives taken, blossoms prematurely plucked, spiritual props removed, benevolent schemes blown down. But the Apostle does not say, "We see," but, "We know." It is the province of faith to trust in the dark. The uninitiated and undiscerning cannot understand or explain the revolutions and dependencies of the varied wheels in a complicated machine; but they have confidence in the wisdom of the artificer, that all is designed to "work out" some great and useful end. Be it ours to write over every mysterious dealing, "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."—*Rev. R. Macduff.*

Monthly Notes for Readers.

THE readers of the Rev. Benjamin Smith's "Vice-Royalty; or, Counsels respecting the Government of the Heart," will be delighted to receive another work from his able pen. *Climbing; a Manual for the Young who desire to rise in both Worlds*, is written in the same lively, instructive, and popular style as his former work. The Rev. Frederick W. Briggs has added to the expository works of Methodism a valuable book entitled, *Pentecost, and the Founding of the Church*. In its fresh and edifying pages the spirit of the honest expositor has been faithfully maintained, and the reader's profit has been sought "by manifestation of *the*

truth" as "in the sight of God." The Rev. R. Spence Hardy's admirable Life of *William Grimshaw* has already reached a second edition. *Death Averted; or, Divine Providence illustrated in the Deliverance of a Missionary and a Native from Shipwreck*, has been added to our Reward-Books, by the Rev. William Moister. *He died Cursing*, and *The Living Way*, are the titles of two powerful tracts by a new writer, who, we trust, will live long to render much acceptable service in this important department of our work. The Rev. Samuel Coley's recent Exeter-Hall lecture on *The Blessed Life*, has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. It contains many gems of rare and rich thought and illustration. M. A. S. Barber's *Earning a Living; or, from Hand to Mouth*, conveys, by means of striking *scenes from the homes of working-people*, an earnest advocacy of woman's mission in both town and village populations.

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED, at Etruria, in the Newcastle-under-Lyme Circuit, March 1st, 1858, MR. CHARLES COPELAND, after being favoured with sixty-three years of lifetime. His early life was spent in worldly frivolity. While yet a youth, he enlisted into the army, and was present at Waterloo, but escaped the dangers of the battle-field. After a short sojourn in Paris, he was remanded back to England, and, obtaining his discharge, he returned to his native village, where he spent the rest of his life. His religious course extended over a period of more than forty years. For its commencement, he was indebted, instrumentally, to the pious example and kind attentions of a beloved sister. When a boy, he was one of the first scholars in the newly-formed Sabbath-school, and an attendant at the Wesleyan chapel; and after his return home he was induced, through his sister's influence, to renew his attendance at both the chapel and the school. Shortly after this he became a member of the Methodist Society. There was, at that time, a general revival of religion in the locality; many persons came under its influence; and among them was the subject of this memorial. Becoming desirous of religious assistance, he sought it at the Methodist class-meeting; and so anxious was he, that he did not wait for an invitation, but he himself applied to a Leader for permission to attend his class, and, of course, he was received with gladness, and encouraged to persevere. He was not yet converted; but this blessed event took place shortly afterwards. Deeply convinced of the sinfulness of his nature, and of the wickedness of his practice, he was greatly distressed; and for some time earnestly sought the mercy of God in the pardon of his sins. One day, while engaged in business, he was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was justified. The evidence of this was so clear, and his assurance so strong, that he could do little else than praise God; so that, referring afterwards to the joyous event, he would exclaim,—

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died
To redeem such a rebel as me."

His own conversion was so distinct, that he ever exhorted others, in seeking salvation, not to be satisfied without knowing their sins forgiven. A consistent religious life furnished outward evidence of the genuineness of his own experience. Viewing him in the various relations of life,—as a servant, as occupying a position between the employer and the employed, as a husband, and as a friend,—it is not too much to say, "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many." His Christian character was also manifested in his religious activities and usefulness: his forty-years' connexion with the Sabbath-school; his diligence as a Class-Leader; his conscientious

discharge of the duties of the other offices he held; his own punctual attendance on the means of grace; all evidenced that his heart was in the cause of God at home. He was interested, too, in the spread of religion throughout the world. He contributed himself to Missions, and he laboured as a Missionary Collector. He had a kindly disposition: if at any time he thought he had occasioned pain of mind to any one, he could not rest until he was reconciled. For thirty years his house was a Preachers' home; and, to his utmost ability, he was "a cheerful giver" to every good object. His death was what always follows such a life: it was *peace*. It was, however, unexpected, and affectingly sudden. His last day will not soon be forgotten. It was a cold, bitter, wintry day; but, as usual, our departed friend was happy and cheerful. At an interesting service in the evening of that day, he rejoiced with the writer in eleven new members being admitted into the church of Christ; and he received his own Society-ticket. At the close of the meeting he set the tune to that beautiful verse,—

"Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky."

This was his last sanctuary-service. As he walked homeward, he was engaged in cheerful religious conversation; in five minutes after he crossed his door-step he was unconscious, and in one hour a corpse! But we feel sure he passed into the temple above, from the singing here to join in songs around the throne; and from the company on earth, with whom he so delighted to associate, to the "multitude which no man can number," who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

R. K.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Armstrong, Elizabeth,	Brampton,	Brampton,	61	Dec. 6th, 1860.
Barker, Mr. John,	Gayton,	Lynn,	73	Dec. 16th, 1860.
Billing, Mrs.,	Late of Magdalens,	Lynn,	90	Jan. 24th, 1861.
Clark, Mary,	Chesterfield,	Chesterfield,	66	Dec. 29th, 1860.
Dye, Mrs.,	South-Gates,	Lynn,	72	Nov. 15th, 1860.
France, Mr. Joseph,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	45	Jan. 12th, 1861.
Galloway, Mr. William,	Wolviston,	Stockton,	83	Jan. 11th, 1861.
Gamble, Mrs.,	Ernest-Street,	London Fourth,	65	Dec. 17th, 1860.
Gill, Mrs. Eliza,	Orchard-Street,	Londonderry,	79	Jan. 30th, 1861.
M'Ilwaine, Jane,	Caal-Hame,	Ballyclare,	78	Jan. 22d, 1861.
Mason, Ellen,	Garsdale,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	26	Sept. 30th, 1860.
Porteus, John,	Hall Bank Gate,	Brampton,	61	Nov. 12th, 1860.
Stainton, Matthew,	Malton,	Malton,	78	Jan. 8th, 1861.
Starling, Mr. Michael,	Terrington,	Lynn,	79	Aug. 3d, 1860.
Statham, Catherine,	Draycott,	Derby,	35	Sept. 15th, 1860.
Sumnan, Richard,	Malton,	Malton,	85	Oct. 6th, 1860.
Taylor, Mr. George,	Derby,	Derby,	67	Dec. 11th, 1860.
Wilks, Ann,	Desborough,	Kettering,	17	Dec. 3d, 1860.
Willcox, Rachel D.,	Great-Dover-St.,	London Fourth,	18	Jan. 3d, 1861.
Woodhead, Mr. M. A.,	Whiston,	Rotherham,	31	Nov. 9th, 1860.
Wowns, Ann,	Portland,	Portland,	79	Dec. 12th, 1859.
Wright, Ann,	Gravesend,	Gravesend,	66	Dec. 16th, 1860.
York, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Kettering,	Kettering,	77	Dec. 25th, 1860.

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'HE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

"What of th k of Gibraltar?" you inquire. "Everybody has heard of it." Pe so: you may have heard, too, that it was taken by the English un Sir G. Rooke, in the year 1704; that, under Lord Heathfield, it wi od successfully a memorable siege by the French and Spaniards in the year 1782; and that it is at the present time an important military station belonging to the English crown.

Many things, ho r, may be said concerning it which you do not know; d many events h ve transpired there which you may never know. It is e than probable hat what is about to be related will be news, and it is d interesting and profitable to you. If the reader be the father or the of a soldier-boy, or the sister of a soldier-brother, you will be in- l in any account of what has taken place at the rock of Gibraltar. It that from thence the last letter came sent by the prodigal, stationed ith his regi ent, or on his way to India or China, telling of bitter for having l t the home of his boyhood. Or, it may be he tells ance towards God, for having grieved Him by wandering in the

paths of sin. He may tell of the Methodist chapel, and of the Methodist Missionary, at the Rock;—that it was in the former, and under the ministry of the latter, he first came to himself;—that there the first tear of penitential sorrow filled his eye and fell upon his cheek, because it would not be restrained; and that at the same time, and in the same place, the lips for the first time quivered with the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," for the Holy Spirit had shown him his sin and guilt in the sight of God. The light had shone into his heart, revealing to him his sins, which like dust in vacant chambers dwelt there, just as the sun shining through the lattice-window of the cottage makes manifest the countless motes which fill the room. Yes, and what is still better, he speaks of Jesus Christ, whom he has found through believing; and with Him has found the goodly pearls of wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. If such a letter has come to a godly family, what joy! a joy in which angels join you; for that your "son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." True to your nature, you seek participators in your joy. That precious letter which has sped across sea and land, bringing glad tidings, is looked upon as a bird of paradise, rich with the plumage, and sweet with the song, of its home. The Minister must see it; and your Leader, and the boy's former teacher in the Sabbath-school. Your joy is the joy of them all. The "good news from a far country" spreads rapidly, as all good news ought to do, until it is pretty generally known by the villagers that J—— C——, who went a soldier two or three years last Michaelmas, "has got converted."

We have not been painting the above with colours from the palette of imagination, but from real life. Our witness is true, happily true, in the experience of many a British homestead. To them the rock of Gibraltar is dear: it is graven as with an iron pen, upon the still more enduring rock of their memory. They thank God for the place; for the Methodist chapel, and for its Minister. They pray, too, for the British army, to whose ranks they have contributed men, who are both soldiers of the cross of Christ, and of the crown of England.

In many ways intelligence is received similar in its joyous character to that of the sketch given above; intelligence which will yield to none greater joy than to those who have laboured at the rock of Gibraltar, in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of these have gone with their sheaves to heaven which they gathered there. Some still survive, and are now gathering goodly sheaves in the harvest-field of England, in addition to those which they housed when upon the Rock. We will now give one instance, and then another, of the honour which God has been pleased to put upon the Wesleyan-Methodist Mission at Gibraltar.

I. THE SOLDIER'S SON.

At a Wesleyan Missionary meeting held in the autumn of 1859, at an important village in one of the eastern counties of England, a cordial and devoted Minister of another denomination occupied a seat upon

the platform, and took part in its earlier proceedings. A Corporal of the Royal Artillery was also present, who detailed some interesting reminiscences of his own residence upon the rock of Gibraltar; and also testified from personal observation of the great value of our Mission at that place. When the Corporal had concluded, the Minister already mentioned desired to add something further concerning our Mission there. With great feeling he then proceeded to say that he was born at Gibraltar, and was the son of a soldier who held the rank of a Corporal in the Royal Engineers, then called the Royal Sappers and Miners; but who, when the speaker was quite an infant, was unfortunately killed by falling from a height of five hundred feet, when at work at the North Front. Mercifully, however, the deceased had been truly converted to God, but only a fortnight before the fatal accident occurred. When the melancholy fact became known, a pious Methodist named W—— having informed the late Rev. William Barber, at that time the Missionary there, they proceeded in company to the house of the widow, to break to her the loss she had sustained. She, being a Christian woman in connexion with the Methodist Society, received the intelligence with becoming submission, and gave heed to the consolatory words of Mr. Barber and his friend. In a cradle by her side lay her infant son unconscious alike of his own loss and of his mother's grief. Before the Minister and his companion left the house of mourning, they commended her and her infant to the care of the Judge of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, and prayed that the Lord would spare the child and make him a Minister of the Gospel. Shortly after the mother and child returned to England, and Mr. Barber soon after went to heaven. Years, like so many waves, rolled up the shore of time, and receded again to their mother ocean, eternity.

Twenty years elapsed, during which the Missionary's prayer was had in remembrance before God. During that interval Mr. W——, who went with Mr. Barber to the widow's house, had also returned to England, and had taken up his abode in a town in Devonshire. Upon a certain Sabbath-morning he attended his accustomed house of prayer as usual. A stranger occupied the pulpit. The service concluded, he greeted the Preacher and inquired his name: it was W——. Further inquiry elicited that he was born at Gibraltar, at such a time; that he was the son of Corporal W——, who met his death by an accident on the Rock. The two strangers had met before, when he, Mr. W——, was a Leader at Gibraltar, and he, the Preacher, an infant in the cradle, in a house of mourning, when the former had joined his entreaty for the child with that of the now sainted Missionary. The child had grown a youth; the youth had become a man; the man a Preacher, and had preached to him that morning the everlasting Gospel. Then, an old fact was verified anew to the encouragement of the two friends; they had fresh evidence that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The prayer that God would make the fatherless boy a Minister had been answered; and he is now sustaining a responsible charge over a Nonconformist church in the place where the meeting was held. That the Leader and the Preacher

rejoiced together upon that Sabbath morning we dare not doubt; the old man rejoicing at God's faithfulness, and the young man at God's grace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ADVICE OF BISHOP HALL TO THE FOUNDER OF THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

(*To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."*)

In reading the interesting paper on "John Wesley at the Charter House," in your Number for March, I was reminded of another great and good man who had a share in the work of founding that noble institution. Sutton's large heart was under the influence of at least one of the noblest intellects of his day: perhaps he had other advisers of whom we now know nothing, as much of what pertains to his personal history seems to be irrecoverably lost. At all events, Joseph Hall, who was afterwards successively Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich, rendered him and all posterity a valuable service, by writing the letter a copy of which I send, hoping you may see fit to give it insertion. Had the date been affixed, it would be more intelligible; but in the absence of a date it is fair to presume it was written about 1608, since in the next year Sutton obtained an Act of Parliament empowering him to erect the hospital in Essex, which two years afterwards he removed to its present site in London. What were the relations subsisting between Hall and Sutton, which rendered it fitting that a man so polite as Hall should write such a letter, we do not know at all; and what the circumstances which seemed to lay Sutton open to the suspicion of needless delay, we know but very imperfectly. Possibly the fact that he had executed a deed of gift to certain distinguished persons for the purpose of founding this hospital fifteen years before the Act of Parliament just referred to was obtained, may account for the impression on Hall's mind that he was dilatory. But whatever the facts may have been, or whatever the relations between the parties, the intrinsic value of the letter remains the same. It is a noble specimen of Christian wisdom and fidelity in a Minister of the Gospel, and contains lessons which the lapse of two centuries has done nothing to supersede, but rather makes more impressive. Nine or ten years after writing this letter, Hall preached the sermon before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen on Easter-Monday, commonly called "the Spital Sermon," in which, amidst much beside that is very interesting and instructive, we find a passage that may remind the reader of this letter to Sutton, and at all events serves to show that lapse of time had not altered his opinion on the folly of those who have abundance laid up —for it is only to such that his remarks will fully apply—reserving their benevolence to the end of their lives:—

"Do not so do good that we may thank your death-bed for it, and not you. Late beneficence is better than none but so much as early beneficence is better than late. He that gives not till he dies, shows that he would not give if he could keep it. And God loves a cheerful giver.

That what you give thus, you give it by your testament; I can scarce say you give it by your will. The good man's praise is 'he disperses his goods,' not he left them behind him; and his distribution is seconded with the retribution of God, 'His righteousness endureth for ever.' (Ps. cxii. 9.) Our Saviour tells us that our good works are our light. (Matt. v. 16.) Which of you lets his light go behind him, and hath it not rather carried before him, that he may see which way it goes, and which way himself goes by it? Do good, therefore, in your life, that you may have comfort in your death, and a crown of life after death."

Trusting that the republication of these sound advices may prove seasonable and useful,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

G. OSBORN.

"SIR,—I trouble you not with reasons of my writing, or with excuses. If I do ill, no plea can warrant me: if well, I cannot be discouraged with any censures. I crave not your pardon; but your acceptation. It is no presumption to give good counsel; and presents of love fear not to be ill taken of strangers. My pen and your substance are both given us for one end, to do good: these are our talents: how happy are we if we can improve them well! Suffer me to do you good with the one, that with the other you may do good to many, and most to yourself.

"You cannot but know that your full hand and worthy purposes have possessed the world with much expectation. What speak I of the world? whose honest and reasonable claims yet cannot be contemned with honour, nor disappointed without dishonour. The God of heaven, which hath lent you this abundance, and given you these gracious thoughts of charity, of piety, looks long for the issue of both; and will easily complain either of too little or too late.

"Your wealth and your will are both good; but the first is only made good by the second: for, if your hand were full, and your heart empty, we, who now applaud you, should justly pity you. You might have riches, not goods, not blessings. Your burthen should be greater than your estate: and you should be richer in sorrows than in metals.

"For, if we look to no other world, what gain is it to be the keeper of the best earth? That, which is the common coffer of all the rich mines, we do but tread upon, and account it vile because it doth but hold and hide those treasures; whereas the skilful metallist that findeth and refineth those precious veins for public use, is rewarded, is honoured. The very basest element yields gold; the savage Indian gets it; the servile prentice works it; the very Midianitish camel may wear it; the miserable worldling admires it; the covetous few swallow it; the unthrifty ruffian spends it. What are all these the better for it? Only good use gives praise to earthly possessions.

"Herein, therefore, you owe more to God, that He hath given you a heart to do good; a will to be as rich in good works, as great in riches.

To be a friend to this mammon, is to be an enemy to God; but to make friends with it, is royal and Christian. His enemies may be wealthy; none but His friends can either be good, or do good. '*Da et accipe*,' saith the wise man. The Christian, which must imitate the high pattern of his Creator, knows his best riches to be bounty: God, that hath all, gives all; reserves nothing; and, for himself, he well considers that God hath not made him an owner, but a servant; and, of servants, a servant, not of his goods, but of the Giver; not a treasurer, but a steward; whose praise is more to lay out well than to have received much. The greatest gain, therefore, that he affects, is an even reckoning, a clear discharge; which, since it is obtained by disposing, not by keeping, he counts reservation loss, and just expense his trade and joy. He knows that, 'Well done, faithful servant,' is a thousand times more sweet a note, than 'Soul, take thine ease;' for that is the voice of the Master recompensing; this, of the carnal heart presuming; and what follows to the one, but his Master's joy? what to the other, but the loss of his soul? Blessed be that God which hath given you a heart to forethink this; and, in this dry and dead age, a will to honour Him with His own, and to credit His Gospel with your beneficence. Lo, we are upbraided with barrenness: your name hath been publicly opposed to these challenges; as in whom it shall be seen that the truth hath friends that can give.

"I neither distrust nor persuade you, whose resolutions are happily fixed on purposes of good; only give me leave to hasten your pace a little, and to excite your Christian forwardness, to begin speedily what you have long and constantly vowed. You would not but do good; why not now? I speak boldly; the more speed, the more comfort. Neither the times are in our disposing, nor ourselves: if God hath set us a day, and made our wealth inseparable, there were no danger in delaying: now, our uncertainty either must quicken us, or may deceive us. How many have meant well, and done nothing, and lost their crown with lingering! whose destinies have prevented their desires, and have made their good motions the wards of their executors, not without miserable success; to whom, that they would have done good, is not so great a praise, as it is dishonour that they might have done it. Their wrecks are our warnings: we are equally mortal, equally fickle: Why have you this respite of living, but to prevent the imperious necessity of death? It is a woeful and remediless complaint that the end of our days hath over-run the beginning of our good works. Early beneficence hath no danger, many joys; for the conscience of good done, the prayers and blessings of the relieved, the gratulation of the saints, are as so many perpetual comforters which can make our life pleasant, and our death happy; our evil days good, and our good better. All these are lost with delay; few and cold are the prayers for him that may give; and, in lieu, our good purposes fore-slowed are become our tormentors upon our death-bed.

"Little difference is betwixt good deferred, and evil done. Good was meant; who hindered it? Will our conscience say, there was time enough, means enough, need enough; what hindered? Did fear of

envy, distrust of want? Alas, what bugs are these to fright men from heaven! As if the envy of keeping were less than of bestowing. As if God were not as good a Debtor as a Giver. 'He that gives to the poor, lends to God,' saith wise Solomon. If He freely give us what we may lend, and grace to give; will He not much more pay us what we have lent, and give us because we have given? That is His bounty, this His justice.

"O, happy is that man that may be a creditor to His Maker! Heaven and earth shall be empty before he shall want a royal payment. If we dare not trust God while we live, how dare we trust men when we are dead?—men that are still deceitful, and light upon the balance; light of truth, heavy of self-love. How many executors have proved the executioners of honest wills! How many have our eyes seen, that, after most careful choice of trusty guardians, have had their children and goods so disposed as, if the parent's soul could return to see it, I doubt whether it could be happy! How rare is that man that prefers not himself to his dear friend! profit, to truth! that will take no vantage of the impossibility of account! Whatever, therefore, men either show or promise, happy is that man that may be his own auditor, supervisor, executor.

"As you love God and yourself, be not afraid of being happy too soon. I am not worthy to give so bold advice: let the wise man of Sirach speak for me: 'Do good before thou die; and, according to thine ability, stretch out thy hands and give: defraud not thyself of thy good day; and let not the portion of thy good desires overpass thee; shalt thou not leave thy travails to another, and thy labours to them that will divide thine heritage?' Or, let a wiser than he, Solomon: 'Say not, To-morrow, I will give, if now thou have it; for thou knowest not what a day will bring forth.'

"It hath been an old rule of liberality, 'He gives twice that gives quickly;' whereas slow benefits argue unchcerfulness, and lose their worth. Who lingers his receipts, is condemned as unthrifty. He that knoweth both, saith, 'It is better to give than to-receive.' If we be of the same spirit, why are we hasty in the worse, and slack in the better?

"Suffer you yourself, therefore, good Sir, for God's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the church's sake, for your soul's sake, to be stirred up by these poor lines, to a resolute and speedy performing of your worthy intentions: and take this as a loving invitation sent from heaven, by an unworthy messenger. You cannot deliberate long of fit objects for your beneficence, except it be more for multitude than want; the streets, yea, the world, is full. How doth Lazarus lie at every door! How many sons of the Prophets, in their meanly-provided colleges, may say, not '*Mors in olla*,' but '*fames!*'* How many churches may justly plead that which our Saviour bade His disciples, 'The Lord hath need!' And, if this infinite store hath made your choice doubtful, how easy were it to show you wherein you might oblige the whole church of God to you, and make

* Not "There is death in the pot," but "hunger."

your memorial both eternal and blessed; or, if you would rather, the whole commonwealth!

"But now I find myself too bold and too busy in thus looking to particularities. God shall direct you; and, if you follow Him, shall crown you. Howsoever, if good be done, and that betimes, He hath what He desired, and your soul shall have more than you can desire. The success of my weak, yet hearty counsel shall make me as rich as God hath made you, with all your abundance. That God bless it to you, and make both our reckonings cheerful in the day of our common audit."*

HOW A CLASS WAS REVIVED.

THE class met early on Sunday morning. For the first month only one member beside the Leader attended. The latter suggested to the former, "Let us see if among our acquaintances there are not persons seriously seeking the salvation of their souls, who would like to spend an hour each Sunday in Christian converse and prayer." The effort was made in good earnest, and the next Sunday a young man and a middle-aged man presented themselves in the class-room. Both were sincere seekers of the great salvation, and unhesitatingly avowed themselves to be such. The four persons sat down and talked about God's plan of saving sinners, justification by faith, the Spirit's witness, making frequent reference to the holy book, and now and then engaging in prayer. The meeting closed, all feeling that they had been profited, and the two Christian men that they had been greatly refreshed. Somehow it got out during the week that two penitents had attended the class, and on the following Sunday, at the early hour of meeting, there were ten or twelve persons present. The Leader asked the two seekers if they had found peace, and was answered in the negative. He then read "Wesley on Justifying Faith," and engaged in earnest prayer. And while they prayed, the older of the two believed unto salvation, and with a full heart shouted forth the praises of the Most High. The worshippers arose, and united in singing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"—

to the "Old Hundred" tune, all standing, every eye moistened with happy tears. The good old man, through whose solicitations the lately-born soul had come to the class-meeting, sat overwhelmed with emotion too deep for utterance, while all present shared largely in his happiness. The voice of rejoicing reached the ears of persons without, some of whom came in to catch the flame; and long after the accustomed hour had passed the meeting closed. Of course, the next Sunday saw other persons at the class, and among them other seekers; and so week after week the interest continued unabated, and the attendance grew. In less than six months the attendance averaged from forty to sixty persons, and this

* *The Works of Joseph Hall, D.D., successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich: with some Account of his Life and Sufferings, written by Himself.* Oxford, 1837. Vol. VI., pp. 255—258.

continued not for a month, or two months merely, but through years. Nobody found the class-room dull, none went there reluctantly; there was no need to urge, and insist, and persuade.

Thus was a class revived which theretofore had been only such in name.

SAD PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF AN OLD NONCONFORMIST FAMILY.

Dr. Calamy, in the "Historical Account of" his "own Life" and "Times," relates at considerable length some sad and yet instructive passages in a family whom he characterizes as "the most unhappy" he "ever was acquainted with."

The man's wife was "very melancholy;" and the eldest son "a most miserable wicked creature, who, by the time he arrived at manhood, had run through an unusual course of villany and impiety."

With this family, Dr. Calamy and a friend of his lodged before they became housekeepers themselves. During the time they were there, that son was confined, and the letters that came from him were shown to them. They had often in them high strains of seeming penitence, that "rather appeared forced and affected than natural and genuine, and signified very little" because he presently returned into like wickedness as before, as soon as he had capacity and opportunity.

This son had been the darling both of father and mother; and the latter had set her affections upon him to that degree, that when she found him, "instead of a comfort, prove a heart-breaking cross, and a monster of wickedness," it overset her, and was the occasion of a melancholy madness, in the height of which she frequently attempted to kill herself. More than once the lodgers were witness to affecting attempts of that kind. This proved so troublesome to both, that they were at length the occasion of their removal together out of the family.

Some time after, the poor woman actually did put an end to her life. The wretched son, though he well knew he was the original occasion of it, was not at all suitably affected, but rather ran into greater wickedness. At length he took a fancy to go to sea. On purpose to get money out of his father, he pretended to become very sober, and got Mr. Samuel Pomfret, the Minister, with whom his father was well acquainted, to intercede for him. He so far insinuated himself into that good man's favour, that he began to have great hopes of him, persuaded the father to rig him out for a sea-voyage, and in the mean time lodged him in his own house, was exceedingly kind, and took abundance of pains with him in the way of instruction and good advice. But the poor unhappy youth, getting again into bad company, upon their instigation, the very night before he was to set sail, made poor Mr. Pomfret a sorrowful requital for all his kindness. He robbed him, ran away, was pursued and taken. He was committed to Newgate, and in a little while after convicted and condemned.

The Lord's day after his condemnation, when he was to die on the Wednesday following, the father came crying to Dr. Calamy, as he came out of the pulpit, earnestly requesting that he would go along with him that evening to see and converse with his unhappy son in Newgate.

When they got to Newgate, the young man was brought to them into the chapel in a chain, and Dr. Calamy, father and son, sat down together. They found the young man very stiff and sullen, exceedingly captious with his father, and ready to snarl at him at every turn, and warm in his resent-

ment of several things that had passed between them.

Dr. Calamy told him that this was very unaccountable and unbecoming; and that he was heartily sorry that he was not better disposed, and otherwise employed, when his condition was so very lamentable, and he had such melancholy prospects before him. He replied that it was entirely owing to his father that he was so unhappy, for that he might easily get him a pardon if he would but part with a little money; but he said that was his god, and that he cared not what became of any that belonged to him so his money was but secured. Dr. Calamy told him "that sort of carriage was, in his apprehension, far from being likely to encourage" his father to do anything for him; and that no one could have the least word to drop in his favour if he held on in that strain; but, that if, on the contrary, he would freely humble himself, and fall upon his knees before his father, earnestly and importunately beseeching him to forgive all his past provocations, and also to beg of God to forgive him, and would solemnly promise that if his life was but spared, he would make it his endeavour to live to some good purpose, and in such a manner as that he might be a comfort and blessing to the family, efforts would be made to obtain a reprieve which might ultimately be followed with a pardon.

He, however, returned an answer that perfectly amazed Dr. Calamy, in these words: "Sir, I scorn anything of that nature, and had rather die with my company." This raised the Doctor's indignation, and he freely told him that such sort of talk fully convinced him that he had not duly considered what death was; and that he was not aware of the consequences which, in his case, would follow upon it. He asked him if he really believed that his soul would survive his body, and that, if he left this world without true repentance, he must as certainly be for ever miserable as he was then living; and that the wrath of God was as intolerable as it was inevitable. On this, tears trickled down the culprit's cheeks, and he said that he most firmly believed all this, and yet found his heart so hard and unaffected that nothing of this nature would move it.

His carriage plainly discovered a peculiar senselessness; for, in the midst of this serious discourse, he on a sudden turned to his father, and said, "Sir, won't you come and see me at the tree?" at which the old man was so much moved, that he broke out into a flood of tears, and ran to the other end of the chapel, wringing his hands, and taking on most lamentably at such sad stupidity.

We give the conclusion of this sad history in Dr. Calamy's own words:—

"Hereupon I fell to talking with the poor unhappy youth, as movingly as I was able, in order to the setting his great and abominable wickedness, as far as the particulars of it had come to my knowledge, as distinctly before his eyes as might be. I told him I could upon good grounds lay to his charge the death of his unhappy mother, that bore him and brought him into the world, and afterwards brought him up with so much tenderness and affection. I mentioned to him the blood of some other persons, which he had himself actually shed while he was abroad, which cried to heaven for vengeance against him; as well as abominable crimes of another nature, which he had been charged with, and from which he could not clear himself: and dilated on the heaviness of that punishment he had all the reason in the world to expect, if he remained without a change made by the grace of God, until his entrance upon another life; and desired him to think closely of the account he had to give to the great Judge of all. He seemed to

make but light of anything of this kind that was offered to his thoughts.

"I then told him that his father had desired me to give him my advice, whether or no he had best interpose on his behalf; and added, that there was one thing that would go a good way in determining me as to that matter, if he would but open himself to me with freedom about it. He desiring to know what that was, I told him, there had been a report that he had formed a design with a company of ruffians like himself, to break in upon his father by night, and rob and plunder, and afterwards murder him. He returned me this answer; that as to robbing his father, and breaking in upon him by night, he must own the design was formed, and it could not be denied; but that this was with an intention to get money. What the consequence might have been, if the old man had been cross and sullen, or passionate, and refused to let them know where the money might be found, or should have been obstreperous and clamorous, and made resistance, he could not tell: but, without somewhat of that kind, he told me there was no thought of using the old man with any violence."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MISSED TREE.

When an oak, or any noble and useful tree, says one, is uprooted, its removal creates a blank. For years after, when you look to the place which once knew it, you see that something is missing. The branches of adjacent trees have not yet supplied the void. They still hesitate to supply the place formerly filled by their powerful neighbour; and there is still a deep chasm in the ground, a rugged pit, which shows how far his giant roots once spread. But when a leafless pole, a wooden pin, is plucked up, it comes easy and clean away. There is no rending of the turf, no marring of the landscape, no vacuity created, no regret. It leaves no memento, and is never missed.

Brethren, which are you? Are you cedars planted in the house of the Lord, casting a cool and grateful shadow on those around you? Are you palm-trees, fat and flourishing, yielding bounteous fruit, and making all who know you bless you? Are you so useful that were you once away, it would not be easy to fill your place again, but people, as they pointed to the void in the plantation, the pit in the ground, would say, "It was here that that brave cedar grew; it was here that that old palm-tree diffused his familiar shadow, and showered his mellow clusters?" Or are you a peg, a pin, a rootless, branchless, fruitless thing, that may be pulled up any day, and no one ever care to ask what has become of it? What are you doing? What are you contributing to the world's happiness or the church's glory? What is your business?

THE DRUNKARD'S HEARTH.

It was a wretched home: and yet it was not the grinding pressure of poverty that made it so. Externally, there were many comforts; and had sobriety and order ruled its inmates, they might have been a happy household. But, alas! all was going wrong; for George L—— no longer attended to his business, nor spent his evenings at home, but too frequently reeled there in a state of intoxication, or was led by his boon-companions long after the noon of night. His wife, harassed and perplexed by unwonted cares, and the wants of a young family, had borne up for some time against her bitter trials, but, neglecting to seek strength where alone it could be found, she too had occasionally sought oblivion in the intoxicating cup. What prospect but that of speedy ruin

could be anticipated for this unhappy family?

It was Sunday evening, and George L—— sat alone by his fireside. It was not usual for him to be there at that time; but his wife was ill, confined to her room; and in a little cot beside her lay one of their children, a boy of eight or nine summers, who had for some months been wasting away, and who seemed to become every day weaker and more helpless. This dear child had been taught in a Sabbath-school, and, whilst on his couch of sickness, had recalled the holy lessons learned there, and had given his young heart to Jesus. Child though he was, he felt that all was not right with his parents, and would frequently warn them of the consequences of their course of life. Was it the remembrance of these warnings that kept his father at home that evening? Utterly wretched and forlorn he felt himself, and would have given worlds to stifle the voice of conscience, and drown her reproaches in oblivion; but it would not do: an invisible hand was upon him. More than once he had risen with the resolution to rush from his house to the excitement of the "Star," or the "Lion," but as often had sunk down again helpless and hopeless. Presently a feeble voice in the adjoining room called, "Father."

"Well, Harry; what is it?" he said, glancing round on the disordered room, as if for the first time conscious of its utter discomfort.

"George," said his wife, "the child is worse, much worse. I think he is dying! O, it is hard work!" And poor Mary sobbed in agony of soul.

"Do not cry, dear mother," said Harry: "I am going to Jesus. Sing 'Happy Land.'"

"I cannot, darling; O, I cannot!" replied Mary.

"Father, will you meet me in heaven? will you? Will you seek the Lord, and learn to follow Him? He will forgive you, and make you happy. O, say you will, father!"

"Yes, yes; I will try, Harry. I must try," faltered the father, roused and alarmed by the evident change in his boy's features. But there was no time for more. A few short breathings, a whispered murmur of "The angels are there," and the spirit of little Harry had departed.

There was bitter sorrow that night as the parents looked on their departed child. But neither sought to comfort the other. Each heart knew its own bitterness, and writhed in the intensity of its anguish. He was happy and blessed, they were assured; but they, alas! they had no hope.

The grey light of morning struggled through the dull window, but they still sat by the hearth silent and wretched. The poor mother at length lay down on her couch; and George started from his chair, and left the room.

"Do not go out, George," said Mary; but no answer was returned, and a vague feeling of dread took possession of her mind. Conscience, in the meantime, had been very busy, though as yet she saw "through a glass darkly."

George presently returned to the room, holding in one hand a bottle containing brandy, in the other a tumbler.

"Now, Mary, drink," said he; at the same time pouring out the burning poison.

Mary shuddered violently. "George," she said, with terrible earnestness, "what has this brought upon us? Misery, poverty, almost ruin! I tell you now, in the sight of God, in the presence of my dead child, that never, never, never more will I taste one drop of that accursed thing! I am resolved. So help me God!"

George was amazed, thunderstruck. His hand trembled; but though he held the glass, he did not drink. Pale with excitement, he sat down on

the nearest chair. It was some moments before the silence was again broken.

"Mary," he said at length, in unsteady tones, "if you can do without it, I can; and what is more, I WILL! Too long I have been a brute: I will now be a man!" And in a moment bottle and glass were dashed on the hearth, and shivered into a thousand pieces.

Mary did not expect this, and she almost trembled at his fierce excitement. He walked the room for a little time in silence; then, as if seized by a sudden determination, he went out, shutting the door after him.

Could her ears deceive her? Smash after smash! What was he doing? Weak and ill though she was, she descended into the cellar. There stood her husband. Every bottle containing wine or spirits he had dashed to atoms, and their contents mingled on the dingy floor. To turn the tap of the ale-barrel was his next work; and with a strange look of exultation he returned to the apartment.

This was the first step to reformation and happiness. Angels looked on approvingly; and strength from on high was sought and vouchsafed to enable them to keep to their resolve.

Months rolled away, and prosperity returned. He and his wife began regularly to attend the sanctuary. Their minds were enlightened; they were led to the Saviour; and now, prosperous and happy, they seek to win others from the paths of the destroyer, and to point them to the Source of light and peace.

Woolwich. ADELINE.

A DIM SENSE OF GOD.

THERE are few, if any, who deny the existence of God; but there are many to whom His existence is not a reality.

Many have only a dim sense of God. In consequence of this, they have a dim sense of sin. Sin against an unconscious principle, or against an indefinite law given by an unknown lawgiver, can never be felt to be an evil and a bitter thing. The cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," can never be uttered by one who has a dim sense of God. Such a one can have no confidence or trust in God. A clear perception that God is, is necessary to faith in Him. Clear views of God's being and character lie at the foundation of all true, decided, growing piety. We all need to pray for a clearer sense of God's existence and presence.

PRAYER AND IMMUTABILITY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated declarations of God, there are many who are sceptical as to the efficacy of prayer. God, they say, is immutable. Prayer, in order to be efficacious, must produce a change in Him, must lead Him to do what He would not have done had prayer not been offered.

The Bible affirms that God is influenced by the prayers of His children as truly as an earthly parent is influenced by the prayers of his children. This does in no way conflict with His immutability. Immutability and inactivity are not identical. God does to-day what He did not do yesterday. He is daily calling new objects into existence. Do these acts affect the unchangeableness of His character? By no means. As long as all His acts are performed on holy and wise principles, so long He is immutable.

The influence of second causes or of instrumentalities in the material world is just as inconsistent with His immutability as is the efficacy of prayer. God maketh the corn to grow upon the mountains, but the instrumentality of man has something to do with its growth. God clothes the hills with corn through the instrumentality of man's toil; and so He bestows the blessings of a spiritual

harvest through the instrumentality of prayer. In the material world He uniformly produces certain results when certain conditions have been performed by men. With a similar uniformity He produces certain results in the spiritual world when certain conditions have been performed by men. Nothing is done from caprice. There is no change in the principles of action.

Prayer, then, is efficacious. It is power, not with nature, but with nature's God. It is an instrumentality mightier than that which drives the steam-ship against wind and tide; swifter than the electric current. It enables a soul to beat back the engulfing waves of guilt; to send, in one instant, a message to the presence-chamber of God.

The most interesting chapter in the history of the world (excepting that which records the labours and sufferings of Christ) is that relating to prayer. It cannot be written (except very imperfectly) by the historian of earth. It is written in heaven, to be read by the redeemed. There it will be seen that a mother's prayers reached her wayward son when far away from her in the ends of the earth. There it will be seen that a sister's prayers reached her brother in his lonely room in the crowded city, and led him to open his neglected Bible, and to weep over that loss of innocence, and that departure from God, which he thought, when he left the pure influence of his beloved home, could never take place. There it will be seen that a powerful revival of religion which caused joy in heaven, and sent the Gospel to many a heart, was owing to the prayers of some one of God's unhonoured poor. There is power in prayer. The resources of omnipotence are within our reach, and we may use them. Ask, and ye shall receive. The word of the Lord standeth sure.

LEARN TO SAY, "NO."

If we would, says the Rev. Samuel Martin, (to use a Scripture phrase,) *possess our souls*,—retain, that is, our self-possession, instead of allowing our fellow-men to possess us, or circumstances to control us,—we must often say, "No." He who yields to every enticement may justly be called "a pitiable atom, the sport of divers and casual impulses." Instead of being like a bird, guiding itself through the air, he is like a feather, driven hither and thither by every changing wind. Instead of being like a gallant ship, steered in a fixed and definite course, he is like a straw, floating up and down with the rising and falling tide.

If we would be *fit to live in such a world as this*, we must learn to say, "No." In the man who sets up as an accountant, you expect a knowledge of figures; and in the man who calls himself an artisan, you look for skill in some handicraft: and a man taking his place in such a scene of trial and temptation as "this present evil world," is expected to say, "No."

If we would have *peace of mind*, we must learn to say, "No." The relation of the power of refusal and rejection to quietness of heart, is like that of an anchor to a ship. And if any man seek peace by following every voice that addresses him, or by yielding to every impulse that arises in his heart, instead of finding rest, he will be like "a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed."

If we would be *happy*, we must learn to say, "No." When a man is hungry, giving him a stone is giving him something, but it is not giving him food. If a man be thirsty, poison would be drink; but he had better thirst yet longer than drink a deadly draught. When a man is sick, many adventurers are ready to administer to him, but their nostrums may kill him. Food, and drink, and medicine, to be of service, must be pure, and good, and wholesome, and adapted to the

case. And thus with sources of true happiness,—these are not what will meet a man's present wishes, but what will advance his real welfare. Yet, as in most markets there is inferior and unwholesome food, and as in every district there is impure water, and as in every apothecary's stores there is poison; so there are always at hand sources of miscalled happiness, as false, and filthy, and foul as hell. And seeing that in every market in which unwholesome food happens to be sold, men are to be found exhibiting the refuse of the shambles, and crying, "Buy! buy!"—and seeing that wells of impure water are accessible to the passenger, and that on a hot and dusty day there are strong temptations to the tired and thirsty wayfarer to drink the poisoned water,—it is clear that if a man would be really happy, he must learn to say, "No."

If we would *attain to excellence in any of our pursuits and engagements*, we must learn to say, "No." Human life, in some of its departments and phases, is very like mounting a ladder, with a crowd below calling to us, "Come down! come down!" and progress is largely dependent upon our saying, with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work, and *cannot* come down." The pendulum describes continually an arc, but it never describes a circle; and a man who cannot say "No," may do fragments of good work, but a *whole* performance will be impossible to him, and progress will be entirely out of the question.

We may add,—*if we would follow Christ, and work out our own salvation*, we must learn to say, "No." How emphatic and distinct are the words of Jesus Christ upon this topic! "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me." "If any man will come after Me, let him *deny himself*, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

A SUPERIOR PEOPLE.

It is curious, says one, how men soothe themselves and avoid coming down, or mitigate the pain of doing so, by secretly cherishing the belief that in some one little respect they are different from and higher than all the rest of their kind. And it is wonderful how such a reflection has power to break one's fall, so to speak. You don't so much mind being only a commonplace man in all other respects, if only there be one respect in which you can fondly believe you are superior to everybody else. A very little thing will suffice. A man is taller than anybody else in the town or parish; he has longer hair; he can walk faster; he is the first person who ever crossed the new bridge; when the Queen passed near, she bowed to him individually; he was the earliest in the neighbourhood who got the perforated postage-stamps; he has the swiftest horse in the district; he has the largest cabbages; he has the oldest watch; one Smith spells his name as no other Smith was ever known to do. It is quite wonderful how far it is possible for men to find reason for cherishing in their heart a deep-seated belief that in something or other they stand on a higher platform than all the remainder of mankind. Few men live who do not imagine that in some respect they stand alone inthe world, or stand first.

I have seen people quite proud of the unexampled disease under which they were suffering. It was none of the common maladies that the people round about suffered from. I have known a countrywoman boast, with undisguised elation, that the doctor had more difficulty in pulling out her tooth than he ever before had in the case of mortal man.

Our Servants.

CLEANLINESS.

Welcome, merry month of May! Old England never looks so bonny as in the month of May. Everything looks so young! As the "Times" says,—"After all, it is the cold that kills." And surely the late winter has killed all it could. Many a noble tree, that had withstood the blasts of a hundred years, has been uprooted and laid prone upon the earth, with a thousand lesser plants strewn around, by the cold winds of the past winter. Many a noble ship, laden with a rich cargo, and manned by a brave crew of husbands and brothers, has foundered at sea, or been wrecked on the coast. And many a hoary head, crowning a life of seventy years and upwards, and expecting to weather a few years more, (for the love of life is strong,) has fallen beneath the hand of winter at last. This is very sad: but still by the removal of old things, all things become new; and a population never seems so young as in the month of May. Vegetable nature is in her loveliest robes. Grass is greenest, trees are goodliest, flowers are sweetest, in May. The skies are pure, the air is clear, all nature seems renewed in life and beauty. One element in all this loveliness is cleanliness. The many rains of early spring have washed everything, and cleansed the very air from its impurities. We read in the Bible of "the tender grass springing out of the earth, by clear shining after rain:" a beautiful emblem of kindly instruction.

Now all our good servants are resolved to make everything within the house as sweet and clean, as everything outside the house. They determine that Nature, with all her renovating powers, shall not very far excel them in the matter of cleanliness: hence they look forward with perfect delight to the grand "May cleaning," when every article of housekeeping is to be thoroughly purified, whether it wants it or not. Against this, the men-folks are sure to complain loudly: but never heed them for one moment; they had better do that for a week or two, than be growling for a whole year about dirt. Now, out go the fires; up come all the carpets; down come the winter's curtains: these will be beaten and shaken till every atom of dust be gone, and the colours stand out as fresh as new. For the comfort of our nightly hours, the bedsteads will be taken to pieces, and very carefully purified. Different tradesmen, from him who makes things black, to him who makes things white, are now called in, and the whole house is overhauled. These gentlemen appear to make matters worse, and certainly they leave a provoking quantity of work behind them; but have a little patience, get rid of them as soon as you can with decency, and then take sweet revenge, by giving every floor and door, chair and table, pot and pan, knife and spoon, from the least to the greatest, a perfect cleansing. Order being restored, what is so sweet to one's senses now, as a man's own house? The good man of the house will grumble no more: he may not say much to you, but he will quietly praise both wife and maids. Such a thorough operation will cost not so much money as labour; not any great outlay, except that of industry: but every stroke tells its own tale upon the coming comfort of both the family and the servants.

We have sometimes wished that to the prizes that are often awarded to those servants who have been the longest term of years in their situations, there might be added another,—a prize to those servants who keep the cleanest household matters. So this brings up the next suggestion; the important duty of *keeping* things clean after they have been made clean. There are some girls who are capital hands at cleaning; they like nothing so well as a regular, good scouring of a house, or a polishing of hardware; but, unfortunately, they have no skill in keeping things clean; and so in a month, say, by the end of June, everything is nearly as bad as ever. Now, we should remember, and that constantly, that *nothing can take care of itself*. If a man have been successful in making

a fortune, he will lose it all, unless he take proper care in its disposal. He must be cautious in placing it in good security, and every now and then he must examine his accounts. If another be a tolerable scholar, yet he will forget all he ever learned, unless he go over his attainments now and then, and keep adding to his stores of knowledge. If a good housewife be ever so well supplied with household plenishing, yet all will go WRONG without a careful eye and a busy hand. The reason is, everything is perishable: all things are but dust; and it is as true of anything else as it is of our own bodies, that dust it is, and unto dust shall it return. So that nothing keeps itself in order. But when things are well cleaned, and put into good order, prompt attention, and a resolute hand, will easily keep them so. What a pity it is, then, that the beauty and sweetness of one's house should be lost!

Besides this, a more weighty reason is behind. Our servants ought to know how very much their own health and life, as well as those of our families, depend on cleanliness. It is a fact, that "cholera morbus," fever, and other most destructive maladies, are fed by dirty habits. Persons who have closely studied the health of towns have foretold, with surprising accuracy, what course the "cholera" would take, and where it would stop. Whatever our servants do, we hope they will remember, by frequent washings, and a plentiful use of water, to keep every floor, every hole and corner of the house, especially the kitchen and sinkstone, clean and fresh. Personal cleanliness, one would hope, their own self-respect would command. Some servants are always clean and comely. Let them be doing what they may, they manage to keep the dust off themselves. One has observed, that such persons love cleanliness for its own sake. They are frequently among the best of servants. But there are others, equally valuable, who have not that ability. Work being ended, no house looks comfortable if the servants are not clean; it wants a certain air of respectability; it makes a caller think, on finding the servants untidy, that their mistress is unreasonable and unceasing in employing them. Otherwise, when ordinary work is finished, and the servants are clean, tidy, and bright, each week-day seems to close with a kind of Sabbath. Then to Truth, Order, Economy, let us join that favourite quality, Cleanliness.

P. H.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. II.

(*Continued from page* 118.)

THIRDLY.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the fact that it was instituted as a* DAY OF BODILY REST, AND PHYSICAL RECRUITMENT FROM SECULAR TOIL.

"In it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." (Exod. xx. 10.)

All men need periodic repose, in order to the recruiting of their wasted physical powers. The rest of one day in seven is just as essential in preserving the physical constitution from sinking under the pressure of labour, as are the regularly-recurring hours of sleep. Such is the constitution of man, that occasional rest and recreation from the labours of life are absolutely necessary to his well-being. Medical writers tell us, that were there no moral, no spiritual, motive to assign for the observance of a Sabbath, *on the ground of bodily health alone, such a rest should be observed.* It has been further stated, that a *seventh* portion of our time thus devoted, is by far the best arrangement that could, by possibility, be devised; a more or less frequent occurrence of a day of rest being fraught, on the one hand or the other, with many disadvantages and positive evils.

On this subject we will quote the testimony of a distinguished physician,—the celebrated Dr. Farre,—given in evidence before a Committee of the British House of Commons. "The use of the Sabbath," says he, "medically speaking, is that of a day of *rest*. As a day of rest, I view it as a *day of compensation* for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power; because if this be once lost, his healing office is at an end. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man *run down* the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature, by which God prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. I consider, that in the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the Sabbatical appointment is not (as it has been sometimes theologically viewed) simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution; but that it is to be numbered amongst the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question. I point out the Sabbatical rest as *necessary* to man; and the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the body or mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day in which it should repose." Such is the language of one who had thoroughly studied this question, and who by habits of profound thought, and patient and philosophical observation, had qualified himself to speak with decision and authority.

The Sabbath, then, is pre-eminently and emphatically, THE WORKING MAN'S DAY. Let him guard it; guard it sacredly and jealously, from the first encroachments of those who openly, or more covertly and speciously, would rob or cajole him out of any of its precious hours. Experience has demonstrated that man needs a Sabbath; he cannot do without it. Let it be wrested from him by tyranny; let it be wrung from him by avarice; let it be voluntarily sacrificed by his own indifference; and man's physical, mental, and moral powers become early enfeebled, and his whole nature is degraded. The Sabbath was intended by Him who knows our frame to mitigate the severity of the original curse, and to soothe the sorrows of a labouring world. Every seventh sun, as it rises upon the earth, is designed by God to come "with healing in its wings," announcing to a toiling world its day of holy rest. Thus in the adaptation of the Sabbath to man, in all the departments of his complex being, we read its heavenly birth, its celestial character, and infer its reign of universal and eternal beneficence!

From the fact, then, that the original reasons for a Sabbath still exist, we naturally conclude that the Sabbath itself, in all its sanctity and power, remains untouched. Has the Sabbath law ever been repealed? When? Where? Under what circumstances? In what book is the repeal registered? Has any voice from heaven ever recalled the solemn mandate, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy?" No. Have, then, the circumstances of man changed? Is there now no creation to commemorate; no God in solemn assembly to worship; no overwrought body to rest; no jaded mind to refresh and soothe? Yea: the very circumstances that originally demanded a Sabbath still exist; and in this fact we read its universal and unceasing obligation.

Fourthly.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the* CONTINUED FORCE OF THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Here we lay the great stress of our argument, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." This is a precept clear, distinct, and unequivocal. That this law, in connexion with the others by which it was accompanied, still remains unrepealed, and that it is as obligatory upon

us as upon those to whom it was first given, admits of satisfactory proof. In that most clear and beautiful exposition of doctrine and practice given in St. Matthew's Gospel,—our Lord's Sermon on the Mount,—we meet with these remarkable and striking words: "Think not that I am come to destroy the Law, or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." (Matt. v. 17.) In this text we have all on the subject of the perpetual obligation of the commandment under consideration we can reasonably require. Let us examine it. In this declaration our Saviour, undoubtedly, must have had reference either to the moral or ceremonial law. Both He fulfilled. As it regards the moral law, He fulfilled it by upholding its authority: with respect to the ceremonial law He did so by realizing and embodying in Himself its types. Destroy either He did not. The ceremonial law was "a shadow of good things to come;" consequently, it is substantiated and perpetuated in and by Christ, to whom it had direct and special reference. The moral law, or ten commandments, Christ more fully enforced, and, in effect, re-enacted, by explaining its nature, spiritualizing its requirements, and epitomizing its contents.

St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, reasoning with the unbelieving Jews, distinctly assumes the continued obligation and perpetual force of the Decalogue; and from "THE LAW," charges the Jews with inconsistency, and demonstrates their need of a Saviour. (Rom. ii. to v. inclusive.)

St. James, in his Epistle, also assumes the continued force of the Decalogue: "Whosoever," says he, "shall keep the WHOLE LAW, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (Ch. ii. 10.) What law? The law of the ten commandments, unquestionably; for he continues,—"He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of THE LAW." (Ch. ii. 11.)

Here we have a distinct recognition, under the Gospel, of the still-binding character of the law of the ten commandments. What right, then, have we to strike out from the tables one of their solemn injunctions? Did not He who said, "Do not kill," say also, at the same time, in the same place, surrounded by the same circumstances of impressiveness and grandeur, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy?"

But it is objected:—Nine of the commandments are *moral* in their nature, the other is a *positive* precept merely. This oft-repeated objection is, after all, little better than a mere evasion. That the Sabbath is a positive institution of God is admitted;—from the nature of the case it could scarcely be otherwise;—but the positive part of the fourth commandment is as little as possible; so little, that the grand duty of devoting some portion of time to the immediate service of God is its main import. The fourth commandment is *in itself* and *essentially* a moral law. It arises from the fitness of things, and rests, like the other precepts, on the primary relation in which man stands to his Creator. To worship God lies at the very foundation of morals; to have a distinct season in which openly to worship Him, nature teaches is both reasonable and necessary.

The Sabbath, then, is perpetually binding upon men, because God has solemnly commanded its observance; commanded it by a law which has never yet been superseded or repealed. Those who tell us that the Sabbath is one of the mere relics of Judaism, and part of a burdensome system of ceremonies which has long since been abolished, in effect tell us, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal," form part of the same burdensome system which was long ago intended to be removed from the world: the fourth commandment forming a portion of God's everlasting law, equally with the sixth, seventh, or eighth.

Lastly.—*The universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is evident from the manner in which the* LORD JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF SPAKE OF IT, AND RECOGNISED IT.

We will select but one illustration. Towards the end of His ministry, the Saviour warned His disciples of the evils that were about to come upon the Jewish people. Advising them as to their conduct during these troublous times, He bids them pray "that their flight be

not in the winter, NOR ON THE SABBATH-DAY." (Matt. xxiv. 20.) Here, we contend, we have a distinct recognition of the Sabbath under the Gospel dispensation. The whole system of Judaism, as authoritative, confessedly expired when Christ, upon the cross, exclaimed, "It is finished;" and yet here the Saviour, looking forward into the depths of forty years, —when Judaism as a divinely-recognised system had ceased,—directs His disciples as to their mode of action *on the Sabbath*.

What inference must be deduced from this? Why, that the Sabbath was to be perpetuated and held sacred under the Christian economy. As "Lord of the Sabbath," He could legislate for it. Repeal it He did not; sanction it He did; predict its continuance He here does; and what the disciples were to do on the Sabbath, in given circumstances, He here tells them. The conclusion is unanswerable.—*There is a sacred day under the Gospel, as there was a sacred day under the Law.*

Natural History.

THE JABIRU.

DR. GEORGE BENNETT, the naturalist, who has just published an account of his twenty-two years' residence in Australia, gives a description of the grandest of all Australian birds, the Jabiru, or gigantic crane. It grows to be five feet high, and is so rare that the Doctor had seen but four skins of the bird during his residence there. It is very graceful, has large and brilliant eyes, a beautiful metallic brilliancy of plumage, and is easily domesticated. He chanced to meet some blacks who had caught one, and brought it into Sydney for sale. The Doctor says:—

"The first evening it was at my house it walked into the hall, gazed at the gas-lamp, which had just been lighted, and then proceeded to walk up-stairs, seeking for a roosting-place; but, not liking the ascent, quietly came down again, returned into the yard, and afterward went to roost in the coach-house, between the carriages, to which place it now retires regularly every evening soon after dark. It may always be found in that part of the yard where the sun is shining, and with its face invariably toward it. It is amusing to observe this bird catch flies: it remains very quiet, as if asleep, and on a fly passing, it is snapped up in an instant. The only time I observed any manifestation of anger in it, was when the Mooruks were introduced into the yard where it was parading about: these rapid, fussy, noisy birds, running about its range, excited its indignation; for on their coming near, it slightly elevated its brilliant feathers of the head, its eyes became very bright, it ruffled its feathers, and clattered its mandibles, as if about to try their sword-like edges upon the intruding Mooruks; but the anger subsided without any further demonstration than an occasional flapping of its powerful wings. One day, however, on one of the Mooruks approaching too near him, he seized it by the neck with his mandibles; on which the Mooruk ran away, and did not appear in any way injured.

"The Jabiru is an expensive bird to keep, consuming a pound and a half of meat daily, and, being a dainty feeder, the meat must be particularly fresh and good. When he was first placed in the yard where some poultry were kept, he stared at the fowls, and they ran away on his approach, although he did not make the least attempt to molest them; and when striding around the yard, all the poultry fled before him, although it did not appear to be an intentional chase on his part. There happened to be a pugnacious, fussy little bantam-cock in the yard, who would not permit the intrusion of any stranger, and, on seeing the Jabiru, he strutted up with expanded and fluttering wings, and ruffled feathers, in a violent state of excitement, cackling and screaming most vehemently, and

making efforts, as energetically as so diminutive a bird was capable of, to frighten and drive him out of the yard. The Jabiru, with his keen, bright eyes, regarded the little fluttering object with cool contempt, and walked about as before; the bantam followed. At last the Jabiru turned, and strode after the consequential little creature, as if to crush it under his feet; when the bantam, seeing matters take such a serious turn, made off as fast as possible,—like all little bullies,—and did not venture to attack so formidable an opponent. In a few days the Jabiru became quite domesticated among the poultry, and they evinced no fear: even the little bantam tolerated his presence, but whether from fear or affection I know not.

"This noble representative of the most gentlemanly of all the feathered tribe, had hardly been four months in his new quarters, when a fit of indigestion carried him off. His skeleton is now in the British Museum."

Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle,
  Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming;
  Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary;
  Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties;
  Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway;
  Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
  With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
  Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
  Gladden well the darken'd hearth.

Hearts there are oppress'd and weary;
  Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
  Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
  From this perfect fountain-head:
Freely, as thou freely givest,
  Shall the grateful light be shed.

IMMANUEL.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR, 1667.

How good a God have we! who for our sake,
To save us from the burning lake,
  Did change the order of creation:
    At first He made
Man like Himself in His own image; now
  In the more blessed reparation,
The heavens bow,
Eternity took the measure of a span;
    And said,
"Let us make ourselves like man:
And not from man the woman take,
But from the woman man."
Hallelujah! we adore
His name, whose goodness hath no store.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. XCIX.

"*He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool.*" (Prov. x. 18.)

This is such an abomination as the very nature of God detests. It is against His nature to prevaricate. For though He is almighty, yet He is pleased to have this said concerning Him, again and again, in His holy word, that He cannot lie; nay, it is impossible to Him to do so, notwithstanding His omnipotence. It is a thing so repugnant to the true God, so contradictory to the sincerity and simplicity of the Divine nature, that you can imagine nothing more hateful and

provoking.—*Howe's Sermons*, vol. ii., p. 42. *Edit.* 1744.

No. C.

"*If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth.*" (1 John i. 6.)

The man who does this is guilty of a lie in practice; for "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." So that if any one professes he has fellowship with God, and yet allows himself in works of darkness, he is guilty of a practical lie. He does by his practice give the lie to his profession. The word rendered "fellowship" signifies participation and converse: but we may understand it in a greater latitude than to signify converse with Him only; since it signifies to have an interest in Him, and relation to Him; and is therefore of the same import with knowing God. "Israel shall say, My God, we know Thee. But Israel hath cast off the thing that is good." (Hosea viii. 2, 3.) There was a laying claim to God, as if they had a part or portion in Him, when there was no such thing. It was but a lie. "I know the blasphemy of them who say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie." (Rev. ii. 9.) As if our Lord had said, "I take it for a high blasphemy against Me, and My name; against the religion of which I am the Author; that such persons should pretend to be of it, or to belong to Me. It is at once a scandalous lie, and blasphemy itself."—*Ibid.*, p. 43.

No. CI.

"*But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.*" (James i. 22.)

To be a doer of the word plainly imports a habit; according as we denominate every person that is of such or such a calling, or trade, from the course and way of life which he follows. A doer of the word is not one that doth some single act now and then, which the word enjoins or directs; but one whose wonted course, and the business of whose life, it is to obey the dictates of this word, and who governs his life and the tenor of his actions by it. Just as we find the phrase of "a worker of iniquity" is in the Old and New Testament made use of to represent and hold forth to us the course of those persons who trade in sin. They are said to be "sin-makers," as the expression doth emphatically note. Their business is to work sin; and they do often exert their strength and power that way. So we are to understand, in general, a "doer of the word" of God; that is, one whose business of his life it is to do it in a continual course.

The Monitor.

MEASURED WORDS.

A MINISTER, who was remarkable for pausing when it became necessary for him to express an opinion on any important topic of conversation, was once rallied by a friend for this peculiarity, and asked for a reason. His reply was simply, "When great principles are involved, I like to measure my words before I speak." This measuring of words is a rare virtue. Too frequently these sacred symbols of thought are bandied about with a recklessness as if they meant nothing, or were designed to express nothing. Were their import duly considered in all cases, they would oftener give utterance to sound opinions, and less frequently endanger the friendship and peace which society in pleasant communion enjoy. How often has the escape of a rash or irritating word disturbed the peace of families, and interrupted pleasant social intercourse! How often has an ill-advised expression imparted a distorted view to a sacred doctrine of religion! How often has a testy word determined the temper of the speaker as irascible! If it were possible to subject the words of all public debates, religious addresses, speeches of all kinds, to this measuring process before they were uttered, to say nothing of personal conversations, there would be vastly less embittered feeling and quarrelling, and, of consequence,

vastly more friendly confidence and harmony in the world. "Think before you speak," is an old and neglected rule; for multitudes speak without thinking, and they imagine that the fluent nonsense which trickles from their tongues is sagacious remark. We have met with persons —and we never wish to meet with any more of their class—who have thought themselves to be wonderfully clever because they could say biting things, by which the feelings of others were deeply wounded.

Words of anger, words of uncharitableness, words of impiety, are never measured words. In a family, words of harshness, words of bitterness and recrimination,—these are gunpowder words, and must produce explosion. In church-relations their effects are the same. We do not commend, by any means, mere art, if we might not say artifice, in the use of words, by which really bad feelings may be concealed; for such speech is an implied dishonesty. Rather, we urge that careful cultivation of right thoughts and feelings which, if they become habitual, will be apt to express themselves in words suitably chosen. Where there is love in the heart, and a genial feeling towards our fellows, the words of kindness, sincerity, and truthfulness will flow forth. These are very different from words of artificial politeness and flattery, which, although ready for the tongue, never represent any true feeling of the heart,—mere sound, and nothing else. We are taught to pray for "the spirit of wisdom, and of a sound mind;" and who would not be happier, and more useful, and more beloved, had he received into his soul the answer to this prayer? We would then "take to ourselves words," right words, not only in our devotional intercourse with God, but in our intercourse with one another. Rough ways would be made smooth, crooked ways straight, and barren spots covered with flowers.

Religion in Heart and Life.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

BY THE REV. R. SPENCE HARDY.

V. THE FINAL VICTORY.

No class of our countrymen needs the sympathy of the Christian church more than the military in India, and no class has more richly repaid the attention it has received. The importance of our establishment at Aldershot, and of the recent appointment of military Ministers to one or two of our colonial stations, can only be rightly appreciated by those who have seen the cantonments and visited the hospitals, in the vast territories of the East, where enemies without number lurk, more fascinating and deadly than the wily serpents that infest its pathways or glide through its jungles. We learn from the last Report of the Baptist Missionary Society that there is not one of the Missionaries now labouring at any of the military stations but reports recent conversions to God among the troops, both native and European. These men, among whom officers of all grades are not unfrequently found, become very earnest and decided Christians. The "saints," as they are called, were, under God, the saviours of India, when the mutiny took place; and during the siege of Lucknow, the eyes of all England were anxiously fixed upon the movements of one whose highest ambition it was to prove himself worthy of this honourable name.

The first enterprise to which Havelock was appointed on his return to India from the Persian expedition, was the capture of Cawnpore. For this purpose he had one thousand four hundred Europeans placed under his command, but without either artillery or cavalry. Before he had assumed official charge of his column, the city had capitulated to Nana Sahib. This vilest of men had sworn an oath on the water of the Ganges, that Sir Hugh Wheeler, the Commandant, should be permitted to retire with his troops to Allahabad, without molestation; but they were no sooner seated in the boats that were to convey them, than a signal-gun was fired, and there was a general massacre of the men, whilst the women and chil-

dren, two hundred and ten in number, were taken back to Cawnpore. It was now the middle of July, with the thermometer above 100°, and there were deluges of rain. Under these unfavourable circumstances the field had to be taken. In the first battle, twelve men were struck down by the sun, never to rise again; but it was also the first encounter in which a victory was gained over the rebels, and its moral influence was of the greatest consequence. In a letter to his wife the General says, "Away with vainglory! Thanks to Almighty God, who gave me the victory." In the order of the day he attributed his success to "the blessing of God on a most righteous cause, the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India." Another battle was fought on the 27th, not far from Cawnpore, in which he was again successful. He slept on the field, with his arm on the bridle of his horse, after partaking of part of a biscuit, which was his only food. On the following morning it was discovered that the insurgents had abandoned the town. The troops hastened onward, and then, with marks of deep anxiety on every countenance, rushed towards the spot where the women had been confined. They were too late. The pavement was swimming with blood; fragments of dress were scattered around; and the whole scene told a tale of most terrible import. It was discovered that the dead and dying had been thrown into a well; and at the sight, men who had again and again braved death without shrinking "lifted up their voices and wept." The vows of vengeance were many and deep; and throughout the campaign every caution had to be taken to prevent outrage and excess. A provost-martial was appointed, "with special instructions to hang up, in their uniform, all British soldiers who were caught plundering;" and the whole of the spirits in the cantonment were collected in one place, and well guarded.

The next movement was to advance to the relief of Lucknow. But at this time the General was obliged to yield to the force of circumstances, and, after the endurance of incredible hardships, failed in the attempt. Nine pitched battles were fought and won. After a severe engagement, he was proceeding towards a certain position, and when his approach was noticed by the men, they called out enthusiastically, "Clear the way for the General." "You have done that already," was the prompt reply; and on the hearing of this compliment, there burst from a hundred lips the cry, "God bless you, General!" At another time he rode along the line, and when the troops cheered him, he said, "Don't cheer *me*, my men: you did it all yourselves." On his return to Cawnpore, Mr. Carre Tucker telegraphed to him to ask if it would be agreeable to him to have the services of a Missionary to visit the wounded in the hospital, as the Chaplain had been massacred. The telegraph-clerk called the Missionary a Papist; but as the greater part of the forces with him were Romanists, though wondering that no Protestant Minister could be found, he replied, "Send him immediately." On his arrival, he was invited to dine with the General, who now found out that this Missionary, the Rev. John Gregson, was of the same denomination as himself, the clerk having mistaken the word Baptist for Papist.

On the 5th of August Sir James Outram was gazetted as the Commander of the united Dinapore and Cawnpore division; by which Havelock was superseded in the command of the army he had led on to so many victories. Three days afterwards Sir James wrote to him a kind letter, in which he nobly declared that it was his intention to forego the advantages of the position in which he had been placed, and leave the General in the unfettered exercise of his former powers. On the 16th of September he issued an order, in which he said, "The important duty of first relieving the garrison at Lucknow has been entrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions he has made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement." This generous act won for Sir James universal admiration; and Sir Colin Campbell, now in the supreme command, said, "Seldom, perhaps never, has it occurred to a Commander-in-Chief to publish and confirm such an order." On the 25th the General

rose as usual, before dawn, and passed some time in prayer, commending himself and his troops to the protection of God. On the night of the same day he reached the Residency at Lucknow. Upon the part of both officers and men, deeds had been done that will long live on another page; and we can only here express our admiration of their valour, and our thankfulness that Britain has yet sons so brave, to defend her interests when imperilled by the insurgent or assailed by men of other lands. On entering the city, the Generals were accompanied by the troops, to whom that moment was one of enviable exultation. "The garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense," says an eye-witness, "burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery; from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses; from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer; even from the hospital many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten." The rough and bearded Highlanders shook the ladies by the hand, and the children were made to partake in the excitement of that hour of joy. But sterner thoughts came over them, when they thought of those that had exhibited equal valour, but were now with the dead. The Highlanders had fought twelve battles, before they could accomplish the relief of the city, and had lost one-third of their number. There is deep sorrow even in the loudest shout of the soldier's victory.

The name of Havelock had by this time become a household word throughout the United Kingdom. By receiving the rank of Knight-Commander, he became Sir Henry. Other honours had been conferred upon him, but of these he knew not. When the excitement was over, the effect of his exertions manifested itself in extreme weakness, and on the 20th of November symptoms of diarrhœa appeared. On the 23d he was heard repeatedly to exclaim, "I die happy and contented." To Sir James he said, "I have for forty years so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear." The next day he died, at the age of sixty-three. At his funeral, Colin Campbell, Outram, and Inglis were present, and he was borne to his humble grave near the wall of the city, amidst the tears of the warriors who had shared in his dangers and triumphs. On the 26th of November, 1857, two days after his death, he was made a Baronet; and a grateful nation expressed its hope that he would long survive to secure further honours, little thinking that he was already beyond the reach of human praise. A pension of £1,000 per annum was granted for his natural life. When his death was known at home, the rank he would have gained was conferred on his widow and son; and the daughter of a Missionary became Lady Havelock.

As with Wellington, stern attention to duty was the rule of Havelock's life. In early rising, diligence, love of order, and the calm quiet with which he continued his career under circumstances of the most varied character, he resembled the founder of Methodism. Naturally reserved and distant, by the power of religion he yet made himself beloved. The firm trust he habitually exercised in the Redeemer enabled him to meet the most appalling dangers with unblanched courage. There have been few deaths within our memory more generally or more sincerely regretted by the nation. It was not his greatest honour that he relieved Lucknow, but that he made thoughtless men do homage to the religion of Christ. One of the journalists thus wrote: "We implicitly believe that none fear men less than those who fear God most. No soldiers ever show themselves more invincible than those who can pray as well as fight; nor have any swords proved more resistless than those wielded by hands that know their way through dog-eared Bibles." The least serious of all our periodicals paid this tribute to departed worth:—

"Strew not on the hero's hearse
Garlands of a herald's verse;
Let us hear no words of fame
Sounding loud a deathless name;
Tell us of no vauntful glory,
Shouting forth her haughty story:
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those;
'*In hoc Signo*,' pale nor dim,
Lit the battle-field for him,
And the prize he sought and won
Was the crown for duty done."

THE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The work of the Holy Spirit is a secret work in the heart. It cometh not with observation. It was so from the beginning, and shall be so to the end. The outward manifestations of the genuine transformation which He effects are very apt to be misconstrued. Sometimes it is believed that the evidences of it, to be true, must be showy and ostentatious. The Pharisees of former days, while neglecting the weightier matters of the law, were fond of the publicity of praying at the corners of the streets; they were very pious outwardly, while very careless of inward holiness. The external manifestation was everything to them, while the inward manifestation was nothing; they commended themselves, by a seeming devotion, to their fellow-men, and neglected the cultivation of that secret religion of the heart which could alone commend them to God. It may at least be suspected that the spirit of many in the present age is strongly assimilated to that which actuated them. We should be sorry to utter a word which might even seem to militate against any genuinely good work, and had rather urge men to abound in such works. Still, it is possible, that there may be a religion which is only seeming, having no root of faith in a truly regenerated soul. Many who profess conversion seem to think that the best way of manifesting their change, is to be always in public and social religious assemblies, to talk much on the subject of religion, and to keep their minds in a constant whirl of excitement. It may be right that these things should be done, and yet there are other very essential things which should not be left undone.

It might startle many showy professors, if they were closely questioned as to the time which they spend in secrecy and retirement, in communing with God and their own souls, in prayer, in religious reading, in self-examination, in the earnest cultivation of the graces of the Spirit. It is possible that a person may be nearly a stranger to the duties of the closet, and yet be found prominent in attendance at sanctuary-services, and much engaged in the work of charitable societies. Indeed, they may make their attention to these an apology for the neglect of the former. Both classes of duties are good, but they must subsist in harmony. The man whose whole religion consists in such outward demonstrations, is not like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; but rather like a showy shrub, which springs up in a soil where there is no depth of earth, and is doomed to wither. If there is not a religion of the heart, it is a poor substitute to be satisfied with lofty pretension and noisy exhibitions. He may be a hypocrite who fasts twice in the week, and for a pretence makes long prayers; but hypocrisy cannot be charged against him who holds daily communion with God, who prayerfully searches the Scriptures, who inquires into the mind of the Spirit, and who in secret retirement tries his own heart by God's standard, and fears a mistaken judgment of his own character. It is well to remember that the Christian derives all his strength and armour from God in his retirement, and is thus prepared for his religious and secular duties in the world and the church. This is the religion between God and the soul, which is most effective in its outward manifestations. This kind of religion is of difficult acquisition, it is the *striving* kind; while the religion which is only for the public is easy, and too often valueless.

Anecdotes.

OLD-TIME SCOTCH STORIES.

Dean Ramsay in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" has furnished many amusing incidents. From those relating to Ministers and people, and to religion, we select the following:—

The kindly feelings and interest which the pastoral relation universally awakens in Scotland have led to much familiar and pleasing intercourse between Minister and people.

John Brown, Burgher Minister at

Whitburn, (son of the Commentator, and father of the late Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, and grandfather of the present accomplished M.D. of the same name, author of "Rab and his Friends," &c.,) in the early part of the century was travelling on a small sheltie, (a Shetland pony,) to attend the summer sacrament at Haddington. Between Musselburgh and Tranent he overtook one of his own people. "What are ye dain' here, Janet, and whaur ye gaun in this warm weather?" "'Deed, Sir," quo' Janet, "I'm gaun to Haddington *for the occasion*," (the Lord's supper,) "an' expeck to hear ye preach this afternoon." "Very weel, Janet; but whaur ye gaun to sleep?" "I dinna ken, Sir; but Providence is aye kind, an'll provide a bed." On Mr. Brown jogged, and after service in the afternoon, before pronouncing the blessing, he said from the pulpit, "Whaur's the auld wifie that followed me frae Whitburn?" "Here I'm, Sir," uttered a shrill voice from a back-seat. "Aweel," said Mr. Brown, "I have fand ye a bed; ye're to sleep wi' Johnnie Fife's lass."

There was at all times amongst the older Scottish peasantry a bold assertion of their religious opinions, and strong expression of their feelings. The spirit of the Covenanters lingered amongst the aged people whom I remember, but which time has considerably softened down. We have some recent authentic instances of this readiness in Scotchmen to bear testimony to their principles.

A friend has informed me that the late Lord Rutherfurd often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, "What a —— mist!" and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him: "What ails you at the mist, Sir? it weets the sod, it slockens the yowes, and," adding with much solemnity, "it's God's wull;" and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherfurd used to repeat this with much candour as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.

Something like this is reported of an eminent Professor of geology, who, visiting in the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The Professor had his pocket-hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and, going up to him, quietly said, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes!"

The same feeling under another form was exhibited to a traveller by a Scottish peasant. An English artist, travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time, he walked out a short way in the environs, where the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling: "It's no the day to be speering sic things!"

A manifestation of even still greater strictness, on the subject of Sabbath-desecration, I have received from a relative of the family in which it occurred. About fifty years ago the Hon. Mrs. Stewart lived in Heriot-row, who had a cook, Jeannie by name, a paragon by excellence. One Sunday morning, when her daughter (afterwards Lady Elton) went into the kitchen, she was surprised to find a new jack (recently ordered, and which was constructed on the principle of going constantly without winding up) wholly paralysed and useless. Miss Stewart naturally inquired what accident had happened to the new jack, as it had stopped. The mystery was soon solved by Jeannie indignantly exclaiming that "she was nae gaeing to hae the fule thing clocking and rinning about in *her* kitchen a' the blessed Sabbath-day."

It may be well supposed that a peasantry with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any person whose principles were known to be of an infidel character. There is a story traditionary in Edinburgh regarding David Hume, which illustrates this feeling in a very striking manner, and which, I

have heard it said, Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp at the back of the Castle, the existence of which I recollect hearing of from old persons forty years ago. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing, and begged her assistance. She passed on apparently without attending to the request: at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him, "Are na ye Hume the Atheist?" "Well, well, no matter," said Hume: "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for you till ye turn a Christian yersell: ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grafel there as I fand ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the required formulas.

THE CRAFTY DEFEATED.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, in his "Annotations on Bacon's Essays," relates the following anecdote:—A Curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the Rector or the Bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan: they drew up and signed a memorial to the Bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the Curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him for preferment. Soon after, *this very living* quite unexpectedly became vacant: whereupon the Bishop, considering how acceptable as well as deserving he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked his people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assuring them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE LORD LEADING HIS PEOPLE.

"He . . . leadeth them out." (St. John x. 3.)

"He leadeth them out." It is not said, you observe, that the shepherd driveth them out, for that was not the manner of shepherds; but that he leadeth them, going before to call them after him. This, indeed, is expressly and formally said in the next verse,—"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him." Hence those poetic figures of the Old Testament,—"The Lord is my Shepherd; He leadeth me beside the still waters;" "Thou leddest Thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron;" "Give ear, O Shepherd, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock." The same custom of going before the flock pertains even now, it is said, in the sheep-walks of Spain.

What a beautiful image, or picture, to represent the attitude and personal relationship of Jesus among His followers,—*That He does not drive them on before, as a herd of unwilling disciples, but Himself goes before, leading them into paths that He has trod, and dangers He has met, and sacrifices He has borne Himself, calling them after Him, and to be only followers.* "He leadeth them out."

If driving could do any good, He might well enough drive His flock as a body, caring nothing for any of them in particular; but, if He is going to draw them after Him, He must work upon their inclinations, draw them by their personal favour to Him, and must therefore know them personally, and call them to follow, as it were, by name. Just the difference will be observed in this matter that pertains between the eastern shepherds and those of the west and north.

No sooner do we come upon this latter fashion of driving flocks a-field, than we see the noting, knowing, and calling of particular sheep disappear. When the driving and thrusting on before becomes the manner, there is no need of getting any one of them under a power of confidence and attraction, no need of noting them individually at all. So, if driving were in place, Christ might well enough let fall the fires of Sodom behind His flock, and drive them out, as He drove Lot's family, or his vain-hearted wife, out of the city. But the best use that could be made of such a flock, after all, would be to turn them into pillars of salt, and let them stand. No disciple is a real disciple till he becomes a follower, going after the Shepherd, as one that follows by name, and is drawn by love.

Here, then, is the beauty and glory of Christ as a Redeemer and Saviour of lost man, that He goes before, always before, and never behind His flock. He begins with infancy, that He may show a grace for childhood. He is made under the law, and carefully fulfils all righteousness there, that He may sanctify the law to us, and make it honourable. He goes before us in the bearing of temptations, that we may bear them after Him, being tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He taught us forgiveness by forgiving Himself His enemies. He went before us in the loss of all things, that we might be able to follow, in the renouncing of the world and its dominion. The works of love that He requires of us, in words, are preceded and illustrated by real deeds of love, to which He gave up all His mighty powers from day to day. He bore the cross Himself that He commanded us to take up and bear after Him. Requiring us to hate even life for the Gospel's sake, He went before us in dying for the Gospel; suffering a death most bitter at the hand of enemies exasperated only by His goodness, and that when, at a word, He might have called to His aid whole legions of angels, and driven them out of the world. And then He went before us in the bursting of the grave and the resurrection from it; becoming, in His own person, the first-fruits of them that slept. And, finally, He ascended and passed within the veil before us, as our forerunner, whom we are to follow even there. In all which He is our Shepherd, going before us, and never behind; calling, but never driving; bearing all the losses He calls us to bear; meeting all the dangers, suffering all the cruelties and pains which it is given us to suffer, and drawing us to follow where He leads.

Narratives.

THE SLOP-SHOP WOMAN.*

Two robins, about to build their nest, were fluttering round a country-house belonging to a great engineer.† Somehow, they could not easily suit themselves with a convenient spot. At length they flew in at an open window, and finding a quiet uninhabited room, they agreed to take possession of it. The nest was built, the little ones hatched; all went on prosperously; until, one unhappy morning, the parent bird went out in search of food, leaving his mate sitting on the nest. When he came back with the supply, he could not get into the room; a servant, accidentally entering, had shut the window. Poor little things! The one kept her wings spread over her nestlings, and starved to death with them; her mate without, beat himself, day after day, against the window-panes. Three days this went on. At length the bird was observed by the master of the house: he went up, and opened the window; the bird flew in, sunk exhausted upon the floor, and soon after died. We sympathize with the little bird. Shall we not sympathize with our fellow-creatures when we see them painfully striving, and sometimes against insurmountable ob-

* *Earning a Living; or, From Hand to Mouth.* By M. A. S. Barber. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

† George Stephenson. This incident is related in his *Life*.

stacles, to provide for the wants of those they love?

Some time ago, there dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Tower two poor women: they lived together in the same house. One, Sarah P——, worked at her needle. Sarah had not had much to love in life. The daughter of a small tradesman in one of the busy thoroughfares at the west end of London, she had married, early in life, a labouring man, probably a mechanic. Her husband's master sent him to work at a job in the country, and he never returned. What became of him she never knew. Nearly forty years had passed away since then; nearly forty years, during which she had laboured patiently and industriously to earn her daily bread. Now she was old and alone in the world; but she still possessed a loving heart, and her warm affections seem to have expended themselves upon her neighbour, and her neighbour's little girl, whom the mother used to call "My Kitty." But if old Sarah had nothing to love, the mother had; and it does not appear that, while she lived, she made any cordial return for the friendship of her poor and lonely neighbour.

Death came; the mother, on her sick and dying bed, learned to appreciate the tender offices of her self-denying friend. "My poor woman," she said, laying her hands upon her, "if I had to live, how good I would be to you!" Then she bewailed the fate of her fatherless children, the babe to which she had not long given birth, and "My Kitty," for whom there remained no shelter but the workhouse. "I will take them," said Sarah; "both of them."

So the poor, lone woman folded both the little ones to her bosom, little ones whose daily bread was henceforth to be earned by her. It is true, there was no closed window between her and the objects of her love; but there were difficulties, very, very difficult to surmount.

Sarah's source of maintenance was her needle; and this she employed in working for the slop-shops, making trousers, which were cut out for her at the shop. Kitty was daily sent to school, and learned to read, and write, and cipher. To the great delight of her "grandmother," as she always called Sarah, she brought home from time to time pretty little books, the rewards of her industry, and other tokens of the approbation and affection of her teachers.

But still, food, lodging, clothing, these were the difficulties. At the end of ten months the baby died, so that Sarah's charge was reduced to the one child. But though her work seems to have been pretty constant, though she was an industrious, careful woman, much respected by all who knew her, yet to keep herself and even one child upon slop-work was a great, a very great, difficulty.

She had only one small back-room, in a Rag-Fair lane; yet for this she paid two shillings a week. The rent paid, barely so much as two shillings sometimes remained for food, coals, &c., and for candles, as Sarah worked early and late at her needle.

It was a hard struggle for daily bread: often there was *not enough;* that is, not enough for both. Then old Sarah gave it to her Kitty, and she, occasionally for her a whole day together, went herself without.

Then followed sickness: she had a bad leg, and became lame. She could hardly get to the shop to fetch her work, and take it home, for the pain. She became an out-patient of an hospital, but got no better. Of course not; the want was probably food, not medicine. How could a poor old woman, who denied herself enough bread at times for days together, be the better for medicine?

About this time, a City Missionary began to visit in the quiet little back-room. Feeling the old woman's privations, and knowing how ill her work was paid, how almost impossible it was for her to earn a living, he thought of getting the little orphan, now about ten years old, into an institution, where she would be well taught and cared for, and her feeble friend set free from the task of maintaining her. To his surprise, however, the offer was decidedly refused; nothing would induce her to part with "my Kitty." She met with a loss about this time. She was behind-hand with a week's rent, and the landlady insisted upon her leaving. She took another small room in the neighbourhood, paying for it a deposit of sixpence; but afterwards, having succeeded in getting up the arrears, she found it better to remain where she was; but the

sixpence was lost, of course, forfeited. The landlady also made her enter into an agreement, that if ever she was a week behind again, she was to leave.

Things went on in this way for some while, until fever, that great sorrow of the poor, laid poor little Kitty on a sick bed. Then she and her grandmother were left alone; for no one dared enter the room. Sarah was accustomed to be alone in the world; but the alarm spread, the neighbours got frightened, the landlady began to grumble, and insist upon the child being taken out of the house. Then Sarah's heart began to sink. "What should she do, if her darling were taken away?" Perhaps some day, when the poor sick little one was left alone, she might come back and find her gone. Also there was another danger. For a day or two, she had not been able to get any work at the shop. The well-remembered agreement about the rent was hanging over her; any week that the two shillings should not be ready, what might become of her child? None but the *very* poor know of the troubles from hand to mouth, the life without a future, the life which puts by nothing.

One day, when she was passing through Rosemary-lane, full of her sorrowful forebodings, she met the Missionary. He comforted her as well he could, and persuaded her that such a thing could not, should not, be. He would come and see the child, he said. All honour to the City Missionaries, and the other visiters of the sick, who enter unhesitatingly into the abodes of noxious and pestilential disease! In what other class of men amongst us, are so many lives offered up to the duties of Christian sympathy with the sick and dying? The Missionary went to the sick child, read the Bible, and prayed with her. In this case, however, his ministrations of comfort were not the only ones bestowed upon the little girl. The child had sent a message to her teachers, asking for their prayers, and telling of her sickness; and a kind friend had come in answer to comfort her. This kind friend also brought help of another sort, so that the terrors about the rent were averted for the present; and "my Kitty" in time got well.

And "my Kitty" and her grandmother were rich, notwithstanding the troubles of "from hand to mouth;" for the Scripture says, "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

Monthly Notes for Readers.

Mr. Mason has issued new editions of the Rev. George Cubitt's brief but singularly full and able comments on *The Parables of Christ;* Caroline Matilda Thayer's *Religion Recommended to Youth*, in which the doubts and hesitancy on this all-important matter so often met with among the young are most judiciously treated; and *A Father's Religious Counsels addressed to his Son at School*, by the Rev. David Hay. These "counsels" have been revised by the author for this edition; and the work in its now perfected form will abundantly sustain the reputation which his godly and practical pen, so well and frequently employed in the pages of "The Christian Miscellany," has deservedly brought him. We are glad that the Rev. Dr. Hannah's very able and edifying *Memoir of Mrs. Hinckman, of Lytham*, has been published in a separate form, accompanied with a beautiful portrait of that estimable and devoted lady. The Rev. Benjamin Frankland, B.A., has rendered good service to the Bible and to truth, by a work which he entitles *Intuitionalism; or, the Insufficiency of "the Pure Reason" in Matters of Religion.* Mr. Robert Plummer has written and published a *Memorial of Mr. Benjamin Pollard*, a devoted Class-Leader, well known in Leeds and the neighbourhood; and who earned for himself the title of "the praying little man." That gift and grace of prayer made Mr. Pollard what he was, and enabled his biographer, with perfect truth, to call this memorial an exemplification of "the successful Class-Leader." The New Tracts issued this month, under the direction of the Methodist Tract Committee, belong to the Large-Type Series, and are entitled, *Silver lining for a dark Cloud*, 8 pp.; *Where lies the Hindrance?* 12 pp.; and, *Ah! there is Danger*, 16 pp.

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED, at Eccles-Green, in the Hereford Circuit, March, 1858, ELIZABETH DAVIES, the beloved wife of Mr. William Davies. She was the subject of serious and religious impressions very early in life. Under the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists, she was led to see her need of personal salvation, and became at once decided, and united herself to the Society. She gave herself up to God, earnestly sought and found redemption through the blood of Christ, "the forgiveness of her sins." As a member of the church of Christ, she was steady and consistent. Her reliance on the atonement of her Saviour was firm and unshaken. She took a deep interest in the cause of the Redeemer; and while in health was an active collector for our Missionary Society. She was modest and retiring in her religious habits. She was sincerely and strongly attached to the Ministers of Christ, and cheerfully ministered to their necessities and comfort. During a long and painful affliction, she was patient and submissive, never uttering a murmur or complaint. When conversed with about her spiritual state and future prospects, her replies were always ready, confident, and satisfactory. She was blessedly sustained and cheered to the close of her affliction, and departed this life in great peace.

DIED, at Alkborough, in the Barton Circuit, March 4th, 1858, respected and beloved by all who knew her, MRS. MARY BREETON, aged seventy-nine. She feared the Lord from her youth, and early in her married life gave her heart fully to God. By a painful providence she was suddenly deprived of her pious and affectionate husband thirty-eight years ago; and by his death was brought from comfortable, into very trying, circumstances. She was remarkable for entire submission to the will of God, and simple, confiding trust in His care. When she had little, she was still; when a little was added to her small store, in her own cheerful, thankful way, she often said, "Now I am set up." She sometimes said, "I know God will never let me want;" and though, like the sparrows, she had neither storehouse nor barn, yet God fed her. Just before she died, her daughter said, "You are very ill." "Yes," she replied, "I am going." "Are you happy?" "Yes, happy, happy;" and soon after, almost imperceptibly, she passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beal, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Thornton-le-clay,	Easingwold,	74	Feb. 6th, 1861.
Blakebrough, Mrs.,	Peckhill,	Bedale,	65	April 25th, 1860.
Brittain, Walker,	Howden,	Howden,	21	March 9th, 1861.
Clewes, William,	Yeavely,	Ashbourne,	34	Nov. 16th, 1860.
Cooper, William,	Ashbourne,	Ashbourne,	81	Jan. 13th, 1861.
Davidson, Thomas E.,	Douglas,	Douglas, Isle of Man,	21	March 9th, 1861.
Gardner, Jane,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	73	March 11th, 1861.
Gardner, Thomas,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	63	Oct. 11th, 1860.
Greenwood, Mrs. H.,	Thornton-le-clay,	Easingwold,	74	Jan. 27th, 1861.
Henderson, Mrs. Sarah,	Lismahanna,	Lowtherstown,	36	Jan. 29th, 1861.
Hughes, Alice,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	78	Feb. 11th, 1861.
Martin, Thomas,	Bentley,	Ashbourne,	83	March 31st, 1860.
Morgan, Margaret,	Welshpool,	Newtown,	65	March 4th, 1861.
Mosgrove, Mrs. Isabella,	Lismahanna,	Lowtherstown,	64	March 5th, 1861.
Mosley, Mrs. Mary,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	76	Nov. 15th, 1860.
Outhwaite, Mrs. Elizth.,	Hutton-Sessay,	Easingwold,	88	Dec. 27th, 1860.
Parnaby, Miss Martha,	Kilburn,	Easingwold,	27	Nov. 23d, 1860.
Wingate, Mary M.,	Portland,	Portland,	26	Sept. 28th, 1860.

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WESLEYAN CHAPEL, AND CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE, SCHOOL, AND SOLDIERS' READING-ROOM, CURRAGH CAMP.

METHODISM IN THE ARMY.

The Curragh of Kildare is one of the finest commons in Europe. Nearly from old Kilcullen, to that distant point where the ancient town of Kildare, with its high round tower, and remains of ecclesiastical splendour, stands boldly outlined on the horizon, it stretches in an expanse of beautiful green sward, six miles in length, with an oval circumference of almost twenty miles. This area contains about five thousand acres. To the eye of the casual observer, it appears one vast plain, but when examined more closely, especially by one having to traverse it in all directions, many a stout hill is encountered; steep elevations are seen, and between them picturesque ravines; while here and there, in the smoothest level, large basins dip, in which thousands of men can stand massed without being discovered, until the foot of their foe would be on the brink of the hollow. Hence, as a place for military strategy, and for acquiring the whole art of war, it has probably no superior. The ancients appreciated it so; for history tells us that in feudal times, and in the earlier part of the modern era, it was resorted to

for military purposes, and was the scene of sanguinary conflict, which record, various indications on its surface help to confirm. In later days it was chiefly notorious as a race-ground. Again, however, it has resumed its more ancient character, and the camp bids fair to eclipse the course as an attraction. Here grand reviews are held, and "field-days" take place almost every week, for half the year; and all the year round there is incessant drill and ball-practice. Officers and soldiers are accustomed to act together in large bodies; and the Generals, in the absence of, or preparation for, actual warfare, have plenty of scope to design and execute the plans of battles. Altogether they are well worked; and there is nothing like keeping them busy; so that with having to live in huts and tents, with a commissariat now admirably organized from among themselves, they learn to "rough it," and are thus made ready for real campaigning. No place can exceed the Curragh in a sanitary point of view, unless it may be in the case of radical unsoundness, such as pulmonary disease; and the health of the troops is consequently excellent. The experience of nearly six years has fully established the wise choice of the authorities in selecting this for their camp in Ireland.

While so much attention is necessarily bestowed on the soldier's physical man, we are happy to state that increasing efforts are made to improve his intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. Schools and libraries have been established, in which the men can most advantageously spend their leisure-time. Many who entered the army wholly illiterate have acquired in it a considerable amount of education. In the discharge of their duties, they receive vastly less of rude coercion than in former days, and they are made, as far as possible, to respect one another as well as their superiors. It is justly due to the present Royal Commander-in-Chief to say that as he works our military system, it appeals more strongly than ever to the moral nature; and his recent classification of the men according to conduct, especially seems to us, in all its bearings, an admirable measure. Chaplains of the Established Church, of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Romanists, are duly appointed, and paid by Government; and if their souls' health do not prosper, the soldiers can hardly in fairness attribute the fault to the authorities. They must worship somewhere *once* every Sunday, but they are at perfect liberty to make their own choice. Two large churches in this camp are always well filled; and when, in the height of the season, thirteen thousand troops are encamped, several services have to be held in succession.

The attention of the Irish Wesleyan-Methodist Conference was early directed to this important station. A Chaplain was appointed in the year 1856, who ministered faithfully and successfully to the Wesleyans quartered here, to whom the use of a hut for public worship was for a short time permitted. When this was withdrawn, the service was adjourned to the house of a good friend, until reasons arose for its discontinuance. Strong efforts were made to secure ground, and build a place of worship, but without success. On the appointment of the present Chaplain, renewed application was made to the authorities for accommo-

dation. A promise was actually obtained from one in high command that it should be granted; but for reasons best known to the authorities it was cancelled. An application for ground met with similar refusal. At last, however, after encountering many difficulties, a good site was obtained from Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods, &c.; and on this royal grant, the chapel and Chaplain's residence, as depicted in the cut, were duly erected by voluntary effort. In September last, the chapel was "opened" for public worship, under most favourable and providential auspices. Ever since, the Wesleyan troops have been paraded for it, and in large numbers have voluntarily attended likewise; and, best of all, the blessing of God has marked its services with a most encouraging measure of success. Several can already rejoicingly point to that house, and say, "We were born there."

The erection of the school and soldiers' reading-room, the centre building, is delayed for want of funds; but it is to be hoped that those who love this good cause will soon afford the means of completing this most necessary portion of the plan. S. P.

Curragh-Camp.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

(*Concluded from page* 132.)

II. THE MOTHER'S SOLDIER-BOY.

In the younger of our University-towns, upon the register of whose colleges are found the names of John Milton, England's bard; Isaac Newton, England's philosopher; Thomas Babington Macaulay, the latest and most brilliant of England's historians;—each of these in his day was a monarch in his own right, holding undisputed empire in his own realm; wielding the highest of all sceptres, that of thought, in the grandest and wealthiest of all dominions, that of mind;—in that town, about the year 1855, a youth, of about eighteen years of age, received from a recruiting-Sergeant the ominous shilling. Not long after he removed to Gibraltar with a detachment of the regiment he had joined; and in the year 1858 embarked there, on board the "Lord Raglan," for Hong Kong in China, where he died soon after his arrival. These were facts in his history which his pious mother was acquainted with. Though resigned to the dispensation which had removed her son into the eternal world, she continued to feel extremely anxious to ascertain whether or no her son had died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The official announcement of his death by the authorities at the War Office, contained in it, of course, not a word as to his spiritual condition at the time of his departure. Still she prayed that she might know, and sought every opportunity of ascertaining, the circumstances of his death. During her suspense, she was sustained by the hope that he had experienced the saving grace of God, as, for some time before he left Gibraltar for China, the tone

of his letters had become serious and devout. By the concurrence of the following circumstances, the information she so ardently wished for was obtained: happily it was of a character fully to confirm her hope, and she was indeed made joyful in spirit when she ascertained that he had only gone before to the skies.

In the winter of 1859, in the town already alluded to, a meeting of the Soldiers' Friend Society was held, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the support of a Scripture-Reader to be sent out to the army in India, in memory of the late gallant and devoted Sir Henry Lawrence. The meeting was numerously attended; the Earl of Hardwicke presided; and amongst the speakers were the honoured names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Sir John Lawrence, the brother to the late Sir Henry. A man from the ranks, Corporal W——, also addressed the meeting, and incidentally alluded to the stay of the First Royals at the Rock of Gibraltar, from whence he had recently returned to England. At the close of the meeting, a young lady asked the Corporal, as he had referred to the First Royals in his remarks at the meeting, if he knew one who had belonged to that regiment named Thomas Moore, who left Gibraltar for Hong Kong in 1858. She stated that she inquired on behalf of his mother, who was anxious to have fuller particulars of his life and death than she had yet been able to obtain. The Corporal recollected a man of that name, and promised he would endeavour to satisfy her inquiries. Upon his return home he consulted his Class-Book,—for he had been a Leader at Gibraltar,—and found there the name of Thomas Moore. Aided thus by his book, which testified to the most praiseworthy attendance at the class-meeting on the part of Moore, he was able distinctly to remember him; his first visit to the class, and his uniform punctuality except when on duty. He could remember, too, that Corporal Moore had, during his stay at Gibraltar, walked in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. More than this, from his own personal knowledge, he could not add. Another chapter in the life of Moore was wanting which Corporal W—— could not have written himself. This, however, a letter which he had just before received from a Sergeant W——, of the First Royals, Moore's regiment, enabled him to do. That letter acquainted him with the circumstances of their voyage to China; how he and a few other pious soldiers, among whom was Corporal Moore, had continued to hold their prayer-meetings on board ship, in spite of an attempt made by some persons on board to have them discontinued; and added, last of all, the sequel to this narrative, that Corporal Moore, who was brought to God under the ministry of the Rev. G. Alton, at Gibraltar, died in the Lord at Hong Kong in the early part of the year 1859. Every link in the chain of Corporal Moore's history was now complete. Corporal W—— soon after conveyed this most gratifying intelligence to the mother of the departed soldier. Greatly did she rejoice that God had answered her prayers for the conversion of her son. She yields to Him, also, the tribute of gratitude for having, in so unexpected a manner, gratified her wish in making her acquainted with his spiritual condition at the time of his

death. And she now waits until her own change shall come, when, beyond "the weeping and the parting," she shall rejoin her son, who was born at C——, born again at Gibraltar, and was received up into glory from Hong Kong, in China, in the year 1859.

Such incidents as those we have been narrating speak volumes to the praise of God's grace; and they read us many lessons of the liveliest encouragement. Here we have accumulating evidence that "he who goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" and that the prayer of faith shall not remain unanswered, though that answer may seem to tarry for a while: and here, too, we cannot but rejoice with some of the more immediate subjects of these incidents, who, by the concurrence of unexpected circumstances, have found their prayers answered. In relation to the efforts now making on behalf of the soldiers born of Methodist parentage at Aldershot, and elsewhere, these facts may not prove uninteresting, as they relate the conversion of two soldiers, upon our own Mission station at Gibraltar, which is to a considerable extent a military Mission station. We owe such efforts to our "men of war," both as patriots and as Methodists. As patriots, we should seek the conversion of our soldiers, because our country is never so well guarded from aggression as when her shores are defended by God-fearing men: as Methodists, we owe a large debt of evangelical effort to our gallant troops, and especially to those of them who are the sons of Methodist parents, who have been dedicated to God at the font of Methodism, and who have received their early, and in many cases, perhaps, their only, training in the Sunday-schools of Methodism. These men are ours by their parentage, by their baptism, and by the labours of our Sabbath-school Teachers; and we should give them Pastors and Teachers after their own heart. Many of them will then, by the blessing of God, be saved to us as Methodists, and to the church of God as Christians. They will also become powerful auxiliaries to our extensive Missionary operations wherever a British soldier is called to exercise his profession in distant lands, when they as a class shall embody in their lives the righteousness, without which neither individuals nor nations are of much worth.

Ely. ——— W. D. W.

MAN'S TRUE LIFE.

"He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." (John vi. 57.)

WHAT is it to live? Anything truly lives when it fills up the capacities of its being: and anything is dead, just in proportion as its faculties or functions are inoperative. When, in the frame of an animal, pulsation ceases, and the breath is gone, we say of it that it is dead, although, as mere matter, that frame is alive with energy. Life in the animal does not consist merely in material force, but in organic vitality; and therefore, we regard the distinct force of the organic vitality; and if that is

gone, although the material forces operate, it is dead. But in man we rise to a still higher grade. We see in him not only material force and organic vitality, but an element of spiritual existence. He has within him that which the brute has not,—this element of spiritual existence. Surely, then, man does not really live—is not alive to the full extent of his being, when he exists only as an animal—has only breath and pulsation, sense and appetite. Some may call this living, and think it is living. It may be all they comprehend in their idea of being alive; perhaps it is all they have ever known of living; but no man can be largely self-conscious, no man can look into his own nature and trace the deep lines of his own experience, and then think that all life consists in this mere animal, organic form of living.

And here comes up the old, everlasting fact; old, yet always new, always fresh in its suggestion; that man is not, like the brute, satisfied with meat and drink, but has faculties which overleap all sensual indulgence. When we are appalled by the spectacle of universal decay; when for a moment we start back at the phenomenon of death, seeing those we live with, and with whom we are associated, dropping around us like autumn leaves; when our vision fails to penetrate beyond the dark boundary that limits the horizon of this life, we always fall back with great confidence and assurance upon the thought, that there are in man faculties that the material objects of this life do not satisfy; there are within him powers that develop beyond the limitations and resources of this life. We look around upon nature, and see all other creatures filling up the full orbit of their being, every faculty employed, every desire satisfied. There is the air, through which the free wings of the bird may beat; there is the sunshine, that awakens the joyousness of its song; there is everything adapted to it, to call out the fulness and glory of its being. Man alone is the unsatisfied one; man alone yearns for that which is higher,—that which is beyond. But, assured that there is harmony in the universe, we say that there must be something more than the animal and material, something more than meat and drink. Almost all men feel this. I say almost all men, because there are spiritual idiots as well as intellectual idiots. There are men, I mean, whose whole spiritual nature seems totally dead; who, perhaps, may have no throbbing instinct of a higher life; no sense of spiritual being; but, taking men in their normal condition, I repeat, every man has some sense of this higher life within him, demanding something better and more exalted than the objects of this outward world.

If you should take a human heart and listen to it, it would be like listening to a sea-shell; you would hear in it the hollow murmur of the infinite ocean to which it belongs, from which it draws its profoundest inspiration, and for which it yearns. Man, then, has a higher nature, which must have its aliment, its food, or practically and essentially that nature dies. It is the peculiarity of Christianity that it announces this truth. It has made man conscious of his inward life; it has shown to each man the immortality of his own soul. It is one thing to believe,

as some philosophers do, speculatively, in immortality; to reason out a future life, like Plato or Cicero. It is another thing for each man to feel his own immortality; to be conscious of the spiritual essence of his own inward nature. And this was what Christianity did. It gave to men a profound conviction of their own spiritual being. They realized it as they never realized it before. They were convinced of it, and knew it. It was to them that Jesus Christ addressed Himself. This was the reason why He looked below the outward conditions, why He consorted with the publican and sinner as with the Scribe and Pharisee. This was the reason why the Samaritan was as precious to Him as the Jew; why He died for all, and not for some. He saw the spiritual nature of man in all its priceless capacity, in all its quenchless immortality; and to that He spoke, to that He addressed Himself, when He bade His hearers eat of His flesh and drink of His blood, saying, "He that eateth Me, shall live by Me."

Each kind or nature in the universe is linked in its own chain of dependencies. The body depends on things material, and those things material in turn have a material source. Were it not for the unmistakable lineaments which they present, and were we to consider nothing but the material phenomena of nature, we might say that this perhaps is true; that matter only proves the existence of matter. But the moment we look upon the soul of man,—that which is deepest and most peculiar, that which distinguishes him from all animal existence, that which constitutes his humanity,—we must ascribe it to some higher source than matter. You cannot think that the affection of the human heart is born of the dust; you cannot think that the yearning for the beautiful and good which springs up in the soul of man comes merely out of the slime of matter, or out of the abyss of our mere sensual nature. Whence comes love so mighty, breathing in every heart; whence the gravitation and attraction of the social world, if not from loving sources? Whence comes the intelligence of man? You cannot suppose that to have sprung from the dust, simply by the conditions of material nature. Whence comes mounting and deathless thought, that soars beyond the highest stars, and seeks the unities of nature? Surely you cannot suppose that this, the crown of man's nature, has all come from dust and ashes. And whence man's sense of sin, his consciousness of moral freedom, the deep, earnest breathings of conscience? Whence come they? Are they the suggestions of a nature that has sprung from the dust, and returns back to nothingness? If you could take away every other proof of the existence of a God; if you could blot out the universe, with all its glorious elements of harmony, order, and wonder; yet, looking into the deep soul of man, and beholding there a sense of sin, a feeling of obligation, of duty, of responsibility, you would be compelled to say, this soul of man proves the existence of a moral, intelligent source over and above the material world.

Each thing is linked to things of its own kind. The soul of man, living, intelligent, and morally conscious, is linked to an intelligent and moral God, and by Him and in Him alone can it live. The soul of man,

this intelligent, this living, this moral nature of man, cannot link itself to mere sensation and matter; cannot live merely by material things; by the world's wealth, its fame; by meat, drink, ease, and raiment. It depends for its development, for its noblest action, for its highest end, upon communion with the infinite intelligence, love, and freedom from which it came.

Now Jesus Christ came to bring mankind into communion with that infinite intelligence, love, and freedom, by bringing man's soul into communion with Himself; so that living in Jesus Christ, we might live in the Father, and living by Jesus, we might be brought into communion with our highest life and highest possibilities. As Christ becomes assimilated to our inner spiritual being, so we truly live. There is no vagueness about this at all. It is the simple statement of the truth. When Jesus says, "I came to reveal the Father; I came to bring you to life in Me, and in the Father;" He utters no vague, mysterious truth. He came to bring our nature, our spiritual being, into communion with Himself, that, by communing with Himself, we might commune with God, and thus truly live.

SAD PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF AN OLD NONCONFORMIST FAMILY.

(*Continued from page* 139.)

"I FURTHER told him," says Dr. Calamy, "that I could not see how his father could interpose in order to his being spared, unless he discerned some ground to hope, that if he was spared he would grow better. He told me frankly, that for his part he had no hope of it; nay, that he was rather satisfied he should grow worse and worse; which was but small encouragement. After a great deal of such sort of discourse, I put up a serious prayer with him, and came away with the father, who, upon the whole, demanded my advice in the case.

"I told him he must judge for himself, and I could not see how another could determine for him. I insinuated that though the unfitness of his unhappy son to launch into eternity was very evident, yet, if upon his being spared, he should be guilty of other gross acts of villany and wickedness, it might be questioned whether or not his concern and endeavours to procure the continuance of his forfeited life, though he was his own child, would not make him in a measure responsible before God, for having a hand in them, and contributing to them. I committed him to the Divine direction and conduct, but was sorry I could give him no more encouragement vigorously to interpose for his son's preservation. I added, that were I in his case, I should have a great regard to the advice of his uncle Dr. Jekyl, (who was his mother's brother,) who, I understood, was to be with him the next morning.

"That gentleman, as I was afterwards informed, was actually with him at that time, as he designed, and, among a great many other questions proposed, asked him whether or not, in all the time he had been confined in Newgate, he had ever bowed his knees to the great God, making it his earnest request to Him to give him a sight and sense of his sins, and to work in him a soft and tender heart, in order to his living better, if his life should be prolonged, and he delivered out of the danger he was in. Upon which, he freely owned that he had not, and

that he thought it to no purpose to attempt anything of that kind.

"He afterwards made him an offer, that if he would but make him a promise, that he would every morning and evening duly pray to God to give him His grace, in order to his leading a new life, he would interpose for his reprieve, and did not doubt of procuring it, and would endeavour that it might be followed with a pardon. But he positively refused to come under any such engagement. Upon which, the poor gentleman retired with great concern, and did not think fit to give himself any farther trouble about him, but declared he was very much of the opinion, that if he was any longer spared, he would be very likely to prove a yet farther and greater curse than ever.

"On the day upon which this peculiarly unhappy youth was executed, I spent several hours with the father and the rest of the children in his chamber. A very melancholy day it was, though an instructive one. I went to them about eleven in the morning, and, coming into the chamber, found the father lying upon his bed, and the children sitting round him. After some discourse both to the father and the children, I put up a prayer with them, suitable to the awful occasion, begging that so startling a dispensation of Divine Providence as that was, might be remarkably sanctified, and that all of us might have wisdom and grace from heaven to make a right improvement of it. Nor did I forget that poor creature that was then to make his exit; begging that He that had all hearts within His reach would in such a manner work upon him that was near his end, as that he who had taken so much pains to sin himself out of the reach of the Divine mercy, might be touched with such contrition that he might give glory to God. Both father and children seemed not a little affected. I still continued with them, talking one while to the poor father, and another while to the children, doing what in me lay to promote some good impression from so melancholy a Providence as this, both on the one and on the other.

"At length, between one and two o'clock, the father on a sudden broke out into a violent fit of crying, and all the children, as it were with one common consent, fell to crying and roaring in a manner that was affecting. I sat still on my chair by the bedside, without attempting to stop or check it, and in some time it a little abated. But upon my beginning to speak, it broke out afresh. Therefore, I made a further pause, till they began to be composed. Then I asked the father, what the occasion might be of the agony I observed he was in? I made it my request he would give me satisfaction, whether the consideration of the case of his unhappy son, who he might reasonably suppose was about that very time launching into eternity, was the sole ground and occasion of it, or whether any particular passage coming then into his mind, might contribute to it? Upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he told me the following memorable story:—

"'Sir,' said he, 'when this wretched creature, that I now count myself a miserable man that I ever was a father to, was a very young child, and our only child, my wife and I were so fond, as even to dote upon him. It pleased God then to visit him with a fever, and we were not satisfied with using such means as were within our reach in order to his relief, looking upwards for a blessing upon them; but we thought that our lives were bound up in his, and were apt to imagine we should be perfectly undone, if we should lose him; upon which I was earnest with God to spare him. One evening, particularly, as I was praying in my family, I was more than ordinarily importunate with God to continue him to us, and ran into

some expressions that discovered an indecent earnestness.'

"He added, that a good Christian woman, a country friend, then in the family, came to visit them in their affliction, and took particular notice of it, and freely reasoned with him; and as he was, one time, rising from his knees, charged him home with an immoderate vehemence of spirit, and told him that he seemed to carry the matter so far, that she dreaded the consequence. Whereupon he told her that it was not possible for him to help it. She gave it him as her judgment, that it was better and safer, and much more becoming, to leave the matter to an infinitely wise God, who knows the end from the beginning, than for such weak creatures as we, so much to seek as to futurities, to pretend to be positive and peremptory, as to any events that fall out that we have concern in. His answer was, that he could not bear the thoughts of losing his child, of which he apprehended there was great danger. She desired him to consider how little he knew what that child might prove if he should live to be a man; and how unreasonable therefore it was in him to pretend to say, that he could not bear the thoughts of losing him. The poor father, in the agony of his spirit, made answer, 'Let him prove what he will, so he is but spared, I shall be satisfied.'

"'This,' said he, 'I now see to have been my folly. For, through the just hand of God, I have lived to see this wretched son of mine, a heart-breaking cross to them that loved him with the greatest tenderness, a disgrace to my whole family, and likely to bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to my grave. I read my sin very distinctly in my punishment; but must own, that God is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.'

"As I could not but be much affected with such a passage as this myself, so have I often told it, very particularly at such times as I have been called, in the way of my function, to visit parents that were in sore affliction and distress of spirit, for the loss of their children while they were yet young. I have several times observed that the telling it has had a good effect, and helped to compose, silence, and quiet, notwithstanding the aptness of most parents to hope well as to their own children, what wretched crosses soever they many times find the children of others prove to them.

"I do not, however, think it needful to dilate upon the little effect, for any good purpose, that such an awful dispensation of Providence as this was, taken in all its circumstances, had on the other children who survived, or even upon the father himself. The judgments of God are sometimes unsearchable, and 'His ways past finding out;' and I think it sufficient to add, that this proved afterwards, in the several parts and members of it, as unhappy and miserable a family as any I ever knew, which was generally observed by all their friends and acquaintance, and which, I think, should be a warning to all who know or hear of it, 'to take heed lest their hearts be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.'"

BORROWED MISERY.

"Take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." (Matt. vi. 34.)

THE pure, wise, and holy words of Jesus, says Dr. Hamilton, in "Good Words," we sometimes tremble to touch them. Usually they are so plain and simple that it is needless to expound them; and, in themselves so weighty, what argument can enforce them? Yet occasionally, in order to rouse the reader's attention, and excite his reasoning or reflective powers, they start up into a momentary paradox, and, like every paradox, they may be misunderstood or perverted.

In the present instance, is it not strange that He should say, "Take no thought for the morrow?" Was it not very much His object to make people thoughtful, and to get them to send their minds forward from an absorbing present to an overwhelming and all-important future? Was it not very much His object to get them to prefer to this little day of life the long morrow of eternity? And even, within the bounds of this present life, did He not urge them to prefer to the sinful gratifications of the passing hour, the good conscience of next year, and the serene satisfaction of an innocent and unreproachable old age?

Precisely so. And in the context this is His lesson. He exhorts us to take God for our Master, and not mammon; and this on the great principle that God is sure to take good care of His servants. Mammon is a tyrant. He takes all the work out of his slaves, and then tells them to do the best they can for themselves. In other words, they have to do a double drudgery. They have to take thought at once, for mammon's "to-day" and their own "to-morrow." But "seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." God is a good Master. Whether he be a Prophet beside the brook, or the raven who brings that Prophet his daily bread; whether they be a million of pilgrims spending forty years in the desert, or those lilies on the mountain-side, God feeds His servants and clothes them; and whilst they to-day are doing *His* work, He is taking care for *their* morrow.

Such is the wisdom from above, such is the Divine philosophy taught by the Lord Jesus, and such is the great life-lesson learned by His meek and docile scholars. If right to-day, you are right for eternity. If God reigns in your heart, you will be in His kingdom, and under His care, whether in the body or absent from it. Should to-morrow introduce you to the unseen world, you need take no thought for it; for if safe now, you will be safe then. Or should many years on earth await you, there is no day in all the distance which will develop aught absolutely "evil;" for in all that protracted morrow, God lives and rules, and He will "take thought" for it, so that you shall not be tempted above that which you are able to bear, nor swallowed up of overmuch sorrow.

You say that you never like to anticipate your income. You do not like to live on borrowed money; but is it not as bad to live on borrowed misery? Yet, what else are you doing? At present, you are in excellent health, but you have a great dread of pain; and when you think of some violent malady or fearful operation which may yet await you, it brings the perspiration to your brow. At present, you have your family all around you; but the thought of possible separation sinks your spirit, and makes you groan amidst your happiness. At present, you have bread to eat, and can pay your way; but what if you were at last becoming poor? And so, in order to create a fund of carefulness, in order to get materials for gloom and foreboding, you go forward and borrow crosses and vexations from the future.

Is it right, when the Father of mercies is surrounding you with good and perfect gifts, instead of receiving and using them with thanksgiving,—is it right to look over the top of them? is it right to stand on tiptoe, and try to detect some calamity not seen as yet? When there is evil in the day actually passing,—sin of your own, and perhaps sorrow of God's sending,—is it right to say that this evil is insufficient, and so add to it a forestalment of evil from days to come, yes, and from days that may never come to you? And when you say that to

your heavenly Father you can intrust your whole eternity, is it right to take out of His hands, and assume as your own special and undivided charge, the brief residue of your earthly sojourn?

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Even within the day now present there is probably less evil than you fancy. There is great art in packing; and if "every man must bear his own burden," he need not lumber about with him a great shapeless heap, clumsy to carry, and jostling every passenger; nor need he adjust it so awkwardly as to gall his own shoulders; but he should make it as compact and portable as the case permits. And see to it, that it really is the burden of the Lord, the care, the cross, the trial He sends. In order to waste your happiness, and so weaken your power for your proper work, the devil will try to put a burden of his own on your back; but don't you be cheated. Before setting out morning by morning, throw aside all the rubbish which he would persuade you to take up as part of "the evil of the day," and which will keep you panting, sighing, groaning to the close. Throw aside that rubbish—fancied slights, false shame, the fear of others. Your sorest trials, putting one day with another, and adding together the little but long-continued griefs, your sorest trials have arisen not from dispensations of Providence, but from devices of the devil, or from purely gratuitous grievances, self-inflicted sufferings. Not a hair of your head has been injured, but your feelings have been hurt. No subtraction has been made from any solid good which you possess, but some one has been speaking unkindly about you, or to you. There is some little misunderstanding which Satan's bellows, the busy-body, is trying to blow up into a quarrel, or a conflagration: some apparent neglect, some careless word, some trivial affair of personal dignity; such trash that it is a shame to call it a trial. And yet, if the devil can persuade you to treat it as such, if he can get you to put it up along with the cross, and carry it as a tribulation, it will prove no light affliction. You will look as gloomy, and be really more wretched, than if it were only a fortnight after your dearest friend's funeral. You will be far more miserable, because far more morose, than if you had lost half your fortune. And, to crown the whole, from this sour and unsanctified sorrow no peaceable fruit will survive; but, after being so foolish as to forego much happiness, and so frustrate much strength and energy, you are mortified to find that it has been all a mistake; that this was no Divinely-appointed affliction, but a mere devil's vexation; and that you would have been a wiser as well as a better man if you had not once allowed a thing so paltry to distress you.

But besides reducing the evil of each day to its real dimensions,—that is, besides rejecting all grief not of God's sending, and resolutely refusing to anticipate the grief of to-morrow,—in order to be without carefulness, commit your care to Him, who, beside taking thought for your morrow, will take care of your present day. You may trust Him; He does not grudge your happiness. He has given you good proofs how much He desires it. And if you will only surrender to the guidance of His word, His providence, and Spirit, that happiness you cannot miss. It may sometimes come in strange disguises, or with startling precursors. It may come in crape as well as in festive attire, and is as likely to meet you under the cypress as under the myrtle. It may sometimes play a serenade or sing a Christmas carol under your window; but it may also rouse you from your sleep by the cry of "Fire!" or some other terror of the night. But when a grief comes from God, He Himself

comes with it. Nay, He comes before it. He is with you already, preparing you for it, strengthening you to bear it, in His everlasting arms upholding you, and by His own Spirit fortifying and tranquillizing you. And of such a history, without unduly anticipating that which shall be on the morrow, we may safely predict that the conclusion will bring out on the Lord's side nothing unkind or capricious, but much that has surpassed all your hopes and confounded all your fears. Like a late amiable young Minister, (Rev. George Wagner, of Brighton,) who, when he could preach no more, wrote the following short sermon on the text, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant," you will be able to say in the retrospect,—

"Thou hast dealt well in seeking me when I sought not Thee;

"Well, in giving me what I have not asked;

"Well, in refusing what I have asked;

"Well, in calling me to the service of Thy church;

"Well, in calling me to suffer, instead of serve;

"Well, in succouring me in temptation;

"Well, in guiding my wandering feet.

"Thou hast dealt mercifully with me when I have sinned;

"Bountifully with me when I have been brought low;

"Gently with me when I have been in trial;

"And faithfully with me at all times."

SALVATION "TO THE UTTERMOST."

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

THESE words of encouragement were spoken to one who was seeking the Saviour. It was the beginning of the night-watch: we had asked to be allowed to minister to her bodily wants, that we might ascertain her spiritual state, and lead her to Christ; and a faithful servant, who would otherwise have been her attendant, waved her claim in our favour. There were circumstances of peculiar interest in the case of our beloved sufferer, claiming our tenderest sympathies: an engagement, of many years' standing, soon to be consummated, had suddenly been severed by death. Hopes were blighted, affections crushed, preparations laid aside, smiles exchanged for tears, a cheerful countenance for one of perpetual sadness; the one for whom she had lived was hidden from her earthly vision for ever, the fond anticipations of joy in which she had been wont to indulge could never now be realized. Friends around her were kind and sympathising; and all that a praying mother's love could suggest was provided to alleviate the heart-agony, and raise the drooping spirits of her child; but she never rallied.

She was the first-born, the gayest, and brightest of a large family; but she had not sought a refuge from the ills of life in the Saviour; and now that this bitter sorrow had come upon her, it was more than she could bear, and, after months of general debility and great languor, she became ill.

Soon after our arrival on the evening named, the medical man paid his last visit for the day, and then told her sorrowing friends that there was no hope of her recovery. It was with the solemn feeling that she must soon die, and that this, perhaps, would be the last opportunity we should have of conversing with her upon religious subjects, that we entered the sick-chamber. Earnestly had we prayed that each word might be suggested by the Holy Spirit, that we might be the instrument of conveying Divine truth to her mind. Awhile she appeared to slumber: at length she moved, and in a low tone of voice we repeated the precious words above-quoted. How

she accepted them, her looks testified; and she said, "But I want more faith." The reply was, "My God shall supply all your need." "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." And so, to each remark of hers, Scripture words were suggested in reply; and we thought of the Saviour's words to His disciples, "It is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." And so the night passed; Divine light illumined her mind, and before the dawning of the day she rejoiced in the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, and His healing beams conveyed peace and comfort to her heart.

Very early in the morning her mother came into the room: evidently she had spent the night-watches in pleading with God for the salvation of her child; and now again she realized that He does indeed answer prayer.

"Mother, I have been wayward, and selfish, and worldly, and have caused you much sorrow; but God has pardoned my sins, and I know that you will forgive me." So clear a testimony—no doubt expressed, but firm confidence in God's forgiving love—fully repaid her mother for the many years spent in believing prayer; and, after a few questions and most satisfactory answers, we knelt and praised God for this renewed token of His power on earth to forgive sin.

Bitterly she regretted the years spent in the service of the world; thankfully she adored God's mercy in assuring her that her "sins, which were many," were "all forgiven her;" and earnestly did she pray that those dear to her might be led to forsake their sins, and to serve the Lord. And in reference to the sad bereavement which had shattered her health and broken her spirits, she said one day to a relative, "I see mercy now in God's providential dealings. I believe He used the best means to bring me to Himself; and I thank Him, though it was painful indeed."

Some days elapsed, but, through grace, her faith in Christ as her Saviour remained unshaken. Once she expressed a fear as to whether she should be faithful unto death; but she derived much comfort and strength from a text repeated to her by her Minister: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Then came the last day of her earthly sojourn: about three o'clock P.M. a marked change took place, and death stamped his seal upon her brow. Awhile she lay speechless, and apparently unconscious; but she raised her hands in the attitude of prayer, in which her mother engaged, commending her dying child to God. Afterwards she spoke, and witnessed "a good confession" before the different members of her family, each of whom she exhorted to meet her in heaven. No doubts, no fears were permitted to harass her mind; she was kept in "perfect peace" by the good Shepherd who careth for His flock. For several hours she lingered, calmly "looking unto Jesus;" and then departed, to be "for ever with the Lord." Pain of body and mental suffering, languor and weariness, sorrow and tears, sighing and regret, were exchanged for "quietness and assurance for ever," the unclouded vision of her God and Saviour and Comforter, the "fulness of joy" in His presence, and "pleasures for evermore."

Let the young who read this, who are still undecided for God, learn, at once, to make Him their Friend, and to secure His blessing. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not;" and let those who are on the Lord's side learn still further to adore God's faithfulness in answering the prayers of His believing people; let them be encouraged to persevere in prayer for the conversion of relatives who are yet strangers to true religion, firmly

trusting in the promise secured to them by the blood of the covenant, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." S. A. B.

ONE OF THE GREAT DELUSIONS OF INFIDELITY.

I UNDERSTAND that as the most dangerous, because the most attractive, form of modern infidelity, says Ruskin, which, pretending to exalt the beneficence of the Deity, degrades it into a reckless infinitude of mercy, and blind obliteration of the work of sin; and which does this chiefly by dwelling on the manifold appearances of God's kindness on the face of creation. Such kindness is, indeed, everywhere and always visible, but not alone.

Wrath and threatening are invariably mingled with the love; and in the utmost solitudes of nature the existence of hell seems to me as legibly declared by a thousand spiritual utterances, as of heaven. It is well for us to dwell with thankfulness on the unfolding of the flower, and the falling of the dew, and the sleep of the green fields in the sunshine; but the blasted trunk, the barren rock, the moaning of the bleak winds, the roar of the black perilous whirlpools of the mountain's streams, the solemn solitudes of moors and seas, the continual fading of all beauty into darkness, and of all strength into dust, —have these no language for us? We may seek to escape their teachings by reasonings touching the good which is wrought out of all evil; but it is vain sophistry. The good succeeds to the evil as day succeeds the night, but so also does the evil to the good. Gerizim and Ebal, birth and death, light and darkness, heaven and hell, divide the existence of man and his futurity.

THE WEEDED GARDEN.

WHATEVER we may think of the hardships of the vagrant life, it is not without a considerable share of interest. The study of the physiognomy of those appealed to, and the exercise of the imitative faculties, give it a great zest; the calculation of chances, too, has great excitement connected with it. The proof of the charm of this strange life lies in the difficulty of reclaiming those who have adopted it. It is told of a Justice who had a nice place near London, that he contrived to have his garden and pleasure-ground constantly kept free from weeds without his being put to any cost. The moment a beggar solicited alms at his door, he would ask why he was not at work.

"Work! Bless your honour," he would say, "I would be glad to get it, if I knew where."

"Well," the Justice would say, "I'll see what I can do. There is that plot of ground: when you have weeded it, you shall have a shilling."

Having been furnished with the necessary implements, to work the beggar would go with affected alacrity; but soon tiring of the monotony of his employment, he would take advantage of an opportunity, and steal away. Thus a succession of applicants would take up where others had left off, and, like them, would make their escape as soon as they could; and so the weeds were cleared, and nothing to pay.

TEACHING CHILDREN.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humour. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion. If pride makes his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sin.

Our Home Work.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AMONG WORKING-MEN IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

THREE working-men lately died within three weeks of each other, and one funeral sermon was preached for the three, in Poplar Wesleyan chapel, in February of the present year. These three men were all led to the Saviour within the last three years; and a brief outline of their Christian course may give an idea of the genuineness and depth of a work of God which has been going on during that period.

Nearly three years ago, about forty active Christians undertook to visit every accessible house in Poplar, and invite, by handbill and conversation, every neglecter of worship to attend the Wesleyan chapel. Above 60,000 visits were paid in two years, and hundreds are now regular attendants who formerly did not keep the Sabbath and reverence the sanctuary. Among the first who accepted one of these organized invitations to come to the Wesleyan chapel, was JOHN SIMPSON. He was born in Ross-shire, in Scotland; and when in his native land he kept up an outside righteousness, by attending religious ordinances, but he did not seek to get inside iniquity purged away by the renewing of the Holy Ghost. When in Scotland, he went to church because his neighbours went; and when he came to London, he ceased to attend a place of worship, as multitudes of people do who come from the provinces. He knew he was wrong, and felt he was miserable. When invited, at his own cottage, to come to the chapel, he readily consented; and the welcome he met, and the truths he heard, deeply affected him. His seriousness was observed, and he was spoken to before he left the sanctuary, and was soon invited to go to a class-meeting. He did not know what a class-meeting was; but the friendliness of the people who first asked him to come to chapel, and then welcomed him there, gave him the utmost confidence in them, and grateful affection for them, and he went. The second or third time he attended, the prayers he had been earnestly presenting to God for mercy were answered, and he received what the Catechism he was taught in Scotland terms, "assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost." God had now made him a pardoned, regenerated, and happy Christian, and he would rather have died than sin. He had accumulated in his memory, when a boy, vast stores of passages of holy Scripture; and these now became available for his own edification and the instruction of others. It is not intended to describe his rapid growth in grace, and the fervour of his religious zeal, during the two years and a half in which he served God and his generation, but to show his principles stood the test of a dying hour. We may, however, say that he was diligent in the means of grace; for he never missed the public services of the chapel, or his class-meeting, until sickness laid him aside. He was frequent and fervent in private communion with God, so that, although he had many secret soul-struggles, his spirit was always raised above doubts of God's love to him, and acceptance of him. He tried to do good; and more than one working-man rejoices to-day that John Simpson ever spoke privately and powerfully to him about personal salvation.

He was not known to have had a day's sickness during his life; but when working on board a large steamer which was lying in a shipyard at Blackwall, he caught a severe cold, which grew worse and worse until it settled on his lungs and induced consumption. Twenty-two weeks of sickness and weariness were now appointed to him. His resources could provide no alleviating luxuries; but he never murmured. Death took one of his little children away while the father lay a pale, wan, weak man; and he blessed the name of the Lord. He saw that his wife must soon be left a widow, with four fatherless children; and he forgot his own sorrow betimes in assuring his wife that the care of God would be over her and over them. Godly working-men went often to visit him, and they wondered

how he saw reasons of holy gratitude in everything. While they sung hymns of praise to God and the Lamb in his bedroom, and hymns of hope that brought the paradise above before his thoughts, his skeleton hands were often upraised with triumphing delight, and his wasting frame was nerved with spiritual power to utter his shouts of joy. His last day on earth was a Sabbath. He was heard to pray for Ministers,—that they might that day have great power in their ministry, and much access. He exhorted a relative to eat of the Tree of Life and live for ever. When his strength waned so that he could utter but two or three words at a time, ejaculations of praise to God were heard at intervals. He occasionally breathed a prayer that Christ might release him from the burden of the flesh; and the last words heard from his lips were, "Come, Lord Jesus," and his spirit was for ever safe, for ever saved. He was forty-two years of age. Let it be known, as an illustration of religious life among the sons of toil, that, as soon as the good man was buried, some of the converted working-men procured a situation for his eldest boy, and one of them along with whom the boy was to be employed, and who knew the dangers the lad would have to encounter in a large workshop, said, "I will be a father to him." Was not this the fulfilment of promise, and the echo of words spoken by the Father of the fatherless, "I will be a Father to him?"

The Sabbath after Mr. Simpson's conversion, JOHN PERRIMAN, his brother-in-law, called to see him, ignorant of the change that had occurred. On entering the cottage, Perriman saw Simpson at prayer, and, filled with amazement, threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Whatever is up?" The praying man very soon declared what God had done for his soul, and urged his brother-in-law to turn from sin to God, and go to a class-meeting. If the method prescribed may seem too minute, the fact that Mr. Simpson found peace with God a few days before in a class-meeting should be kept in mind. Perriman treated the matter with levity; but the persuasions and declarations of his newly-converted brother-in-law prevailed, and he went. He left the meeting a sadder and a wiser man; for he saw that he had not got the happiness of soul, the renewal of heart, and preparation for death, which the people had with whom he had mingled for the first time. A day or two after he went to a prayer-meeting, and was cut to the heart when singing the 106th hymn:—

"Jesu, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep!
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown!
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone."

The prayer was answered: his heart of stone was broken, and he wept, although he had long been a stranger to tears. He attended a prayer-meeting the two following weeks, and on returning home, after the third one, he continued to plead with God, through Jesus Christ, for the pardon of his sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He then retired to rest, but could not sleep. He arose, and poured out his soul before God, and in the darkness and silence of night his broken heart was made to rejoice in the salvation of God. As is commonly done by the working-men who have recently been converted in the east of London, he made the fact of his conversion known in the place where he worked. He carried his Bible to the workshop, and did not conceal it. Of course he had to endure the average amount of banter, and joke, and caricature, which—perhaps, more from a spirit of pleasantry than persecution—is the common portion of almost every new convert in the same circumstances. To one man who spoke caricaturingly, the new disciple was moved to reply very solemnly, and the words he spoke were as the sword of the Lord; for the man to whom they were addressed felt them pierce his soul, and he joined Perriman on his pilgrimage to heaven, and is still a member of the class-meeting to which Perriman led him. This is the way religion will probably spread among working-men: the converted ones will not labour in vain if they endeavour to bring their shopmates to "taste and see that God is good. Blessed are all they that trust in Him."

About eighteen months after Mr. Perri-

man obtained mercy, some internal disease began to affect his eyesight, and he was gradually rendered unable to follow his daily calling. He then became pre-eminently a man of prayer and praise. Besides his stated times of devotion, he kept an agreement to meet at the throne of grace, at a certain time in every day, a man who had been a notorious sinner, but who had, a few months before, been called out of darkness into marvellous light. In a part of the country, to which he went for health, soldiers were accustomed to exercise on a heath where he walked; and his earnest soul was so deeply concerned for their salvation, that he has been known to plead frequently with God, in their behalf, sometimes for an hour at a time. He was a happy Christian, and his joy found expression in the hymns contained in the incomparable Hymn-Book used in Wesleyan chapels. He remembered the injunction, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms," (James v. 13,) and he obeyed it when alone; for he hummed holy song, to stir up his soul, as directed:—"Speaking *to yourselves* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making *melody in your heart* to the Lord." One of his favourite hymns was,—

"When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still," &c.

In the company of fellow-Christians he shut out "jesting, and foolish talking," and showed his preference for "giving of thanks," by calling on them to join him in praising God; and in this he followed the injunction given in Col. iii. 16: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and *admonishing one another* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." He sang so fervently the praises of his God that the sounds could be heard from his sick chamber into the street. He frequently required a holy song of those who came to see him; and, when he knew the knock of a warm-hearted visiter, in the last ten days of his life, he would remark, "Ah! that is Mr. ——. He will be telling me to take care of my strength; but he uses his own unsparingly for God, and *I must sing*." The visiter would have little time to speak the needed caution; for the dying man would give out a hymn, request all to join him, and lead off the following, or some other verse,—

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness," &c.

He forbad all sorrow in his presence, because the constant sense of God's presence and goodness had made a heaven in his soul. He urged his friends, "For the same cause also do ye joy, and rejoice with me." He regarded the place where he lay as a spot so honoured of God, that he did not like to see tears shed in it. "This room," he said, "has been my little sanctuary: it shall not be a chamber of sorrow, but of rejoicing." A day before he died, some relatives came from the country to see him; and to them he spoke of the Providence that had brought him to London, the mercy that had arrested and delivered him, of the opening heavens that were waiting to receive him, and of the "joy unspeakable, and full of glory," that divested death of all terrors. He urged them to turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart, and requested his wife to join him in singing the hymn that first carried saving alarms to his own soul. They sang together the whole of the 106th hymn, although there are eight verses in it, and every verse has eight lines. His relatives wondered, and sobbed, and wondered. As the deep piercing of his heart for sin occurred while singing, he conceived that the same method would likely be equally effectual with his kindred; and in the hearing of the same persons he sang the 720th hymn,—

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms:" &c.

And a great part of the 734th, also,—

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:" &c.

The disease of which he died had not wasted his frame, and he suffered occasional agony; but his raptures were little impeded by his sufferings, and he had power to sing, and pray, and exhort, until a few minutes before he ceased to breathe. On the day before he died, he clasped his hands, and in a prayer of

three-quarters of an hour long—of surpassing pathos and eloquence—he recounted the forbearance of God towards him from his youth, the steps God had taken to bring him from his father's house, where he knew no evangelical teachers, and place him where he had innumerable and invaluable helps to salvation, and where he had been born of God, and trained for eternal bliss. In that prayer he supplicated blessings on many; but as he prayed for his absent and unsaved parents, he lost all restraint of his voice, and his piercing cries could be heard across the street. His distress of mind respecting them stopped his flow of words, and his views of their danger were uttered in loud exclamations, "My father! my father!" &c.

(*To be continued.*)

Readings in History.

THE VISIT OF PETER THE FIRST IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III. *

On the 10th of January, 1698, a vessel from Holland anchored off Greenwich, and was welcomed with great respect. Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy, was on board. He took boat with a few attendants, and was rowed up the Thames to Norfolk-street, where a house, overlooking the river, had been prepared for his reception.

His journey is an epoch in the history, not only of his own country, but of ours, and of the world. To the polished nations of Western Europe, the empire which he governed had till then been what Bokhara or Siam is to us. That empire, indeed, though less extensive than at present, was the most extensive that had ever obeyed a single Chief. The dominions of Alexander and of Trajan were small when compared with the immense area of the Scythian desert. But in the estimation of statesmen, that boundless expanse of larch-forest and morass, where the snow lay deep during eight months of every year, and where a wretched peasantry could with difficulty defend their hovels against troops of famished wolves, was of less account than the two or three square miles into which were crowded the counting-houses, the warehouses, and the innumerable masts of Amsterdam. On the Baltic Russia had not then a single port. Her maritime trade with the other nations of Christendom was entirely carried on at Archangel; a place which had been created, and was supported, by adventurers from our island. In the days of the Tudors, a ship from England, seeking a north-east passage to the land of silk and spice, had discovered the White Sea. The barbarians who dwelt on the shores of that dreary gulf had never before seen such a portent as a vessel of a hundred and sixty tons' burden. They fled in terror; and, when they were pursued and overtaken, prostrated themselves before the chief of the strangers, and kissed his feet. He succeeded in opening a friendly communication with them; and from that time there had been a regular commercial intercourse between our country and the subjects of the Czar. A Russia Company was incorporated in London. An English factory was built at Archangel. That factory was indeed, even in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a rude and mean building. The walls consisted of trees laid one upon another; and the roof was of birch-bark. This shelter, however, was sufficient in the long summer day of the Arctic regions. Regularly at that season several English ships cast anchor in the bay. A fair was held on the beach. Traders came from a distance of many hundreds of miles to the only mart where they could exchange hemp and tar, hides and tallow, wax and honey, the fur of the sable and the wolverine, and the roe of the sturgeon of the Volga, for Manchester stuffs, Sheffield knives, Birmingham buttons, sugar from Jamaica, and pepper from Malabar. The commerce in these articles was open. But there was a secret traffic, which was not less active or less lucrative, though the Russian laws had made it punishable, and though

* *The History of England*, by Lord Macaulay. Vol. v. London: Longmans. 1861. 8vo. Pp. 893.

the Russian divines pronounced it damnable. In general, the mandates of Princes, and the lessons of Priests, were received by the Muscovite with profound reverence. But the authority of his Princes and of his Priests united could not keep him from tobacco. Pipes he could not obtain; but a cow's-horn, perforated, served his turn. From every Archangel fair rolls of the best Virginia speedily found their way to Novgorod and Tobolsk.

The commercial intercourse between England and Russia made some diplomatic intercourse necessary. The diplomatic intercourse, however, was only occasional. The Czar had no permanent Minister here. We had no permanent Minister at Moscow; and even at Archangel we had no Consul. Three or four times in a century extraordinary embassies were sent from Whitehall to the Kremlin, and from the Kremlin to Whitehall.

The English embassies had historians, whose narratives may still be read with interest. Those historians described vividly, and sometimes bitterly, the savage ignorance and the squalid poverty of the barbarous country in which they had sojourned. In that country, they said, there was neither literature nor science, neither school nor college. It was not till more than a hundred years after the invention of printing that a single printing-press had been introduced into the Russian empire; and that printing-press had speedily perished in a fire which was supposed to have been kindled by the Priests. Even in the seventeenth century, the library of a Prelate of the first dignity consisted of a few manuscripts. Those manuscripts, too, were in long rolls: for the art of bookbinding was unknown. The best educated men could barely read and write. It was much if the Secretary, to whom was entrusted the direction of negotiations with foreign powers, had a sufficient smattering of dog-Latin to make himself understood. The arithmetic was the arithmetic of the dark ages. The denary notation was unknown. Even in the imperial treasury the computations were made by the help of balls strung on wires. Round the person of the Sovereign there was a blaze of gold and jewels: but even in his most splendid palaces were to be found the filth and misery of an Irish cabin. So late as the year 1663, the gentlemen of the retinue of the Earl of Carlisle were, in the city of Moscow, thrust into a single bedroom, and were told that, if they did not remain together, they would be in danger of being devoured by rats.

Such was the report which the English legations made of what they had seen and suffered in Russia; and their evidence was confirmed by the appearance which the Russian legations made in England. The strangers spoke no civilized language. Their garb, their gestures, their salutations, had a wild and barbarous character. The Ambassador, and the grandees who accompanied him, were so gorgeous, that all London crowded to stare at them, and so filthy, that nobody dared to touch them. They came to the court-balls dropping pearls and vermin. It was said, that one Envoy cudgelled the Lords of his train whenever they soiled or lost any part of their finery; and that another had with difficulty been prevented from putting his son to death for the crime of shaving and dressing after the French fashion.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CII.

"*Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.*" (Rev. iv. 11.)

God created all things for His own pleasure, or according to His own will, not out of necessity. There was no tie upon Him to make them; but only He of His good pleasure thought fit to do so. He might have done it in another manner, or at another time, or in another order. There is nothing in the world that hath a necessary connexion with the Divine Essence, so as if God, that must be. Nothing external cometh from God by necessity of nature; but all is done according to the counsel of His own will.

Some thought all created things did come forth from the Creator, by way of emanation, as rivers flow out of their fountain; but there is no stream floweth out of any fountain, but it was before a part of that fountain, while it was in it. But that cannot be said of any creature in respect of God, that it was any part of God before it came out of Him. Others say the creatures came out from God by way of representation, as an image in the glass from him that passeth by, or looketh on it. But before the world was made, there was no such glass to represent God. Others would express it thus; that the world cometh out from God as a shadow from the body. But yet this will not fit the turn neither: for the shadow doth not come out from the body, but follows it, because of the deprivation of light from the interposition of another body. Others say, all cometh from God as a footprint, or track on clay or sand, from one that passeth over it. But there was nothing on which God by passing might make such an impression. Whatever good intention they might have by setting forth the creation by these expressions, they are not proper and accurate. These expressions may have their use, to raise men's understanding to contemplate the excellency and majesty of the Creator; for they all show His incomparable excellency and perfection, together with the vanity, nothingness, or smallness of the creature, if compared with Him, as great a bulk as it beareth in our eye. They are not as a ray from the sun, a stream from the fountain, or a drop to the ocean; an image in the glass, or a shadow to the substance, or like the footprint of a man in the clay or sand; and so are but certain signs leading up to the thing signified; or letters and syllables by which we may spell God: as the streams lead us to the fountain, the image to the man, the shadow to the body, or the track to the foot that made it. But the Scripture, leaving those comparisons, showeth us that the world came out from the Creator as the workmanship from the artificer, the building from the architect. (Heb. xi. 10.) Now every artificer and builder worketh merely out of the counsel of his own will; and herein they resemble God: but only what they do with great labour, God doeth with the beck of His own will and word. "By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." (Psal. xxxiii. 6.) A bare word of His immediately created all the world; the heavens and the earth, and all that is in them.—*Christ's Eternal Existence. By Thomas Manton, D.D.* Pp. 56—58. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CIII.

"*As the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.*" (Eph. vi. 6.)

If our belief must be acceptable to God, it must come from the heart; (Rom. x. 10;) if our prayer, it must come from the heart; (2 Tim. ii. 22;) if our love, it must be in deed and in truth, which is from the heart: (1 John iii. 18:) so likewise our obedience must be from the heart; (Rom. vi. 17;) and whatsoever we do, we must do it from the heart.—*Andrewes's Moral Law Expounded*, p. 272. *Edit.* 1642.

Foreign Travel.

PHYSICAL GLANCE AT ICELAND.*

Iceland is one-fifth larger than Ireland, and situated about five hundred miles N.W. of Scotland, on the confines of the Polar circle, which bisects its northern extremities; and, unlike any other portion of the world of a similar size, Iceland owes its creation entirely to submarine volcanic agency. At some early period of geological history, the nucleus of this island was thrown up from the depths of the ocean by volcanic power, as Sabrina and Graham's Islands were in the present century. With them the gradual formation of an island by submarine eruption was daily recorded. At first, passing navigators feel shocks as

* *Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By Charles S. Forbes, Commander R.N. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1860. Pp. 335.

of earthquakes, and observe the waters greatly discoloured and violently agitated; dense columns of steam arise, the sea around is covered with pumice and cinders, heralding the approach of the crater's mouth. Soon the cone itself appears, with a crater in the centre; scoriæ, pumice, and ashes accumulate; even non-volcanic substances appear; and eventually the cone becomes an island two hundred feet high and three miles in circumference. The exhaustion of the volcanic power, together with the effects of ocean and earthquake, again obliterate these islands, and nothing now remains but rocks and shoals to mark the spot. Magnify this gigantic effort a million fold, and you will have a faint idea of the throes of mother earth when she brought forth Iceland from the womb of the Atlantic.

Fancy the cone struggling into existence against the pressure of an almost fathomless sea, reaching the surface, and ultimately maintaining its own against all comers, ocean, iceberg, and earthquake; and establishing itself over some forty thousand square miles of territory,—such is Iceland. Since the form of the island is that of a flat ascending arch, attaining the elevation of seven hundred and fifty-four yards above the sea, near the centre, in a tract called the Sprengisandr, where the waters diverge north and south, that region may be considered to represent the centre of the ancient volcanic activity, in which thousands of cones and craters must have assisted over an illimitable period of time. This picture is strengthened by the singular configuration of the coasts, and especially the deep and narrow fiords, created by numerous streams of lava, which were originally subaqueously radiated from this common centre, and ultimately driven upwards to their present position by submarine power at various periods of elevation. Indeed, geologically speaking, the island is composed entirely of ancient and modern volcanic elements; the latter represented by a very broad irregular band of trachyte, which bisects the island from its north-east to south-west extremity, and to which area all the manifest volcanic activity within memory has, with an isolated exception, been confined. To the right and left, plutonic masses represent the earlier periods.

As may be imagined, such a country is but little adapted to the support of man, and one almost wonders why he ever went there. Its interior, as a whole, is one vast tract of lava-desert and ice-mountain—yökuls as they are termed: these occupy one-tenth part of the island, and never have been and never can be traversed. Two tracks across this desert serve for communication between north and south; but not a blade of grass or shrub exists in that death-like solitude—lava, lava, lava, is the eternal vista. The habitable coasts consist for the most part of marshy districts: there the Icelander builds his house, and collects the rank grass for his sheep and cattle; and on the banks of the numerous rivers which, from yökul and lake, pour into every fiord, more favoured patches are found, sometimes stretching a few miles into the interior: the whole affording a bare subsistence for the scanty population.

Grain will not ripen in their transient and uncertain summer, and must all be brought from Europe: even their grass-crop is often destroyed by the Polar ice, which in some years embelts the island, especially its northern and western coasts, and occasions such incessant rain that it is impossible to dry the hay. When this happens, famine follows, for on their cows and ewes they principally depend for their sustenance during the long Arctic winter; dried cod's heads being their only reserve; the bodies of the fish they are obliged to barter in exchange for European commodities,—bread amongst the number, of which the masses, and that only in the parts adjacent to the trading stations, are able to afford more than one meal a week.

Paradoxical as it may seem, there are plenty of forests, but no trees; for the natives dignify the vast tracts of stunted birch-bushes, which are found in some parts, with that title, though they seldom average above six feet in height; never more than nine, and are useless but for fuel. The western and southern coasts are, however, plentifully strewed with drift-timber, swept up by that Gulf Stream which, striking the south-west corner of the island, diverges right and

left along its shores, and materially affects the climate, the usual winter in the southern districts not being more severe than in Denmark.

THE LIVING SEPULCHRE.

In a note to one of her chapters, on Rome, in her book on Italy, Miss Bremer gives a brief account of a sisterhood of Nuns, whose rules, rigidly observed, are of the austerest character. The Order merits the gloomy title by which it is known.

"Quite close to this Tarpeian rock, where I enjoy life and nature so unspeakably, is the convent of Le Vive Sepolte, which receives only Princesses of blood-royal. One of this rank wished, a few weeks ago, to see this grave for the living, and was accompanied on the visit by Sœur Geneviève, the tall Nun of the Sacré Cœur. She gave me a detailed account. The living-interred occupy themselves by incessant mortification. They fast continually, never read, and direct their constant meditation to death and corruption. They never change their dresses, and their under-garments only twice in the year: hence there prevails an intolerably unhealthy odour in the rooms of the convent. A former Princess who died there, about two months before, 'as a saint,' remained still unburied, and was visited daily by the Nuns. The inmates of this convent can never see their connexions, nor yet hear their voices, nor even know anything about them. Neither are they permitted to see the sacrament; it is administered to them through a hole in the wall: through this hole it is, also, that they make their confession and receive absolution. Amongst the Nuns there, upwards of thirty in number, many were young, and two very handsome, but looked 'stupid' and unhealthy. This Order was founded by a Princess Farnese, and she buried herself there with the other persons; and it has since then, spite of its unnatural character, considerably increased."

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. III.

But admitting the antiquity and Divine origin of the Sabbath, and its consequent universal and perpetual obligation, it has been asked, "On what authority has the change of the Sabbath from the *seventh* to the *first* day of the week been made? Where is the scriptural warrant for this transfer?" The discussion of these questions has given rise to various speculations, and not unfrequently to somewhat uncharitable and unprofitable disputes. Some contend that the change of the Sabbath-day has been made without sufficient reason; others argue that the alteration is referrible to an authority quite satisfactory. The latter opinion we take to be the correct one.

In entering on the consideration of this subject, we would premise, that the essence of the Sabbath law is, that *a seventh portion of time shall be separated from common to sacred uses, and consecrated to spiritual service.* Whether that portion shall be the first, second, or seventh day of the week does not enter into the essence of the Sabbath institution. The institution may remain intact, though the day be varied. The consecration of a seventh portion of our existence to physical recruitment and to spiritual exercises is the demand of God's moral law, and is eternally and universally binding; but the *precise period* to be thus observed partakes of the character of a positive institute only, and may be changed without affecting the principle upon which the law is based. This view furnishes us with an answer to those who object that the Sabbath must of necessity be only of partial obligation, and was designed to affect those only whose day and night are divisible into twenty-four hours; consequently, it is said, it could never be intended to apply to the inhabitants of

either of the Polar regions, where their days and nights alternately consist of several months each. The fact is, the Divine law imperatively requires men to devote a *seventh portion* of time to rest, and this may as easily be done in Greenland as at the equator; nor is it of vital importance, in the observance of the Sabbath institute, at what particular hour our sacred day commences, provided always, that a seventh part of time be hallowed, according to the letter and the spirit of the fourth commandment.

But it may be objected:—"If it be thus, why change the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week; why not maintain in all its integrity the day originally set apart by God?" Our reply is,—"The Son of Man, who is Lord of the Sabbath, hath consecrated another day to His special service and glory." The grounds on which we base this view, we will now give.

First.—*The Lord Jesus Christ specially honoured, and signally distinguished, the "first day of the week," by various important and solemn acts; thus securing for it its peculiar and distinctive name of* "THE LORD'S DAY."

On this day, for example, the Saviour rested from the work of redemption by His resurrection. Then He finished the "new creation;" and all "the stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." As, therefore, God's rest on the seventh day of old was the ground on which He would have it observed, under the administration of the original law and covenant; so, in the rest of the Lord Jesus Christ on the first day of the week, we have a pleasing indication of the sacredness with which henceforth He desired that that day should be invested. (Matt. xxviii. 1—6; Luke xxiv. 1—6; John xx. 1, 2.)

The "first day of the week" was also distinctly and specially honoured by Christ *after* His resurrection. It was selected by Him as the day on which to make His appearances to His disciples. (Matt. xxviii. 9; Mark xvi. 9; Luke xxiv. 13; John xx. 19—26.) On this day, also, our Divine Master opened up the evangelical dispensation, and solemnly inaugurated His Apostles into the sacred office by an effusion upon them of the Holy Ghost. (Acts ii. 1—4.)

In these facts we have, to say the least, a marked and signal honour conferred upon this day; making it special and distinctive in all future time, and investing it with a character of peculiar interest and sacredness.

Secondly.—*The "first day of the week" is, by distinct and authoritative appointment, the Sabbath of the Christian dispensation; inasmuch as the Apostles, divinely commissioned to establish and settle the church, and infallibly inspired for that work, did actually separate and use this day for holy worship, especially in church-assemblies.*

That the Apostles were possessed of plenary inspiration to build up the church in doctrine and practice, and that they had full authority from their great Master to "bind or loose," as it regards the institutions and observances of the church, we will now assume; merely referring to certain texts which unanswerably establish these great points. (Matt. xvi. 19; xxviii. 18—20; Luke xxiv. 49; John xiv. 26; xvi. 13; xx. 22, 23; Acts i. 2—4.) What the Apostles did and sanctioned was, in fact, done and sanctioned by Christ; they having His full authority for all their official action in the church. If, then, we can prove that the Apostles did recognise and use the "first day of the week" for solemn assembly and religious worship in the church, we have established the fact that henceforth this day is obligatory upon Christians as a day of sacred observance and holy rest. That the Apostles did thus observe this day of the Lord we have satisfactory evidence. One or two passages may be cited in proof:—

Acts xx. 6, 7.—"We came to Troas in five days; where we abode seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow." Several things are tolerably clear from this text:—that Paul was in Troas a full week; that according to his custom he desired to meet with the Christians living there; that this meeting did not take place for several days; that when it did take place it was not on the Jewish Sabbath, (that day is passed over in silence,) but on the new Sabbath, "the first day of the week." It is tolerably clear, also, that this meeting was not a

special one, called for the express purpose of hearing the Apostle; but it is evident, from the construction of the passage, that Paul took advantage of the ordinary and customary assembling of the church on a particular day, to preach to them. "*And on the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread.*" What can be more obvious than that these primitive disciples did not "come together" in solemn assembly on the Jewish Sabbath; but that their meeting for public worship, and for partaking of the Lord's supper, was on the "first day of the week?"

1 Cor. xvi. 2.—"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." Here the day of the church's ordinary assembling is assumed by the Apostle, taken for granted by him; and he directs the whole company of believers to the observance of a special, but fitting duty, on that sacred day.

Rev. i. 10.—"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." From the very earliest period of Christianity, the day of Christ's resurrection, or the "first day of the week," was emphatically designated "the Lord's day." The reasons for this distinctive appellation are manifestly threefold. 1. It was the day *selected* by Him to be His lot or special portion among the days of the week; taking possession of it, as it were, at His resurrection. It is now His in the same manner that saints are His lot and portion in the world, and are therefore called "the Lord's people." 2. It is His day *subjectively*. His business and affairs are principally transacted on it; that is, it is a day specially set apart for His worship and service. 3. It is the "Lord's day" because *appointed* by Him, or by His authority over the church, to be religiously observed; just as the ordinance of the supper is called "the Lord's supper," on the same account.

It is manifest from those passages, that from the very dawn of Christianity, and under apostolic sanction, the "first day of the week" was observed as a day of public religious worship; in lieu of, and to a great extent superseding, the ancient Jewish Sabbath. This view is confirmed by the testimony of ecclesiastical historians. Mosheim says, "There was such a variety in the ritual and discipline of the primitive churches, that it is very difficult to give such an account of the worship, manners, and institutions of the ancient Christians, as will agree with what was practised in all the countries where the Gospel flourished. There are, however, certain laws, whose authority and obligation were universal and indispensable among all Christians, and of these we shall here give a brief account. All Christians were unanimous in setting apart the first day of the week, on which the triumphant Saviour arose from the dead, for the solemn celebration of public worship. This pious custom, which was derived from the church of Jerusalem, was founded upon the express appointment of the Apostles, who consecrated that day to the same sacred purpose, and was observed universally throughout all the Christian churches, as appears from the united testimonies of the most credible writers."

To those who object to the Divine character of the "first day of the week," as the Sabbath of the Lord, we leave the onus of showing how it has assumed its present position in Christendom. If the Lord's day be not apostolical in such a sense as to be scriptural and Divine, and so of obligation as part of the Christian's duty to observe it, when did the reverence for it spring up? The origin of other holy days we can distinctly trace in post-apostolic history; but we cannot find them in Scripture. They are justly regarded as of purely ecclesiastical institution. But as for the "first day of the week," as being emphatically "the Lord's day," a season of holy rest and special religious service, there it is, clearly and distinctly in "the book."

Thirdly.—*The* USEFULNESS *with which the "first day of the week," as the Christian Sabbath, has been crowned, is a full ratification of its Divine claims.*

We are not disposed to lay undue stress upon this argument; we adduce it merely as corroborative of what has been advanced. On the supposition that the "first-day" Sabbath is not of Divine ordination, it is difficult to suppose that God would permit a day of His own selecting to be cast aside, and that He would crown with unmistakable tokens of

His favour a mere human institution that had thrust it from its place. But the Christian Sabbath *has* been thus crowned. On this day God has given His presence to all His solemn ordinances, for all the ends for which He appointed them. In the conversions, then, that have occurred; in the accepted sacrifices that have been offered up; in the delightful visits with which, on this day, God has cheered His people; we have satisfactory evidence of Divine approval; constraining us to say, with the church universal in all ages,—"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE; WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT."

Poetry.

JESUS, LEAD THE WAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF "JESU, GEH VORAN."

JESUS, lead the way,
So we shall not stray
From the path, while here abiding,
But shall follow Thy safe guiding:
Lead us by the hand
To the fatherland.

Should we fare but hard,
Stand we fast on guard;
Though the days be very dreary,
Never of our burdens weary,
For through trouble's sea
Lies our road to Thee.

Should some secret smart
Vex and wound the heart,
Or another's woe and weakness,
Grant us patience, grant us meekness;
Lift Thou up our mind
To the end design'd.

Lord, Thy guidance lend
Through life to the end;
Though the way be rough and trying,
Be Thou needful help supplying;
And when all is o'er,
Open, Lord, the door!

SONNET.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

O, WHAT a load of struggle and distress
Falls off before the cross! The feverish care;
The wish that we were other than we are;
The sick regrets; the yearnings numberless;
The thought, "This might have been," so apt to press
On the reluctant soul: even past despair,
Past sin itself—all—all is turn'd to fair,
Ay! to a scheme of order'd happiness,
So soon as we love God, or rather know
That God loves us!....Accepting the great pledge
Of His concern for all our wants and woe,
We cease to tremble upon danger's edge;
While varying troubles form and burst anew,
Safe in a Father's arms, we smile as infants do!

Our Servants.

DRESS.

IT was the saying of a very wise man, who observed everything, and who seemed to understand all subjects, and to know the fitness of everything, that "the man who will not dress himself like the company he mixes with, must think himself either above them or below them." That man was none other than Dr. Samuel Johnson, the greatest moral philosopher of the last century. We quite chime in with the good Doctor, on that matter. No class of our population are quicker sighted as to the proprieties of household-life, than our servants; none have a keener nor a more just sense of what

becomes a master or a mistress than they. Should a master forget his station as the head of his family, and begin to do household work; to meddle with the cooking, the washing, the cleaning, and such-like affairs, habitually; the servants would not fail to remark that he had made himself little in their eyes; and they would by and by take the liberty of talking to him, and treating him as one of themselves. On the other hand, should a mistress delight in matters of business; such as buying and selling, bartering, money-making, investments of money, and so on; the servants would very properly take notice of such improprieties, and would judge that master and mistress had better exchange clothes. We repeat that "our servants" have a very correct taste in what is fitting and proper in the conduct and appearance of their employers. Now what we desire to see is this, that "our servants" would just turn their criticisms upon themselves, and consider the article of Dress. We would take the liberty of saying to them, Do you not suppose yourselves, when you find fault with your superiors, for the moment, standing in their places, and saying thus to yourselves?—"If we were master, we would not busy ourselves with the duties of the mistress of the house; nor, if we were mistress, would we take up with the business and anxieties of the master. We could like everybody to keep his place, and to dress and appear just like his proper station." We are sure this is your way of thinking. Now, your employers reason in the same manner; and, for the moment, they suppose themselves to be standing in your shoes. They also say, "If we were servants, we would not take upon ourselves airs and modes that belong to other people; nor would we appear in apparel befitting gentlefolks, rather than servants." Perhaps it would be severe to say, that the love of finery is becoming the ruling passion among female servants; but we must say, that we fear it is on the increase. Draperies are got up and finished in attractive colours; one fashion succeeds another with wonderful rapidity; everything that can be done to arrest the eye, and excite the desire of the customer, is eagerly practised; silks, muslins, and other goods are ticketed "only (so and so) per yard." The honest maid enters the shop; bows, and smiles, and flattery stagger her resolution; mauve, magenta, and other new colours enkindle her fancy. "Anything further, Miss?" "Let me show you this, Miss! No other house in the trade can do for you like ourselves, Miss!" (Quite true.) So, Miss buys and buys, until she exceeds her first intention by three times, and returns home leaving perhaps one-half of her wages behind her. Having purchased these fine things, they *must* be fashionably made up: what is the use of new goods being cut in any other than the newest fashion? and why should young folks be made into "Guys" by an old-fashioned milliner? Besides, is not the servants' money their own? Have not they worked hard for it? May they not do what they will with their own? Thus, one servant rivals another; and all such ape their superiors, until the plainest dressed females in a house are the mistress and her daughters. Now, we venture to give a few gentle admonitions on this subject. First, this love of finery will make you poor, good friends: and poverty is a great evil. When it is inflicted by Providence, it may indeed be sanctified by humility and prayer; but even then it is a sanctified evil. But what is it when we bring it on ourselves? and that too by offering sacrifices to our vanity? Such poverty is sin, and needs repentance. Let us not make ourselves poor in this manner; all upon our persons; nothing in our pocket. Keep a friend in your pocket.

Next, never suppose that either striking colours, or striking anything else, can render you beautiful. It is a vulgar eye that feels any gratification in a glare of red and yellow. An educated eye finds repose in hues that are soft, and in forms that are graceful. Some people would say, "It's all a matter of taste." Of course it is; but supposing they are without taste? What then? Is there no difference between one piece of music and another? Are pictures all alike good or bad? Is not architecture "all taste?" Can't you distinguish between wormwood and honey? There is just as much difference between good taste and bad taste in dress. The most beautiful women

never strike you with their charms, they impress you gradually: the harmony of their features, the perfection of form, the grace of action, the tone of complexion, and the delicate expression of the face and figure, seem to come out as you look upon them; until your eye cannot leave them, and you are held by the silent action of their spirits which have clothed themselves with so exquisite a mould, and play and blend with the very surface you contemplate.

Next, do not be ashamed of wearing out your apparel. For what purpose is it that people are so fond of new apparel? Is it to attract attention? to be seen of men? You like old friends: why don't you cast them off? They are old, but all the better friends for that. You love old scenes; your own village, with its green and its cottages, and its gardens, and old churchyard. Why not forget *them*? They too are old, but no worse for being old. Now old clothes are easy, and comely too, if clean: wear them out, and take care of your funds. For want of attention to economy in dress, a very large proportion of our servants, though earning good wages, are absolutely penniless. They have nothing for an aged mother, or for an afflicted father; and if they are members of our Societies, they are unable to contribute a reasonable sum of money to the support of the Gospel. Frequently, we have seen a young woman come forward for her quarterly ticket, rustling in silk, and scented too, and she has put down a sixpence instead of two shillings. When one has remarked upon the smallness of the amount, the answer has been promptly given, "Servants are not expected to give." Are they to clothe in silks, then? Many servants are studious to dress properly; and they adorn both the house of God, and their own families.

P. H.

Anecdotes.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND MINISTER.

Mr. James Fraser, a Minister belonging to the Church of Scotland, was ordained Minister of the parish of Alness, in Ross-shire, in 1725. He was the author of an able work on sanctification, as well as of some Sermons, very full and clear in their statements of Gospel truth, and close and searching in the practical uses of doctrine. The following incidents have just been published.*

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

Mr. Fraser's preaching, at least, during a great part of his ministry, was mainly directed to the awakening and conversion of sinners, and was not so edifying and consoling to the Lord's people as that of some others of the fathers in Ross-shire. He did preach Christ crucified, and spake comfort to the broken-hearted; but this was not the peculiarity of his preaching. But the preponderance of the other element was of God, and He greatly blessed his preaching for fulfilling the end to which it was mainly directed. Many were awakened under his ministry, but some of these went elsewhere to get healing for their wounds. Each Sabbath, not a few of his people were accustomed to go to the neighbouring parish of Kilmuir, to hear the famous Mr. Porteous. So many were at last in the habit of going, that the Kilmuir congregation began to complain of the overcrowded state of the church; and though willing to bear some inconvenience for the sake of those who could not find the Gospel at home, they had no patience for the fugitives from Alness. His session at last spoke to Mr. Porteous about it, and begged of him to confer with Mr. Fraser; "for the people who come from Alness," they said, "tell us that their Minister preaches almost so exclusively the law, that those who seek the bread of life must starve under his ministry, and are compelled to come hither for food and for healing." Meeting Mr.

* *The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire.* By the Rev. John Kennedy. Edinburgh: John Maclaren. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861. Foolscap 8vo. Pp. 260.

Fraser, soon after, at a funeral, Mr. Porteous said to him, "It gives me, my dear brother, grief of heart, to see some of your people in the church of Kilmuir every Sabbath. My Elders tell me that those who come to us complain of your preaching almost entirely to the unconverted, and that the 'poor in spirit' can get no food for their souls. Now, my dear brother, if the Lord gives it to you, I pray you not to withhold their portion from the people of the Lord, which you can dispense to them as I never could." "My dear brother," was Mr. Fraser's striking reply, "when my Master sent me forth to my work, He gave me a quiver full of arrows, and He ordered me to cast these arrows at the hearts of His enemies till the quiver was empty. I have been endeavouring to do so, but the quiver is not empty yet. When the Lord sent you forth, He gave you a cruse of oil, and His orders to you were, to pour the oil on the wounds of broken-hearted sinners, till the cruse was empty. Your cruse is no more empty than is my quiver. Let us both then continue to act on our respective orders; and as the blessing from on high shall rest on our labours, I will be sending my hearers with wounded hearts to Kilmuir, and you will be sending them back to Alness rejoicing in the Lord." Quite overcome with this beautiful reply, Mr. Porteous said, "Be it so, my beloved brother;" and, after a warmer embrace than they had ever exchanged before, they parted. Surely this was a rare exhibition of self-denial and brotherly love!

AN EXAMPLE OF "A CONTENTIOUS AND AN ANGRY WOMAN."

A cold, unfeeling, bold, unheeding, worldly woman was Mr. Fraser's wife. Never did her godly husband sit down to a comfortable meal in his own house; and often would he have fainted from sheer want of needful sustenance, but for the considerate kindness of some of his parishioners. She was too insensate to try to hide her treatment of him; and well was it for him on one account that she was. His friends thus knew of his ill-treatment, and were moved to do what they could for his comfort. A godly acquaintance arranged with him, to leave a supply of food in a certain place, beside his usual walk, of which he might avail himself, when starved at home. Even light and fire in his study were denied to him on the long cold winter evenings; and as his study was his only place of refuge from the cruel scourge of his wife's tongue and temper, there, shivering and in the dark, he used to spend his winter evenings at home. Compelled to walk in order to keep himself warm, and accustomed to do so when preparing for the pulpit, he always kept his hands before him as feelers in the dark, to warn him of his approaching the wall at either side of the room. In this way he actually wore a hole through the plaster, at each end of his accustomed beat, on which some eyes have looked that glistened with light from other fire than that of love, at the remembrance of his cruel wife. But the godly husband had learned to thank the Lord for the discipline of this trial. Being once at a Presbytery dinner, alone, amidst a group of moderates, one of them proposed, as a toast, the health of their wives, and, turning to Mr. Fraser, said, as he winked at his companions, "You, of course, will cordially join in drinking to this toast." "So I will, and so I ought," Mr. Fraser said; "for mine has been a better wife to me than any one of yours has been to you." "How so?" they all exclaimed. "She has sent me," was his reply, "seven times a day to my knees, when I would not otherwise have gone; and that is more than any of you can say of yours." On the day on which her godly husband entered into his eternal rest, and a very few hours after his death, some of the Elders, on learning the sad tidings, hurried with stricken hearts and in tears to the manse. To their horror, they found Mrs. Fraser, outside, feeding her poultry. Approaching her, one of them said, sobbing as he spoke, "So Mr. Fraser has gone to his rest." "O yes, the poor man died this morning," she said, as she scattered the corn among the fowls: "if you want to see the body, you may go in—chick, chick, chick." Whether horror of the living, or sorrow for the dead, was the deepest feeling in the good men's breasts, both must have mingled in the anguish of their hearts as they hurried to the chamber of the dead.

The Portfolio.

DELAY REPENTANCE, AND IT BECOMES THE MORE DIFFICULT.

A HERMIT was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the mean time the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will by and by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne; and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and, after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.—*An Allegory by one of the Fathers.*

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.

ALAS! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order; for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-labourers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Theluck.*

Monthly Notes for Readers.

THE Rev. John Lyth, the Wesleyan Missionary at Stetten, near Canstadt, in Germany, has enriched the stores of Methodist biography by a charming life of his mother, which he with great propriety designates, *Religion in Earnest: a Memorial of Mrs. Mary Lyth, of York.* The Rev. William Unsworth has published an able Lecture, entitled, *Self-Culture, and Self-Reliance: or, the Poor Man's Help to Elevation on Earth and in Heaven.* Both are sold at the Wesleyan Book-Room; as well as the new and remarkably cheap edition of *The Life of John Hunt, Missionary to the Cannibals of Fiji*, by the Rev. George Stringer Rowe. The Rev. John Kirk, formerly of London, and now of Sheffield, has been usefully employing his easy-flowing and delightful pen, on *Ruth and Rescue: a True Story*, and on a companion-Lecture to that on Charles Wesley, on *James Montgomery: a popular Sketch of his Life and Poetry*; accompanied by a portrait, and chromo-

lithograph of the monument in course of erection over the poet's grave. *The Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ*, by the Rev. C. J. Ellicott, B.D., being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1859, are fine specimens not only of the simplicity with which a man of cultivated intellect, and ample erudition, can convey the results of learned investigation, but of the combination of earnest eloquence with that gravity and solemnity of tone which so well befit the recital of events so blessed and so holy, yet withal so awful and so stupendous, as those which form the subject of these Lectures. The Rev. John Baillie, the biographer of Hewitson, has added to his reputation as an able and devout divine and writer, by his *Scenes of Life, Historical and Biographical, chiefly from Old-Testament Times. Lessons on the Book of Genesis*, by the Rev. John Burridge, Incumbent of St. Stephen's, Sheffield, will materially aid parents and teachers in explaining, and drawing out appropriate lessons from, this important portion of God's word. *The Tongue of the Swearer: a Suffolk Story*, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., illustrates, by some awful facts, the fearful character of what is still in many places a crying sin.

Memorials of the Departed.

MRS. EVERSON died at Bungay, April 20th, 1858. She was drawn when young to attend the Wesleyan ministry in Bury St. Edmund's, by the singing. She first realized her interest in Christ at five o'clock on Christmas-day, 1819. She knew her sins forgiven, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. She then and there decided to give herself, by God's will, to His church; saying, "These people shall be my people, and their God my God." She joined the Wesleyan Society, and remained united with it till her death. Her lot in life was one of trial. In her own house she realized the presence of Christ, and the abounding consolations of the Holy Spirit. Through "looking to Jesus," she was enabled in patience to possess her soul. She loved and prized her Bible. She greatly admired the Works of Mr. Wesley; she esteemed her Ministers, and laboured to encourage and comfort them; she loved prayer, and retired three times a day to hold sacred union with God. As she neared the close of life, her faith became stronger, and she could say with confidence, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v. 1.) A little before she expired, she sang the 87th hymn in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book. She exchanged mortality for life, aged seventy-one.

MARY CAWDELL, the beloved and only daughter of Mary and John Husbands, Belton, Leicestershire, was born Nov. 19th, 1829. Little incident marked her early history, being principally at home, screened from the temptations common to youth, by the guardianship and example of a pious but widowed mother. In person she was pleasing; in her disposition quiet and retiring. To intimate friends even she sometimes seemed reserved. The consistency of her Christian course, however, gained her the esteem and affection of the wide circle of relatives and friends in which she moved. From a child she was the subject of the gracious drawings of the Holy Spirit; but it was not until spring, 1849, that she fully decided to take up her cross and follow her Lord. On her way to a friend's house, she remained a few hours in Derby; and in the interval she heard the Rev. Jarvis Cheesman, from Proverbs xxix. 1: "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." On her journey she mused on what she had heard. She made up her mind, that if the Lord would spare her to return home in safety, she would, by God's grace, give herself unreservedly to Him, and herself to His people. On reaching home, her mother wanted her immediately to join the Wesleyan Society; and she did so. For years she was a diligent and prayer-

ful Sabbath-school Teacher, Missionary Collector, and distributer of the Wesleyan periodicals. Her piety was seen and felt at home. As a daughter, she was dutiful, loving, and obedient; as a sister, affectionate and exemplary. On the proposal of the marriage which subsequently ook place, she exercised great caution, and used much prayer. In her last affliction, she derived no small comfort from the unwavering conviction that her marriage had been "in the Lord." As a wife, her worth is best described by the words of holy Scripture: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." For a considerable period she entertained the opinion that she was not to be a long liver. In one of her letters to her mother, she thus writes: "I sometimes think my journey is nearly run; but He that afflicts only knoweth. O that I could feel my will wholly lost in His! There seems to be a clinging to earth; and the thought of leaving behind me a dear babe, often makes me weep. I fear, in this, I sin; for I know God can take care of him. But my stubborn will refuses to yield; in consequence of which my peace is disturbed, and at times I feel very unhappy." These natural vibrations of the heart-strings were, however, subsequently stilled by entire resignation to the will of the Supreme, and she calmly committed her babe into His hands, who, "though a mother may forget the child of her womb," never forgets. As she neared the gate of the celestial city, she gave utterance to a cheering testimony as to her state of mind. Like some, she could not recollect either the time or place when and where she received the forgiveness of sins; and Satan more than once used this circumstance as a "fiery dart" wherewith to pierce her tender spirit: but she knew she had redemption through faith in the blood of the Lamb. The Sunday before her death, when supposed to be dying, one present quoted in her hearing that soul-cheering promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee;" (Isaiah xliii. 2;) a beautiful smile played upon her expressive countenance; and, in the midst of intensest suffering, she responded, "Yes, Jesus will help me through. He does help me." She revived, however, again, and lived until May 5th, 1858. She "fell asleep" in Jesus, trying to shout,

"Happy if with my latest breath," &c.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beatty, Bobert,	Ballynure,	Ballyclare,	4	March 28th, 1861.
Curran, Thomas,	Ballyclare,	Ballyclare,	76	March 20th, 1861.
Faragher, Esther,	Douglas,	Douglas,	72	Feb. 21st, 1861.
Grainger, Richard,	Micklefield,	Selby,	61	Jan. 26th, 1860.
Hardy, William,	Micklefield,	Selby,	52	Feb. 24th, 1861.
Hart, Charles,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	74	Feb. 13th, 1861.
Madge, Jane Flamank,	Plymouth,	Plymouth,	19	Dec. 9th, 1860.
Mansford, Mary Ann,	Malbrough,	Lincoln,	20	June 27th, 1860.
Rooney, Elizabeth,	Ballyclare,	Ballyclare,	19	Feb. 19th, 1861.
Singleton, Elizabeth,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	55	Dec. 18th, 1860.
Walton, Carter,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	23	Jan. 2d, 1859.
Wolton, Francis,	Micklefield,	Selby,	47	Nov. 8th, 1860.
Worsdall, Sarah,	Bassingham,	Lincoln,	68	Oct. 23d, 1859.

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A SOUTH-WEST VIEW OF THE NEW CHAPEL, CITY-ROAD, LONDON, 1781.

CITY-ROAD CHAPEL; HISTORY OF ITS ERECTION.

THIS venerable and time-honoured sanctuary, so long the parent home of universal Methodism, is just now an object of considerable interest. The lease will soon expire, and a favourable opportunity occurs for securing it to the Connexion in fee-simple to the end of the world.

The first place of worship possessed by Wesley in London was an old building, formerly used as a foundery for casting cannon, and situated in Moorfields. Sometime about the year 1738, a terrible explosion shattered many parts of the building to pieces, and the Government abandoned the premises, and removed the foundery to Woolwich.

Wesley's all but universal exclusion from the churches rendered it necessary that he should have some place where he could regularly preach, and where his Societies could assemble for all the purposes of church-services. Two gentlemen, personally unknown to him, directed his attention to the dilapidated Foundery, and urged him to take it, and convert it into a place of worship. They offered to find money for the necessary alterations and repairs; and Wesley yielded to their representations. In the month of November, 1739, and before the required alterations were made, he preached there for the first time, to six or eight thousand people.

Here, for nearly forty years, Methodism had its head-quarters; but the

tenure became uncertain, and Wesley began to cast about for means to erect a more commodious and permanent structure. In a letter dated "October 19th,* 1775," he writes from the Hall at Ramsbury-Park, "a lovely spot, and a lovely family," to his brother Charles: "On Friday I hope to be in London, and to talk with the Committee about building a new Foundery." "Returned to London," however, is the only entry in his Journal relating to this auspicious Friday. In all probability the Committee then met, and resolved to lose no time in endeavouring to secure a proper site. For on March 1st, 1776, not five months after the previous date, Wesley writes: "As we cannot depend upon having the Foundery long, we met to consult about building a new chapel. Our petition to the City for a piece of ground lies before their Committee; but when we shall get any farther, I know not. So I determined to begin my circuit as usual; but promised to return whenever I should receive notice that our petition was granted."

The City Corporation, like most similar bodies, fully answered all expectation as to the tardiness of their movements. More than five months pass away before we have any indication of further action. By that time, however, the ground was secured on a fifty-nine years' lease,† and the Committee went into a discussion of the ways and means. "We made our first subscription toward building a new chapel," says Wesley, on Friday, August 2d, "and at this and the two following meetings, above a thousand pounds were cheerfully subscribed." Under all the circumstances, this was a very fair beginning.

Matters were now sufficiently advanced to bring the whole case before the Conference, which met in London four days after this thousand pounds had been promised. "Question XX." is as follows: "What houses are to be built this year?" And the Answer is, "One at London, and one at Colne." Two months afterwards, Wesley addressed the following circular to "the Assistant Preachers:"—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"ABOUT March you may begin to make the subscription for the New Chapel. Till then, I will beg you, with all possible diligence, to procure subscriptions for the 'Philosophy.'‡ Spare no pains. It will be the most complete thing in its kind of any in the English tongue. But it is well if I procure as many subscribers as will pay the expense of the edition.

"I am

"Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

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* This is manifestly a misprint for "17th," as he was at Ramsbury that day; on Wednesday, the 18th, at Newbury; and on Thursday, the 19th, at Reading, returning to London on the Friday.

† A few years after Wesley's death, the Trustees took an extended term of twenty-eight years, which will expire in 1864.

‡ The following advertisement appeared on the cover of the first Number of the Magazine, issued January 1st, 1778:—

The Conference sanctioned a general subscription throughout the Connexion in order to obtain the necessary funds for the erection of the chapel, just as the last Conference wisely made the same arrangement as to its purchase and enfranchisement. The circular to "the Assistant Preachers" was therefore accompanied by the following address, to "the Members and Friends of the Methodist Societies:"—

"*October* 18*th*, 1776

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"THE Society at London have given assistance to their brethren in various parts of England. They have done this for upwards of thirty years; they have done it cheerfully and liberally. The first year of the subscription for the general debt, they subscribed above nine hundred pounds; the next, above three hundred; and not much less, every one of the ensuing years.

"They now stand in need of assistance themselves. They are under a necessity of building; as the Foundery, with all the adjoining houses, is shortly to be pulled down: and the City of London has granted ground to build on; but on condition of covering it, and with large houses in front; which, together with the New Chapel, will, at a very moderate computation, cost upward of six thousand pounds. I must, therefore, beg the assistance of all our brethren. Now help the Parent Society, which has helped others for so many years, so willingly and so largely. Now help *me*, who account this as a kindness done to myself; perhaps the last of this sort which I shall ask of you. Subscribe what you conveniently can, to be paid either now, or at Christmas, or at Lady-day next.

"I am

"Your affectionate Brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

"PROPOSALS for PRINTING,
BY SUBSCRIPTION,
A SURVEY
OF
The Wisdom of GOD in CREATION;
OR, A
COMPENDIUM
of
Natural Philosophy.
IN FIVE VOLUMES.
By JOHN WESLEY.

CONDITIONS.

"I. The work is now in the press, and nearly finished, on a new type, and very fine paper.

"II. The price to subscribers is 15*s*. Half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the other half on the delivery of the book; stitched.

"III. Persons subscribing for six copies shall have a seventh GRATIS."

Wesley's opinion of his own volumes has been justified by the fact, that Lord Brougham selected the work as the best popular treatise on the subject, and recommended it to the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," by whom it was republished, with additions, some years ago.

There is a postscript, which tells us that "the Trustees are, John Duplex, Charles Greenwood, Richard Kemp, Samuel Chancellor, Charles Wheeler, William Cowland, John Folgham."

We are ignorant of the pecuniary results of this general appeal; but instructions were issued to architects as to the style of the proposed building, and several plans were offered for the Committee's inspection. On Friday,—a day which appears to have been set apart for Committees when Wesley was in town,—November 29th, 1776, one of these plans was adopted; a surveyor was appointed, and ordered to "draw out the particulars, with an estimate of the expense;" and proposals were directed "to be drawn up for those who were willing to undertake any part of the building."

The proposed plan comprehended the erection of the chapel, with morning chapel, class-rooms, and "large houses in front." The whole scheme, according to Wesley's statement, would, "at a moderate computation," involve an expenditure of "upwards of six thousand pounds." The "large houses in front" were originally intended, according to the demands of the City authorities, to cover all the breadth of the ground along the City-road, completely hiding the chapel, and leaving only an arched entrance for the congregation. The Trustees refused to carry out this demand, and their resistance nearly cost them the loss of the site. After much trouble and risk, the City agreed to accept a revised plan, having a house at each end, with palisades in front, and between the houses and the chapel-yard. This arrangement left the entire premises quite open to the road, and secured no small advantages in many respects.

The grand day for laying the foundation-stone arrived on Monday, April 21st, 1777. The proverbial "April showers" fell in unusual quantities, and in this way, says Wesley, "the rain befriended us much, by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there." The Methodists of that day, however, were not mere fair-weather worshippers, like too many of their successors. The gathering crowds came in such numbers as to cover the entire area of the ground. They were so closely wedged together that Wesley, little and lithe as he was, had great difficulty in elbowing his way to the appointed rostrum. They amounted to at least seven or eight thousand. What a glorious service of song would arise from this vast multitude assembled under such delightful circumstances!

Upon the foundation-stone there was fixed a brass plate, graven with the simple inscription, "This was laid by Mr. John Wesley, on April 21st, 1777." The "brass plate" was covered by another stone, and lowered into its place with all due ceremony. "Probably," says the man who performed that solemn act, "this will be seen no more by any human eye; but will remain there, till the earth and the works thereof are burned up;"—a conjecture now likely to be realized when the building is "secured to Methodism for ever." For never, long as there is a nation in the world to bless, or a soul upon the earth to save, shall the Methodism of Wesley either fulfil its mission, or come to an end.

The opportunity of laying the foundation-stone was seized by Wesley to deliver a remarkably clear and comprehensive discourse on the words of the Chaldean Seer: "According to this time, it shall be said, . . . What hath God wrought!" He clearly, but briefly, traces the rise and progress of the United Societies. He examines the general character of the work of God originated and carried on by the agency of Methodism, as to its *depth*, *swiftness*, and *purity*. He vindicates it as the work of God, as the religion of the New Testament, of the Primitive church, and of the Church of England. He disavows any intention of forming a separate sect, and strongly urges continued union with the National Church. The peroration is one of the most close and earnest to be found in his printed discourses; and, without a single word about the projected sanctuary, he concludes in a strain which it were well for all the Methodists of the present day to hear and ponder. "Come, and let us magnify the Lord together," he exclaims, "and labour to promote His kingdom upon earth! Let us join hearts and hands in this blessed work, in striving to bring glory to God in the highest, by establishing peace and good-will among men, to the uttermost of our power. First, let our hearts be joined herein: let us unite our wishes and prayers; let our whole soul pant after a general revival of pure religion and undefiled, the restoration of the image of God, pure love in every child of man! Then let us endeavour to promote in our several stations, this scriptural, primitive religion; let us, with all diligence, diffuse the religion of love among all we have any intercourse with; let us provoke all men, not to enmity and contention, but to love and to good works; always remembering those deep words, (God engrave them on all our hearts!) 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'"

We are not told whether any collection was made; but may we not take that for granted? as the whole proceeding would have been most un-Methodistical without such a termination. During the progress of the erection, Wesley was unceasing in his personal supervision of various matters connected with the interesting enterprise. His long journeys were converted into much shorter ones, and his "Itinerancy" was made to bend to the inevitable necessities of chapel-building. In a letter to Lady Maxwell, he writes: "The new chapel which we are now building in London, requires much of my attendance there, so that I cannot conveniently be absent more than two Sundays together." He spent much time in the hard toil of personally collecting moneys for the building, and spared no effort to enlist the sympathy and liberality of the entire Connexion.

The building rapidly advanced towards completion, and in eighteen months everything was ready for the opening-day,—Sunday, the 1st of November, 1778. So great was the crowd of joyful worshippers, that many were apprehensive of accident or disturbance. These fears were, happily, disappointed; and all passed off in the most orderly manner. In the morning, Wesley preached from part of Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple; and in the afternoon on the hundred and forty-

four thousand standing with the Lamb on Mount Zion. (Rev. xiv. 1.) "Both in the morning and afternoon," says the good man, "God was eminently present in the midst of the congregation." Thus "was the house finished throughout all the parts thereof, and according to all the fashion of it." (1 Kings vi. 38.) And as Wesley looked round upon its beautiful symmetry, and admirable commodiousness, he said most truly, "It is perfectly neat, but not fine; and contains far more people than the Foundery: I believe, together with the morning chapel, as many as the Tabernacle."*

When, on that eventful day, he considered "all the way that the Lord had led him those forty years in the wilderness," how would his heart throb with gratitude and joy! At the beginning of that period, he and his noble-hearted brother stood all but alone in the joy of their new-found acceptance with God. A mere handful of people in London and Bristol, who sought his advice, formed the whole of the Methodist Societies. But now, more than a hundred and fifty godly men were his "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God" in the office of the ministry, besides hundreds more who toiled all the week and preached on the Sabbath. Great Britain and Ireland were laid out in sixty-two Circuits, and every large town, and thousands of rural villages, received the Gospel at the hands of Methodism. Far-off America had also heard the word, and more than forty thousand souls—an average increase of a thousand a year, after all deaths, backsliders, and separatists have been deducted—were numbered in the class-papers, and regarded themselves as his followers. And the chapel which he that day dedicated to the worship of Jehovah was thenceforth to become a centre of influence and interest in every part of the world.

The chapel only was now completed,† and Wesley still resided at the top of the old Foundery: but when, about eleven months later, the other buildings were completed, he took up his permanent residence in what is still "the Superintendent's house." On Sunday, the 8th of August, 1779, he writes: "This was the last night which I spent at the Foundery. What hath God wrought there in one-and-forty years!" After a two months' preaching-journey through Wales and the West of England, he returned to London, and took up his abode in the new home, October 8th, 1779. "This night," he writes, "I lodged in the new house at London. How many more nights have I to spend there?"

With all Wesley's efforts, influence, and personal liberality, the building-expenditure had evidently involved him in considerable debt, and financial affairs were some time before they were in a satisfactory condi-

* The large but unhandsome place of worship then recently built by Whitefield, in Tabernacle-row, City-road.

† Seven years afterward, namely, December, 1785, there is the following entry in Wesley's Journal, the exact meaning of which we can hardly understand:—"Monday, December 5th; and so the whole week, I spent every hour I could spare, in the unpleasing but necessary work of going through the town, and begging for the poor men who had been employed in finishing the New Chapel. It is true I am not obliged to do this; but if I do it not, nobody else will."

tion. February 24th, 1780, he says: "I met the Building Committee, according to whose representation, our income, at last, nearly answers our expenses. If so, it will clear itself in a few years."

As soon as the chapel was opened, Wesley made arrangements for the regular and full observance of all the services of the Established Church, to which he was so ardently attached. Two Clergymen were engaged, whose duty it was to visit the sick, bury the dead, read the Liturgy, assist in the administration of the sacraments, and preach occasionally. The pulpit, however, was to be supplied by himself when in town, and by his brother during his absence. There was, therefore, a complete clerical staff in connexion with the new Foundery. This arrangement excluded the Methodist Preachers from the pulpit, and very naturally led to some remonstrance on their part. Though very much opposed by his brother, Wesley at length consented that they should occasionally occupy the pulpit in his stead. The ordained Clergyman read the prayers, and the unordained Methodist Preacher preached; the Clergyman baptized, and the Preacher looked on with the ordinary worshipper; the Clergyman administered the Lord's Supper, and the Preacher "drew near to take the holy sacrament to his comfort," with the rest of the people. All this, of course, was very anomalous; but these were the days of Methodism's nonage, when she was only regarded as an auxiliary to another church, a community within a community, and her teachers as mere laymen. This state of things, however well-meant, could never be permanent, and is now numbered with the past. Methodism claims all the rights, privileges, and authorities of a Christian church; and her Ministers, firmly believing that their orders are as valid as those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, claim an equality with the Christian Ministers of any other church. "Are we not apostles? are we not free? are not ye our work in the Lord? If we be not apostles unto others, yet doubtless we are to you: for the seal of our apostleship are ye in the Lord."

Sheffield. J. K.

BOAZ.

The Bible is a revelation of the Divine will and purpose, and by following its directions we may obtain eternal life. But this is not all. The Scriptures are as profitable for the life that now is, as for that which is to come. The lessons which the Bible teaches indirectly are surpassed in importance only by those which it teaches directly. Its worldly maxims are as admirable in their way as its religious maxims, and both are illustrated and enforced by noble and numerous examples. Never has the world seen better specimens of farmers, merchants, tradesmen, masters, servants, than those of whom brief notices are recorded in the Bible. What a fine old Hebrew gentleman is Boaz! How courteously he steps upon the scene! A mighty man of wealth, of good family, a large landed proprietor, an influential citizen, belonging to the "best society," he comes down from his house in the city, to see for himself how matters are going on

With a fine patriarchal courtesy he greets the reapers as he passes among them. "The Lord be with you;" and with equal courtesy, honourable alike to him and to themselves, they answer, "The Lord bless thee." Is there not here a lesson for master and servant, employer and employed? Does any one suppose that they served him any the less faithfully for his respectful kindness, or that there was any sycophancy in their cordial response? Was there anything in the interchange of pleasant feeling that trenched upon the dignity either of Boaz or of his reapers? Is not the truest, the only Christian relation between master and servant, that which recognises the underlying brotherhood of man, while it is equally cognisant of the surface-discrepancies? Does not the servant best respect and most scrupulously serve the master who respects the servant? A consideration of another's rights is the surest way to compass the consideration of our own. To be polite to others is the best way to make others polite to us. Here, as elsewhere, "what measure ye mete, shall be measured to you again."

But Boaz, with that keen observation which may perhaps have had something to do with his great wealth and high standing, notices a new face among the merry field-maidens; a graver, quieter face, probably; and, turning to his overseer, he makes inquiry, and learns that it belongs to the young woman who has been talked about so much in the city; the Moabitish damsel, who left her own family and land for love of her deceased husband's mother, and his God. So, glad, doubtless, of the opportunity, he cheers her fluttering, frightened heart with gracious words. How soothingly and gratefully must have fallen on her ear: "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens: let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee?" To the stranger unwonted to the customs of the land to which she had so lately come, unacquainted with the people by whom she was surrounded, these assurances from the master must have been doubly welcome. But his large-hearted hospitality was not yet exhausted: "When thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn. . . . At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. . . . And he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left." And, still farther, with thoughtful kindness, Boaz commanded his young men not only not to hinder her, but to "let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her." No wonder Ruth fell in love with him; so gentle, so polite, so chivalrous, so generous, so tender to the forlorn little foreigner.

Ruth was a Moabitess, a heathen by birth, a resident in a heathen country; and probably her best impressions of a country in which the true God was worshipped were received in the harvest-fields of Boaz. Suppose a young woman from the Fiji islands were to be transported to the hay-fields of some of our large farmers on a fine day in July; would her impressions be as favourable as those of Ruth? Would she see a liberality, and kindness, and courtesy which should at once recommend a Christian

country to her favour? We have known, and doubtless many of our readers have known, farmers who, instead of being polite, prided themselves on the roughness of their dress and manners. They seemed to think that to be polite was unmanly. But is there any reason why an English farmer should not be polite as well as a Bethlehem farmer? Farming is a noble occupation when it is nobly done; but if to be a farmer it is necessary to be a boor, then farming is of all occupations the most ignoble and undesirable. The truth is, politeness is the prerogative of no vocation. A shoeblack may be less accomplished than a prince, but he need not be less polite. Hay-making browns the skin, and hardens the hands; but it need not make the heart callous, nor the soul coarse.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.*

(GENESIS III. 1—7.)

THE Cherokee Indians have a belief that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the Kings or Chiefs of rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the "bright old inhabitants." They represent them as snakes of an enormous size, and which possess the power of drawing to them every creature that comes within the reach of their eyes. Their heads are said to be crowned with a carbuncle of dazzling brightness.

That is a fable. But a reality more terrific by far meets us in this early event.

Truths, it has been said, are not matters of argument, but matters of fact. We have before us in this passage facts so transcendently commanding, that for well-nigh sixty centuries they have been inwrought, as the very warp and woof, into the texture of the innermost life of our race.

The first fact which confronts us is the reality of the PERSONAL DEVIL. No vapoury myth, — no ethereal, abstract "influence,"—but an actual living, present person: he stands here before us as real as Eve stands, or as Adam, or as the Lord; thinking, planning, speaking, acting; plying his hellish enginery with a determination to compass the ruin of the holy and happy inmates of the garden.

Do *we* adequately apprehend the terrific might and subtilty of this appalling power? Our great poet, in his "Paradise Lost," has thrown around him a certain halo of grandeur, which pre-occupies many minds, rendering them inaccessible to the naked truth regarding him. Milton figures him in his infernal palace as a species of hero; happy, after his manner, in his energy of evil-working. But the Bible exhibits him as intensely wretched, — "reserved in chains under darkness,"—and knowing that his doom is hastening swiftly on. A haze rests over him; a kind of mist; as if to know him directly and fully were too overwhelming for us in our present season of conflict: but the glimpses which break upon us, in the urgent counsels to resist him, and in the assurances of the forth-putting in our behalf of God's almighty power, are significant (though how tenderly communicated!) indications of the Divine estimate of his might.

One night, in a lowly cottage in Down, the writer was present at a little gathering of mill-workers, most of whom had recently found the Saviour. They were reading together a passage in the New Testament, where the devil is described as "now working in the children of disobedience,"

* *Scenes of Life, Historical and Biographical.* By the Rev. John Baillie. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861.

They spoke of it as a fact which they had themselves lately been discovering to be awfully real, when suddenly one of them was stricken by God's hand, and cried aloud for mercy. Hour after hour the sufferer continued in appalling agony, as if in personal conflict with some present enemy. It was the doctrine translated into fact; the "strong man armed" was struggling in his stronghold; and the gracious Lord was binding him, and "spoiling his goods."

The next fact which meets us on the scene is the INTERVIEW betwixt Satan and Eve.

Himself the hapless victim of his own self-will, (1 Tim. iii. 6,) he cunningly asked her,—"Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" It was a secret appeal to her pride not to suffer any check to be put even by Jehovah upon her right to do her own pleasure; an insinuation that God would tamper with His own word; and that she might tamper with it; a malignant calumny of their loving God, as if He envied her a happiness which lay within her easy reach.

Hard thoughts of God, it has been said, are the death of the heavenly life. At that instant the heavenly life in Eve received its death-blow. Not indignantly repelling the calumny, but guiltily consenting to parley with the tempter, she replied, "We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

Every sentence betrayed the presence of the poison in her soul. God's large-hearted way had been, "Of *every* tree of the garden thou mayest *freely* eat:" her niggard formula was, "We *may* eat of the trees of the garden." God's simple prohibition had been, "The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it:" her version was,—"Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it." God's authoritative menace had been, "For in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die:" stripping it of its solemn majesty, she transformed it into the feeble peradventure, "Lest ye die."

Ominous attitude! She had "*entered* into temptation." In the company of the father of lies, she was treading the forbidden ground; and, before that sun had set, he was to have her in his dungeon, bound hand and foot.

Daring now to assert openly what at first he had only hinted hesitatingly, he intimated broadly that the Divine threat was a mere feint,—"Ye shall *not* surely die." It was the wedge driven home. She was his helpless captive. Satan-like, she hastened away to Adam with the lie, and whispered it in his ear. He, too, consented. A few more moments, and both had eaten.

By some it has been supposed that there was something in the apple which to the senses was very intoxicating. We can fancy them retiring to rest!

They awoke! But what a wreck! Ichabod was already graven, in letters of judgment-fire, upon themselves, and upon all nature around them. They had eaten the "mess of pottage;" and the "birthright" was sold. O, how ignominiously!

The first intimation of doom seems to have come in a manner somewhat mysterious, but not a little significant. Their bodies hitherto had been encircled with a kind of heavenly halo, like the angels' at the Saviour's tomb, or like Moses's on Sinai; or like Jesus's on the Transfiguration Mount. Now this Shechinah-like glory was away! "They knew that they were naked."

And the fig-leaves! "They sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons." What a contrast to the luminous encirclement! The clod of the valley and the sunbeam are not more directly converse. Already the sentence had visibly taken effect

upon the body,—it was unmistakably a "body of death."

Yet this was but the faintest shadow of the terrific catastrophe which had overtaken the soul. It, too, was dead,—"twice dead." The death of the soul is its separation from God. The two transgressors had left their God, and their God had left them: that very day they had "surely died."

They had not long awoke, when a sudden "wind," — probably at the time of evening worship, ("the cool of the day,")—announced the Lord's approach,—He whose slightest whisper had before been welcomed so joyously. But sin was now eating like a canker-worm into their souls; and what fellowship could the holy Lord have with sin, even for one moment? Ashamed to look Him in the face again, they hastily skulked away.

"Adam!" said the Lord, calling the guilty one by name, "where art thou?"

The voice there was no resisting. The sinner came forth. Unsolicited he began his dismal tale of shame and of woe. "I heard," said he, "Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." Confronting him with his sin, God proceeded: "Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?"

The guilty conscience, stricken and taken into God's light, says, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." But Adam as yet had not reached this stage. Not justifying God and condemning himself, he justified himself and condemned God. "The woman," he muttered out, with a shameless effrontery, secretly blaming God as the author of his ruin, "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

What a catastrophe! what a "horrible pit" of badness! what a vast abyss of Satanic defiance! There was in him now only that "carnal mind which is enmity against God." He was dead,—"dead in trespasses and in sins." Life is God's favour and personal companionship; death is God's anger and personal departure. Man was now dead,—dead as any devil in pandemonium: he had departed from his God, and his God had departed from him; the holy and happy fellowship was broken up; a great gulf divided them,—wide as heaven is from hell.

It was no shield from the Divine displeasure that another had tempted him. It would have been no sin to be tempted; but it was sin, deadly sin, to consent, to yield.

And the curse had come, through the man, upon the race. By one man sin had entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death had passed upon all men, for that all had sinned.

Brother! do *you* possess, at this moment, only "the carnal mind?"

"The carnal mind," it is written, "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Till a man is "born again,"—is a new creature in Christ Jesus,—he has nothing in him or about him but this carnal mind.

The new creature is the exact converse. "Whosoever is born of God," says the Scripture, "doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

The old nature is against God, and cannot but be against Him: the new nature is for God, and cannot but be for Him. The old nature sins, and cannot but sin: the new nature does not sin, and cannot sin.

The moment the new nature is implanted by the creative act of the Holy Spirit through a living union of the soul to the crucified and risen Jesus, a warfare begins, "the law in

the members warring against the law of the mind;" and the war ends only when man exchanges the "bondage of the corruption" for the "liberty of the glory."

But, dear brother, remember, if the new nature have not been given to you; if the "seed" be not in you; if you have not been "created anew in Christ Jesus," you have in you at this instant nothing but that carnal mind, whose very nature is ungodliness, and whose certain doom is hell. The carnal mind may quiet a troubled conscience with a routine of duties; but it is the carnal mind still, and it "cannot please God."

Such was man at the very moment of his fall; and such is man now. Civilization, refinement, scientific progress, art, learning, leave the carnal mind where they found it. The carnal mind is "enmity against God," it is not subject to His law, neither indeed can be.

And this is not all.

The carnal mind is the very seat of Satan, doing Satan's pleasure, delighting in Satan's ways. In the new nature the Holy Spirit dwells; it is His temple, His chosen, loved abode. But the old nature is a habitation of the wicked one; thinking devilish thoughts, cherishing devilish emotions, uttering devilish words, doing devilish deeds. "Ye are of your father, the devil," said He, who knew what was in man; "and the works of your father ye will do." Reader! remember, that, if the Bible be true, and if you be not a temple of the Holy Ghost, then every act of your life, every utterance of your lips, every emotion of your heart, is an emanation from the father of lies.

Schiller once remarked, when uttering an unpalatable truth, that the business of his life was not to please men, but to profit them. These are truths more plain than pleasant; they are very unattractive, very old-fashioned; but they *are* truths, not theological dogmas, but *facts*,—certain, incontrovertible facts: and very profitable is it for him who has wit enough and grace enough to discern them, and to confess them; for He who says, "Thou hast destroyed thyself," says also, "In Me is thine help." Why not, then, my brother, go to Him, and cry,—

"Lord, restore Thine image, hear my call!
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone."

"THE FREE GIFT."

COLOURED Preachers often have a rare facility in homely and pithy illustrations, which more cultivated Preachers might imitate with the best results.

I once, says one, found myself in company with a party of friends in the gallery of a small village-church, listening to a discourse from a coloured Minister, or rather Exhorter. After some preliminary exercises, a grey-headed man, evidently quite a patriarchal personage, arose, announced as his subject "The History of Dives and Lazarus," which he proceeded to explain and enforce.

One illustration he used was so full of quaint simplicity, and at the same time so adapted to express the idea he meant to convey, that it struck me forcibly. He was trying to show how a sinner should accept the Gospel offers of salvation.

"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase one. Well, he has one that exactly fits you, and in all respects is just what you need. You ask the price, but, when told, find you have not got enough money, and shake your head.

"'No, Massa, I am too poor, must go without,' and turn away.

"But he says, 'I know you cannot pay me, and I have concluded to give it to you: will you have it?'

"What would you do in that case? Stop to hem and haw, and say, 'O, he's just laughing at me; he don't mean it?' No such thing. There is not one of you who would not take the coat, and say, 'Yes, Massa, and thank you, too.'

"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is offered you as freely as that: why won't you take it as freely? You are lost, undone sinners, and feel that you need a covering from His wrath. If you would keep His holy law blameless, you might purchase it by good works; but, ah! you are all full of sin, and that continually. Prayers and tears are worthless. You are poor indeed; and if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder that you are turning off in despair. But, stop! look here: God speaks now, and offers you the perfect robe of Christian righteousness, that will cover all your sins, and fit all your wants, and says that you may have it 'without money and without price.' O brethren, my dear brethren, do take God's word for it, and thankfully accept His free gift."

What impression the words had on the old man's coloured auditors I cannot tell; but, as our group left the church, one of the ladies remarked to another, "What a strange idea that was about the coat!"

"My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it was. I am so glad that I came here! This is the way I have been despairingly seeking for years. How simple! How plain! Yes, I will take God at His word,—

> 'Nothing in my hand I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling.'"

LETTING THE HEART DOWN.

A POOR widow lies helpless upon her bed. She has worked at her tubs and laundry-table as long as she could stand, since her children depend on her labour. At last her health has given out, and she is obliged to surrender. With her work half done, and knowing not how she is to live, and to feed her family, she stops from stern necessity. The luxury of sickness she cannot afford, or she would have stopped a year ago. Now she must suffer and wait, whereas before she suffered and worked. It is surely a hard case. How easily may she be gloomy and despairing!

In this state of things I visited her. I was prepared to hear a sad story, and to meet a downcast countenance. But, to my surprise, she was cheerful,—hoped she would get at her work in a few weeks: the people she worked for would put up with her sickness for a while, and then she would go on again, as before. Her feet were not quite so swollen; and if she could only get so as to stand, she could work very well in the laundry. Meanwhile the doctor was so kind as to charge her nothing for his services; and her eldest child got through pretty well with the scanty cooking she required.

Astonished at such a cheerful tone; seeing that she made the best of everything, and somehow covered the darkest places with smiles and hopes; I asked her how she could keep up her spirits in such discouraging circumstances. She spoke of her Christian consolations, and said, "There's no use of letting the heart down!"

I wondered at the pithy lesson I had received in this home of poverty. As I went away, my burdens somehow grew lighter, my vexations vanished, my complaining spirit gave place to gratitude, and I resolved to write the Christian philosophy of the widow on my heart.

How much such a habit of holding the heart up would do for all earnest workers, as well as to patient sufferers! Only let the soul be sustained and girded by such a faith, the counten-

ance lighted up by such a cheerful glow, the imagination busied in the paths of hope, rather than of despair; and how much stronger we should be in every holy service!

Tell it to the tempted and the troubled Christian, to the earnest worker everywhere. Be joyful in God; for "there's no use of letting the heart down!"

"THE WILD HUNTSMAN."

THE Germans have an ancient mythical legend, which, with its fearful imagery, teaches an impressive lesson. A nobleman, with horse and hounds, sets forth on the Sabbath for a hunting-excursion. The church-bells, sounding out on the air their invitations to worship, call him in vain, as he passes. On his right, a shadowy rider, on a white horse, attending him, pleads with him to desist from his madness; while, on the left, a black-visaged companion, bestriding a black steed, urges on the chase. So on he dashes, over highway and field, trampling down harvests and flocks, scoffing at the cries of the husbandmen, till, invading the sacred seclusion of a hermit, he is doomed *to continue the hunt for ever*. Then suddenly the glare of an unearthly light flashes on field and grove. The heavens darken with storm-clouds overhead, and the earth opens beneath. Demon-fingers reach up from below toward the terrified rider; while howling hell-hounds spring from yawning abysses to pursue him. So, with ghastly face, ever turned backward in horror, amidst curses resounding through all the air, he rides, from age to age, the race of death.

It is but a feeble and shadowy image of the meaning of those words of Biblical forewarning: "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." How often an infatuated worldling is startled for a moment, half resolved to break from the bondage of sin; then, yielding to the old fascination again, he rushes on, and "the last state of that man is worse than the first!"

Depravity germinates in two directions at once, outward and inward, with a flower and a root. And, to the guilty soul, the fearfulest feature of it is, this reflex tendency into one's being; for the outgrowing effects of sin—baneful as they are, directly as they tend to utter anarchy and ruin throughout the universe of God—are yet subject to a Sovereign Providence. The wrath of man can be made to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath be restrained. But for the recoil of this wrath on the soul, for the corrupting and blasting effect of it there, no restraint is provided. The ever-gathering force with which the sinner advances against his Creator, comes, in time, to take him, as it were, from his feet; to possess and control him, and hurry him headlong to death.

And who will estimate this fearful power as felt in the world of woe? If here, in the very midst of Christendom, with the light from open Bibles streaming athwart his pathway, and voices of heavenly invitation ever sounding about him, the deluded soul, while *frankly confessing* his own folly and madness, moves on to his doom, what will be the result when exposed to the unmitigated companionship and influences of the spirits below? The laws of his own being, from whose working he can never through eternity escape, become his relentless tormentors. The imagination crowds the soul's inner chambers with foul and loathsome imagery. The desires rush lawlessly after their old pleasures. The will sets itself with malignant obstinacy against all thought of contrition. The passions chafe and rage in conscious impotence, only fiercer in hate, because confronted by Omnipotence. And so,

the victim of his own deliberately-chosen guilt is borne on madly from the sphere of light and love—a wandering star, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

The late James A. Haldane, of Edinburgh, in his early life, commanded the man-of-war, "Melville Castle." When engaged in an action, he ordered up a fresh set of hands to take the place of those who had been killed by the broadside of the enemy. The men, seeing the mangled bodies of their comrades, instinctively drew back; at which he poured forth a volley of oaths, and wished them all in hell. A religious seaman shortly after said to him, respectfully and seriously, "*If God had heard your prayer just now, where should we have been?*" His words were winged by Him who never smites in vain, and from that day the Captain became a changed man. He lived to preach the Gospel fifty-four years. His brother Robert, now known as an able and learned commentator, was early converted under his preaching. Robert went to Geneva; and while there, a number of young men were converted under his labours, among whom were Frederick Monod, one of the pillars of the Evangelical Church in France; Felix Neff, the devoted young Pastor of the high Alps; and Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation. Who can gather up the results of that single conversion on board the "Melville Castle," brought about through a single sentence addressed by a sailor to his profane Commander?

AN OPEN SOUL.

The soil should be cultivated, that it may be open to the influences of the sun and the shower. In like manner the soul should be kept open to Divine influences.

It should be kept open to the truth. Passion and prejudice should be carefully guarded against; for they prevent the reception of the truth. Not only should we be careful to know the truth contained in the Bible, but we should seek to have all our views and opinions according to truth. In forming opinions in regard to apparently-unimportant matters, careful scrutiny should be exercised that those opinions may approximate as near as possible to the truth. In making statements, the same care should be exercised. Thus will the mind be kept open to the truth.

All wise and right action must be in view of the truth. The blind man cannot direct his course wisely with reference to external objects. What blindness is to the body, a want of power to perceive truth is to the soul.

The soul should be kept open to tender and benevolent influences. Our emotions or sensibilities are the immediate causes of action. We may see the truth, but, if it awakens no feeling, it will not lead to action. A quick sensibility to the claims of the truth is necessary to usefulness and enjoyment.

Men differ in their nature in regard to their susceptibilities of feeling. A greater difference is often caused by habit. One yields to his tender and benevolent impulses, regulating by the truth the actions to which they lead; another wraps himself in the folds of selfishness, and asks, What personal benefit shall I receive by yielding to this feeling?

Above all, we should keep our souls open to the influences of the Holy Ghost. He is our Helper, and we should always be ready to receive His aid. We should invite His presence by earnest prayer, and by carefully observing that injunction of the Apostle, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

Our Home Work.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AMONG WORKING-MEN IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

(*Continued from page* 179.)

An irreligious man, who had once worked in the same shop with him, called to see Mr. Perriman the day before he died. The visiter, on entering the room, saw his former acquaintance struggling with death, and said, "I am sorry to see you:" but he was interrupted by the dying man, "Sorry! I am going to glory." He then narrated to his visiter the great change that God had wrought in him, the happiness that his soul had enjoyed through faith in Jesus Christ, and the assurance he had at that moment that he should be present with the Lord as soon as his soul was absent from his body. The vividness, and earnestness, and pathos with which the dying man spoke made the lip of his auditor quiver, and his eye weep. He then asked, with a meek and majestic power, "Is my religion a fable or a reality?" No infidel doubts could live in that scene, and the answer was instantly given,—"A reality!" Like his Saviour, who in dying won a soul, Perriman may now look down from the skies, and see that man a happy Christian, to whom he spoke when dying. At that time that man began to seek the Lord; and he now fills Perriman's vacant place in class, and in a walk of usefulness. Even in death, Mr. Perriman was strong; but he felt ashamed that he had not begun the service of God earlier. In addressing his Saviour in one of his prayers, he said, "I have not done much for Thee; but let me suffer for Thee, and glorify Thee; let my death be a testimony for Thee, and be the means of the conversion of hundreds." To the latter part of this prayer who will not say, "Amen?" Mr. Perriman was thirty-one years of age when he died.

These two men were brothers-in-law: Mr. Simpson married Mr. Perriman's sister. Their souls were turned into the way of peace within a month of each other: for between two and three years they counselled and strengthened one another in the way of righteousness. They died under the same roof, within a month of each other, and their widows were left to weep together. "They were lovely and pleasant in" the Christian part of "their lives, and in their death they were not" long "divided." Their end was marked by the difference that existed in their training and tastes. The Scotsman, Simpson, wisely and well, quoted Scripture to the last day of his life, and died with words of the holy book on his lips. Perriman was a joyous, hymn-loving, holy-song-singing Christian, who sent thrills of joy through many hearts whose constitutional tendency to depression makes them *forget to sing* without compunction, although they dare not forget to pray. His last audible words were in keeping with the pleasing exercises of the last two years of his life. His wife could just discern the words he was singing with his latest breath. They are well-known and appropriate:—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;
> Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain."

He entered on these pleasures as he finished the verse.

William Gordon was buried the same day as Mr. Perriman. The convictions of sin that fastened on his conscience, and roused him to seek pardon through Jesus Christ, were wrought in him while listening to a sermon preached in the open air, in Poplar. His health was not good at that time, and soon after he visited Bedford. "I went," he said, "to seek health for my body, and found life to my soul." At the Wesleyan chapel there, he took his place among a company of anxious inquirers whom some earnest Christians were directing to the Saviour, and there the light of God's countenance burst on his soul. On his return to London, he was too weak to resume the use of saw, and chisel, and hammer; and he endeavoured by keeping a school to earn his daily bread. His education and self-culture

would have ensured a fair degree of success, but disease compelled him to relinquish this new employment, and he went into the country again, in the hope that change of air would prolong his life. Two months before his death, he wrote to his Class-Leader, "How the time has slipped away! reminding us of the poet's words:—

'Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.'

But I thank God that, being so much nearer the grave is also being so much nearer to my Father's house; truly 'the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places.'" He was willing to die, as he did, at the age of twenty-one, or to live threescore years and ten. God's love in his heart made all God's dealings with his body pleasant to his soul; and his resigned will desired the will of the Lord to determine the days of his life. He returned home to die. Near the final hour, an evil suggestion troubled him. The idea was presented to his mind that he had trusted for salvation to his own works, or something of the kind; and his attendants heard him reply to it, as if in the sight of God he had examined the point, and proved himself, "O, no, my Father! I have not trusted to anything, I have not trusted in anything, but the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ my Saviour." One who was watching him said, "You will overcome by the blood of the Lamb;" and, as if carrying the thought to Jesus, he answered, "O, yes! blessed Saviour!"

He showed very deep concern for the conversion of his three brothers; and, on one occasion, exclaimed, "O, I am so happy in my own soul, because of my own salvation! How unspeakably would my happiness be raised if I saw all my brothers saved!" He felt as if their salvation would give him as much happiness as if he could feel the joy of three more personal salvations. About an hour and a half before he died, they were summoned to his dying couch; and, with subdued vehemence, and overwhelming love, shown by tears, entreaties, parting kisses, imploring expostulations, and appropriate advices, he urged them to turn to God at once, and meet him in heaven. His work was done; and, without a fear or groan, his happy soul passed away to the "spirits of the just made perfect."

A great and blessed alteration is going on in the religious opinions and feelings of the working-classes. Twenty years ago many of them sneered at religion, and not a few gloried in avowing infidel sentiments. Fifteen years ago, this aversion to truth and grace began sensibly to decline; and within the last five years evangelical ideas have gained a remarkable ascendency in the convictions of the workers in shops and factories. Those who gather the most improvident of them into halls and theatres, or address them in the open air, do not generally feel called on to prove that the Bible is the word of God; for their hearers do not dispute its authority, and the Preachers urge saving truth on their consciences with almost as little fear of unexpressed gainsaying as they have when appealing to the regular worshippers in churches and chapels.

It is, however, assumed, perhaps too readily, that though the working-classes generally assent to the truths of religion, and can be gathered together to join in acts of worship in buildings not used for worship until very recently, yet they will not come to the regular places of worship. Is it so? If so, why is it? Will they not come to our churches and chapels if warmly invited at their own homes, and if met at the sanctuary-door, and conducted to seats, not by a perfunctory pew-opener, but by educated Christian men, whose sympathy for them will gleam out of their eyes, and whose bearing towards them will make them feel that they are more respected when they cross the threshold of a chapel or church than in any other public place they enter? These questions are worthy of consideration at a time when various eccentric and occasional methods, peculiar to the winter season and Sabbath evenings, are largely employed in the metropolis and elsewhere, under the impression that the working-classes are disposed to worship, but averse to places of worship. It would be easy to prove that if the working-classes can be collected into regular places of worship where they can be systematically and constantly gathered

into church-fellowship, the results of such efforts will be far more permanent and glorious than any likely to be achieved by novel and temporary expedients. These thoughts are not penned to hint a doubt respecting the benefits that have been conferred on the neglecters of worship who have been gathered on Sabbath evenings into places set apart for doubtful or sinful amusement, or to furnish a plea to those idle Christians who are liberal in raising objections and giving advice respecting the evangelization of working-men, but who do nothing towards the object—persons who never try to bring a working-man to trust in Christ Jesus. The object aimed at is a practical one. Publicity will always be given to large public religious services marked by novelty or eccentricity. Improvements quietly adopted in connexion with old-established and regular ordinances,—although, perhaps, superior in efficiency in accomplishing the results at which both are aiming, in the proportion in which each is employed,—may long remain almost unnoticed, although they may ultimately become a permanent custom or institution, when more exciting, and more transient, and more talked-of methods have gradually passed away.

Repeated visits to the homes of the people, paid by persons connected with Poplar Wesleyan chapel, have induced hundreds who neglected public worship to attend that place of worship with regularity. The *welcome given to them when they came*, and *the helping hand offered* to people who appeared to feel the force of the preached word, have resulted in many striking conversions. The new disciples have proved zealous, faithful, and steadfast. Some of them are good workers in the Sabbath-school and tract-distribution, and twelve or thirteen cottage prayer-meetings every week have been carried on during the winter chiefly by them. Before assuming that the working-classes are willing to worship but not willing to attend places of worship, surely repeated invitations to come to the sanctuary, and hearty welcomes when they come, should be more generally tried.

The cases which, by reason of the death of the parties, it is thought fit to present to public notice, are not supposed to be anything more than fair specimens of the recent converts. Were all the cases detailed, and special incidents furnished, a large book must be written. When such books are published, they give many true and pleasing facts, and impress sanguine minds with the idea that nearly all the navvies on a railway, or all the soldiers in a regiment, or all the people in a neighbourhood, have become sober and devout. The error arises more from defects in the reader's mind than from the author's book; but it is so likely to arise, that I should not say anything to call it into existence as far as the working-men of the east of London are concerned. All the devout and zealous working-men, belonging to all Christian denominations in the east of London—including old and new disciples of Christ—are but a little leaven in the midst of a large unleavened lump. One man, in speaking of religious life as he saw it in the place where he is employed, said, "All the men in our workshop are not converted, far from it: but the converted men are stuck here and there through the shop, at distances like the lamp-posts in the streets;" and the lamps of these men are lighted. There is an unhesitating testimony borne to the true idea of conversion by many who were once without the form of godliness, and it is delivered under the power of the constraining love of Christ, as I heard one of them say, "When God converted my heart, He did not tie my tongue." M.

Readings in History.

THE VISIT OF PETER THE FIRST IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III.

(*Concluded from page* 186.)

It might have been expected that France would have been the first object of Peter's curiosity. For the grace and dignity of the French King, the splendour of the French court, the discipline of the French armies, and the genius and learning of the French writers, were then

renowned all over the world. But the Czar's mind had early taken a strange ply which it retained to the last. His empire was of all empires the least capable of being made a great naval power. The Swedish provinces lay between his states and the Baltic. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles lay between his states and the Mediterranean. He had access to the ocean only in a latitude in which navigation is, during a great part of every year, perilous and difficult. On the ocean he had only a single port, Archangel; and the whole shipping of Archangel was foreign. There did not exist a Russian vessel larger than a fishing-boat. Yet from some cause which cannot now be traced, he had a taste for maritime pursuits which amounted to a passion; indeed, almost to a monomania. His imagination was full of sails, yard-arms, and rudders. That large mind, equal to the highest duties of the General and the Statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline. The chief ambition of the great conqueror and legislator, was to be a good boatswain, and a good ship's carpenter. Holland and England, therefore, had for him an attraction which was wanting to the galleries and terraces of Versailles. He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dockyard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down his name on the list of workmen, wielded with his own hand the caulking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps, and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors who came to pay their respects to him were forced, much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

Such was the Prince whom the populace of London now crowded to behold. His stately form, his intellectual forehead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and mouth, his gracious smile, his frown black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant; and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror; the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, and which, it was said, he had carefully distilled with his own hands; the fool who jabbered at his feet, the monkey which grinned at the back of his chair, were, during some weeks, popular topics of conversation. He meanwhile shunned the public gaze with a haughty shyness which inflamed curiosity. He went to a play; but, as soon as he perceived that pit, boxes, and galleries, were staring not at the stage but at him, he retired to a back-bench, where he was screened from observation by his attendants. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords; but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb up to the leads, and to peep through a small window. He heard with great interest the royal assent given to a bill for raising fifteen hundred thousand pounds by land-tax; and learned with amazement that this sum, though larger by one half than the whole revenue which he could wring from the population of the immense empire of which he was absolute master, was but a small part of what the Commons of England voluntarily granted every year to their constitutional King.

William judiciously humored the whims of his illustrious guest, and stole to Norfolk-street so quietly that nobody in the neighbourhood recognised His Majesty in the thin gentleman who got out of the modest-looking coach at the Czar's lodgings. The Czar returned the visit with the same precautions, and was admitted into Kensington House by a back-door. It was afterwards known that he took no notice of the fine pictures with which the palace was adorned. But over the chimney of the royal sitting-room was a plate which, by an ingenious machinery, indicated the direction of the wind; and with this plate he was in raptures.

He soon became weary of his residence. He found that he was too far from the objects of his curiosity, and too near to the crowds to which he was himself an object of curiosity. He accordingly removed to Deptford, and was there lodged in the house of John Evelyn; a house which had long been a favourite resort of men of letters, men of taste, and men of science. Here Peter gave himself up to his favourite pursuits. He navigated a

yacht every day up and down the river. His apartment was crowded with models of three-deckers and two-deckers, frigates, sloops, and fireships. The only Englishman of rank in whose society he seemed to take much pleasure, was the eccentric Caermarthen, whose passion for the sea bore some resemblance to his own, and who was very competent to give an opinion about every part of a ship, from the stem to the stern. Caermarthen, indeed, became so great a favourite, that he prevailed on the Czar to consent to the admission of a limited quantity of tobacco into Russia. There was reason to apprehend that the Russian Clergy would cry out against any relaxation of the ancient rule, and would strenuously maintain that the practice of smoking was condemned by that text which declares that man is defiled, not by those things which enter into the mouth, but by those which proceed out of it. This apprehension was expressed by a deputation of merchants who were admitted to an audience of the Czar: but they were reassured by the air with which he told them that he knew how to keep Priests in order.

He was indeed so free from any bigoted attachment to the religion in which he had been brought up, that both Papists and Protestants hoped at different times to make him a proselyte. Burnet, commissioned by his brethren, and impelled, no doubt, by his own restless curiosity and love of meddling, repaired to Deptford, and was honoured with several audiences. The Czar could not be persuaded to exhibit himself at Saint Paul's; but he was induced to visit Lambeth Palace. There he saw the ceremony of ordination performed, and expressed warm approbation of the Anglican ritual. Nothing in England astonished him so much as the Archiepiscopal library. It was the first good collection of books he had seen; and he declared that he had never imagined that there were so many printed volumes in the world.

The impression which he made on Burnet was not favourable. The good Bishop could not understand that a mind which seemed to be chiefly occupied with questions about the best place for a capstan, and the best way of rigging a jury-mast, might be capable, not merely of ruling an empire, but of creating a nation. He complained that he had gone to see a great Prince, and had found only an industrious shipwright. Nor does Evelyn seem to have formed a much more favourable opinion of his august tenant. It was, indeed, not in the character of a tenant that the Czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty; and, when he was entertained by other Sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and velvet state-beds, unequivocal proof that a savage had been there. Evelyn's house was left in such a state that the Treasury quieted his complaints with a considerable sum of money.

Towards the close of March the Czar visited Portsmouth, saw a sham sea-fight at Spithead, watched every movement of the contending fleets with intense interest, and expressed in warm terms his gratitude to the hospitable Government which had provided so delightful a spectacle for his amusement and instruction. After passing more than three months in England, he departed in high good humour.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CIV.

"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away." (Job vi. 15.)

Pools in winter, when there is less need of water; but dried up in summer, when water in those parched countries was a great commodity. So many seem to be

great friends, and heighten our expectation, but in our necessities and straits leave us destitute. Ye see me cast down, and are afraid, saith Job, as if I should be a burden to you. Dearest friends may disappoint us; their affection wants an inward principle; it is a winter brook, and not a spring. Therefore, since the heart of man is so deceitful; and not only deceitful, but, though sincere for the present, very changeable; and this is so important an interest in human life, and the vexation of a disappointment in a bosom friend is so grievous, and involveth us in many inconveniences, natural and spiritual; for Solomon telleth us, "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint." (Prov. xxv. 19.) When we think to eat with a broken tooth, or to walk with the foot out of joint, we are put to grievous pain and torment: therefore we should go to God, and pray Him to direct us in the choice of intimate friends. David sadly regrets a disappointment in a friend. "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance." (Psal. lv. 12, 13.) A deceitful friend may become the greatest foe; and we resent his ingratitude more than the injuries of others, when he abuses his trust, and the familiarity he had with us. The worst that a professed enemy can do is not so grievous as the treachery of a professed friend. This is more piercing, less to be avoided: therefore whom we have trusted most familiarly and freely, loved as our soul and life, from such we expect the same firm and hearty friendship. It concerneth us therefore to seek unto God, that we may have a godly wise man, with whom we may be free in all cases of mind or conscience, and to whom we may freely open ourselves, and be strengthened in the service of God. It is a great part of our contentment and happiness therefore, that we may not be deceived in our choice. Let us go to God, who knoweth hearts; for God hath a hand in this.—*Manton on Christ's Transfiguration*, pp. 20—22. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CV.

"*Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*" (Mark ix. 44.)

The worm is conscience, reflecting on past folly and disobedience. *Here* a man may run away from the rebukes of conscience, by many shifts; sleeping, sporting, distracting his mind with a clatter of business. But *there* not a thought is free, but is always thinking of slighted means, abused mercies, wasted time, the offences done to a merciful God, and the curse wherein they have involved themselves. The "fire" is the wrath of God, or those unknown pains that shall be inflicted on body and soul; which must needs be great, when we fall into the hands of the living God! If a little mitigation, a drop to cool your tongue, be thought a great matter, O what a blessedness is it to be free from so great an evil! Perhaps you coldly entertain the offer of pardon now but then to be freed from the wrath to come, O blessed Jesus!—*Manton on Redemption by Christ*, pp. 24, 25. *Edit.* 1685.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. IV.

In the preceding papers we have endeavoured to establish the antiquity and Divine origin of the Sabbath, tracing its birthplace to the garden of Eden, and fixing the date of its commencement at the end of the first week of creation;—we have endeavoured to show, that being a commemorative or monumental institution, as well as from the natural and moral requirements of man, the Sabbath must,

of necessity, be of universal and perpetual obligation;—we have, further, sought to prove that the change of the Sabbath under the Christian dispensation, from the seventh to the first day of the week, does not at all affect the essence of the Sabbath law, and is fully warranted by the authority and practice of the Apostles, and by the direct sanction and blessing of God Himself. It will be our aim now to reply to the more plausible and popular objections which have been urged against this view of the sanctity and claims of the Sabbath.

First.—*It has been asserted, that in the New Testament, there is positive evidence that God designed the entire abolition of the Sabbath; and that under the Christian dispensation every day is alike.*

Three passages are quoted in favour of this view: "One man esteemeth one day above another: another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." (Rom. xiv. 5.) "But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." (Gal. iv. 9—11.) "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." (Col. ii. 16, 17.)

From these texts it is inferred that the observance of a Sabbath under the Christian dispensation is left to the option of each individual man. But if the parties who thus conclude, would attend to the scope and design of the Apostle's argument in each of these cases, they would find, that he is opposing the attempts of *Judaisers*, who would fain make binding upon the consciences of Christians the feasts and festivals of the old dispensation. The Apostle interferes to protect the Christian liberty of believers. They might observe those feasts if they choose, but no man was to compel them to do so; no man was to condemn them if they did not.

It is forgotten by the parties who urge the texts now cited against the observance of a weekly sabbath, that in the Old Testament *the Jewish festivals are called "sabbaths."* This is their common and familiar designation. The feast of trumpets, on the first day of the seventh month, was a "sabbath." (Lev. xxiii. 23—25.) The day of atonement, on the tenth of the same month, was a "sabbath." (Ver. 26—32.) The first day of the feast of tabernacles, the fifteenth day of the same month, was a "sabbath." (Ver. 33—40.) Of course these feasts would not always occur on the same day of the week, but yet they are called "sabbaths." Every seventh year was also a sabbath; "a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord." (Lev. xxv. 4.)

It is of *such* sabbaths as these (festal times, sabbatical months, sabbatical years, all of them distinctive features of Judaism) that St. Paul speaks in the passages now named. It is as referring, also, to such seasons, that we must understand that oft-quoted and greatly misunderstood text in the Prophet: "Moreover I gave them" (the Jews) "My sabbaths, to be a sign between Me and them." (Ezek. xx. 12.) These festivals were manifest and frequently-recurring tokens of a special covenant existing between God and His ancient people. St. Paul connects them with the "meats and drinks and new moons" of Judaism, and says of the whole, "They are a shadow of good things to come." They had served their purpose, and were now to pass away. The primitive Christians were absolved from all obligation to observe them; and, consequently, so are we. In not one of the texts quoted does Paul speak of "*the* SABBATH," but of "*sabbaths*;" hence they furnish no argument against the observance of one day in seven, as a day of holy rest and special spiritual service.

Were it not for the fearful consequences that such teachings are calculated to produce, one might smile at the theological sciolism of certain popular writers, who, in magniloquent phrase, and with manifest self-complacency, talk of having "large Paul-like views of the abrogation of the fourth commandment." Paul-like views, indeed! "As far as the east is from the west," so far is Paul from favouring lax notions in reference to the

law of the Christian Sabbath; and we can only conclude that, on the part of writers, who would lay the axe at the root of the Sabbath, as a Christian institute, there is a culpable ignorance, or a wilful perversion, of the teachings of holy Scripture.

Secondly.—*It has been objected to the regular observance of a Sabbath, that a true Christian will make* EVERY DAY A SABBATH; *and hence a day exclusively set apart for religious service is unnecessary and superstitious.*

On this ground we sometimes hear people exclaim, "O, I am an every-day Christian: why make so much ado about Sunday services? I am for serving God every day in the week." Very good. Alas, for the man who does not render obedience unto that precept,—"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.) But it has been shrewdly remarked, that the people who talk like this are, after all, not always the most exemplary in the discharge of their moral and spiritual duties; and that if they believe that every day should be a Sabbath, their practice demonstrates that they have very low views of what a Sabbath should be! "Every day a Sabbath!" Translate this into the vernacular of common life, and it means "*No* day a Sabbath!" "Every day alike!" Let this text be read in the light of the comment which general experience and practice shed upon it, and it will be found that the proper rendering is,—not every day alike *spiritual*, but every day alike *secular*. The aim is not so much to lift up ordinary days to the standard of the Sabbath, as to bring down the Sabbath to the level of ordinary days.

There is a vast amount of mere sentimentality, of refined transcendentalism, in vogue on this subject. "Spiritual men," we are told, "do not want a Lord's day: those who are not spiritual will not be improved by anything so poor and legal." The simple objection to this view is, that it contradicts both general experience and the word of God. The spiritual man feels more deeply than any other man, that he needs every help to raise his thoughts above the turmoil of the world, and he longs for, and delights in, the Sabbath of the Lord, in which he can rest from earthly amusement and care. He knows full well, that whilst it is his duty to "pray, and not to faint;" to "pray without ceasing;" yet that *special* and *distinct* seasons for prayer are both necessary and absolutely enjoined; that Christians are not to "forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is," but are to draw near unto the throne of grace, "with a true heart in full assurance of faith." (Heb. x. 22—25.) Let a man begin to feel that he can do without a Sabbath, and he will soon feel that he can do without religion.

(*To be continued.*)

Poetry.

GOD'S COMMANDMENTS ARE NOT HARD.

It is not, after all, so hard
To be a happy man;
We give ourselves unto the Lord,
And do the best we can.

Not slaves, but sons, we gladly do
Whatever we are told;
And with our love, increases too
Our joy a thousand fold.

We work with silent industry,
Unconscious of the toil,
As of itself some goodly tree
Bears fruit in fertile soil.

Our daily task we enter on
With willing hearts and hands;
The Lord in us hath always done
What He from us demands.

In all He wills we acquiesce,
Assured that it is best,
At every time, in every place,
With Him we must be blest.

Thus doth the Christian thrive and grow,
Though poor, a wealthy man;
And if we can't be happy so,
I know not how we can.

Our Servants.

GOSSIP.

This is one of the worst vices of society; it is found among all classes of the people; and it is very difficult to say whether it abounds in the greater degree in the upper or in the lower ranks: one thing is certain, namely, that it is extremely common, and is exceedingly mischievous everywhere. Yet everybody condemns it; nobody allows either to himself, or to anyone else, that he is a gossip. "A gossip, indeed, not I," quoth he: "could I stoop to such a practice? Could I lend my ear or my lips to idle tales, or to hurtful insinuations? Do you think I have nothing better to do? that I cannot better improve my time? or that I would so far lower myself, as to become the receiver of everybody's talk; or, by first hearing and then by repeating all the news of the neighbourhood, set up for a gossip on my own account? Never!"

We shall do well, however, to remember, that as the virtues of character do not exclusively belong to any one class of society, no more do the vices: we find not only good and evil among all sorts of folks, but also the very same good and evil. Therefore, if one were to pass from kitchen to parlour, from the drawing-room to the ball-room, and thence to the highest circles of society, he might find that he had only left one set of gossips for another. The gossips are as numerous and just as annoying as Pharaoh's frogs, that came out of low places, and climbed up into the ovens, and the very beds of the Egyptians. Pests!

It was owing to a conversation that we heard one day, between some ladies, on the many faults of servants, that the thought arose in our mind, "Would it not be better to say something *to* 'our servants' which may be of some use, than so much *against* them that can be of none?" So we have attempted something each succeeding month of the present year; and, if agreeable to our readers, we mean to continue to address them to the end of it.

Very well then, we might as well say at once, that gossip must be bad, for it is the offspring of curiosity and malice. The one of these, curiosity, is a harmless, indeed we may say, a good thing; but the other, malice, is a bad thing. But as when good and evil are mixed together, the evil masters the good; like a few drops of essence of aloes in a tumbler of pure water: so, when curiosity has returned home from her journey of peeping, and listening, and staring, loaded with what may seem *valuable information*, she delivers it into the keeping of memory; unawares malice distils a little of her own into it, and at once it is all embittered.

Perhaps "our servants" have seen, on a winter's morning, with a few sharp-set children looking on, a flake or two of soot drop into a nice brass pan of boiling milk, and spoil the whole. Mayhap the hungry urchins manage to get the sooty fluid down their throats with many a grin, being told all the while, that a little soot can do them no harm, because farriers sometimes give it to horses. Yet the children think that they are not horses themselves, and that the milk would have done them as much good *without* the soot. Now let us keep the malice out of our conversation, and it will be all the better, all the sweeter. *Without* curiosity we should know very little indeed; for, supposing a man to know nothing but what he was obliged to know, and that he would not look at anything but what he could not help seeing, of course he not only would be the greatest ignoramus in the world, but he would forget everything as soon as he had learned it; on the principle, that what a man takes no pains to learn, he will be at none at all to remember. So that curiosity is a harmless thing in itself; for it is justly expressed in the phrase, "I should like to be knowing." But then, if you let it fly abroad at its own will, it is sure to stray into the ways of evil and folly: therefore you must limit and direct its excursions by keeping the tether in your hand.

Before we say other things, let us remember an old Persian saying; namely, "*He that hears all he can hear, will hear more than is true; and he that says all he can say, will say more than is true.*" Let that be well borne in mind.

The gossip of "our servants" is seldom about people who are worse off than themselves, but generally it is concerning one another: their hard lot, their unreasonable work, their poor wages, their indifferent food; the young ladies are conceited, the young gentlemen are haughty, the mistress is whimsical, and the master anything but what he ought to be. Next, their neighbours and *their* servants; their Ministers and *their* servants; the congregation and *their* servants; in all the interesting variety of their characters, dress, personal appearance, household arrangements, faults, courtships, marriages, &c., form the matter of discussion, and must go the round of all their acquaintance.

Now in this there does not need to be the least harm. If "our servants" may not talk of such matters, what are they to speak of? If they will only keep all malice and all envy out of their conversation, let them talk away; they'll not do much harm.

We would just add one word more on curiosity. Indulge it cautiously: if let run abroad, it will become ungovernable. We have known it grow up into an ardent passion for knowing the sacred secrets of the family. In this way. The postman brings a letter, the servant receives it; but before she has delivered it, she just looks at the post-office stamps to see when and where it was posted. By and by another letter comes, from the same post-office, and written by the same hand: then a third. Curiosity begins to ask, What can this mean? Whose handwriting is it? "I should like to be knowing!" At last one of these letters is left on a table, lying open. Curiosity just peeps into it to see the signature. Finding it is from someone rather particular, the letter itself is read next; and so the servant has committed an act of unfaithfulness little short of domestic felony. Then arises the habit of listening outside windows and doors, and of peeping through chinks, and keyholes, and windows; and of supposing and guessing all the rest, till one can scarcely cough or sneeze at home.

And what is all this naughtiness for, but to tell it to some foolish, greedy, gossip, who will tell all again, over and over?

Worse than even this is the unkind and ungodly practice of some of our *religious* servants, who attend preaching and class-meeting, and afterwards tarry, exchanging gossip for gossip with each other, until they are more wicked than before; until their employers discharge them, vowing they will never hire another Methodist.

On the other hand, we hope that by far the greater number of our religious servants avoid the evils we have adverted to; that our characters are safe in their hands; that they observe the same confidence and silence respecting our conduct and affairs, that it is said the servants of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen keep, who are *sworn to secrecy;* and that "our servants" will all scorn to lower themselves to that mean habit of gossip so unhappily rife in society. We think this paper particularly seasonable, especially as the hay-harvest, the corn-harvest, and the hop-picking are at hand.

P. H.

Anecdotes.

REMINISCENCES OF ANOTHER HIGHLAND MINISTER.*

In the reminiscences of Mr. Fraser, reference was made to Mr. James Porteous, the Minister of Kilmuir. He had obtained a presentation to Daviot, but the people of that parish would not receive him, and he was not one who would consent to be intruded into a charge. At Kilmuir he was cordially received; and of all the famous preachers in the north, next to Mr. Lachlan, he was the most successful in riveting the attention of his hearers. His power of illustration

* *The Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire.* By the Rev. John Kennedy. Edinburgh: John Maclaren. 1861.

was great, and he could make a safe and dexterous use of allegory. His metaphors were always apt, if not always poetical. His care was to use them as illustrations rather than as ornaments. He never tried to embellish, but he laboured to simplify his discourses.

In his pastoral intercourse with his people, he was remarkably winning and wise. Being fond of flowers, and afraid that he might forget his flock while engaged in cultivating his garden, he connected with each plant he reared the name of some godly parishioner or acquaintance. It was, to his mind, congenial employment to trace analogies between the varieties of flowers in his garden, and the varieties of character in his parish; and having succeeded in attaching each flower to its antitype, in his mind and memory, his employment in the garden never allowed him to forget that he was a watchman for souls. A broken-hearted, humble, timid Christian once found the Minister in his garden when he called upon him. Bringing him beside a plant of violet, and pointing to it, "There you are," Mr. Porteous said. "That dark uncomely thing, without flower or fruit, is truly like me," remarked his visiter, as he looked down on it. "Yes, it is indeed like you," rejoined the Minister, as he opened up its leaves and exposed its flowers; "for it is a lowly, fragrant plant, that usually hides its beauty, and whose sweetness is most felt when it is most closely searched and pressed." A young man who had been recently awakened came to him as he was walking among his flowers. He described his feelings, and the Minister listened in silence; but he had no flower to which to point the inquirer, and did not speak a word to him, till a toad was observed crawling across the path on which they were walking. "Do you see that?" the Minister asked, pointing to the toad. "I do," the young man answered; and they passed on, and, without another word from the Minister, they parted. A second and a third time, there was a repetition of what occurred at their first interview. But when, a fourth time, the youth's attention was called to the crawling toad, "It would be well for me," he said, "were I that toad without a soul that can be lost for ever." "I can speak to you now," his Minister said. He judged his wound not to have been deep enough before, but now he entered into close and earnest conversation with him about the way of healing. There may have been thereafter a type of this young man among the flowers in the Minister's garden.

He quietly fell asleep in Jesus, in the attitude of prayer, alone with the Lord, on the 7th day of January, 1776, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His ministry in Kilmuir extended over forty-three years.

The following notes of Mr. Porteous's preaching were often given, with great effect, in Gaelic, by Dr. M'Donald. The reader must find out for himself the lessons of the allegories. It is impossible to translate them without blunting their point; but even in starched English they may give an idea of how Mr. Porteous succeeded in arresting the attention of his hearers, in getting access to their understanding, and in fixing the truth in their memory:—

THE TRAVELLER IN A STORM.

"A TRAVELLER, while passing through a desert, was overtaken by a storm. So violent was the tempest, that he at last despaired of surviving it. Just as hope died within him, his eye was caught by a light that glimmered in the distance, and he hastened his steps to reach it. Arriving at the place where it shone, he sees an open house, entering which, he finds himself in an apartment, with a fire on the hearth, and a seat placed beside it. He sat down, and, making himself as comfortable as possible, he felt happy at his escape from the storm that was still raging without. On entering, he had seen nothing but what has already been noticed; but about midnight, happening to look round, he saw a dead body lying in a corner of the room. The corpse having begun to rise, as he looked at it, the poor man became dreadfully frightened; and as the dead was rising higher and higher, he rushed to the door to escape from the house. But the storm was still so violent that he dared not go out, and no choice was left to him but to

return to his place by the fire. For a time the corpse was at rest, but he could not keep his eyes off the corner where it lay; and as he looked, it began to rise, and now higher than before. Again he sprung from his seat; but, instead of rushing to the door, he this time fell on his knees. As he knelt, the dead body lay back again, and he ventured once more to his seat by the hearth. He had not long been there, when up again rises the corpse, and now still higher than formerly; so on his knees again he fell. Observing that only while he was kneeling the dead lay still, he rose not again from his knees till the day had broken, and the shadows fled away."

THE FARMER AND THE THIEF.

"A FARMER in Kilmuir was once engaged in thrashing corn. Having been busy all day, there was a considerable heap on the floor at night, as the result of his labour. But when he came back to his barn next morning, all the thrashed corn was away. This occurred a second and a third time, till the farmer could bear it no longer. So he resolved to watch all night, as well as work all day. Having done so, he had not been long waiting, when the thief appeared, and began to gather up the corn. Leaping upon him, the farmer tried to put him down, that he might either bind him, or hold him there till help arrived. But the thief proved the stronger of the two, and he had laid the farmer on his back, and had almost quite strangled him, when a friend came to his rescue. Having hold of the thief, after the farmer was on his legs again, his friend said to him, 'What will be done to the thief?' 'O, bind him,' was the answer, 'and give him to me on my back, and I will set off at once with him to the prison at Tain.' His friend did as he requested, and off set the farmer with his burden. But as he went out of sight of his friend, in a hollow of the road, the thief, with one effort, breaking the cords that bound him, fell upon the farmer, and gave him even a rougher handling than before. He would utterly have perished, had not his faithful friend just come up in time again to save him. 'What will now be done?' his friend again asked. The answer was the same as before; only he added, 'I will be more careful this time.' So again he started with his troublesome burden on his back, and all was quiet, till he came to a dark part of the road, through the woods of Calrossie, when the fastenings were again broken, and the farmer maltreated even worse than before. Once again his friend comes to his help; but now the farmer would not part with him, till he had accompanied him to the prison. His request was granted, the jail reached, the thief locked up, and the farmer, forgetting his friend in his delight at getting rid of his tormentor, with a light step, set out for his home. Just as he had banished all fear from his heart, and was indulging in anticipations of peace for the future, in a moment, the thief, having escaped from his cell, and hurried to overtake him, sprung upon him from behind, and, with even more than his former fury, threw the poor farmer to the ground, and would have now killed him outright, had not the wonted help just come 'in the time of need.' Once, again, his friend asked, 'What will now be done?' The farmer, worried and wearied, cast himself at his feet, and, seizing him with both his hands, cried, 'Let the day never dawn on which thou and I shall for a moment be parted; for without thee I can do nothing.'"

THE EAGLE.

"THE eagle is said to renew its age. Old age comes on, and its end seems near, but, instead of passing out of life, it passes into youth again. It is commonly believed in the Highlands, that its decay is owing to its bill becoming so long and so bent that it cannot take up its food, and that, on that account, it pines for want of nourishment. The manner in which it is said to renew its age is, by letting itself fall on a rock, by which means its bill is broken down to its proper size, its power to feed is restored, and youth begins again. That is but a legend; but this is truth, even that thy soul's strength, O believer, can only be renewed by thy letting thyself fall on Christ, the Rock of Ages."

Narratives.

A CHEQUERED LIFE.

Mrs. R——, during the days of her youthful gaiety became sick of a severe and lingering fever, and when her life was nearly despaired of, she gave evidence to those around her of a sudden and wonderful change of heart. Her conversation was full of heaven, and being of an excitable temperament, she imagined herself surrounded by winged messengers waiting to bear her ransomed spirit to the abodes of blessedness and glory. She warned every impenitent one around her, and seemed determined to do everything in her power to win souls to Christ. Thus she continued, till one could almost have regretted that anything should disappoint her anticipations. Nevertheless, the fever left her, and, on her recovery, every vestige of seriousness disappeared.

On a subsequent review of those scenes, it was clear that she had not manifested much sense of sinfulness, or much desire for the prayers of others on her behalf. This case shows how easily anxious friends may be deceived by appearances of death-bed conversions. We should labour for the conversion of our friends while they are in health, and not wait for the exigencies of such a fearful hour.

It was some years afterwards before her real conversion took place. As she was naturally nervous and impulsive, and as her religious training was superficial, her notions of religious experience were chiefly emotional. She saw her helplessness, and sought to trust alone in her Saviour; yet, as if a mere passive recipient of spiritual comforts, she waited for conscious feeling as the true ground of activity. Hopes and efforts all fluctuated with the tide of emotion. Of course she became unstable. The ordinary routine of Christian duties could not be safely neglected; while in these, perhaps, she experienced as much of slavish servitude as of Christian liberty. She would not venture upon the outgoing efforts of activity which have such a healthful influence upon the Christian life. She was all too feeble. She must wait for more strength and more feeling. *Such* waiting was to no purpose. Evidences and comforts diminished. Living in a large city, her spiritual state was unknown to others. When she began to absent herself from the Lord's table, it was natural to suppose her in ill-health or out of the city; but the truth was, she was fearful of partaking unworthily. She had too little feeling. Fears increased till they became morbid and permanent. Removing to another city, she brought no note of removal, but for some fourteen or fifteen long years absented herself from the communion of saints. Friendly remonstrances were of no avail. She would not for all the world relinquish her hope in Christ; but to venture again to attend class was entirely out of the question. She loved society, and appeared cheerful. A feeble struggle was maintained between worldliness and spirituality. But there was little evidence of growth in grace. How could there be? Could a branch separated from the vine be found to thrive so as to prepare itself for re-union? Deep affliction came and wrought a partial amendment; but the sacrament she still neglected as often as before. Another affliction, and still another, had influence to check her unbelief. At length, through much persuasion, she overcame her fears, and enjoyed for a season the privileges of happy Christian fellowship. She became more steadfast and devoted. Still, her piety was of slender growth. Instead of reaching forth to the exigencies of a world in ruins, it lived almost unobserved within the little circle around her. She thought more of frames and comforts than of practical responsibilities. When listening to preaching or to prayer, she was a sort of spiritual absorbent, happy if she might imbibe somewhat of the sentiments of the occasion.

Another series of trials came upon her. Her husband called to a better world, we soon see her an almost helpless invalid, living in retirement upon a small income, labouring under a chronic disease, which would ultimately prove fatal. Away from former Christian friends and privi-

lèges, and kept by her many infirmities from the house of God, could she now be expected to ripen for glory? But these circumstances were entirely providential. She was thrown in greater measure upon her own resources. By the blessing of God she could make her own room a little Bethel, and could there read and rejoice over the triumphs of the Gospel, to which nothing was left her to contribute but prayers and thanksgiving. She now in some measure did what she could. The Master did not forsake her. Habitually pleasant and cheerful in social life, she became more affectionate, transparent, and confiding. If her piety never attained the largest dimensions, it was increasingly lovely and soul-sustaining. Without losing her vivacity of temper, she became weaned from the world, and was lifted above the fear of death. This was no feverish excitement. It was an abiding calmness, which enabled her to speak as familiarly of her expected departure into the world of spirits as of the performance of a pleasant journey. While patiently waiting for this event, she sometimes would pray, in her sleeping-room, that it might please her Saviour to call her before morning. Sitting up one evening in her bed, she suddenly expired without a sigh or a struggle. It was like an instantaneous translation.

To say nothing here of the necessity of afflictions, there is one important point embodied in the narrative, which is too apt to be forgotten. True Christian love is an active principle. It goes out of itself for objects to act upon. What would family affliction be, if the inmates of a household were to neglect the normal and proper offices of affection? Not less important to growth in grace are those normal activities of Christian love which relate to a perishing world. Especially in such a period as the present, must we bestir ourselves, or be subject to the dangers of a spiritual paralysis.

The Portfolio.

MEMORY.

We need not go beyond our own familiar experience to verify the power of memory. Revisit some scenes of early life, from which you have been absent twenty, thirty, or forty years; what intensely vivid remembrances take shape, hue, and voice! The faces and tones of the long-forgotten, the very trees and stones now dislodged, the prattle and the day-dreams of infancy, every evanescent frame of thought and feeling will be recalled, and you find yourself again a child. There is not a reverie that ever flitted across our minds, not a dream that ever haunted our pillows, which has gone beyond return. Nor is there a single day, when strange and isolated facts, fragments of conversations, vague, floating images of ancient and forgotten things, do not thus rise before us, like ghosts of the unburied. Thus the past never dies, though, in the common routine of life, we have to a degree the keys of memory in our own hands, and may admit or exclude recollections at pleasure. But there are seasons, and those not rare, when the keys are taken from us, and, without the power of choice, we are liable to inundations from the good or evil, the sweet or bitter, of the past promiscuously. Indeed, these seasons are so frequent with us all, that a large part of our happiness is placed irrevocably out of our own keeping; transferred from our present to our past selves.

Of the power of memory for good or evil we have in this life ample experience, from the torn and scattered leaves of its book, with which recollection furnishes us. What anguish can be compared with the remorse that gnaws the breast of the betrayer of innocence; of him whose profligacy has brought the grey hairs of parents with sorrow to the grave; of him whose every retrospect is rayless and guilt-stained? We recollect our childish follies, and the chiding and the pain which attended them; but if they were outgrown, forsaken, and forgiven, and if, while they lie back in the dim distance of many years, we have built fair and pleasing structures in the foreground, these so occupy the view as to prevent the eye from resting painfully on earlier guilt.

MIRACLES.

When the angel brought St. Peter out of prison, the iron gate opened of its own accord; but coming to the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, he was fain to stand before the door and knock! When iron gave entrance, how can wood make opposition? The answer is easy. There was no man to open the iron gate, but a portress was provided, of course, to unlock the door. God would not, therefore, show His finger when men's hands are appointed to do the work. Heaven will not substitute a miracle where ordinary means were formerly in peaceable possession. But if they either depart or resign, (ingenuously confessing their insufficiency,) then miracles succeed in their vacancy.—*Fuller.*

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time, adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

THE REBUKE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

"Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee." (Prov. ix. 8.)

Rev. Joseph Alleine was very faithful and impartial in administering reproof. Once when employed in a work of this kind, he said to a Christian friend, "I am now going about that which is likely to make a very dear and obliging friend become an enemy. But, however, it cannot be omitted; it is better to lose man's favour than God's." But, so far from becoming his enemy for his conscientious faithfulness to him, he rather loved him the more ever after as long as he lived.

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Wesleyan Book-Committee have recently purchased, from the executors of the late Dr. Bunting, the whole of his MS. sermons and theological papers. Two handsome volumes in crown 8vo., containing the choicest and most valuable of these sermons, are already in the press, and will be issued, in successive volumes, as soon after the Conference as possible. The first volume will be embellished with a portrait of this able divine, executed only a few years before his death. For nearly half a century he was one of the most attractive and successful preachers in England; and by all true lovers of sound Methodist theology, these volumes will, doubtless, be greatly prized. "In respect of language," says one of our ablest and most venerable living Ministers, Dr. Bunting's "sermons were singularly correct, lucid, elegant, and forcible; so that one of the most distinguished Ministers of the age, belonging to another religious denomination, after hearing him preach, pronounced his style 'a limpid stream of classic elegance.' But the great charm of his preaching was its thoroughly scriptural, evangelical, impressive, and practical character. His sermons were always delivered with appropriate seriousness and animation, and were comprehensive in their range of topics; presenting truth in a variety of aspects, and applying it to the consciences of the people with a fidelity, earnestness, and power, perhaps never surpassed; and often reminding his hearers of such men as Richard Baxter and Joseph Benson. Through the whole of his public life his preaching was felt to be everywhere awakening, converting, encouraging, instructive, and edifying; for it was his invariable purpose to present the truth of God in its scriptural purity, free from human refinements and speculations,—to exhibit Christ in the glories of His person, and the freeness of His grace,—the Holy Spirit in all His offices as the

Helper, the Comforter, and the Sanctifier of men,—and thus to raise up an intelligent, a holy, an upright, and a happy people, who should in all things adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. To preserve authentic specimens of such a ministry cannot but be regarded as a public benefit, not only to the religious body to which Dr. Bunting belonged, but to every evangelical community; especially in the present age, when men are found saying to Christ, 'Lord, Lord,' while they openly contradict His teaching, and attempt to throw discredit upon the Scriptures to which He gave His direct and solemn sanction as the undoubted word of God."

New editions of Richard Watson's *Life of John Wesley*, the Rev. John Farrar's *Dictionary of Scripture Names*, the *Narrative of Oliver M. Spencer*, and the Rev. Alfred Barrett's delightful narrative of the *Boatman's Daughter*, along with four excellent Tracts, in the ordinary series, entitled, *A Voice from the Deathbeds of Infidels; Next Sunday; The Storm;* and *The Last Journey, or Perils*, are now ready to be issued from the Conference-office.

The first volume of Nichol's series of *Standard Divines of the Puritan Period*, a handsome octavo of five hundred and sixty-four pages, has just appeared. It contains a portion of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's "Exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians."—The Rev. R. M. Macbrair, formerly one of our Missionaries in Africa, has given us an admirable volume on Africa, in which he has brought together, in picturesque but pure and fascinating English, all the important information respecting every known country and people on that vast continent, locked up in many expensive volumes of travels and discoveries.—The Rev. Dr. John Campbell, in a work entitled *The Conquest of England*, and published in a cheap form, has re-produced the *Letters* which he addressed to the Prince Consort on the *Popery, Puseyism, Neology, and Infidelity* of our day and country. This is a volume full of pregnant facts and cogent reasonings, for which its author well deserves the thanks of every adherent to Protestant truth.—Mr. Brumby, the well-known East-coast Missionary, Hull, has published a small but interesting volume of moral and religious anecdotes of seamen and their life, under the title of *The Sea and the Sailor.*—*The Shell-Flower Maker*, issued by Messrs. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, bears internal evidence of being what it is called, *A True Story;* and strikingly enforces the truth that "God helps those who help themselves."—*The Life of Mrs. Cameron*, the sister of Mrs. Sherwood, and the authoress of that most touching allegory almost ever written, entitled, "The Two Lambs," edited by her eldest son, presents a charming picture of a godly large-hearted, loving and lovable churchwoman.

Memorials of the Departed.

Died, at Gorefield Colliery, near Winlaton, June 1st, 1858, Mr. John Dover. He was converted to God in the year 1830, at Murton, a village in the Appleby Circuit, to which Society he united himself; and during his stay in that place, and various other places, where the providence of God subsequently cast his lot, he engaged in the duties of a Sabbath-school Teacher, Class-Leader, Chapel-Steward, &c., with zeal and fidelity. He was modest and unassuming in his manners, and warmly attached to Methodism to the day of his death. The affliction which terminated his earthly existence was cancer in the neck. His sufferings were very great. For some time before his death, he felt much anxiety at the idea of leaving a wife and five little children unprovided for. It cost him a struggle to overcome his fears; but after much prayer, his faith grasped this precious passage: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." Henceforth he was enabled to cast them on the providence of God. He died happy in the Lord, in the forty-seventh year of his

age, having been a member of the Methodist Society for twenty-eight years.

"Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more."

DIED, July 25th, 1858, ELIZABETH FOOT, at Donhead, in the Shaftesbury Circuit. Nearly thirty years before she was savingly converted to God, and to the end of her protracted life maintained Christian consistency. On her conversion her husband was bitterly opposed to her attendance at the means of grace, and he did his best to drive her from her steadfastness; but being determined, by the grace of God, to persevere, "she endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Earnestly did she plead with God that He would be pleased to change the heart of her persecuting husband; and that prayer was answered. He who had ridiculed his wife and her religion, was seen upon his knees earnestly praying that God, for Christ's sake, would forgive his own sins. And on his death-bed he said to his wife, "How glad I am you did not yield when I opposed, or we both might now be in hell!" For twelve years she was a widow, with but a scanty portion of this world's goods. Yet she experienced that her Maker was her Husband; and to Him she unbosomed her wants, ever committing unto Him "the keeping of her soul." She intensely loved the courts of the Lord's house; and often, notwithstanding her great age, was she seen on the dark winter evenings with a lantern in her hand, wending her way to the house of God. The last two months of her earthly pilgrimage were those of sore affliction; but not a murmuring word escaped her lips. Not long before her death, her countenance beamed with holy joy as she exclaimed,—

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

"To God be all the glory." In this happy state she breathed her last, and escaped from earth away, having sojourned on earth upwards of eighty years.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Asbery, Mary,	Bramley,	Rotherham,	66	Aug. 30th, 1860.
Bainbridge, Esther,	Sedbergh,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	36	Oct. 7th, 1860.
Binks, Mr. J.,	Boston-Castle,	Rotherham,	78	April 8th, 1861.
Bland, Miss,	Crayke,	Easingwold,	57	April 4th, 1861.
Clark, Mrs. Hannah,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	53	Sept. 2d, 1860.
Cox, Mr. W.,	Scholes,	Rotherham,	55	Jan. 25th, 1861.
Craven, John,	Scackleton,	Malton,	92	March 20th, 1861.
Eshelby, Miss,	Aldwark,	Easingwold,	52	March 24th, 1861.
Hunter, John,	Hawes,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	60	Nov. 24th, 1860.
Lupton, Anne,	Bramley,	Bramley,	31	April 15th, 1861.
Mason, Elizabeth,	Richmond,	Richmond,	67	March 18th, 1861.
Reader, Mrs. M. A.,	Drinkstone,	Bury St. Edmund's,	23	Feb. 21st, 1861.
Reynolds, George,	Richmond,	Richmond,	40	Feb. 3d, 1861.
Ruddock, Mary,	Scackleton,	Malton,	82	Jan. 16th, 1861.
Smith, Elizabeth,	Bury St. Edmund's,	Bury St. Edmund's,	72	May 5th, 1861.
Wilson, John,	Malton,	Malton,	60	April 2d, 1861.

T. T. & J. ROGERS, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

INTERIOR OF THE CITY-ROAD CHAPEL, 1861.

CITY-ROAD CHAPEL; WESLEY'S CONNEXION WITH IT.

Our materials for tracing Wesley's subsequent connexion with the New Chapel are exceedingly scant. At four o'clock, on the first Christmas morning after its opening, he was in the pulpit; and again in the afternoon, when it was "thoroughly filled in every corner." The solemn service for the "Renewal of the Covenant" was held there on the following New-Year's Day, and "at length," gratefully writes the man of God, "we have a House capable of containing the whole Society. We met there this evening to renew our covenant with God: and we never met on that solemn occasion without a peculiar blessing."*

As the head and leader of a large and influential religious community, Wesley was ever forward, when the necessity arose, to give a clear and unmistakable opinion on all great questions of the day, which concerned the principles of humanity or religion. Hence, in the great excitement of 1780, when the "Protestant Association," under the insane leadership of Lord George Gordon, created a riot in London, destroying an

* The London Methodists of that day went in glorious crowds to the solemn assembly. On the 3d of January, 1790, Wesley writes: "I suppose near TWO THOUSAND met at the New Chapel to renew their covenant with God; a scriptural means of grace which is now almost everywhere forgotten except among the Methodists."

immense amount of property, and threatening death to all Papists, he felt that a crisis had come which demanded a frank and bold expression of his own views. On the 5th of November, therefore, he "preached in the New Chapel, on Luke ix. 55: 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of;' and showed that, supposing the Papists to be heretics, schismatics, wicked men, enemies to us, and to our Church and nation, yet we ought not to persecute, to kill, hurt, or grieve them, but barely to prevent their doing hurt."*

In this favoured sanctuary, Wesley enjoyed many of his highest seasons of blessing while preaching the word of life. The following is a very remarkable instance:—"February 5th, 1786: In the morning, while I was applying, at the New Chapel, that solemn declaration, 'The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; nor His ear heavy, that it cannot hear:' He did indeed speak aloud in His word, so that the stout-hearted trembled. I broke out into prayer: the power of God came mightily upon us, and there was a general cry. But the voice of two persons prevailed over all the rest; one praying, and the other shrieking as in the agonies of death. God relieved the former in a few minutes, the other not till evening."

O for more of this glorious, genuine revivalism! Where is the Minister in Methodism who would not be thankful for an interruption like this under every sermon? The "power of God coming down mightily upon us;" the "general cry;" the stout-hearted trembling and "shrieking as in the agonies of death;" the penitent spirit resting on the atonement, and finding peace while listening to the Gospel,—these were the scenes which gladdened the assemblies of those earlier times. And why should they not be witnessed in all congregations in our own day? The God of our fathers still lives; the great truth is unabated in its certainty and power: "The Lord's hand is *not* shortened, that it cannot save; nor His ear heavy, that it cannot hear." Instead of contenting ourselves, as we too frequently do, with repeating, "O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them;" let universal Methodism unite in the supplication, "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old." (Isai. li. 9.)

Another deeply-interesting scene in Wesley's connexion with the New Chapel occurred not many months before his death. After reading the

* From this, and some other circumstances, it was rumoured that Wesley was a Papist in disguise, and the sovereign mob threatened him with violence. In a satirical poem which Charles Wesley wrote on the occasion, the following lines are put into the mouth of the rabble:—

"Old Wesley, too, to Papists kind,
Who wrote against them for a blind,
Himself a Papist still at heart,
He and his followers shall smart;
Not one of his fraternity
We here beneath our standard see."

See *Charles Wesley, the Poet of Methodism; a Lecture* by the Rev. John Kirk. London: sold by John Mason, 1860.

Liturgy one Sabbath morning, he ascended the pulpit to conduct the remaining parts of the service. A rush of holy thought poured into his soul: instead of announcing the hymn, he stood for ten minutes in perfect silence. His eyes were closed, his countenance devoutly lifted up to heaven, and his hands clasped together on the pulpit Bible. Like Hannah in the tabernacle at Shiloh, "he spake in his heart; only his lips moved, but his voice was not heard." (1 Sam. i. 13.) The congregation gazed in silent wonder as they saw him thus alone with God among a crowd of worshippers. His pulpit had become as the heights of Abarim, as the top of Pisgah, whence he looked across the Jordan, and beheld the glorious throng standing with the Lamb on Mount Sion, thousands of whom waited to welcome him "on the other side of the flood." "And when he saw them, he wished himself among them." Then, opening the Hymn-Book with his accustomed seriousness, he gave out, with more than ordinary tenderness and unction, his brother's noble hymn,—

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
* * * * *
"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death:
* * * * *
"Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

"O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!"

In "those days and in that time," also, when sinners were converted under the word instead of waiting for some after and auxiliary service, the "meeting of the Society" was as much a part of the Sabbath-evening worship as the sermon. As conducted by Wesley and the Preachers of "old time," these select gatherings, when the public congregation had been dismissed, were seasons of edification and grace. On these occasions, especially during the later years of his life, the veteran evangelist poured out the full feelings of his heart without restraint. In extreme old age, when unable to walk, the "disciple whom Jesus loved" was often carried into the Christian assembly at Ephesus. His day for long discourses was past, and he simply said, "Little children, love one another." "Why do you constantly repeat this one exhortation?" reverently inquired one of the disciples. "Because," said the beloved John, "this is the command of the Lord, and enough is done if this one command is obeyed."

The same feeling glowed in the breast of "England's great apostle." As he neared the bourn of life, his exhortations to his flock became more tender and fatherly. His constant advice was, "Love one another!" "Fear God; honour the King; and love one another." The fatherly counsel duly given, he invariably called upon the congregation to join him in singing,—

"O, that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

Then came the closing prayer, in which he fervently commended the Society to the care and blessing of God; and for himself his constant request was, "LORD, LET ME NOT LIVE TO BE USELESS!" Such were the scenes and services every Sabbath evening when Wesley conducted the worship in the New Foundery.

Five months before his death we have the last entry in his printed Journal relating to this favoured place of worship. Sunday, October 3d, 1790, he says, "was indeed a comfortable day. I preached at the New Chapel, morning and evening, with great enlargement of spirit. At the love-feast which followed great was our rejoicing; many declared what God had done for their souls; and many were filled with consolation."*

On Tuesday, February 22d, 1791, in great feebleness and with much difficulty, he entered the pulpit of that sacred building for the last time, and delivered his final message. The next day, at Leatherhead, the man who, during the last fifty years, had travelled not less than TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILES, chiefly on horseback or in his carriage, and delivered FIFTY THOUSAND DISCOURSES, preached his last sermon, on "Seek ye the LORD while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near;" and in two days more he was confined to his room in the City-road house.

His death-scene was one of the most peaceful and triumphant in the annals of the church. Prayer, praise, and thankfulness were ever on his lips. Many golden sentences, worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance, were uttered during his last hours. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." "HE IS ALL! HE IS ALL!"—"There is no need for more than what I said in Bristol:† my words then were—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!'"

"We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."—"That is the foundation, the only foundation, and there is no other." "How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation!"—"The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."—"Never mind the poor

* It is to be deeply regretted that the printed Journal only comes down to the 24th of October, 1790, leaving a chasm of five months before his death.

† Eight years before, when he was seriously ill, and not expected to recover.

carcass."—"The clouds drop fatness."—"He giveth His servants rest."—"He causeth His servants to lie down in peace."—"I'll praise: I'll praise."—"Lord, Thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest the tongue."—"Jesus! Jesus!"—His lips are wetted, and he says his usual grace, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies. Bless the Church and King; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever."—Those who look out of the windows are darkened, and he sees only the shadow of his friends around his bed: "Who are these?" "We are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he calmly replies, "and marvellous in our eyes."—"I will write," he exclaims, and the materials are placed within his reach; but the "right hand has forgot her cunning," and "the pen of the once ready writer" refuses to move. "Let me write for you, Sir," says an attendant. "What would you say?" "Nothing, but that GOD IS WITH US."—"Now we have done all. Let us all go."—And now, with all his remaining strength, he cries out, "The best of all is, God is with us!"—And again, lifting his fleshless arm in token of victory, and raising his failing voice to a pitch of holy triumph, he repeats the heart-reviving words, "The best of all is, God is with us!"—A few minutes before ten o'clock on the morning of the 2d of March, 1791, he slowly and feebly whispered, "Farewell! farewell!"—and, literally, "without a lingering groan," calmly "fell on sleep, having served his generation by the will of God."

When he "was a dying," he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." His dying request was complied with; and for a whole day, crowds upon crowds came from distances of many miles, and thronged the spacious sanctuary, in order to take a last look at the outward form of him they loved so well.* Apprehensive that if the funeral took place late in the forenoon, there might be some serious accident or disturbance from the pressure of the crowd, his friends resolved to lay him in his earthly bed between five and six in the morning. During his lifetime he had prepared for himself, and the Preachers who might die in London, a vault in the small cemetery behind the chapel. He ordered in his will that six poor men should carry him to the grave. "I particularly desire," he also wrote,

* There he "lay," says Southey, "in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown and cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head; a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other." On this statement, Henry Moore observes, "As I was an eye-witness, I may state, that there is no truth at all in this account. He had no clerical cap, old or new, in his possession; and his friends had too much sense to put anything into the hands of a corpse." We are not surprised that Southey should make the statement, as he found it in substance in Wesley's Life, by the renegade, John Hampson: but we feel something very nearly akin to burning indignation that the son of Southey, a Clergyman of the Church of England, should keep repeating the false slander in subsequent editions of his father's work, without any modification, by note or otherwise, after the flat contradiction of it given by Mr. Moore.

"there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom." The crowd was very great, and the coffin, bearing a short inscription,* was borne to its resting-place. The funeral service was read by the Rev. John Richardson, who had been one of Wesley's clerical Assistants for nearly thirty years, and who now lies in the same grave. When he came to that deeply-affecting passage, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our dear BROTHER here departed," his voice faltered, and he substituted the word "FATHER." As the expression fell from his lips, the silent tears of the multitude, which had been so freely flowing, were exchanged for loud weeping and lamentation.

At ten o'clock on the forenoon of the same day, City-road chapel was crowded to suffocation to hear the funeral sermon. Clergymen, Dissenting Ministers, and Methodist Preachers were there in great numbers. As the eye gazed upon the immense throng, it saw nothing, with one solitary exception,† but mourning-attire. At the request of the London Preachers, the sermon was preached by Dr. Whitehead, a gentleman in medical practice, and a Methodist Local Preacher. "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" was the appropriate text. This discourse, subsequently published, is far from equal to the occasion; but it contains a very fair sketch of Wesley's principles, doctrines, religious experience, happy death, and wide-spread career of usefulness.

The tidings of the venerable man's departure were soon scattered over the entire Societies in all parts of the kingdom. Every devout Methodist felt that he had lost a father and a friend. Adam Clarke was then in Manchester; and when the sad news reached him, he paced his study for hours in moody thoughtfulness and grief. After a long interval, he took up a piece of flint, and wrote, in substance, the following inscription upon a pane of glass in the study-window; and which, with a few slight alterations, was subsequently placed upon the tomb in the cemetery:—

To the Memory of
The venerable John Wesley, A.M.,
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

---

* Johannes Wesley, A.M.
Olim Soc. Coll. Lin. Oxon.
Ob. 2do. die Martii, 1791.
An. Æt. 88.

That is, "John Wesley, Master of Arts, formerly Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, died on the second day of March, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age."—*Moore's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii., p. 394.

† The exception was in the case of a female, who had gone to the service with a blue ribbon in her bonnet. No sooner, however, did she behold the general aspect of the congregation, than she tore the offending ribbon from her bonnet, and threw it under her feet. The authority for the fact is the late Mrs. Gabriel, of Brixton-Hill, who was present at the service, and who has more than once told me the incident in her own house.

This great light arose
(By the singular Providence of God)
To enlighten these nations,
And to revive, enforce, and defend
The pure Apostolical Doctrines and Practices of
the Primitive Church:
Which he continued to do, by his writings and his labours,
For more than half a century:
And, to his inexpressible joy,
Not only beheld their influence extending,
And their efficacy witnessed,
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the Western world as in these kingdoms;
But also, far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made, by the singular grace of God,
For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations!
Reader, If thou art constrained to bless the Instrument,
Give God the glory!
After having languished a few days, he at length finished his
course and his life together;
Gloriously triumphing over Death,
March 2, An. Dom. 1791,
In the eighty-eighth year of his age.

Over the communion, in the city-road chapel, is a plain marble tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
Of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.,
Sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford;
A man in learning and sincere piety
Scarcely inferior to any;
In zeal, ministerial labours, and extensive usefulness,
Superior, perhaps, to all men,
Since the days of St. Paul.
Regardless of fatigue, personal danger, and disgrace,
He went out into the highways and hedges
Calling sinners to repentance,
And publishing the Gospel of peace.
He was the Founder of the Methodist Societies,
And the chief promoter and patron
Of the plan of Itinerant preaching,
Which he extended through Great Britain and Ireland,
The West Indies and America,
With unexampled success.
He was born the 17th of June, 1703;
And died the 2nd of March, 1791,
In sure and certain hope of eternal life,
Through the Atonement and mediation of a crucified Saviour.

He was sixty-five years in the Ministry,
And fifty-two an Itinerant Preacher:
He lived to see, in these kingdoms only,
About three hundred Itinerant,
And one thousand Local Preachers,
Raised up from the midst of his own people;
And eighty thousand persons in the Societies under his care.
His name will be ever had in grateful remembrance
By all who rejoice in the universal spread
Of the Gospel of Christ.
Soli Deo Gloria.

"Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" They have accomplished, each one, as an hireling his day, and passed to their reward. But the noble house which they built at so much pains and cost has come down to us as a goodly heritage. It has become encircled by many sister-sanctuaries, some of them larger and fairer than this "mother of them all." But this house which Wesley builded must ever have the pre-eminence among the churches which bear his name. It is the place of our fathers' sepulchres. The tomb of our Founder stands in the centre of its small but deeply-interesting grave-yard. Tablets to the memory of many of our most glorious and sainted names crowd its inner walls. Who could bear the thought of the honoured bones of Wesley, and Benson, and Clarke, and Watson, and Bunting, and James, and Fowler, and Lessey, and many more of memories loved and lasting, being disturbed and carted away from their own proper resting-place? To prevent such a dishonour, and to secure that precious part of God's earth to Methodism to the end of the world; to repair and beautify the building; to remove the disgracefully wilderness condition of the cemetery, and to provide for its being kept in better and more attractive order, are the objects of the present Connexional movement. Let the offerings of universal Methodism be freely poured into this treasury. Why should not "high and low, rich and poor together," the children of our families and our schools, all have a brick in this metropolitan temple? Were the Methodism of our day recreant to her principles, and forgetful of her noble ancestry, and ashamed of her illustrious Founder's name, City-road Chapel *might* be turned into warehouses or workshops. But never, long as we hold to our principles, and cherish the memory of our fathers, will such a calamity be allowed to cover us with dishonour and shame.

Sheffield. J. K.

BIBLE PECULIARITIES.

THERE are many sources of argument happily accessible for the demonstration of the inspiration of the Bible. In the aggregate they are conclusive to all who are not obstinately sceptical, and love darkness rather than light. Separately, they are adapted to different minds, according to their various moods and habits of thought. The following considerations, simple and obvious in themselves, have always exerted in our judgment a convincing power.

First: The Bible is a truthful revelation, because its statement of doctrines is not only utterly devoid of any attempt to flatter the natural pride of the heart, and thus to win its concurrence, but is commended by its honest delineations, which no rightly exercised mind can well evade. It so unfolds the character of God, not by laboured eulogy, but by a reference to His Attributes, and the modes of their operations; it so forcibly expresses the native depravity of man, and his destitution of all moral power and loveliness; it so exhibits the doctrine of pardon, and the method devised for the sinner's justification; it so unfolds the person and work of the Mediator, and the agency exerted by the Holy Spirit, that the conviction is fastened upon the thoughtful mind, "I am the man described; this is the God whom I should worship; this is the plan of salvation adapted to my circumstances." The attention may be turned to the multifarious schemes of philosophy which the sagacity of the learned have devised, and yet upon none of them can the heart repose with satisfaction, because in none of them can a conscious sinner find a true God, a full salvation, a suitable solace. He must turn to the Bible for a just exhibition of his own condition, and for its sufficient remedy; and the more carefully and reverently he ponders its communications, the more fully is he disposed to regard its teachings as the only ones upon which he can safely rely. The force of this evidence will of course have no weight with him who, in his determination not to be in earnest, casts aside his Bible as a neglected book. He can no more be affected by its light, than a man with his eyes bandaged can see the light of the natural sun.

Second: A comparison of the Bible, in the method of its revealing truth, with all human writings, and especially those professing to reveal schemes of religion, will serve powerfully to convince the understanding not only that it is a wonderful production, but that it never could have resulted from mere human wisdom. The most enlightened Heathen philosophers, from the earliest to the latest periods, succeeded only in constructing a mythological system, which was monstrously absurd and unnatural, and the weakness and folly of which were rendered more apparent by every addition which was made to it. The contrast becomes even more obvious, when apocryphal books were foisted on public attention, not professedly to discredit the Bible, but to strengthen its claims. The writers of these may perhaps have possessed as much natural talent as the penmen employed by God in writing the Bible, but, not having their inspiration, their productions were contemptibly weak and worthless. No one, who will compare the two, can fail to see the difference; a difference showing that the one is the word of God, the other the flimsy work of man.

Third: We feel a deepening conviction of the Divine original of the Bible, from the fact that the interest in its perusal increases with its frequency; the more we read it, the more we desire to read it. If it becomes our daily counsellor, the more deeply are we impressed with the value of its counsels; something ever new and fresh being brought to light. The richest gold-mine may in time be thoroughly worked out until nothing is left to reward labour; but this is a mine which is inexhaustible. It has enriched the saints in all ages past, and its wealth will be distributed through all ages to come.

There are many human writings which are worthy of attention and commendation, and yet, when we select the best of them, we soon discover that they will not bear many perusals; we soon tire of them; they lose their charm; they are, in fact, superficial, and we lay them aside as

no longer able to absorb our attention. They have a limit, and we are soon able to measure their dimensions. It is not so with the Bible. We may read it so frequently that every phrase is familiar, and yet new impressions are received from it, new lights emanate from it, and the interest, instead of slackening, constantly increases. A book which has such characteristics—so entirely different from all other books—must be of God. These considerations will probably have no weight with the thoughtless; but they tend to strengthen the faith of those who do already believe, and make them cling more tenaciously to the blessed hope which God's word has awakened in them.

MAGDALENE LUTHER.

INCIDENTS IN THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE GREAT REFORMER.

THE "Evangelischer Kalendar," published in Berlin at the beginning of this year, contains a biographical notice of young Magdalene, the daughter of Luther, who died before she had reached her fourteenth year. The facts communicated are not generally known; for historians have had more important matters to write about. But the sketch is both interesting and instructive. We must all feel that anything relating to the person or family of Luther has peculiar claims upon our sympathies. The following is a translation of this biography, with some slight abbreviation:—

Everyone knows that Luther, following the teachings of the holy Scriptures, married the pious Katharine von Bora, on the 13th of June, 1525. He was at that time forty-two years of age. This marriage proved to be happy. Katharine had the qualities and virtues of her sex: great modesty and patience, a firm faith, an exemplary conduct, and a careful attention to the interests of her household. Luther, on his side, was full of affection and respect for his wife; he spoke to her freely of his joys and of his sorrows, and endeavoured to strengthen her faith by his example as well as by his words.

They had six children. The first, named John, was born the 7th of June, 1526, after they had been married one year: I shall have occasion to mention him again in this notice. The second child was called Elizabeth; she was born the 10th of December, 1527, and died very soon—on the 3d of August, 1528. The third, Magdalene, was born the 4th of May, 1529; her short life will form the subject of our story.

The day after her birth, 5th of May, 1529, the happy father announced the event to his friend, Nicholas Amsdorf, and invited him to stand godfather to his child. We find this letter in the collection of Luther's correspondence: "Honourable and worthy Sir," writes he to him, "God, the Father of all grace, has given, in His love to me and to my dear Katharine, a little daughter. I therefore pray you to fulfil a Christian duty, in becoming her Christian father, and consecrating her to the Gospel by the holy sacrament of baptism." Amsdorf cheerfully accepted this pious task.

When Luther was obliged to travel through Germany in order to plead the cause of the Reformation, or to defend it against the Romish doctors, he always sent letters to his beloved Katharine, to his son John, and to his dear little Magdalene. Thus in 1530, when he was residing at Coburg, awaiting the decision of the Diet of Augsburg concerning the Protestant Confession of Faith, he wrote his charming and celebrated letter on the "Paradise of children." It is touching to see the bold champion of the Gospel, the man who resisted the Emperor and the Pope, the man whose life was hourly exposed to peril, de-

voting part of his leisure moments to the two lovely little ones whom God had given him, and giving most careful attention to their intellectual and religious education.

In the year 1542 Luther was seized with presentiments of death. He therefore made his will, although he was not called from this world until 1546. He did not foresee that his dear Magdalene would go before him.

She was taken sick in the beginning of September. Her brother John, the companion of her early sports, now a young man of sixteen years, no longer lived at home, because the great number of visiters and guests disturbed his studies. Luther had placed him under the care of Doctor Mark Crœdel, at Torgau.

A letter of the Reformer, dated 6th September, 1542, informs us of Magdalene's sickness. "My dear Mark Crœdel," writes Luther, "grace and peace be with thee! I beg thee not to let my son John know what I write to thee. My daughter Magdalene has been seized with a very serious illness, and will soon go to her Father in heaven, unless God has otherwise determined. But she sighs so for the arrival of her brother, that I must send you a carriage. These two children love each other so tenderly, that perhaps Magdalene may rally when she sees John. I am doing all that I can, so that I may not reproach myself for having neglected anything. Send my son back in the carriage, therefore, without delay, and do not tell him the reason why. I will soon return him to thee, whether Magdalene sleeps in the Lord or whether God leaves her with us. Farewell in the Lord. Tell my son that he will know the secret when he reaches here."

John returned to his father's house; but, alas! neither his presence nor his marks of affection could restore health to the young invalid. For fourteen days Magdalene hung between life and death. "I love her from the depths of my heart," said Luther; "and how happy I shall be to keep this child, if it should please the Lord to grant her to me! But if it is Thy will, O my God, to take her, I shall rejoice in thinking that she is with Thee!" He also said to Magdalene, "My dear daughter, thou wouldst remain willingly with thy father in this world; but thou wilt go without sorrow to thy heavenly Father, wilt thou not?" "Yes, my dear father, as God wills," she replied.

While she was in the last agonies of death, Luther fell on his knees at the foot of the bed, and prayed, and wept bitterly. Magdalene fell asleep the 20th of September, 1542, at nine o'clock in the evening. Her mother had a dream shortly before her death, in which she saw two beautiful girls leading her to a wedding-feast. Philip Melancthon, being told of this dream, said, "These young persons are the angels who shall conduct your daughter into the heavenly kingdom."

On the 23d of September Luther wrote to his friend Jonas: "Thou wilt already have heard that my beloved daughter Magdalene has entered Christ's heavenly kingdom. My wife and I can only return thanks, and rejoice at so happy an end, by which she is removed from the power of the flesh, the world, and the devil; but the strength of natural love is so great that we cannot do this without many sighs and tears, and even without great sorrow of heart. The features, the words, everything about this pious and obedient child, are engraven on our hearts. . . . Thou knowest well how sweet, amiable, and affectionate she was. O! may we all have such a death, or rather such a life! It is the only thing which I ask of God, the Father of all consolation, and of all pity." Some days afterwards Luther wrote to Amsdorf, the godfather of Magdalene: "Yes, I loved her very much, not only because she was of

my flesh and blood, but because she had such sweet, humble, and devout feelings. Now, I rejoice that she is with her heavenly Father. . . . And as the times grow darker and darker, I desire for myself and for all mine, for you, also, and for all yours, the same faith, the same peace at the last hour: this is truly to sleep in Jesus, and not the agonies of death."

When the body of his daughter was put into the coffin, Luther looked at it a long time, and said, "My dear Magdalene, the Lord has been good to thee. Thou shalt rise, and thou shalt shine as the stars, yea, even as the sun." He said again, "My spirit rejoices, but my flesh is sad. The flesh shrinks from the separation. How strange to know that she is happy and at peace, and yet to be so afflicted!"

When the people came to attend the funeral-service, Luther said, "I have sent a saint to heaven; yes, a living saint. O that we may have such an end! I would gladly accept such an end, even at this hour." "Everyone loves to keep his own," said a man in the crowd. "Yes," replied Luther, "flesh is flesh, and blood is blood: nevertheless, I rejoice to see her gone to heaven." When the earth was thrown upon the coffin, he said, "There is a resurrection of the flesh."

After their return from the burial he said, "My daughter is now separated from us both in her body and in her soul. We Christians have nothing to complain of; we know that it must be so. We are assured of the life to come; God has promised it to us by His Son, and He cannot lie."

As the mother wept, and refused to be comforted, Luther said to her, "My dear Katharine, think of the place to which our daughter has gone. She is well; she is where she ought to be. Children do not require great arguments; they believe what is taught them. Everything is simple to children. They die without sorrow, without doubt, without conflict, as if they were falling into a quiet sleep."

Do we not see here a model of paternal affection and of Christian piety?

SIN A VOLUNTARY THING.

THE guilt of transgression is its wilfulness. Man lost is voluntarily lost. He pursues the course of his own appetites and desires, and bears the simple responsibility of his own choice. If he be wise, he is wise for himself; and if he scorneth, he alone must bear it. This is the leading, discriminating fact in the Saviour's story of the prodigal son. The sheep went astray, but it was in unconscious wandering, and he might become conscious of his danger, and possibly return. The case was not hopeless. The piece of silver was lost, and the loss there was complete and entire. It could never accomplish its own recovery, nor receive the least consciousness of its condition. But the story of the lost son fills up all these absent particulars of the lost one's condition. He wanders voluntarily; and however partially, yet really feels and knows at every step that he is going astray, in a path of doubtful success and possible ruin. This new, important, and painful addition to the illustration of the case is to be considered.

It might be asked of the shepherd or the woman, why greater care had not been employed to prevent the evil. If these were the only exhibitions of the sinner's state, he might seem to have some excuse in throwing part at least of the responsibility of his sin upon God, who failed adequately to prevent it. But the story of the lost son answers this. There sinful man appears before us lost by his own wilful transgression. He has wandered in his life, because his own heart and desires wandered first. Wherever he is seen away from the God of his sal-

vation, away from the path of virtue, holiness, and peace, he is a wilful rebel, and a voluntary exile. Whatever extent or consequences of guilt he may have attained, the fearful sentence, "Thou hast destroyed thyself," still sounds in his conscience in a constant repetition for ever. It is the remembrance and acknowledgment of this which awakens him, if he be ever restored; or fills him with the bitterness of remorse, if he reap in death the wages of his sin. When the Spirit arouses him to recall him to God, this is the trumpet-sound in his soul, constraining him to cry out, "Where is God my Maker; even the Most High, my Redeemer?" And if he pursue his wandering path to its utmost extent, he can never outrun this fearful conviction of the responsibility of his error upon himself. "A dreadful sound is in his ears; in prosperity, the destroyer shall come upon him. Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him as a king ready to the battle."

This is the sadness of his condition, in the terrors which take hold of him within. The story of the son lost illustrates it in an affecting manner. There was stupidity and ignorance in the sheep. There was unconscious helplessness in the money buried out of sight. But in the wandering son there was fearful chosen rebellion and ingratitude. An ungrateful child dealing harshly with a tender and indulgent father, is the new illustration of the lost one. He leaves his father's house, slights his father's love, dishonours his father's name, squanders his father's property, spends upon his own base lusts his father's kind and liberal gifts. Yet in his whole course he is deeply alive to his father's love, and never pretends to charge his waywardness and crimes to any unkindness on his father's side. How every particular adds to the force and the application of the illustration, and makes the sinner's ruin the more fearful in the complete exhibition of the fact that it is so voluntary!

A LIE.

THE commandments are exceeding broad. When Christ, who was announced as a refiner's fire, interpreted the Scriptures, many things that aforetime had been accounted innocent were shown to be criminal. What is a lie? It is any evasion of the truth. It is any equivocation, which, while it utters not a palpable lie, would make a lie seem truth. It is any deception; let it be made by word or deed. The aim is to lead astray. It is any snare, or trap, or stratagem, laid for others to fall into. It is any hypocrisy. It is any scandal. It is any affectation. It is any plagiarism. Because in all these things it literally or impliedly affirms that to be truth which is not truth. A lie is a blot, a blighting, withering, scorching curse. It is a curse. It paralyses the efforts of the good in the spread of light and knowledge; therefore it is a drawback. And if it affects, apparently, but the individual who perpetrates it, how disastrous are its consequences indeed, if it shut him *out* from the light and happiness of heaven, and shut him up *in* hell! How well we ought to weigh our words! I ought to think twice before I speak once. O my Father, keep me from even *thinking* a deception!

THE TWO SIDES OF REDEMPTION.

REDEMPTION has two sides, says the Rev. W. Arnot, an upper and a lower, both glorious: but the upper side hath a glory that excelleth. The sinner gets a Saviour: that is a precious truth, but it is the lower side of salvation,—the side most readily seen from our stand-point on the earth. The Saviour gets a portion to

satisfy His soul, a people to rejoice in and to rejoice with for ever: this is the upper side of this same salvation, as seen from heaven, and shining in the light of God.

It is not easy for us in the body to get a glimpse of our own redemption on its higher and heavenward side. That aspect of it, on which its Author's eyes are ever set, is too lofty for our position, too bright for our vision. So accustomed are we, even in our more earnest moments, to the nearer aspect and more subdued light of the lower side, that we abide babes, unskilful in the deeper departments of the word of righteousness. "What must I do to be saved?" comes readier to the lip of an anxious inquirer, than, "What delight has Jesus in saving me?" To think of ourselves as the portion wherein the Lord delights, is certainly consistent with thorough humility; but pride lies, or seems to lie, so nearly in the same line, that we are afraid to aim so high lest we should miss the mark, and diverge into presumptuous sin. To realize the joy with which my Redeemer rejoices over me, as His portion, and yet to know how vile I am, is difficult, and seems dangerous. He must have been a skilful archer who dared to point his arrow at an apple on his own child's naked head. A man with a fainting heart and a faltering hand would abandon the chance of securing a great gain, rather than run the risk of incurring so great a loss.

CONVERSION IN TWO ASPECTS.

Two things lie in the conversion of St. Paul, and in every conversion: the man gets an Almighty Saviour, and God gets a willing servant. The true instinct of the new creature burst forth from Paul's breast as soon as he knew his Saviour, and before he was lifted from the ground,—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The answer, sent through Ananias in Damascus, after the tumult had subsided, indicated to the convert what he should be, rather than what he should do: "He is a chosen vessel unto Me." We get a glimpse here of the two tendencies, the human and the Divine. "I shall do," says the disciple in the ardour of a first love. "Thou shalt be," answers that wise and kind Master, who knows that the spirit in the disciple is willing, but the flesh weak. To be like Christ is the most effectual way of working for Christ. "I shall bear the vessels of the Lord," volunteers the ransomed sinner, when he feels that he is not his own, but bought with a price: the reply to this offer requires a less positive, more passive, and yet greater thing,—"Thou shalt be the vessel of the Lord." It is a great thing that I should take up instruments and do a work for Christ in the world; but it is a greater that Christ should take me in His hand, and work out His purposes with me. "A people near unto Him," is an ancient appellation of the saved. Surely they are near Him who are held as a vessel in His hand. This is our security alike for safety and usefulness. The star that is in His right hand is held up so that it cannot fall, and held out so that it shines afar. When He chooses a vessel, He uses it; but neither keeps it idle, nor casts it away.

THE WORLD SERVING THE CHRISTIAN.

THE world on a Christian's side! We thought it was one of his chief foes. So it is. There is no contradiction here, and no confusion. The world, under direction of its god, wars against the soul. But our Father in heaven holds that enemy in the hollow of His hand, and compels it, in His own time and way, to serve His sons. The world is a birthplace for the new

creature, and an exercise-ground for invigorating the spiritual life. The very fires of temptation which the wicked one kindles to destroy the heirs, are employed by the love and power of the Spirit to heat the furnace in which their dross is purged away, that they may be meet for the inheritance. Mark the world as the property of the King's sons.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee." (Isai. lx. 1, 2.)

About forty years ago, an English Missionary stood in one of the wild valleys of Africa, where a quiet Christian village with its church and school now stands as a memorial of successful labours; and, surrounded by the Pagan Chief and his councillors, he opened to them the news of salvation by Christ, and inquired whether they would receive his message, and submit to the teaching of the Gospel. After consultation, it was said in reply, "We never before heard these things about the soul. We have had doubts and fears; uneasy feelings and sorrow have come; but we did not know where to find rest. Before you spoke we were like people in an egg-shell: it was dark; we could see nothing; we could understand nothing. There was the sky, there were the mountains, there were lilies; but we did not know who made them, nor could we tell where we came from, or where we were going. Stay and teach us, and we will hearken."

About 1233 years ago, a lone Missionary stood on the banks of the Derwent, in East Yorkshire, not far from the little town of Wighton, or "the Town of the Altar," and waited the result of a deliberation on the part of Edwin, a Pagan Anglo-Saxon Chief, and his court. The question then was, "Shall this new religion be received?" A Priest said, "O King, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you, that as to my own experience, the religion which we have hitherto professed has no power nor utility in it. . . . It remains, therefore, if upon examination you find those new doctrines which are now preached unto us better and more efficacious, for us immediately to receive them without any delay." And then an honest straightforward man, an old Chieftain,—a "Thane" as he was called in the language of those days,—rose and said, "The present life of man upon earth, O King, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your Commanders and Ministers, a good fire having been lit in the midst, and the room made warm thereby, whilst storms of rain and snow rage abroad: the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but, after a short space of fair weather soon passed over, he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The question was settled as it was in the other case in the African valley; and the blessings of the same Gospel are now inherited alike by the children of the Yorkshire converts, and the Christian offspring of the old Namaquas.

Religion and Morals.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY, AND UNIVERSAL AND PERPETUAL OBLIGATION, OF THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

No. IV.

(*Continued.*)

THIRDLY.—*It has been objected, that we have no authority in the New Testament for that exclusively sacred character with which we would invest the Lord's day,—that Christ has considerably relaxed the strictness of the Sabbath law, and that many things are now permitted, which, under the old dispensation, were condemned.*

We demur to this statement in detail, and as a whole. 1. We decline to be confined exclusively to the writings of the New Testament: we are not at liberty to cast aside any portion of the sacred volume, as not being authoritative and binding. The moral precepts of the Old Testament are as obligatory upon us as are those of the New. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.) The civil and ceremonial laws of the Jews were local and temporary,—expressly declared to be such,—and, consequently, have passed away: but not so the moral law; that is eternal and immutable. We are not disposed to play into the hands of our adversaries by throwing overboard the larger portion of the Sacred Book. 2. Christ *did not* relax the law of the Sabbath, as that law is given in the fourth commandment. He swept away the excrescences with which Jewish interpretations and traditions had encumbered and perverted the law, but He left it in its original substance, and with all its primal beauty untouched. And the very fact that the Saviour took such pains to bring the Sabbath back to its original position, demonstrates that He intended it to be of perpetual obligation in His church. He did not *abolish*, but He *restored*. He lifted from the neck of men the yoke which pharisaical assumption had bound upon them; but He left them under the beneficent operations of the Divine rule in reference to what God Himself calls, "MY HOLY DAY." (Isai. lviii. 13.) 3. That which constituted approved Sabbath-observance under the old dispensation, is Sabbath-observance still. We must banish from our minds —as not being legitimately connected with the Sabbath of God—those irksome and superstitious restraints which Pharisaism imposed upon its victims, and ask, "What is the Bible-law of the Sabbath?" He who "runs may read:"—"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it HOLY." (Exod. xx. 8.) "Keep the Sabbath-day to SANCTIFY it." (Deut. v. 12.) This is still the law of the Sabbath;—it is to be kept "*holy*;" to be "*sanctified*."

"MY HOLY DAY," saith God. The Lord's day *is to be* the Lord's day,—then it is "hallowed." It is to be spent specially in His service, to His glory, and in copying His example, — *then* it is "sanctified." If it be spent in secular toil, or in mere pleasure-seeking and amusement, or in absolute listlessness and idleness,—then it is not kept holy. The sanctification of the Sabbath, without doubt, forbids all labour,—works of necessity and charity excepted; all pleasure,—not derived from moral and spiritual sources. The day, the *whole* day, is to be "the Lord's." The figment of canonical or church hours, is one of the most mischievous relics of Popery which professed Protestants have retained. Religious service in the morning, and secular engagements in the afternoon or evening, give not God the "day." The Sabbath-day is as long as any of the other days of the week; and God has a right to, and claims, the whole as His portion: emphatically and pre-eminently, it is "the Lord's DAY."

It may be of importance to endeavour to ascertain in what manner the early Christians observed the Sabbath. Take, then, the testimony of one who, unques-

tionably, is not by any means of the strict, and what has been called the "Sabbatarian," school. Dr. Hessey, in his Bampton Lectures, (1860,) thus speaks:—"The Lord's day, at the death of St. John, presented the features of periodical assembling for prayer, thanksgiving, partaking in the Christian mysteries, and religious instruction. Charity to the brethren, and thoughts upon Divine things, were other employments of it. Nothing was *said* of rest; but rest, so far as those times admitted, from worldly employments, was no doubt a feature of it, from the nature of Him whom they worshipped, from the necessities of the case, from the physical demands of the body, from the analogy of the Jewish law, from the example of the Creator: considerations which the Apostles must have had before them, when, under Divine directions, they observed a Lord's day. Such a Lord's day as this, was, I think, contemplated by the Apostles, and observed by them and by the early church."

Fourthly.—*It has been objected,—that even granting the Divine authority, sacred character, and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath,—its due observance is not inconsistent with innocent recreation and rational amusement.*

"To the law and to the testimony:" what saith "the Book?" "Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath," (let there be no unnecessary travelling,) "from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." (Isai. lviii. 13.) Such is the statute on this subject.

Innocent amusements, rational recreations, are pleaded for as being consistent with the character of the Sabbath! What do the parties who thus plead, mean? Is it insinuated that sinful amusements, that irrational pleasures, may be indulged in on any day of the week? Innocent amusements! Where is the line to be drawn? Are not games of cricket, the regatta, the steeple-chase, the fox-hunt, the horse-race, in the estimation of these parties, innocent amusements? Do not the theatre, the concert, and the ball-room afford, according to the views of these persons, rational recreation and elevating and refining pleasures? Will they pronounce any of these to be unlawful amusements? And are these to be the Sabbath exercises of the people? If not, why not? These are the worldlings' innocent amusements; but where is the Christian man who does not see and feel that they are utterly inconsistent with the spirit and design of the Sabbath?

"But we plead," it is said, "for the liberty of the people, and against a puritanical Sabbath." The liberty of the people! We are bold to assert, that the stanchest defenders of the civil, social, and religious liberty of the people — from the days of the Stuarts to this hour—are the very men who have contended most earnestly for the sacredness of the Sabbath. History has a lesson to teach on this subject, and we commend that lesson to the serious consideration of the people of these realms.

A "puritanical Sabbath!" A day of penance and mortification! What a spectre to call up! We plead not for it; we condemn it. But where is it to be seen? We venture to affirm that in not one of ten thousand of the godly Sabbath-keeping families of our land is this spectre to be found. It exists only in the excited brain and diseased vision of those who wish to substitute the frivolities and dissipations of a Continental gala-day for the decent and decorous, yet cheerful, observance of the Sabbath of God. These parties draw a caricature, and not a portrait; they sketch a phantom of their own imagination, and then endeavour to frighten themselves and others, by raising the cry of a "puritanical Sabbath!"

Many and heavy accusations on this subject have been brought against the Sabbath-keeping part of the community. The keeping of God's holy day, according to the commandment, has been sarcastically styled, a "bitter" observance of the Lord's day. A "*bitter*" observance! We thank them for that word. Contrast the real enjoyment, the holy calm, the domestic peace, the moral dignity of the family devoutly and reverently observing the Sabbath, with the confusion, the bustle, the mutual recriminations, the disappointments, the fatigue at the end of

the Sabbath, of the Sabbath-breaking family, and then say, in which has been the "bitter" observance? Mark the one as the shades of Sunday night approach. The public duties of the day are over; the whole circle join in cheerful hymn or holy song; "the priest-like father reads the sacred page," and they retire to rest, a happy and united band, refreshed in body, soothed in mind! Look at the other, on Sunday night:—They have had a day of pleasure, and are homeward bound. A weary mother drags along a yawning child; the father, chafed and vexed, carries another sleeping one in his arms; irritable through fatigue, there are mutual expressions of anger. They reach their dwelling: no cheerful fire gleams from the hearth; all looks cold and chill: the children are cross, the body tired, and, without any recognition of God, of heaven, of immortality, they lie down to slumber! Which is the "*bitter*" observance?

Let Monday morning speak.—But we say no more.—The outline now sketched can be filled up, from their own experience, by thousands, and by tens of thousands. The Sabbath has been styled, very beautifully and appropriately, and by England's working men,—"The Light of the Week;" "The Torch of Time;" "Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour." It is God's great boon to man.

Working men, guard your Sabbath! A Sunday of pleasure will inevitably lead to a Sunday of labour. If *you travel*, thousands must *toil*. Let the thin edge of Sunday amusement be inserted, and mammon, and competition, and pleaded necessity, will soon drive in the full wedge of Sunday work. Seven days' labour for six days' wages will soon be the problem which the working man will have to consider. Oppose every encroachment upon the sanctity of the Sabbath at the beginning. You are safe, and only safe, whilst the Sabbath is regarded as the "LORD'S DAY." It is not your employer's, it belongs not to the Legislature; they have no right to entrench upon its sacredness:—IT IS THE LORD'S; given to *you* for your rest and refreshment; given to *you* for your physical, mental, and moral improvement; given to aid you in securing eternal life!

In conclusion, we would sum up in the beautiful and eloquent language of the revered and sainted RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON:—"O, Sabbath! Needed for a world of innocence,—without thee what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care! He who had withheld thee would have forsaken the earth! Without thee, he had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit! We salute thee, as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord,—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over creation's achieved work,—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and of guiding flame,—interweaving with all thy light new beams of discovery and promise,—until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews, and imbibed by the flowers of Eden,—more awful than when the trumpet rung of thee on Sinai! The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises again in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by Him who revived and rose, has this day awakened, but as the light of seven days, and with healing on its wings! Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation! It has been the coronation-day of martyrs, the feast-day of saints! It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the churches of God! Still the outgoings of its morning and its evening rejoice! It is a day of heaven upon earth! Life's sweetest calm, poverty's best birthright, labour's only rest! Nothing has such a hoar of antiquity on it! Nothing contains in it such a history! Nothing draws along with it such a glory! Nurse of virtue, seal of truth! The household's richest patrimony, the nation's noblest safeguard! The pledge of peace, the fountain of intelligence, the strength of law! The oracle of instruction, the ark of mercy! The patent of our manhood's spiritual greatness! The harbinger of our soul's sanctified perfection! The glory of religion, the watch-tower of immortality! The ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending on it!"

Leeds.

THE VALUE OF A SOUL.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THERE are values, says a writer in "The Family Treasury," which arithmetic cannot compute, as there are depths in the ocean which no plummet has yet sounded. A soul is one of these values. The human line runs out in the measurement of its duration: arithmetic fails in the summation of its worth. We can weigh mountains in scales, and hills in a balance. We have determined the mass and gravity, as well as the path, of each planet in the starry host. But the value of a soul is a problem that waits solution. In our Lord's computation, the largest of earthly values, the world itself, is put into one scale, and a soul in the other; and as the computation is being made, the question is put, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" There is confessedly not even an approximation to its value in the comparison of our Lord. And, if world should be cast after world into the scale with our earth, till the sun with its planetary system, till the universe of matter were in one scale, and a soul in the other, we should have approached no nearer the solution of the question, What is the worth of a soul? Alas! that in contrast with its inherent preciousness should be the practical everyday value put upon it. It is a monarch incognito; a glory veiled. What so cheap in the market of the world! What coin so small as will not buy a soul! What mess of pottage that will not tempt some Esau to throw away his heritage! Even the man whose life is an offering on the service of the faith, and who burns with zeal for souls, with difficulty sustains his estimate of their preciousness. It is the deep wail from many a Missionary journal: "How insensible have I become to the degradation of the Heathen! How difficult I feel it to realize, amidst their own insensibility, the preciousness and peril of their souls!" To this state of mind, whether experienced by the Minister at home, or the Missionary abroad, the following letter of the Rev. T. G. Ragland may bring fresh quickening. It is the illustration of a high Cambridge Wrangler, after he became Missionary in India, of the value of a soul, drawn from his previous astronomical studies, and affords a beautiful evidence of the deep yearning love of the heart of the true Missionary over the most abject in that land, the wretched outcast pariah. Writing home to a friend, he says:—

"An idea some time since formed itself in my mind, and I have at this moment a violent fancy to form it more definitely on paper. Dear Deck used to tell a tale of a simple Suffolk ploughboy. Walking home one moonlight night, he fell in with the youth. He was a servant of his brother's. 'And is not that moon,' said the lad, 'much larger than it seems?' 'They say so,' said our friend; 'but what size do you think it to be?' 'Why, indeed, I can't say for certain; but somehow I should think it was just about large enough nicely to lie down in our meadow!' So much for the ploughboy's fancied knowledge and real ignorance. To moralize upon it: Apply it to the manner in which men, and thinking men, and Christians, and real Christians, judge of the human soul. They value it, and think they value it highly: they will do something, and think they do much, for the salvation of the souls of their fellow-sinners. But indeed, and in truth, I think the knowledge which a blessed eternity will bring us, will prove our fancied knowledge to be no more extended, if so much so, as the Suffolk ploughboy's about the moon. But cannot we correct our knowledge a little? Let us go and learn a lesson from the astronomer. How does he correct the knowledge, the first knowledge, which simple vision brings him in? How is he sure that the moon is larger than a green cheese, or that those little planetary specks have a greater magnitude than a pin's head? Why, first of all, having discovered, by a process which it is unnecessary to describe, that the little dot of light is, in fact, thousands of miles distant, and having discovered by telescope that it subtends at the eye a sensible angle, and having measured that angle, a simple calculation shows him the size of the object to be greater perhaps than that of the huge ball which he calls his earth; and in every case something, at

least, beyond what would give a plain section ten, or twenty, or a thousand times the magnitude of that meadow in Suffolk, in which, as the ploughboy supposed, the moon would nicely lie down. Now, let us go through a similar operation with that wonderful thing the human soul. Take one of these,—say the soul of the poorest, lowest pariah of India,—and form it, in imagination, into, or suppose it represented by, a sphere; or, what will do equally well, a circular area. Place this at the extremity of a line, which, as Newton ingeniously uses it in a certain lemma, (I forget the number,) is to represent time. Extend this line, and move off your sphere further and further, *ad infinitum;* and what is become of your sphere? What has become of your poor pariah's soul? Why, there it is, just as before, with faculties as perfect as ever; as living, as sentient, as capable of knowing and enjoying its great Creator as ever. It is still what it was, and that even after thousands of years. In short, the disc appears undiminished though viewed from an almost infinite distance. O, what an angle of the mind ought that poor soul to subtend! What an interest ought its salvation to excite, and to keep alive! But the astronomer has another method of determining, if not the magnitude, yet at least the importance of the heavenly spheres. A man may come to him and say, 'I grant that your moon and your planet are as large as you assert, but why brag so much about them? They are, perhaps, only unsubstantial froth; mere puffs of air; vapory nothings, like comets.' 'No, my friend,' the astronomer will reply; 'not so fast. I know their mass and their weight, as well as their size.' The ignoramus may stare; but the philosopher stands to his word, and with good reason. Long observation has taught him that planets, in the neighbourhood of one given heavenly body, have been turned out of their course: how, and by what, he is at first quite at a loss to tell; but he has guessed and reasoned, and has found cause for suspecting the planet. He watches, observes, and compares; and, after a long sifting of evidence, he brings it in guilty of the disturbance. If it be so, it must have a power to disturb, a power to attract; and if so, it is not a mere shell, much less a mere vapour. It has mass, and it has weight; and he calculates and he determines from the disturbances what that weight is. Just so with the pariah's soul. O, what a disturbance has it created! What a celestial body has it drawn down from its celestial sphere! not a star, not the whole visible heavens, not the heaven of heavens itself, but Him who fills heaven and earth, by whom all things were created! Him did that pariah's soul attract from heaven even to earth to save it! O that we would thus learn, and, learning, lay to heart, the weight and the value of that one soul!"

It was thus whilst he journeyed amidst the Shamars, the devil-worshippers, and pariahs of south India, the Cambridge Fellow recalled his science to sustain his zeal, made his knowledge tributary to faith, and all things to minister to his work. What wonder that he who so thought and wrote should have been drawn out of his college orbit to make known to the benighted Heathen Him whom that Heathen's soul attracted from heaven even to earth to save it!

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CVI.

"For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men." (Psal. lxxiii. 3—5.)

There is a thing in the mind comparable to the palsy or apoplexy in the body; and it is the state that the most part of the world passeth away in: a

certain numbness, or blockishness, that neither reason can persuade them, nor all the threatenings terrify them, nor all the promises allure them, nor anything move them. Then they pass to death without any sense of God's judgments; so they perish and die as beasts, nothing differing from them, but only for the furniture of beds and pillows. This in them is in great measure; those that have their hearts as fat as brawn, that can see nothing; and in small measure it is in all. Thus God makes our hearts and state the punishment of our pride.—*Andrewes's Moral Law Expounded*, p. 198. *Edit.* 1642.

No. CVII.

"*All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made.*" (John i. 3.)

John begins his Gospel with the dignity of Christ's Person. And how does he set it forth? By the creation of the world by the eternal Word: and what he saith is an answer to these questions: *When* was the Word? "In the beginning." *Where* was the Word? "With God." *What* was the Word? He "was God." *What* did He then *do?* "All things were made by Him." What, *all*, without exception? Yes; "without Him was not anything made that was made:" be it never so small, never so great; from the highest angel to the smallest worm. They all had their being from Him.—*Manton on Christ's Eternal Existence and Dignity*, p. 55. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CVIII.

"*Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.*" (John xx. 28.)

In the history there are these remarkable things:—

1. Thomas's absence from an assembly of the disciples, when Christ had manifested Himself to them. Being absent, he not only missed the good news which Mary brought, but also the comfortable sight of Christ; and was thereby left in doubts and snares.

2. When these things were told him, he bewrays his incredulity; for "he said unto them, Except I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe." This unbelief was overruled by God's providence, for the honour of Christ. His incredulity was an occasion to manifest the certainty of Christ's resurrection. If credulous men, or those hasty of belief, only, had seen Christ, their report had been liable to suspicion. Solomon maketh it one of his proverbs, "The simple believeth every word." Here is one that had sturdy and pertinacious doubts, yet is brought at last to yield. However, this is an instance of the proneness of our hearts to unbelief; especially if we have not the objects of faith under the view of the senses; and how apt we are to give laws to heaven, and require our terms of God.

3. Christ's condescension in giving Thomas the satisfaction of sense. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My side." With what mildness doth our Lord treat him, though under such a distemper! Unbelief is so hateful to Christ, that He is very careful to have it removed; and in condescension grants what it was his fault to ask.

4. Thomas's faith. "He answered and said, My Lord and my God." He presumed not to touch Christ, but contents himself only to see Him; and having seen Him, makes a good confession. Observe the two titles given to Christ. He is "God," the Fountain of all our happiness; and "Lord," as He hath a dominion over us, to guide and dispose of us at His own pleasure. Observe, also, the appropriation, or personal application to himself: "*My* God," and "*my* Lord."—*Ibid.*, pp. 195—197.

The Household.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

Family habits and Protestantism, says a contemporary, seem to go together. In Spain, a diminutive cup of chocolate, brought into the bedroom, is the apology for a breakfast: in Russia, the meal, as

we have it, is unknown; each one eats something when he is hungry. Were eating and drinking the sole object to be attained by gathering round a table, one might, indeed, feed apart as in company; but only consider what interchange of minds, what acquaintance with one another's hearts, what refuges from tired thought, what cheerfulness and sociability would be lost thereby!

"'Tis sweet, 'mid noise of plates and dishes,
To speak one's sentiments and wishes,"

sang the author of "Boyle Farm;" and certainly it is only when conversation seasons the repast, that the feeding of men becomes more refined than that of brutes. Meal-times are often the only seasons when the man of business sees his family: deprive him of them, and he becomes a joyless labourer for those whom he never hears or sees; but give him their cheerful chat at breakfast and supper, how briskly he toils during the intervening hours!

In France and Italy young men see nothing, know nothing, of their sisters; consequently, care little or nothing for them: in England, sisters are their brothers' cherished friends and correspondents. The Dean of Carlisle says he has known young men at college wholly restrained from vice, simply by the hallowed and blessed influence of their sisters. We have known a brother in Australia write to his authoress-sister in England, whom he had not seen for twenty years: "You cannot tell what a calming, quieting effect your books have on me: they seem to decolonize me, if I may coin a word." How touching a picture is given in the memoir of Frances and Elizabeth Bickersteth, of the suffering of Fanny, lying on her bed of pain, with her father and two brothers kneeling round her! Such a scene would not occur in Italy or France. The young girls there are shut up within convent-walls, during the freshest, most charming period of their youth. Truly their brothers may say: "A garden inclosed is my sister; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." Her thick-coming fancies die at their birth, unspoken to sympathizing young sister or brother, indulgent mother, or sensible, intelligent father; her desire for useful knowledge meets with no response. Instead of being wisely drawn out of self by the thousand harmless and useful outlets of English home-life, she is driven to self-contemplation, and vain, vague longings and repinings.

Released by marriage from this joyless captivity, she frequently finds herself, like Madame Guyon, a mere boarder under the roof of her mother-in-law; the most disregarded person in the house; with no household cares, no servants under her control, no purse, no liberty to take exercise and find society abroad, save under humiliating restrictions and surveillance; in all respects, except in name, a child still. Or else, it is the husband who becomes the cipher. Madame receives, on appointed evenings, the Signora Rosuara, or the Signora Bianca; is at home to her male friends, and perhaps one or two ladies, who retail all the small-talk of the day, interspersed with plenty of compliments to the hostess; whom, however, the gentlemen do not always sufficiently respect to refrain from smoking their cigars in her presence. In these circles the master of the house is always absent; he is paying his compliments to some other Signora Rosuara, or Signora Bianca; an evening *tête-à-tête* with his wife would be insupportable to them both. Her mind is unfurnished; they have no common objects of interest; they could only talk over the vexed question of domestic expenses.

Poetry.

AN APOSTOLIC PREACHER.

THE pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies. His theme Divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
Would I describe a Preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry, Hem! and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene?

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What;—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportions, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.

Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek Divine simplicity in him
Who handles things Divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes, and judgments ill informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.

So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No; he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge; he would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular conceits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.
—*Cowper.*

Narratives.

THE RECLAIMED.

A PASTORAL REMINISCENCE.

MANY years since, relates the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New-York, a gay and fashionable pair lived near me, and attended my ministry. The wife was beautiful, social, and admired. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighting in the admiration which in society his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay, and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared nothing for what they heard even then. But in the wonders of grace this gay and fashionable woman was converted there, and in the most open and decided manner renounced her life of folly, and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose intensely enraged her unconverted husband, who had no sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbid her union with the church, in any personal act. He watched at the gates of the churchyard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried, that at last she found access to the church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. Thus matters went on for weeks, every day bringing me some new tidings of his violence, and her sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others, I never knew. The people and the generation have since passed away. Their young children are now mature, and several of them parents themselves.

Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late one evening, after I had retired to my chamber for the night, my door-bell was violently pulled, and a messenger said Mrs. —— desired to see me immediately. I dressed myself and went, anticipating some scene of violence, and simply saying to my wife where I was going, in case I might be prevented from returning. The streets were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps, the door was quietly opened to me, and I was directed to the parlour, where, to my surprise, I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment I sat by his side, and asked an explanation. "O, Sir," he cried, "can I be saved, can I be saved?" "Yes, surely," I answered; "but you amaze me: what has led you to this?" "This angel," he replied with eagerness: "you know how I hated her religion. But you do not know how I hated you. I thought you the blackest of human beings. You had broken up my happiness, you had destroyed my peace, you had separated my family, you had alienated my wife from me. I laid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you at night with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel-wife, I have cursed her, I have persecuted her in every way. I have beaten her, I have pulled her down by her hair; and she has received it all in silence and meekness. She has never said one unkind word in reply; but she has prayed for me, and loved me. And I can stand it no longer. I am miserable because I am so guilty. I have rebelled so horribly; I have been loved and treated so affectionately. Can I be saved?" The wife sat silently and heard the whole, and then gently said, "My dear husband seemed so distressed to-night, that I took

the liberty to send for you." How fresh and vivid is that whole scene before me as I write, with all its incidents and details which I will not describe! With what delight did I preach the Saviour's love to this lost one thus at last aroused by that love to see his own voluntary and aggravated guilt! We passed more than an hour thus together, and closed our conversation with earnest prayer. Blessed indeed was the result. The strong man armed had found a stronger than he, who had taken from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and spoiled his goods. He was subdued by love, converted by Divine power. He, too, came into the Saviour's flock, and on the side of Jesus. How changed the mad one became, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind!" He witnessed among us for years a good confession; he was honoured and beloved in the church; a pattern of gentleness and fidelity at home and abroad. After some years of earnest Christian life on earth, his course was finished, and his rest attained. I have since hardly passed the house in which they lived without recalling to my mind this whole remarkable scene; that peculiar display of grace, that *voluntary wanderer*, and the wonderful love and mercy which in so much rebellion he received. He assumed all the responsibility of the guilty wandering upon himself. He learned to give all the glory of his recovery to that amazing grace which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and loved him when he was dead in sins.

SINGULAR HONESTY.

In a work* just published, the following striking incident is related:—

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper-office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, "Come in," and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child, all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deeing" (dying). Some misty recollections of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High-street into the Canongate. By the time he had got to the old Playhouse-close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff, a lively girl, who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid," and he was "best man." He seemed still to see her bright, young, careless face, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue. Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, "That's her," vanished. By the light of a dying fire, he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face, and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly upon him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognise no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feveriah hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours; they were surly, or asleep. When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair-head, and said, "She's dead." He went in, and found that it was true: there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were *in æternum*. Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, "a strange woman."

* *Horæ Subsecivæ. Second Series.* By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1861. Crown 8vo.

"Did she drink?" "Whiles." On the day of the funeral one or two residents of the close accompanied him to the Canongate churchyard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a little distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw the old woman remaining. She came up, and curtsying, said, "Ye would ken that lass, Sir?" "Yes, I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the close mouth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid regular, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month owing me half-a-crown;" and then, with a look and voice of awe, she told him how, on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room, and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein* (comfortable) well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted, dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is;" and, putting it under the bolster, vanished. Alas! for Mary Duff: her career had been a sad one since the day when she stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother, the widow, supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it, blighted and embittered; and, after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret to die, deserted and alone; giving evidence in her latest act, that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

Our Servants.

MANNERS.

We ventured two months ago to refer to a subject of great delicacy; and one in which we fear some of our readers would think us anything but expert, if they do not judge us altogether mistaken: we mean Dress. We, hope, however, they will excuse the sincere and good-natured words of one who has worn his hat so many more years than they their bonnets; and who assures them that his only desire was, not to dictate, but kindly to suggest. Upon the subject of Manners it is very pleasant to speak, because everybody admires good manners, at least everyone who respects either another or himself.

We just remark at the outset, that on this matter people are divided into three classes: those who have *good* manners; those who have *bad* manners; and those who have *no manners at all*. Perhaps our readers may be a little surprised when we tell them that *good manners*, like *truth*, are the same in all who cultivate them. Whether it is a peeress or a peasant, who will be at no pains to avoid offending other people, nor study to please anyone besides herself, she is an ill-behaved person. The one may excuse herself on the ground of high rank, and that it is not worth her while to be polite to the peasant; and the other may think she *cannot* be courteous as she is so poor, and so will not try; but they are both rude, though the peasant is the less so. The quality of good manners is just this,—the disposition to please everybody; and politeness is the exercise of such disposition towards them in the most suitable way. That's all about it. One person may have taken lessons in what they call "calisthenics;" that is, the method of walking, and turning, and bowing with elegance; another person may not have even heard of the teaching of manners; and yet they may be both equally polite in disposition. Now, it is worth while to remember that; because many obliging persons have been put to the blush just because they could not bow or walk with great ease. *Feel* kindly, and try to oblige, and you will become truly polite without much effort.

Some servants have *sets* of manners, just as they have suits of clothes. They have one set for the master, another for the mistress, another for the children, in the presence of their parents; another for the children when apart from their

parents; another for strangers; and yet another, a servants' set, to be used by the servants among one another. Now, the changing of manners, at such a rate, makes hypocrites. You put on three or four sets a day; and after a while you become such a practised changeling, that if you were quietly asked in which set of manners do you feel easiest, you would answer that they were all alike to you. Go on in this way, and, whether you unhappily cause anyone to imitate you or not, depend upon it, you will be spoken of as a *mere actress*, and will be despised accordingly. The cure for such conduct is *sincerity*. Entertain a proper respect for everybody, and you will have one manner, a respectful manner, towards all. You will not be attired in reverence, then in flattery, then in gaiety, then in defiance, next in obsequiousness; you will not speak roughly to one, smoothly to another; in loud tones to this humble soul, and then in soft words to your superior. A brawling woman is detestable.

A vulgar pride hinders good manners. Some servants refuse the proper use of "Sir," and "Ma'am," even to their employers; when they fall into any fault, which everybody does now and then, they won't ask pardon; if they break anything or lose anything, they won't confess that they are sorry. "If you please," or, "I thank you," they never use. Now our servants should be taught all these civilities, if they don't know them. The practice of good manners is in the observance of *the little*, as well as of the greater, courtesies of life: they cost very little, and are little; but altogether they are of great importance.

One day, a gentleman, walking along Market-street, Manchester, passed the entrance of an alley at the moment a big boy ran through into the street. Of course he ran with great force against the gentleman. The boy just grunted out, "*Hugh!*" and thus showed that he thought of nobody but himself: he was rude. Another day, the same gentleman was going along Whitechapel, London, when he was run upon in a similar way by another boy. This boy turned and said, "I beg pardon, Sir;" and so showed true politeness. It is in kindness and self-denial that good manners take root. Self-indulgence in staring, gaping, listening, lounging, is very vulgar: so is loud talking.

It is with good manners, as it is with an agreeable expression of the countenance; there may be little beauty of form, but wonderful charm in the happy play of the features of the face. Good manners are always becoming; they clothe our persons with propriety and grace; they command respect; they make friends, and disarm enemies. Good manners raise comfort everywhere; our food is sweeter, our companionship is happier, our toils and our trials lighter by politeness. People *look* comelier for them. You may spoil the look of almost anything, and you might as well improve its appearance. Some servants never stand up, but they stick out both elbows at once, while others allow their arms to hang down at ease. One will *sit* all abroad, in anything but a graceful posture; whilst another will gather herself up within something like reasonable limits. One will stride instead of walking; another will walk instead of striding. One will reply and reply again, resolved to have the last word; another will be content with stating her opinion once. These familiar instances may be multiplied by the reader at pleasure; as points where she may detect the difference between good manners and bad.

Politeness goes a long way in the recommendation of a servant; it civilizes and polishes the behaviour of the lower parts of a household; it greatly improves the little folks; and it never fails to heighten and command the respect of the united head of the family.

P. H.

The Monitor.

"I DANCED MY CONVICTIONS AWAY."

What probability is there of serious impressions being retained for any length of time by those who frequent the giddy dancing-school, the ball-room, the theatre,

or other godless places of amusement? The practice of attending upon such places is generally formed, and the taste for them acquired, while under the eye of the parent; and a judicious exercise of authority will generally suffice to turn the mind to more wholesome and legitimate sources of entertainment. Many a one who has fallen a victim to parental indifference, has bitterly lamented that he was not more carefully guarded on this point; and in some instances, perhaps in many, dying souls have attributed their perdition to the mistaken kindness which indulged their youthful follies. Says a venerable Minister: "I was called, in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young mother, whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish, deep, hopeless anguish, was riveted on her countenance. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was, 'I have no objection; but prayers will be of no avail now: it is too late, too late; I must die. I am lost! lost for ever.' I prayed earnestly with her; but her hard heart was untouched: there was in it no fountain of love to its Maker, and it was 'too late.' She had been, at a very early period of life, seriously impressed. 'But,' said she, 'my mother sent me to the dancing-school, and I danced all my convictions away.' As she lived so did she die, without Christ in the world."

It may seem a trifling matter to allow a child *for once* to mingle in the society of the wicked and profane, or to visit scenes of unchristian amusements; but let the parent reflect that it is more difficult to prevent the second step than the first, and that the child whose principles are not yet matured, and whose impulses have not yet been modified by experience, will quickly acquire those habits which may yet master him, body and soul, and ruin his prospects for eternity.

"The clay is moist and soft: now, now make haste;
And form the pitcher, for the wheel turns fast."

And "the pitcher, once formed, may be more easily broken than altered."

IN WHAT DO YOU TRUST.

In what do you trust, asks Mr. Ryle, for the pardon of your sins and the salvation of your soul? I suppose you trust in something. You are not a heathen. You live in a Christian land. Now, in what do you trust?

Do you trust in *sacraments and ordinances*, and rest in them? They cannot supply you with forgiveness, however diligently you may use them. By sacraments faith is confirmed and grace increased in all who rightly use them. But they cannot justify the sinner. They cannot put away transgression. You may go to church regularly, and yet never go to heaven. You may go to the Lord's table every Sabbath in your life; but unless you look far beyond the sign to the thing signified, you will after all die in your sins.

Will you trust in your own *works and endeavours*, your virtues and your good deeds, your prayers and your alms? They will never buy for you an entrance into heaven. They will never pay your debt to God. They are all imperfect in themselves, and only increase your guilt. "When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you," says the Lord Jesus, "say, We are unprofitable servants." (Luke xvii. 10.)

Will you trust in your own *repentance and amendments?* "You are very sorry for the past. You hope to do better for time to come. You hope God will be merciful." Alas! if you lean on this, you have nothing beneath you but a broken reed. The Judges do not pardon the thief because he is sorry for what he did. To-day's sorrow will not wipe off the score of yesterday's sins.

Reader, you must put your whole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the atonement He made for sinners on the cross. In Him is pardon. Out of Him there is none. Remember this. It is the very pith and marrow of Bible-religion. PUT YOUR WHOLE TRUST IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In Dr. Johnson's opinion, "a woman was well dressed, when, after seeing her, one could not remember what she had on."

If charity doesn't keep her eyes open as well as her hands, she is quite as likely to do harm as good.

Anecdotes.

THE DEBT IS PAID.

Many persons who say they want to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, find it difficult to understand in what way His sacrifice saves them, and so they get no comfort from it. The following true story of a poor woman who felt this difficulty may be helpful to others, in showing them how this great blessing is received. The Lord grant that it may be so!

Her name was Betty, and, as I said, she was poor, very poor; and besides this, so ill as to be confined to her bed. Sickness alone is no light trouble, nor is poverty; but when both come together, they do in truth make a heavy burden. Yet Betty had a heavier burden still; a burden of doubt and fear about the safety of her soul. She had heard over and over again about the death and merits of our blessed Saviour, and about believing in Him; but she could not understand it, and her soul was sorrowful with the thought of being far off from God, and unable to find the way to Him.

Mrs. ——, a lady who was in the habit of visiting Betty, tried again and again to explain to her the wonderful truth that Christ had atoned for sin upon the cross; that He had paid our debt, and that we, being justified by faith in Him, may have peace with God. But, put it in what way she would, her poor friend could never take hold of it; and so, without finding any comfort for her soul, poor Betty grew worse and worse in body, till at length she lay at the point of death.

At last, one day, when Mrs. —— called, she found poor Betty in the deepest possible distress. She had drawn the clothes over her face, and was sobbing as if her heart would break, so that the very bed shook under her.

"Dear Betty," said Mrs. ——, "what is the matter? what makes you so wretched to-day?"

"O, Ma'am, they're coming to distrain for the rent, and to take my bed from under me; and I shall die! I shall die!"

Her anguish was so great that all that her friend could say gave her no comfort. How could it? For she had not a farthing; and the debt must be paid, or the bed would be taken from under her.

While Mrs. —— was trying to comfort her, a harsh knock at the door below was heard, which threw the poor creature into a fresh fit of anguish. Throwing the clothes over her head, she cried out,—

"O, they're come; they're come!"

Greatly moved at the sight of her poor friend's distress, Mrs. —— slipped quietly down stairs, and found that, sure enough, two men were come to take the goods.

"Well, now," she said, when they had told their business, "you know the poor thing can't possibly pay the rent."

"Well, Ma'am, we can't help that. If she can't pay the rent, we must take her bed."

"But it would be dreadfully cruel! The poor thing will die. Indeed, she's almost dying this moment."

"Well, Ma'am, that's not our business! We must have the money or the goods."

"Then, just tell me, what is the sum you claim?"

"Why, 'tis 13*s.* 6*d.* rent, and 2*s.* expenses."

"Here, then," taking out her purse, "here is a sovereign. Give me the change, and write a receipt."

They did so; and on receiving the receipt, Mrs. —— laid it between the leaves of her Bible, which she held in her hand, and went up stairs to relieve poor Betty's mind about the bed; little thinking that her act of kindness was going to be used by the Spirit of God as a means of a better blessing to the poor woman's troubled soul.

She found her in an agony, expecting every moment that the men would come up, drag her to the floor, and take away the bed to satisfy the rent.

She sat down beside her, and gently whispered, "Betty, don't trouble yourself."

"But, Ma'am, I *must* trouble; for I shall die."

She whispered again, "But the debt is paid, Betty."

The poor creature drew down the

clothes from her face, and looked up amazed. She could hardly believe her own ears.

Again Mrs. —— repeated the delightful words, "I assure you, Betty, you need not trouble yourself about the debt; for I've paid it;" and, opening the Bible, she showed the receipt, saying, "Why, Betty, here is the receipt for the money. Just read it for yourself, and be satisfied."

The poor woman spelled it out as well as she could, and then gazed at it with a strangely earnest look; as if some new and wonderful thoughts were working in her mind. At last, her face brightening, she threw up her hands and exclaimed,—

"Ah! I see it now, Ma'am; I see it now! and thank you a thousand times, and more than that. I see now all the meaning of what you've so often tried to teach me. I do see it now; I do see it. HE HAS PAID THE DEBT. I'm delivered, and I can die happy!"

And so it was: when death came, she sank back gently on her pillow, and breathed forth her happy spirit into the hands of Him who paid her debt.

And now, reader, do *you* see it? Do you receive and own Christ as your Saviour? Do you believe He has paid *your* debt; and that *your* debt having been paid by Him, you have not to pay it again? If, on the contrary, you fear your debt is not paid, and think of paying it yourself by your own good deeds and doings, you are in reality rejecting Christ, and seeking to get to heaven independently of Him. Ah! proud man, the Lord deliver thee from such delusion! for assuredly, none of the base coin of thine own polluted deeds will ever be received into the treasury of heaven as the payment of thy great sin-debt.

AN ATHEIST'S CONFESSION.

AT the Fulton-street prayer-meeting in Philadelphia, says an United States' paper, a tall, intellectual-looking man rose, and said that, one year ago, he was at the meeting for the first time. He came out of mere curiosity. He came in an infidel of no common order. He was an atheist. He was made an atheist by science falsely so called. He was perfectly satisfied with his belief. He supposed he had good reason for denying the existence of a God. He witnessed and felt here a power which he was compelled to acknowledge was Divine. He came again and again, and was a silent spectator of the things which were done and said here in the work of this prayer-meeting. He looked around on the faces of these business-men; and he said to himself, "No human agency could bring these men here; no fanaticism could do it. It would have died out as a meeting long ago, if held together only by mere human influence or human contrivance." So he had to admit that there was a Mind above all these minds, moving them to prayer; and that must be God. "It came to my heart with all the force of the most unquestionable and absolute evidence. When once it was established in my mind that there is a God, it was easy to admit that He must have a plan of government; that He must have a mode of revelation that must make known His will. So the Bible was admitted, and all its claims. When that was done, I had," said he, "no peace. All the calm of my former security was broken up. I had to admit, that if the Bible was true, then I was a sinner. I needed just such a Saviour as Jesus Christ. I hailed Him as He was offered in the Gospel in all His offices as mine. I embraced Him with all my heart. One year ago I was here an atheist: to-day I am here to confess to you my attachment to Christ, as my Lord and my God. What a change! All my hopes, prospects, purposes in life—all changed." Then he appealed to the meeting to pray for his unconverted parents. They knew nothing of the love of Jesus. They were without hope, and without God in the world. He cited many of the acts of Christ in healing the sick on the faith of those who brought them to Him, as proofs that his father and mother might be converted, in answer to the prayer exercised here. We must pray believing, nothing doubting.

WANDERING THOUGHTS IN PRAYER.

THERE is a story, how that one offered to give his horse to his fellow, upon

condition that he would say the "Lord's Prayer," and think upon nothing but God. The proffer was accepted, and he began: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,"—"*but I must have the bridle, too*," said he. "No, nor the *horse* neither," said the other; "for thou hast lost both already." And thus it is that too many men and women, in their both private and public addresses unto God by prayer, are by the suggestions of Satan walking with St. Hierom in the galleries of Rome, having their hearts roving after pleasures of sin, their thoughts taking up with the things of this world, and their whole man set upon vanity; whereas they should rather mind that which they are about, keep close to God, and be so watchful and intentive over their souls, that their hearts and tongues may go comfortably together. For the outward work only, is but like the loathsome smoke of Sodom; whereas the inward devotion of the heart is not unfitly compared to the pleasant perfume of the sweetest frankincense.—*John Spencer's Things New and Old.* 1658.

The Portfolio.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "QUAKER."

The origin of the word "Quakers" is thus given in a recently-published Life of George Fox:—

It was about the time of George Fox's committal to the Derby House of Correction that he and his followers began to be designated by the term "Quakers." Gervase Bennett, one of the Magistrates that committed him, was admonished by him to quake at the name of the Lord, when Bennett replied that George Fox and his followers might rather quake at the civil authorities; a repartee which, going abroad among the multitude, occasioned Fox and his adherents to be called contemptuously "Quakers." It cannot but be thought wonderful that a young man of five-and-twenty, of no learning, except in texts of Scripture, and a little sound sense, should have been able to attract sufficient followers to form the foundation of a sect under any title.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mr. Joseph Kingwill was born at Stoke-under-ham, in Somersetshire, February 13th, 1783. His father was brought to the knowledge of "the truth, as it is in Jesus," under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Christopher Hull, (who, though educated in Lady Huntingdon's College, preached with great earnestness and success an Arminian theology,) and sought the communion of saints in the Wesleyan section of the church; and as a Class-Leader, and a Local Preacher, endeavoured to serve his generation by the will of God. Honourable mention is made of him in the "Methodist Magazine" for 1828. Mr. Kingwill's mother was truly converted before she was seventeen years of age, and was called to suffer severe persecution, for Christ's sake, before her marriage. Her mistaken father frequently threatened to drive her from under the parental roof, if she persisted in her new and strange religious notions in connexion with the Methodists; but she continued to avow her discipleship to Christ, held on her way, keeping clean hands, and growing stronger and stronger in grace. This excellent Christian woman died when the subject of this sketch was only nine years old; and besides him she left six daughters, all younger than their brother Joseph. Religious instruction, combined with pious example and parental care, were so far honoured, as to preserve Joseph from gross sins during his youth and rising manhood; and frequently, when under the smarting power of a guilty conscience, he would confess his sins to God, and pray for pardon; but the day of decision was postponed until he was thirty years of age. He was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, in Bridport; and through-

out his apprenticeship felt the restraining sense of the Divine presence, although he made no profession of religion. He was much ridiculed by his fellow-workmen, as being righteous over much. Happily for him, he did not consent to the enticements of sinners, nor did the evil example by which he was surrounded subvert the better principles taught him by his saintly father, and by his mother now enjoying her reward in heaven. In 1804 he married; and in 1805 he removed from Bridport to Ilminster, afterwards to Allington, from thence to Jersey, and in 1812 to Southampton. Shortly after he was located in the latter town, he was invited by a pious neighbour to attend a Wesleyan class-meeting. The quarterly tickets were to be renewed by the Rev. Joseph Walker. Mr. Kingwill spoke frankly of the convictions he felt,—of his having prayed earnestly to God, and added, that he could not understand why he did not receive the blessings of pardon and peace; when the Minister replied, "You have missed your way in praying now, and expecting the blessing at a future time." Mr. K. saw and felt the force of this pointed remark; and from that time he sought earnestly, and looked for, a present salvation. Nor did he look in vain. On Sunday, June 21st, 1813, while going up East-street, feeling deeply, and praying earnestly, as he reached All Saints' church, his soul was set at liberty, and he received conscious pardon through faith in the atonement. He longed for the next class-meeting to come, to tell the joyful news of what God had done for his soul. In due time he was appointed to be the Leader of a class; and in this office he continued so long as health and strength would permit him to attend. His judicious counsels greatly edified those who were associated with him in class, as he evinced great care and judgment in advising them according to their respective states of mind and circumstances. For many years he was a Local Preacher. His sermons were carefully prepared, and, although clothed in homely phrase, were characterized by thought, order, and original views of spiritual truth. He was never known to miss an appointment, so that the people, in every part of the Circuit, had confidence that he would punctually fulfil all his engagements. Through the greater part of a long life he had heavy trials and afflictions; but he endured chastening as a child of God, knowing that "the Lord doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," but that it may be for their good. The tide of circumstances was nearly always against him, and sometimes threatened to overwhelm him. Most industriously did he breast the waves, and the Lord saved him from sinking. He was always anxious that he might be preserved from dishonouring the Christian name, and that no one might suffer by him in business. Mr. Kingwill cordially believed the Wesleyan doctrines to be scriptural, and heartily approved of our discipline; and in no part of his lengthened days and trials did he ever waver in his attachment either to the one or to the other. He took great interest in everything that affected Methodism, both at home and abroad. To himself as well as his friends it became evident that his end was drawing near. He was brought to feebleness extreme, but could say, "Once I was young, now I am old; but I never knew the righteous forsaken." He retained his consciousness to the last moments of life. His last words were, "O, the converting grace of God! What should I do now, were it not for the converting grace of God?" Having borne this testimony to the power of saving grace, in about five minutes after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, on Friday, the 20th August, 1858, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

"Blest be His grace, who lit the torch of hope
For our benighted world; whose living truth
Disclosed and seal'd a heaven of holy bliss;
And bade his brethren wait that happy day
Within his 'Father's house;' where saints convoked
Rejoice with the immortal that rejoice;
There in each other's glowing eyes to read
Undying life, and all the fathomless cup
Of circling immortalities to share."

M. J.

W. T. & J. ROCHE, PRINTERS, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

In the district of Lebanon, in Syria, some miles to the north-east of the city of Sidon, the mountain of Jôon, separated by "wadies" from surrounding hills, lifts up its conical form. About twenty years ago, a castellated-looking building, of most singular history and associations, might be seen on its summit. Dahr Jôon (for such was the name of the mansion) had been built by Joseph Seweyah, a Christian merchant of Damascus; and was for many years the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, of romantic notoriety. Her Ladyship enlarged the original house by twenty or thirty rooms; and planted a garden in connexion with it, tastefully laid out with trellised arbours, shaded alleys, and serpentine walks. With the exception of this pleasant enclosure of trees, and shrubs, and flowers, reclaimed from the wilderness, there was nothing to relieve the wild and savage scenery which surrounded the mountain-home of this eccentric English peeress.

Lady Hester, daughter of Lord Stanhope, prided herself in being the niece of the celebrated William Pitt, and granddaughter of the great Earl of Chatham. In early life she went to live with her uncle; and, as he was unmarried, she was placed at the head of his domestic establishment. Mr. Pitt admitted her to many of his counsels, so that when presiding at his table she was quite capable of discussing politics, home or continental, with the great statesmen who gathered from time to time

around his board. Reciprocally, the uncle was called to the counsels of the niece on matters more particularly interesting to her sex; and the great Prime-Minister of England, the framer of European alliances against the ambition of Napoleon, might be sometimes found giving advice to his witty and beautiful kinswoman on the arrangement of her curls, and the disposition of her drapery, preparatory to a great entertainment. Another illustrious name in English history, in addition to Pitt's, is associated with that of Lady Hester Stanhope. She was engaged to be married to Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. One of the last expressions of the dying warrior, as they bore him

"From the field of his fame fresh and gory,"

was the request to the Hon. Captain Stanhope, who stood beside him, "Remember me to your sister!"

After the death of Pitt she received, at his dying request, a government pension of £1,500 a year. For a short time she resided in Montague-square; but for economic reasons she broke up her London establishment, and retired to Wales. In 1810 she set out on her travels to the East, and after a time took up her residence at an old monastic house about two miles from Sidon. One day while riding out she discovered Dahr Jôon; its wild and bold situation harmonized with her singularly-constituted mind, and she procured the place, at a rent of £20 a year. In this elevated home, like an eagle in its mountain-eyry, surrounded by scenery savage to desolation, (save where, in the deep "wadies," a vineyard here, and a olive-orchard there, lie half-hidden from the view,) Lady Hester Stanhope continued to reside to the day of her death. She assumed the dress of an Emeer, turban, weapons and all. At one time she might be seen with some favoured visiter sitting in her saloon, sipping coffee, or smoking from a pipe, with lengthened stem and capacious bowl, *à la Turque*. At another time she might be found riding out at the head of a wild retinue of Arab guards. Trained in the school of Pitt, she interfered much in the petty politics of Syria. Once familiar with the intrigues of European Courts and Cabinets, she could not resist the temptation of employing spies in Oriental cities, and of plotting with Pachas, Ameers, and Sheiks. All of them feared her; whilst some of them were completely intimidated by one so weird and influential, and who, to their imaginations, added the preternatural powers of an Eastern sorceress, to the intelligence, education, and wealth of an English peeress! Not one of them was feared by her in return; but, on the contrary, she was bold as a lioness in a country inefficiently governed; and which, in her day, as more recently, has been the scene of sanguinary feuds between Maronites and Druses.

Lady Hester's reputation for necromancy was not without foundation. She was a believer in demonology, studied astrology, practised alchemy and magic, and dealt in nativities and second-sight. No wonder that this strange lady of the hills, self-exiled from her own happy country, dwelling in rude independence amongst her motley retainers, communing with

the stars which beam nightly above the lonely mountains of Lebanon, should excite the wonder of the English, and inspire awe amongst the superstitious tribes of Syria!

Her alleged motive for living abroad was to save expense, as her income was not large. The expenses of her establishment, and the losses to which she was subject through the dishonesty of her unprincipled native servants, were such as to involve her seriously in debt. This was further increased by the usuries of money-lenders. In this way she was exposed to humiliations most painful to her haughty spirit. To evade the obligations she could not meet, this lady, whose frequent boast was that she inherited the blood and the principles of a Pitt, had recourse to mean and discreditable artifices. At length her creditors applied to the Foreign Office, and Colonel Campbell, the Consul-General for Egypt and Syria, received instructions from Lord Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to inform her Ladyship that a part of her pension must be stopped for the reduction of her debts. At this she was infuriated, and wrote indignant letters to Peers and Members of Parliament, to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and even to the Queen. Her letter to Her Majesty was most unbecoming and disrespectful. Complaining bitterly of what she deemed ill-usage in the threatened stoppage of her pension, she said to her Sovereign, amongst other things: "I shall resign it for the payment of my debts, and with it the name of English subject!" She felt great resentment towards Lord Palmerston for making her private affairs the subject of consular correspondence and interference. "I wonder," said she, in a conversation with her physician, in a sarcastic tone, "if Lord Palmerston is the man I recollect,—a young man just come from college, waiting to be introduced to Mr. Pitt. Is he not an Irishman?"

In the month of June, 1839, Lady Hester Stanhope died in her mountain-nest, far from her native country, with not a solitary European near her, surrounded by ignorant native servants, unfeeling and rapacious, waiting anxiously for her last breath, that they might enrich themselves with such of her valuables as they could most easily and safely appropriate! Once before, when she was supposed to be dying, she heard her servants breaking open her chests, in search of plunder; and, upon her recovery, she took ample revenge. Of this she was quite capable. Her servants feared, but did not love her; for, imperious and tyrannical, she ruled them with a rod of iron.

She was buried in her own garden, at midnight. The body was placed in a deal box, and was borne to the grave by the light of torches and lanterns. At the request of Mr. Moore, the British Consul at Beyrout, the ceremony was performed by Dr. W. M. Thomson, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and author of "The Land and the Book." He was not a little shocked, upon arriving at the grave, to find the skeleton of a French General, (who some years before had died on the premises,) with a lighted taper stuck in either eye-socket! Nothing could be more impressive than that strange and dismal scene. The loneliness

of the mountain, the solemnity of the midnight hour, the picturesque attire of the mourners, the flaming of the torches, the high rank, strange character, and singular history of the deceased, are all well calculated to affect the imagination. No wonder that Dr. Thomson should have found some difficulty, under the novel circumstances, in proceeding with the service.

No person succeeded Lady Stanhope in the tenancy of Dahr Jôon. At the death of her landlord, Joseph Seweyah, the property was inherited by his son. The latter apostatized from Christianity, and turned Moslem, and soon after hung himself. His Moslem widow, fearing, in her ignorance, that the Christians would dispossess her of the property, pulled down the buildings, and sold the materials to the people of the neighbouring village of Jôon. Those who have since visited the place describe it as utterly desolate. Even the stones of the vault, where sleep the ashes of the once proud and eccentric peeress, are broken and displaced. The grave of Sir John Moore, to whom she was betrothed, and whose obsequies, like her own, were performed by torch-light, has its monumental inscription beautiful in its simplicity;* although the brave soldiers who laid him hurriedly in his uncoffined grave could say,—

> "We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
> But left him alone with his glory!"

At the solitary sepulchre on the summit of Jôon, not a word in any language is inscribed by friend or foe, to tell the traveller where lies the dust of the brilliant and erratic niece of Pitt!

Lady Hester Stanhope was not a happy woman. How could she be otherwise than unhappy, destitute of true religion, and proud, petulant, misanthropic, and occasionally revengeful? She professed to believe in the Bible; but, it is to be feared, she was ignorant of its great saving truths. "I know my own imperfections, and my own merits," said she on one occasion, to her doctor; "and I hope, by rendering myself pure in thought and deed, to become acceptable to God." Alas! for those who, holding this creed of self-salvation, neglect the great atonement which Christ has made for sinners! Indeed, her Christianity was as queer as herself, and contained an odd admixture of Jewish opinions and Mohammedan customs. She expected some sort of a Messiah who was to inaugurate a kind of millennium. At his coming she believed she was to ride with him into Jerusalem upon a favourite horse, in whose stable she kept a lamp constantly burning, and whom she fed with the choicest delicacies.

Reader, be thankful if your imagination is kept in control by your reason; be thankful if you are saved from whimsicalities, oddities, and eccentricities; but, above all, be thankful if God has given you right and

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* "John Moore,
Leader of the English Armies,
Slain in Battle, 1809."

saving views of truth! Better be thus circumstanced, as the humble occupant of a peasant's cottage, than have poor Lady Hester Stanhope's rank and talents with those other qualities and habits which made her the wonder and riddle of the age!

T. M'C.

JOY IN THE LORD.

To be joyful in the Lord is placed before us in His word as a privilege, as the common privilege of all Christians. Not only so, but it is enjoined as an imperative duty. We are required to be happy and joyous, just as we are required to be patient and submissive. And there is nothing strange in this, when we remember that "joy in the Holy Ghost" is one of the essential elements of the kingdom that is within the renewed heart. Love and joy are no less fruits of the Spirit than meekness, goodness, and faith. We are to rejoice not only in times of prosperity, when we have all things and abound, but "in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses;" to "*rejoice evermore;*" and the obligation to do this rests on the same authority that requires us to "be sober, and watch unto prayer." It can hardly be necessary to quote texts in support of this position. The Old and the New Testament, Prophets and Apostles, perfectly agree in representing the good and pious man as being happy. The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and the path of the just is as the "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The redeemed of the Lord are to come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Believers are not to wander in the wilderness, weary and faint, seeking rest, and finding none. The promise is, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." There can be no doubt that it is the will of God that the children of Zion should be joyful in their King. And it becomes all Christians to nourish this holy affection in their souls till they are enabled habitually to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

They are to do this *first for their own sakes.* Joy in the Lord is a means of grace to the believer. We are not ignorant of the fact that a class of religious writers speak of the advantages of the "wilderness state." They insist that it is profitable for Christians to pass a considerable part of their time in heaviness through manifold temptations, if not in darkness and despondency through the deceitfulness of sin. They say that it is good for the soul to be cast down and tossed about, as it is by such a discipline that we are brought to yearn for our heavenly rest. The loss of the consolations of grace, and painful uncertainties as to our spiritual state, are represented as tending to humility and holiness. These views, largely insisted upon as they are by the mystics, find no support from the word of God. On the contrary, "we are saved by hope," and "the joy of the Lord is our strength." The full assurance of faith, and fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, are essential to the best development of the Christian

character. An atmosphere of light and peace, of love and joy, is the very one in which the Christian graces thrive and come to rich and beautiful maturity.

Plants and flowers may be kept alive in the darkened room or cellar, but fresh air and sunshine are indispensable to their perfection. And the "fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ" is promised to those who walk in the light, and abide in Him in whom is no darkness at all. The Christian may not rejoice in an exemption from the common afflictions of life. He is a man of like passions with others, and the grace that purifies his heart makes him peculiarly susceptible to suffering. But in the day of adversity, when earthly comforts fail, and he is most desolate and broken-hearted, he may find a sweet and solemn joy in communion with God. Paul on a certain occasion describes himself as being "sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing;" and the Prophet, under the influence of a resolute and heroic faith, said, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation."

But, for the sake of others, not less than for their own, should believers cultivate a joyful trust in the Lord. A gloomy and desponding Christian misrepresents the Gospel, and disparages the way of truth. Those who have received the glad tidings, and in whom grace "effectually worketh," are described in the word of God as a saved and happy people. They are to worship the Lord in the "beauty of holiness," to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, and "shine as lights in the world." The promise to such is, that they shall find rest in Christ, and that their hearts shall be kept in "perfect peace" amid all the commotions of life. They may be buffeted by Satan, and suffer through the "thorn in the flesh;" but they are kept by the power of God, and consoled by the assurance that all things work together for their good. Their afflictions, in the estimation of a Christian faith, are "light,"—"but for a moment,"—and "not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed" in them. And the world has a right to expect of those who are sustained by such a hope, that they will bear up with cheerful fortitude against the ills of life. But when a Christian, instead of doing this, succumbs to misfortune, and sinks into despondency, he gives his enemies occasion to taunt him with the question, "Where now is thy God?" It may be well enough for Pharisees and hypocrites to be of a sad countenance, and to disfigure their faces; the believer is to wash his face, anoint his head, and eat his bread with joy. The comforts of the Lord, delighting his soul, should render his whole life beautiful and attractive. Commendations of the way of truth by grim and gloomy Christians do harm rather than good. Perhaps some harm has been done by publishing to the world the private journals of morbid and melancholy Christians. If the life of a good man has been marred by such an infirmity, let it be buried as quietly as possible along with his other faults. A Christian has no right to be forlorn and

wretched; and he cannot be so without wronging himself, and inflicting an injury on others. But this joy in the Lord is indispensable to the Christian as a preparation for the personal efforts it is his duty to make for the salvation of souls. And these individual efforts are just what the church and the world now most need. We need devout men and holy women, not a few, to engage in this work. And the constraining love of Christ is the one great qualification for those who would save souls. The love of God, shed abroad in the heart, enables them to say with holy boldness, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." The hiding of God's power is with the men who have this heavenly anointing. When from warm and glad hearts they declare what great things God has done for their souls, the Lord is with them, and none of their words fall to the ground. The anxious, restless souls who are inquiring, "Who will show us any good?" listen to this testimony, and believe.

In all our congregations there are men who are to be influenced, not by arguments or learned prelections, but by the simple, heartfelt testimony of those who have been with Jesus, and tasted that the Lord is gracious. In view of the interests of the souls who are perishing, it becomes us to pray for the hastening of the time when all Christians shall have "an unction from the holy One;" so that they cannot but speak of the consolation in Christ and the comfort of love with which their hearts are filled. When that day comes, Zion will put on her beautiful garments, and hear the voice of the Master, saying, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

A HEALTHY SOUL.

THERE is physical health, and spiritual health; the health of the body, and the health of the soul. Many individuals are deprived of the former, but more are destitute of the latter. There are more healthy bodies in the land, numerous as are those persons who complain of ill-health, than there are healthy souls. What are the characteristics of a healthy soul?

Such a soul has in it a principle of Divine life.

Men are naturally "dead in trespasses and sins;" and not until they come penitently and in faith to Jesus Christ, who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," do they have any spiritual life. Until then, they are spiritually dead; there is no Divine life in them. As soon, however, as they heartily embrace Christ as their Prophet, Priest, and King, and are vitally united to Him, they are quickened, made alive, and a new principle of Divine life is introduced into their souls. They pass from death unto life; they are alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. And as there can be no health where there is no life, the healthy soul is thus alive. The life of God is within it as a vital, saving principle.

It has a relish for Divine things.

A healthy body requires food. It not only needs it, but demands it, and finds gratification in it. The healthy soul, likewise, craves appropriate nourishment, and finds such nourishment in spiritual food. It desires "the sincere milk of the word," and those supplies which are obtained at the mercy-seat, and which the Sabbath, the sanctuary, and religious conversation bring. It cannot dispense with these, and it takes delight in them; it has a keen relish for them.

It grows in grace.

The body of a healthy child grows until it reaches the full stature of a perfect man. And the healthy soul grows. The principle of Divine life within it becomes more and more vigorous, and the developments of this life are more and more marked and decided. All the Christian virtues and graces are in a continually thriving state. "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, it thinks on these things," and does them.

Learn, hence, reader, whether you have a healthy soul. You think it quite important that you have a healthy body; but it is much more important that you have a healthy soul. The body which you so care for, and cherish, is a frail body, and will soon fall to pieces, and mingle with the clods of the valley: but the soul has to do with the unnumbered ages of that eternity which is future; and during that long period will be happy or miserable, as it now has, or has not within it, the life of God.

THE HEART IN THE FACE.

It is truly remarkable that so much of the heart may be read in the face, that it is quite easy to tell whether a man is joyous or sad, pleasant or angry. It is not always necessary for him to say exactly how he feels, since his true feelings are expressed in his countenance, which usually tells the truth. His words may be false, and he may say what is untrue; but this index of the heart in the face tells no lies. This was all the evidence that Jacob had of his uncle Laban's ill-will towards him. His uncle had not uttered a word of censure or animosity, but he *looked* as if he felt unkindly. "I see," said Jacob to Rachel and Leah, "your father's countenance, that it is not toward me as before." *Looks*, not words, convinced him that Laban cherished hard feelings towards him. He wanted no better proof than this; it was enough.

It is a fact that we judge more of men's dispositions by their *looks*, than we do by their words. If we meet a stranger, we look into his face, and make some inference very soon about his character. It is said that "actions speak louder than words;" and it is just as true that *looks* speak louder than words. The language of *looks* is so explicit, that even the little child can read it. The babe in his mother's arms knows the difference between a smile and a frown. The former awakens a smile on

his little face, while the latter extorts a cry of fear. He makes no mistake here. He cannot understand the language that he hears,—it is all an unknown tongue to him; but the looks he is able to interpret. The first book that a babe studies is his mother's face. Each smile is a lesson, and so is each shade that passes over her brow. Every day is a new leaf turned, with old lessons reviewed, and new ones learned; and, finally, the child so well understands the maternal heart which is carried in the face, that he nestles to it as he will to no other heart.

How is it in the family? Does not the parent know just how each child feels in the morning by a glance at the countenance? How invariably a happy heart sparkles out through the eye, and beams in every lineament of the face! But that scowl on the brow! what is the import of that? Every parent knows full well its meaning; and he must tread softly, or he will inflame passions that are now surging the heart. That cloud is a signal which the heart hangs out, a sort of defiant flag that a rebellious spirit flings to the breeze, in its recklessness.

The Christian graces, too, often leave lines of light in the countenance. Meekness, humility, who has not traced these and kindred virtues in the face of the devoted saint? Eminent spirituality seldom fails to reveal itself in this way. He who is frequently in communion with heaven, and sincerely so, carries another countenance with him into the world than he otherwise would if he held no such intercourse. How true, then, that the "countenance is a tell-tale!" It tells what the heart is.

WHO RULES THE WORLD?

For anything I see, there might as well be no God, as a God who should not know and see and care how things go on in the world. The idols of the heathen are of that sort, and they are nothing. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not know?" Our God never slumbers, nor sleeps, nor goes on a journey. He is ever awake, and His ear is open to the cry of His people. He never grows weary. He is never sick. He fainteth not. His eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He is not like "the ostrich which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them." But He is like the hen, that gathereth her chickens under her wings, and keeps them dry, and warm, and safe. The Lord God is a Sun and a Shield. He rules this world. He rules all things and all worlds. The Bible says so: "His kingdom ruleth over all."

He rules each thing. He numbers the very hairs of our heads. He takes care of little insects, and fishes, and birds. Not a sparrow falleth without His notice. He calls all the stars by their names, and there are known to be more than five hundred millions of them. He spreads the clouds in the heaven. He is the Father of the rain. He makes the grass to grow upon the mountains. "He clothes grass." He gives food to the beasts and to the young ravens. He gives snow like wool. He scatters the hoar-frost like ashes. Who can stand before his cold? He hunts the

prey for the lion. He sends out the wild ass free. He gives the goodly plumage to the peacock. He gives to the horse his strength. He shuts up the sea with doors, so that it breaks not forth. He enters into the springs of the sea. He knows the place and the bounds of light and of darkness. He gives rain and fruitful seasons, and fills men's hearts with food and gladness. Angels, men, sun, moon, stars, the heavens, the waters above us, the waters beneath us, dragons, fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy winds, mountains, hills, trees, beasts, cattle, creeping things, flying fowl, kings, all people, young men and maidens, old men and children, lightning and earthquakes, war and peace, disease and death, and heaven and hell, are all ruled by God. He never lets anything go out of His reach, or beyond His grasp. He holds the wind in His fists. So that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the prudent, nor favour to men of skill; but God lifts up and puts down whom He will. He causes men to rise or fall, to be rich or poor, to be strong or weak, to gain or lose. The side God is on always succeeds, always conquers. So that a horse is a vain thing for safety, and a host is no defence, and God has no pleasure in the legs of a man.

God rules even chance. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." To us there is much chance. "Time and chance happeneth to all men." But to God there is no chance. All falls out by a wise plan. When God had made up His mind to take wicked Ahab out of the world, He did not send anyone to take aim at him, but "a man drew a bow at a venture, and smote him between the joints of the harness," and he died. God can save one's life, even if men do shoot at him. An Indian shot seventeen times at one man, but he did not hurt him. The Indian said the Great Spirit would not let that man be hit. When David was old, he said, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle."

Cyrus was King of Persia, and took Babylon. Long before he was born, God thus wrote to him by name: "I am the Lord, there is no God beside Me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me. I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." (Isai. xlv. 5, 7.) "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" (Amos iii. 6.) Even devils are subject unto God. Death is His servant. He holds the keys of death and of hell. He opens, and none can shut. He shuts, and none can open. "Behold, God is great."

He rules all men, great and small, good and bad. "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord." (Prov. xxi. 1.) He turns it, just as a man turns the little streams of water brought into his garden to water it. This is often done in Asia. A man makes the water run any way he pleases. Just so God turns the King's heart. "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." "Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?" So that the Prophet Jeremiah said, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." If a man hate and vex us, it is because God lets him loose upon us; for "when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." (Prov. xvi. 7.) When God planted the Jews in Canaan, He told them that all who were able must go up to the holy city three times every year to worship Him. They had wicked foes all around them. These often made war on them. But God said, "Neither

shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in the year." (Exod. xxxiv. 24.) God can cause the wicked not to wish us any harm, and yet they may be free agents. So God led Absalom and all his men to choose foolish, rather than wise, counsel. (2 Sam. xvii. 14.) When God wills, "He turns the wise men backward." (Isai. xliv. 25.) God uses the wicked as a man uses a sword, a rod, an axe, or a saw. (Psal. xvii. 13; Isai. x. 15.) He makes bad men punish themselves. (Psal. ix. 15, 16.) He lets them punish each other. (Isai. x. 5—7, 12.) He makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. He let bad men and Satan combine to put Christ to death. But life, and joy, and hope spring from that death. The death of Christ was the most dreadful blow God ever gave to Satan's power.

God rules the world in a way that is holy, wise, just, and good. His way is always better than ours. His way is perfect. We cannot help Him to rule the world. God never errs, never does wrong. He makes no mistakes.

And He alone rules. The devil is not the owner of this world. He is "the ruler of the darkness of this world;" that is, he leads men who are in darkness, and who love sin; but he cannot lead them further than God permits. Satan himself is bound with a chain. He could not touch a hair of Job's head till God gave him leave. Chance is not the ruler of this world. Chance is blind, and knows nothing, and is nothing. God alone rules the world. He is all and in all, and through all, and over all.

If these things be so, then we ought to believe them, and hold them fast. Let us never doubt that God reigns. This is a great truth. To know it will guide and help us much.

But we must not try to be wise in this matter, but by taking God's word as true, and by seeing what He does. We must not try to reason out everything. We shall get lost if we do. Those who cannot swim must not go into deep water. God's ruling the world is a deep matter. His path is in the sea. His ways are past finding out. He says, "Be still, and know that I am God."

It is a great comfort that God rules the world. I am glad of that. Are not you? If we are sick, or sad, or poor, or lose our friends, it is God who afflicts us. He says, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." Luther said, "Smite, Lord, if Thou lovest me." We need not fear any man, if God rules. Those three young Hebrews said, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods." That was a good answer. God kept them safe. The fire did not burn them. The Son of God was with them. You would do well often to read the third chapter of Daniel.

Let us put our souls, our lives, and all we care for, in the hands of God. Let us leave all with Him. He brings light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow, and good out of evil. He is too strong for all His foes to stand up against Him. He is too wise to let bad men defeat His plans. He is too good to be unkind. He is as tender as a shepherd, a father, a nurse, a mother. He spreads His wing over us by day and by night. He gives us richly all things to enjoy. Let us praise Him for the past. Let us trust Him for the time to come. He has done all things well. He will do all things well. He will guide us, and teach us, and hold us up, and keep us as the apple of His eye, if we but trust in Him. The best thing we can do is to fear, love, obey, and trust in Him.

THE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS PRINCIPLE.

Lady Fowell Buxton, in one of her letters, gives an account of a dinner at her husband's house, at which the great Hebrew millionaire was present. He sat at Lady Buxton's right hand; and his whole discourse was of money and money-making, and of the way in which he had trained his sons to preserve and expand his colossal fortune. Lady Buxton expressed the hope that he did not allow them to forget that never-ending life so soon to begin, for which also preparation must be made. "O!" replied he, "I could not allow them to think of such a thing. It would divert their minds from business. It would be fatal to their success. To get and keep a fortune is a very difficult thing, and requires all one's time and thoughts."

The remark, though a melancholy proof of an utterly worldly mind, yet contained a great truth. It turned on the same point with that declaration of Christ: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The wealthy Baron had made up his mind to serve mammon. He did not attempt nor pretend to serve God at the same time. He served mammon with his whole heart. He devoted his children, too, at this altar, and educated them to this service.

And mammon brilliantly rewarded this whole-hearted service. His wealth became so enormous, that it has been said that the monarchs of Europe could not make war without his consent. At the marriage of a niece, whom he portioned with a dowry which no king in Europe could have equalled, the supper-service was of pure gold, and the dessert was served in a set of porcelain which belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette, and for which nearly £3,000 had been given.

But it came to pass, that this rich man died; and then, of all this wealth, and splendour, and luxury what remained to him? Not one farthing. Who would wish to spend a whole life of care and toil, and throw away an eternity of happiness, for that which must be lost so soon and so utterly?

"I counsel thee," says Christ, "to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." That "gold tried in the fire" will stand unharmed and undiminished in the last fires. All else will be utterly consumed, when "the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up." The price of this "gold," this incalculable and imperishable wealth, is the heart, the whole heart. Christ asks no more; He will accept no less. "My son, give Me thine heart."

The world, as you see, and Christ, demand the same price,—the heart; the one for the decaying and transitory possessions, every farthing of which must pass from your grasp in the moment of death; the other for the "true riches," which, at death, you will go to enjoy in "everlasting habitations."

"TELLING JESUS."

"Things always seem to go smoothly with you," said a complaining disciple to Mr. F——: "I never hear you make any complaints."

"I have found out an effectual way of guarding against that fault," said Mr. F——. "One day, in reading the Bible, I came across this passage in St. Mark vi. 30: 'The Apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.' It occurred to me that, when I had any trouble, before I told anyone, I should first tell Jesus; and I found on trial that, if I told Him first, I seldom had occasion to tell anyone else. I often found the burden entirely removed while in the act of telling Him about it; and trouble which has its burden removed, is no longer trouble."

"We ought to pray for deliverance

from our trials, but Jesus needs no information respecting them; He is omniscient and omnipotent, and has no need that anything be told Him."

"That is true; yet He listened with complacency and kindness while His disciples 'told Him all things.' In His sympathizing condescension, He permits us to repeat to Him our troubles and our joys, though He knows them all. He listens to them with interest, just as a tender father listens to the narrative of his child, though it conveys no information; and he has connected great blessings with this exercise of filial confidence. It lessens sorrows, doubles joys, and increases faith. The more assiduously we cultivate this intimate intercourse with the Saviour, the greater will be our happiness, and the more rapid our progress towards heaven. If we would make it a rule to go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all the events of the day, all that we have purposed and felt, and said and done and suffered, would it not have a great influence on our conduct during the day? It certainly would; the thought that we would have to tell Jesus about it, would restrain us from many an unbecoming act. We could not wilfully indulge in sin,—in that which caused the agonies of the garden and the cross,—if we were to make our daily deeds and words the subject of our conversation with Him before committing ourselves to slumber."

"It seems to me, that for me to tell Him all my experience would be occupying His attention with trifles: I should have nothing but sin and folly to relate."

"Nothing is a trifle which tells upon our eternity, and the way to get a right view of anything is to speak of it before Him. Depend upon it, my brother, if you will go to Jesus every night, and tell Him all things that have occurred during the day, it will speedily lift you above the world; it will do much towards making the will of Christ your guiding, governing principle; it will enable you to bear your cross without repining; it will make you, in mind and temper, like Him with whom you hold this intimate communion."

O, that all Christians were in the habit of closing the day by going to Jesus, and telling Him all things that they have done and omitted to do during the day!

THE SMITH OF RAGENBACH.

It is related that, in a small village called Ragenbach in the territory of Hohenlohe, an ancient principality of Germany, about twenty years ago, the following heart-rending but heroic event took place.

One afternoon, in the early summer, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach several men and women, having assembled from the village, sat at their ease, none anticipating what would happen on that eventful day. The smith formed one of the company; a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good-natured smile upon his lips, that every one who saw him admired him. Every evil-disposed person shunned him, for the valiant smith would allow nothing wrong in his presence, and it was not advisable to have anything to do with him except in a proper manner. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge-hammers, so that few could equal his strength of body.

The brave smith sat near the door, chatting with one of his neighbours, about I know not what: all at once, the door sprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room; a great, strong, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect. His head was hanging down, and his eyes bloodshot; his red-coloured tongue hanging half-way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door,

Scarcely had the smith's neighbour, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, than he became deathly pale, sprang up, and exclaimed in terror, "The dog is mad."

Then rose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood in the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, and no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up, and shrank from the furious dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them; and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbours would be made miserable by a mad dog; and he formed his resolution. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled with an unearthly fire, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

"Back all," thundered he with his deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir; for no one can vanquish the beast but me. One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim. I will hold the brute; and whilst I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started towards the shrieking people; but he did not go far. "With God's help!" cried the smith; and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor.

O, what a terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously on every side in the most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith; but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute, until all had escaped, and were in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and, dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, fastening the door after him. Some persons shot the dog through the windows. But, O! what will become of the brave, unfortunate smith?

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, my friends; do not weep for me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me; for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop, and selected a long chain, the heaviest and firmest of his whole stock. He then, with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs, and around the anvil so firmly, that no power on earth could break it. "There," said he, "it is done," after silently and solemnly contemplating the work. "Now you are secure, and I inoffensive as long as I live. Bring me my food. The rest I leave to God: into His hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could save the brave smith; neither tears, lamentations, nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died; but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time.

THE MOTHER TAUGHT BY THE CHILD'S LESSON.

"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." (James i. 2.)

"I WONDERED what made the clock keep going so all the night, and all the day, and I went back and opened the door to see. And what do you think I found? Why, I found a great

heavy weight hung to a string, and the string was fastened to some of the little wheels up in the clock. The weight kept pulling down, and pulling down, all the time slowly, and it pulled the string down slowly, and the string made the wheels go round, and the wheels made the hands go, and some of the wheels made that noise I heard, —tick—tick—tick."

THUS read a mother to a group of little children. The sentence here quoted was the conclusion of a very pretty story about a clock. Her little auditors were intensely interested in the narrative, and received the instruction at its close with eagerness, and seemed to understand it. But there was a deeper lesson in this concluding sentence than was apparent to these young minds. She laid aside the book, and her saddened countenance assumed a serene, even joyous, expression, as she sat back in her chair to pursue her present train of meditation.

She said to herself, Thou, like a clock, art required to tick, tick, tick, uniformly in the Master's service: body, mind, and heart should be unitedly, and steadily, accomplishing His great designs,—performing the life-work He has given thee to do.

Art thou saddened, bereaved, tried in various ways? Are thy heart-strings ready to break? Go, like the child, open the clock, and look in. See, thy Saviour is winding up the weights. Thou wast standing still, or running down. Thy trials are the weights. As clocks are set going, and kept running by weights, so no character worth having was ever formed without severe trials. The greater the work to be accomplished, the greater the difficulties to be overcome. Fret not, then, at what seems so adverse, so hard to be borne. He who made thee, knows how great a weight is necessary to start thee, and keep thee going. He knows how much resistance there is in thee, and proportions the weight accordingly.

Then when trials press, and difficulties multiply, comfort thyself with the knowledge that thou hast something important to do, and God is helping thee; stimulating thee by putting on the weights. If thou dost not struggle to have them taken off, or let them run down prematurely, thou wilt, under their chastening, subduing, and uniform stimulus, develop a character of great strength and energy, moulded according to the "beauty of holiness," and thy work, however unimportant it may seem in thy sight, will, in the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, be a monument to His praise, and commend thee to Him as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

A clock may have a weight attached to it, too heavy for its machinery, and thus be stopped, instead of kept going. Unlike the clock, thy Maker will help thee to bear the heaviest weight, if thou lookest unto Him: if thou dost not, the smallest burden will be too much for thy efforts. Thou wilt be worthless. Go, then, to Him who hath said, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." He does not say in every case He will remove it. He will take hold of it with thee, and help thee to bear it; and when He touches it, the heaviest burdens will become light. In making thee bear it with Him, He will lead thee on, to greater attainments and blessedness than thou wouldst ever have reached were it not for this discipline.

"Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

"Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Bring me to the Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there."

Religion in Heart and Life.

THE VILLAGE LEADER.

In the annals of village Methodism a name should be recorded worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. "You will never have another THOMAS HARAM," has often been said by those who became acquainted with the zeal and fidelity of that village Class and Prayer Leader. "What will become of us when Thomas goes to heaven?" his fellow-members would re-echo. Thomas has gone to heaven, and his loss is known and felt. For the satisfaction of those who valued him, another record than that on the occasion of his funeral is given.

Thomas was a Christian of some sixty years' standing, who could say at the close of that period that he had never lost the sense of God's favour. This was not a vain assurance, the result of enthusiasm, or of ignorance of his own heart. His conversion was thorough; he literally passed from "death unto life," from "the power of Satan unto God." Thomas was converted in an age and place where there was no middle class; none halting between two opinions; none who professed to know the truth, and neglected to live up to its requirements. At that time, the village of Airmyn was in total spiritual darkness, notorious for its wickedness, when it pleased God through the agency of Methodist preaching to command light to shine out of darkness. The sinners were all in arms to have their ranks invaded; and when allurements failed to bring back the deserters, they tried mockery and scorn. Men then had to be decided; they were saints or sinners. To stand their ground, God's people had to "put on the whole armour of God," "to fight the good fight of faith." There was no walking to heaven in "silver slippers." "How was it," said a visiter to Thomas, "that the Christians of those early times were so much more watchful and earnest than those of this day?" "Because they had more to go through," was the prompt reply.

The first Methodist sermon in Airmyn was preached by the Rev. Robert Newton in a barn, from, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Hence he was often called the apostle of Airmyn: he continued to visit it until the year before his death. To this sermon Thomas attributed much of the clear light he possessed on the way of salvation. Singular to say, Thomas's mind was beforehand prepared by the Spirit of God. He used to say, "I was convinced of sin at my own fireside." The account shall be given in his own unlettered but graphic words, as one winter's afternoon he was sitting in the chimney-corner of his little cottage-home. His visiter was struck with his worn, emaciated appearance; and, feeling assured that he was not far from his home above, she asked him to give the story of his life,—one he never wearied of repeating to the praise and glory of God. Word for word it was written down on her return home.

The allusions made to "your uncle" refer to the late Edmund Thompson, Esq., whose memoir has appeared in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," for 1857. Actively engaged in business, he yet became the Christian teacher of his own village for more than forty years.

Thus spoke the old saint of eighty-one: "I was a very wild lad, always running to cock-fights and fairs, and all sorts of wickedness, and a great drinker. When I married Martha, fifty-nine years since, I spent the last sixpence I had to pay the fiddler. I was twenty-six years old, and it was Airmyn feast, when I got a ten-gallon cask of ale, and invited my wife's three brothers for a row. We were all sitting drinking, with the barrel near us, when, all of a sudden, I felt something strike me with fear, and I trembled all over. I got up, and stood with my back to the fire, looking very serious; when one of them said, 'Why, Thomas is going to turn Methodist!' What did I know about Methodists? I never had heard one in my life. I went with my wife's brother to 'The Ferry,' and got so drunk I had to be fetched home, thinking to drive away the fear. But all in vain: in the morning I was worse than ever; and something seemed to say, 'Go to old Robin Gregg.' He had

just begun to have a concern for his soul. He thought I was come to make game of him. I said, 'Nay, Robin, I'm very miserable; I'm a great sinner.' 'Why then, let us pray,' said he: so he prayed as well as he could; but I could not find a word to say. I then begun to join those who were beginning to fear God, and walked with them to the meetings miles off. O, how I did seek the Lord! but, you see, I was so ignorant of the way of salvation. I remember going to a lovefeast where they all spoke so sweetly of the love of God, and looked so happy, that I did admire them: if they had been angels, I could not have admired them more! I kept seeking and seeking, till one day Mr. Pottage came in. He said, 'Now, Thomas, let you and me part with prayer.' So he prayed as well as he knew how, for he hadn't much knowledge; and then he said, 'Thomas, pray for yourself.' All at once I broke out, and found words; and, O, how I did pray! My soul was filled with such light, and love, and joy. I shall never forget. I felt the Lord had forgiven me. O, these were happy, blessed days! *I've never doubted the Lord since.*"

"What, never, Thomas?"

"No, never! How could I, when the Lord revealed Himself so fully to me?—I began to read my Bible diligently. I little thought I had had such a treasure in the house. O, how full of light it seemed! I was a shoemaker then, and had my shop near the old meeting-house. I used to go there at noon, and lock myself in, and take down the Bible; and I read the Testament right through on my knees. How I did delight in the work of the Lord! and I have done ever since. I could not preach; but I could pray, and talk to sinners, and visit the sick. If a Preacher came to the village, it was always, 'Tell Thomas:' and I used to fly through the village telling one and another. I never shall forget the day when I entered old Gregg's cottage to the morning meeting, and saw your uncle, (such a gay young man,) sitting so serious, with the Bible before him: and then, when he began to pray, you should have heard the sobbing and crying for joy; there was not a dry eye. I remember he said to me, (for he was not above walking beside me,) as we went to the meetings all so happy, 'Why, Thomas, three weeks ago, I should have said we were deranged.' O, what a happy life we led! *It's a blessed service.* Your uncle did me a deal of good. O, those morning meetings, they were grand: he had such a wonderful way of laying things before us. O, the happy nights I have lived, as well as days! I can't tell the sweetness. Now, in old age, the Lord comes very near as I lay awake; and He says, '*Now, Thomas, this is My word; it's all true:*' and one blessed promise after another He speaks to my soul; and I reply, 'Lord, I believe it every word;' and so we converse together, the Lord and me, for hours. And now I have no wish to die, if it is the Lord's will I should live: just as He pleases. I know I have a blessed home to go to. I often think what your uncle used to tell us about heaven. He used to say, we should all have plenty of employment there, and we should all have what was best suited to us. I sometimes think I may not see your uncle again; for you know St. Paul was caught up into the third heaven, and perhaps your uncle will be there."

"You have no doubt then, Thomas," remarked his listener, "that we shall know one another in heaven." He promptly replied, "Of course, I have no doubt. It is *the soul that knows*, not the body. We shall not know less then than we know now." Of Thomas it might truly be said, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." Of the wisdom of this world he knew nothing. He had scarcely seen a large town, he had never looked on the sea, he was incapable of receiving the mysteries of the universe. One of the servants of a family one day remarked, "O, Thomas, we have got a wonderful book: it tells us how the earth moves round the sun," &c. "Nay now," said he, quickly turning away, "*I never will believe that.*" But the word of God he could believe, "every word;" that he "never doubted," and by it he was able "to confound the wise."

He was remarkable chiefly as a man of *prayer*. He could never remember missing the early or late prayer-meetings, except on occasions of illness; nor indeed any of the means of grace,—these were more to him than his daily bread. Often has he come

to the nine-o'clock service without breakfast, when he was old and infirm, and it was not prepared for him through the illness of his wife. His prayers were fervent indeed: he pleaded with God unceasingly. His voice was never silent in the prayer-meetings. His ruling passion was zeal for God, concern for the souls of men, and love of the village where he dwelt. As a visiter of sick and dying people, he was unwearied. One continual intercession went up to God from Thomas for sixty years on behalf of Airmyn; and when the dew of heaven fell plentifully around, as it did continually, so that people would remark, "They are always having revivals at Airmyn," Thomas would but confidently say, "*I knew the Lord would hear prayer.*"

He was the beloved Leader of a large class. He was always hopeful respecting the members, and diligent in seeking any who were lagging behind. He was remarkably interested in young beginners, and anxious at once to set them to work for God. No one had to fear the Leader would be absent from his post. Thomas was an eager listener to the preaching of the Gospel: his irrepressible bursts of praise will never be forgotten. Tears would stream down his cheeks at the fervent declaration of the love of God in Christ; the one theme in which his soul delighted. "Wonderful! wonderful!" he would exclaim. He had no desire for change or novelty: the story of the Cross was always new and glorious to him. Week after week would he give out the verse, his plain features lighted up with wonder, love, and praise,—

"O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!"

For a period preaching was not allowed in Airmyn, and the Christians of Thomas's younger days had to walk some distance to service, which they did in "gladness and singleness of heart," "speaking to one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." Thomas would tell of stones and sticks thrown at them from behind a hedge, while the scoffers would say, "There goes Parson Thompson at the head of his flock."

Thomas was never absent from the love-feasts; his soul delighted in them; and he would walk great distances to tell and to hear of the work of God in the soul. No chapel was permitted to be erected in Airmyn: God was worshipped in a barn, a large kitchen, or a cottage-room. In late years the use of the village-schoolroom was granted. This village became proverbial for piety and orderly conduct. Dr. Newton was wont to say that, in proportion to its population, he knew not such another both for the number of members, and their zeal for God. One day it shall appear how the prayers of the righteous availed.

For many years Thomas kept a small shop, and went to and fro, with his butter-basket on his arm, to neighbouring towns. He never murmured, even in old age, that he had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He rarely left a customer without some word for God: every one expected it. "Now, Misses, it must not be all the world," he would say. And when he heard of the work of God prospering, all weariness would seem to pass away; and, in the words of another favourite hymn, he could say,—

"Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

Should the news be of declension or falling away, poor Thomas's countenance would fall; few and sad would be his words; and, "Well, we must pray for them," would be his farewell. As that old man of fourscore years has been met toiling along the dusty road, worn almost to a skeleton, one and another has exclaimed, "What a mighty change awaits him!" A change indeed! A mansion for a cottage, rest for toil, the "beautiful garments" for the well-worn apparel of earth, a crown of life for the hoary head, an "inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled," for one who owned not a foot of earth. Thomas was possessed of much honest independence. His domestic trials were heavy and distressing; but on this subject Thomas maintained a reserve which might put to blush many of higher rank. Murmuring was not a word to be found in his vocabulary. The tongue of slander did not allow this righteous man to escape its venom. It was almost amusing to note the contempt

with which an evil report was silenced by all his right-minded neighbours. Thomas never deigned to defend himself; his conscience was altogether void of offence. And yet he was naturally of a bad temper: all his excellencies were fruits of grace.

The testimony of one neighbour will express the uniform opinion entertained of his life:—

"For thirty years I have been impressed with the fact,—Thomas Haram is a *good* man. As a boy even, no one could have made me doubt *that*."

Thomas had a fall two years before his death, which left much suffering, and benumbed his faculties to some degree. "How can you bear to walk to the meeting now, Thomas?" said one, as he was taking breath by the way. "O, you see, religion is such a sweet thing; and it strengthens the body as well as the soul," was his answer.

During his last illness nature seemed exhausted, and he dozed constantly. On awaking occasionally to consciousness, he would usually say, "I am waiting for my Master." "Jesus *is* precious." He died at the age of eighty-three, and was buried in the village-churchyard, where rest so many saints indeed, waiting for the adoption, the resurrection of the body. A simple gravestone, erected by a few Christian friends, bearing the inscription, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," marks the place of his burial.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CIX.

"*And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries: but the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.*" (Dan. xi. 32.)

These words refer to the time when Antiochus fell with fury upon the Jews. A great many of them, when the aspect of the times was frowning upon their religion, did prevaricate and do wickedly against the covenant: that is, turned from their religion, and complied with his idolatry. But of such of the people as knew their God, it is said that they should "be strong, and do exploits." It is a great matter to know God at such a time. He that has the knowledge of God possessing and filling his soul will have God represented to him as THE ALL IN ALL; and this whole world will be before him as a vain shadow, a piece of pageantry, a dream, a vision of the night. He who is invisible will be always with us, when we once come to be of the number of those who know God in the manner we profess to do it.—*Hoyce's Sermons*, vol. ii., p. 30.

No. CX.

"*Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.*" (Rom. v. 12.)

So,—in consequence of this relation between Adam's sin as the cause, and physical death as the effect,—"death passed upon all men;" or, if we would fain feel and understand the pregnant force of every word, *passed through upon all men*,—found its way to individuals, came into every member of the race, often with untimely speed and aggravated violence, sought each one out, dealt with him singly, and made him in his own very body,—in his own perishing frame, and in his own unhoused spirit,—both feel and acknowledge the frightful power and pervasive energy of that principle which sin had called into action against our fallen and disobedient race. And lest any should proudly question the justice of such an universal sentence, or deny the equity of its individual application, this pervasive power of death is further confirmed by an appeal to the universality of that from which it sprung: "Death *passed through* unto all men." And why? "For that all have sinned;" or, as we should perhaps more accurately translate the words, "For that all *were sinners*,"—sinners in the loins of their father Adam,—sinners as naturally descended from his body, flesh of the same flesh, bone of the same bone,—yea, more, (for I doubt

not that this also is included,) sinners in their own persons, bearing witness by their very deeds, proving, by the sad testimony of similar acts of disobedience, that they are one in heart, and one in passions, with him who brought on himself and his race the penal judgment of death. —*Ellicott's Destiny of the Creature*, pp. 66, 67. *Edit.* 1858.

No. CXI.

"*To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.*" (Eph. iii. 10.)

Though they themselves are not the parties interested; the spectators, not the guests; yet they are delighted in the glory of God, and are kindly affectionated to the salvation of lost men: and that they may have a nearer view of this mystery, God gratifieth them by sending them often to attend upon the dispensation of the Gospel, and assist in it so far as is meet for creatures. They are hereby more excited to praise and glorify God; and are careful to vouchsafe their attendance upon the meanest of them that believe in Him.—*Manton on Christ's Temptation*, p. 217. *Edit.* 1685.

The Household.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

In a humble cottage, situated in a wild, rugged spot, far from any other human habitation, lived a widow with her three little ones. The deep, dark woods surrounded the cottage on every side, except where a dashing river swept along but a few rods from the door. It was a lonely place; and but for her sweet babes, her treasure and comfort, whose innocent mirth and playfulness chased away their mother's sadness, her heart would have died within her.

There *had* been another light to that mother's heart. A kind husband and father once protected the beloved wife, and nourished the tender babes. But death had claimed him, and one pleasant sunny day in the early summer, the distant neighbours came to bury the dead. And now the young mother was alone. Her sympathizer, her protector, was gone; and, with her three babes pressed to her aching heart, and clinging to her, their only parent, for support, she was left *a stricken widow*.

The pleasant summer-time returned. A year had passed, and the first anguish of grief had subsided. During the warm sunny days, as the children frolicked beneath the trees, their fond mother listened to their shouts, and was happy. Many an afternoon as she sat in the cottage-door, plying her busy fingers upon their garments, her eye would follow their little forms, and there was still light and joy in her heart.

But one day Willie chose to nestle on his mother's bosom, when his brother and sister called him away to play; and the next morning he was sick. Carefully did she nurse her darling child, and seek to recall the playful smile to the cheek; but day by day he grew more pale and weak, until he could no longer throw his little arms about his mother's neck, or return the fond kiss so oft imprinted on his brow. With pain, she bent more closely over the sufferer, almost forgetting those in health; till her other boy sickened, and was laid on the same bed. Watching over these two little ones, every other feeling was buried in the one desire to have them restored to her arms the glad and happy creatures of a few days before. But the pale features grew more pale, and the tiny hands less round; and then one evening little Mary laid her head on her mother's lap, and said, "Mother, I'm sick, too: lay me on the bed with George and Willie." And now, day after day, and night after night, she watched them all, vainly hoping that the next evening, or the next morning, would find them better. But a week passed, after the last one grew tired and sick, and the anxious mother, as she saw the features daily growing more languid, was one night

startled at the thought that they might die. "No, no, it must not be," she exclaimed; and more tenderly and earnestly she bathed their fevered brows, and begged them to taste the cooling draught she brought them. Hope at last left her heart, as in unutterable grief she traced the signs of death upon her children.

Often, during the still watches of the night, as she turned from one of the sufferers to another, she trembled lest the little spirit was already leaving the body. But the grey light of morning shone into the room; and they lay quite still, as if asleep. The agonized mother, in this first interval of repose, threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, and poured forth a prayer.

"O, my Father, take not my babes from me! I cannot have it so. I will not; I cannot give them up. Let *me* die; but take not my babes."

The prayer was finished. She slept; and she dreamed an angel stooped low over the sorrowing one, and said, "Woman, I am sent to comfort thee. My name is Faith. Come with me."

And, guided by the angel, the widow left the house, and walked a long time, till she came to a spot on the river's brink, where she had never before been, far from her cottage-door. Here the angel bade her stop. She obeyed, and looked around. It was a desolate place. Around her was a little open space; but not far off rose trees, not large and beautiful, like those around her dwelling, but gnarled and scraggy, spreading wide their unsightly branches. *Some* were *only* blasted and dead trunks; and *others* seemed to have been scarred and scathed by the lightning's touch. The earth was covered with a thicket of brushwood, and huge ragged rocks were piled about, which seemed to be the haunts of wild beasts; for almost at the mother's back were heard their growlings. From the thicket, serpents darted forth, showing their forked tongues, and then retreated back to their places of concealment; and the air was filled with poisonous insects of every kind.

Yet, in this dismal and frightful place, there were children, and they seemed to be her own, playing about as they were wont to do it at home. She hastened to them; but before she reached the spot, her darling George screamed with pain. She caught him to her breast, and saw his arm had already begun to swell with the sting of an insect. She gathered her children around her; but little Mary broke away, saying, "O, mother, see the pretty flower!" She ran to pluck it, but came back crying: a thorn had pierced her hand. The little arm and hand were clasped in the mother's, as if she would press out the pain; when glancing at Willie, as he sat at her feet, she shrieked; for a huge serpent, with which the innocent boy was playing, was coiling itself around his body. In the wildest desperation, she caught the serpent in her hand, and tore it from her child, and it retreated into the thicket. She encircled her little ones in her arms, but here they were not safe; for the poisonous insects lighted upon them at every moment, and the roaring of wild beasts indicated their approach. "Alas, I cannot shield you from danger," exclaimed the wretched mother; and she turned to the angel, saying, "O, take us away; take us from this wretched place! At least lead my dear babes to a place of safety."

The angel replied, "It is a dangerous path that leads from this place: your babes would not be safe to walk in it. But there *is* a way of escape across this river. On the opposite shore is a delightful country, abounding in gardens filled with rare fruit and flowers, beautiful trees, and sweet fountains of water. No wild beasts are in that country, nor any serpents. The King is a merciful and kind Sovereign, and His subjects delight to do His will. All join in homage to Him, and in love to one another. Stand up, and you may see that land."

And, directed by Faith, the woman gazed and beheld its blessed shores. "O that we might be taken to that happy place!" she exclaimed, in rapture.

The angel replied, "There is no boat here in which to cross the river; but the King of that country sometimes sends a messenger to this shore to take some of its inhabitants to dwell with Him. Yes, I see a boat putting off now, and directing its course hither." Soon it reached the shore, and the boatman stepped out and approached her. She, with her children, were ready and waiting to go; but he

said, "My boat is small; it can hold but one, besides the steersman. Will you go first with me, woman?"

"I go, and leave my little ones to perish in the wilderness? O, no! one of my babes shall go."

"I will take you all, but one at a time," replied the messenger; and so the mother took Willie in her arms, and kissed his cheek, saying, "Do not be afraid, Willie. The great good King will take care of you; and, in a little while, Georgie and Mary will come to you, and then mother, and we will all be happy in that bright land."

Then she gave him to the boatman, who carried him away. He came again, after a short time, and the mother gave George into his hands. And again he came, saying, "The King of the country has commanded me to come but this once, now. I will take one; for the other I will come another day." Without delay little Mary was given to the boatman, and borne across the river. Then standing up, and holding fast to Faith, the mother gazed, and saw her child landed on that beautiful shore. A large company were waiting to receive her; and among them stood the widow's husband, with George and Willie in his arms.

"O, my God, I thank Thee," burst from her full heart.

She awoke. Her sick ones lay just as they were left, when she fell asleep. In agony she bent over them, and could only say, "O my darling, darling babes!"

In a while, Willie opened his eyes, and looked up to his mother, for the first time for many long days. A beautiful smile rested on his little face, as he said, "Mother, He is coming to take Willie away." His eyes closed; the pleasant smile still remained; but the messenger, Death, had borne his spirit away.

Shortly after, George too, looked up, and, raising his little hand, exclaimed, "See, see, mother, the angels; and one is coming for me!" The uplifted hand fell, and quietly the little boy went to be with the angels.

"My Father, Thou doest all things well," said the mother, as, gazing upward, she seemed to trace the ascending flight of these freed spirits.

She was soon aroused by Mary's faint voice. "Mother, I see papa, and he is calling me. Georgie and Willie are in his arms. O, mother, may I go? Kiss me, and let me go!"

"My Father, I thank Thee that they can be safe from sin and danger in Thy home," exclaimed the mother. The parting kiss was given; and Mary was yielded to the arms of death.

THE SILENT CONFLICTS OF LIFE.

A TRIUMPH in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, eulogistic and aggrandizing agencies, whose united tribute constitutes fame; but there are victories won by men over themselves more truly honourable to the conqueror than any that can be achieved in war. These silent successes we may never hear of. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude, and without help, save from above. The conflict is often waged in the quiet of one's home, or in the still watches of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honour to every conqueror in such a warfare! Honour to the man or woman who fights temptation, hatred, revenge, envy, selfishness, back to its last covert in the heart, and then expels it for ever. Although no outward show of honour accrues to the victors of these good fights, they have their reward; a higher one than fame can bestow.

THE BODY'S ACTION ON THE MIND.

VOLUMES are now written and spoken upon the effect of the mind upon the body. Much of it is true. But I wish, says Florence Nightingale, a little more was thought of the effect of the body on the mind. You who believe yourselves overwhelmed with anxieties, but are able every day to walk up Regent-street, or out in the country, to take your meals with others in other rooms, &c., you little know how much your anxieties are thereby lightened; you little know how intensified they become to those who can have no change; how the very walls of their sick rooms seem hung with their cares; how the ghosts of their troubles

haunt their beds; how impossible it is for them to escape from a pursuing thought without some help from variety.

A patient can just as much move his leg when it is fractured as change his thoughts when no external help from variety is given him. This is, indeed, one of the main sufferings of sickness; just as the fixed posture is one of the main sufferings of the broken limb.

It is an ever-recurring wonder to see educated people, who call themselves nurses, acting thus. They vary their own objects, their own employments, many times a day; and while nursing some bedridden sufferer, they let him lie there staring at a dead wall, without any change of object to enable him to vary his thoughts; and it never even occurs to them at least to move his bed, so that he can look out of the window. No, the bed is to be always left in the darkest, dullest, remotest part of the room.

I think it is a very common error among the well, to think that "with a little more self-control" the sick might, if they choose, "dismiss painful thoughts" which "aggravate their disease," &c. Believe me, almost any sick person who behaves decently well, exercises more self-control every moment of his day than you will ever know till you are sick yourself. Almost every step that crosses his room, is painful to him; almost every thought that crosses his brain is painful to him; and if he can speak without being savage, and look without being unpleasant, he is exercising self-control.

Suppose you have been up all night, and, instead of being allowed to have your cup of tea, you were to be told that you ought to "exercise self-control," what should you say? Now the nerves of the sick are always in the state that yours are in after you have been up all night.

We will suppose the diet of the sick to be cared for. Then this state of nerves is most frequently to be relieved by care in affording them a pleasant view, a judicious variety as to flowers, and pretty things. Light by itself will often relieve it. The craving for "the return of day," which the sick so constantly evince, is generally nothing but the desire for light,—the remembrance of the relief which a variety of objects before the eye affords to the harassed sick mind.

MOTHERS AND MEN.

THAT it is the mother who moulds the man is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer:—

"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their Chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things he informed me, that at their start they made a great mistake,—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men; but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives, and the uniform result was, the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest both in wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for, when they become mothers, they educate their sons.'"

This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education.

Poetry.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate;
Take Thou my part, against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew:
Lord, Holy One! if Thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too!

NEARER HOME.

1 Thess. iv. 17.

For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's illumined eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Here in the body pent, &c.

For ever with the Lord!—
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here in me fulfil.
Here in the body pent, &c.

Our Servants.

ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

THERE is the secret. People do not reflect that their improvement in knowledge, in health, in property, in morals, and in general ability, depends chiefly upon themselves. The pupil blames his teacher, the apprentice his master, the servant her mistress, for the want of advancement; whereas the censure ought to lie against themselves.

There are no self-made men: we know that many persons make use of the phrase, and talk and even write about this and that man being self-made; but all such talk is nonsense, unless it means that a certain man by the diligent use of small advantages has prospered beyond another man of much greater advantages but with less earnestness. In that sense it may be excused; after all, it is but a bouncing mode of speaking.

The truth is, that nobody is self-made. We are perpetually learning of one another; and, at all events, if we are now doing well in any line of things, somebody gave us a start at first. One man is said to be self-made in music; he has not had a musical education under Professors of harmony; possibly he might pass a good examination in music: but he did not make his gamut, nor his notes, nor the rules of harmony; he may have found them in books, and have spelt out a good deal by inquiry, but which of them did he make? Another man has got together a good business, and a deal of money. His rise in the world may have been secure, gradual, and tolerably rapid; and, having very slender means when young, people will say he began business with nothing. Not so: no matter though he may have become a "successful merchant," be it remembered that at first he found a horseshoe, and sold it for a penny! We have ventured to say thus much on the one side of the matter, because the talk we have referred to savours not a little of flattery and of vanity; but now for the other side.

There is no improvement without *self-improvement;* and in no class of the community is this more manifest than among "our servants." They are all young to begin with; and, upon the whole, whilst young they are teachable: they feel their want of instruction, and are glad to obtain it from either their mistresses or from their fellow-servants. Right gratifying it is to see the attention they pay at first, and the amount of practical knowledge they gain in a few months; so much so, that their employers remark to one another that "such and such a servant is only seventeen years of age, and yet she can do as much as many at five-and-twenty." This may be very true, but still the adage holds good, "What's well done, is twice done;" and

for want of taking pains at the beginning of service, and doing things well rather than fast, many promising servants never rise to excellence. On this point, as well as on some others, housekeepers are themselves not altogether without blame. Anxious to get as much work as possible out of hand,—not that they wish to drive at an unreasonable speed, but rather to get work done with,—they never give sufficient instruction, nor allow time enough, nor show enough of patience with well-meant mistakes; and, as a certain consequence, the work never rises above the second of the three following degrees in the scale of merit: "It will not do;" "It will do;" "Well done." And as it never rises above, "It will do," to "Well done," it soon falls to the lowest degree, "It will not do."

Now, as it is a fact that cannot be disputed, that in order to excel in other things much more depends upon the diligent use of opportunity and means, than upon their quality and abundance; so in gaining skill in housekeeping; the diligent, careful maid will another day be the competent housekeeper.

It is our opinion, a charitable one perhaps, that incompetency in "our servants" is owing to this middle aim of "It will do." Where should we find the skilful artisan, the ingenious mechanic, the inventor, the engineer, the improver of land, the historical painter, the composer of music, the author of new books, or even a respectable milliner, if no one aimed higher than "It will do?" Science would become blind, art would be palsied, if that were enough. But it is the higher and still higher purpose, the "excelsior," that carries us outwards and upwards; that bears us away beyond our former doing. Now this emulation, this zeal to excel one's own self, is quite in place, and looks well in household-work. To make the furniture cleaner, the linen fairer, the floors purer, the windows brighter; to have the ceilings white as snow, looking down on carpets clean as mown grass; to have your cutlery giving a sheen like a new sword, and your plate polished like a mirror, and your table-services pure and tasteless as a clear fountain of water, and all things handy and in order,—will win the admiration of all callers; will gain respect for "our servants," and bring out the willing whisper, "There's no place like home." Why is it not thus? Because it is not aimed at; the higher degree, "Well done," is not aimed at. Hence, at about twenty years of age, "our servants" seem determined to learn no more of anybody. When further instructions are offered, instead of accepting them with gladness as a kindness, as a benefit, and as a real increase of power, —for knowledge is power below stairs as well as above,—those instructions are either rejected with insolence,—"What can *you* teach me? Do you think I don't know? Have I been so long in service, and don't know? Mistress's place is not in the kitchen!"—or else they are received with silent contempt. This state of things is much to be regretted as it produces discontent arising from the certainty that our household-work is not "well done," but slipp'd, and got out of hand with the least possible painstaking. None are more conscious of this than "our servants" themselves; but they wink at each others' faults, and "laugh in their sleeve" at their mistresses' ignorance or their chagrin. Servants of good principle and worthy character are among the foremost to deplore this habit in their class.

Let self-improvement, therefore, be admitted into its proper office. To a careless pupil the best teacher, the best books, the best models, the best fellow-students, and the best opportunity are all of no avail. He will not reflect, he will not exert himself; and consequently the student of very moderate abilities, but who improves his opportunity, improves himself too, leaves the careless one behind, and fills everybody else with delight at his success.

Among some servants,—farm-servants, to wit,—prizes to the best ploughmen, or to the best shearers, are publicly awarded. This calls out self-improvement. We have sometimes wished that something on that principle were tried with "our servants." P. H.

Anecdotes.

GOD NOT IN THE HOUSE.

A Scottish labourer went to work for a wealthy farmer. It was regarded as something of a favour to be employed by him, as he was a prompt and liberal paymaster, and had everything about his farm in order. The Scotsman remained with him only for a few days. "You have left Mr. R——," said a neighbour.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Was the work too hard?"

"No."

"Wages too low?"

"No."

"Why did you leave, then?"

"God was not in the house;" and he went on his way, leaving his questioner to ponder on the strange answer.

Family-worship was not known under Mr. R——'s roof; nor was there a single praying member in his family. The labourer did not like to live under such a roof. He did not like to be, even for a season, a member of such a family.

Of how many houses in our happy land can it be said in truth, "God is not in the house!" The house may be spacious, elegant, furnished with every comfort and convenience, but God is not in it. There are none in that house to thank Him for the blessings bestowed upon them. There are none there to serve and honour Him!

JUST AS I AM.

An Indian and a white man were brought under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after led to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man, for a long time, was under distress of mind, and at times ready to despair; but he was at last brought also to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his red brother, he thus addressed him:—

"How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?"

"O, brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you. There come along a rich Prince. He propose to give you a new coat. You look at your coat, and say, 'I don't know; my coat pretty good. I think it will do a little longer.' He then offer me new coat. I look on my old blanket. I say, 'This good for nothing;' I fling it right away, and accept the beautiful garment. Just so, brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time, you loth to give it up: but I, poor Indian, had none; therefore, I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

WAIT AND SEE THE END.

If our eyes were always open to see the end as well as the beginning of troubles, we should find our experience similar to that of the merchant mentioned below:—

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But, the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off; and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve my property."

It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions: by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

The Monitor.

PANIC, ITS MEANING AND ORIGIN.

Even the dictionaries teach us that it is idle to inquire into the cause of a panic; that is, the immediate cause: the word is used to signify a great and general alarm, without any apparent adequate cause. In the oldest heathen mythology, Pan blew his conch-shell, when the Titans were fighting with the gods. The audacious rebels had stood undaunted against the thunders of Jupiter, but they fled at the blast of this harsh clarion. Having succeeded so well on this occasion, Pan accompanied Bacchus on his expedition to India, where, on a certain occasion, he gave a wild scream, which filled the echoes of the mountains, and put the enemy to flight. These old fables (what foundation of fact they may have had in the experience of infant humanity, who can tell?) struck to the heart of the race, and have given a name to saddest realities in every period of history. Old dynasties have sunk, mighty battles have been lost, revolutions have been commenced by Pan-ic fears. One of the most authentic signs of the last dread consummation is "men's hearts failing them for fear;" and when this takes place, no form of disorganization and ruin is just matter of surprise. The cracking of a seat, or a mischievous cry of fire, will, in an instant, set assembled thousands of intelligent persons frantic with terror, and cause them to trample each other to death, in their insane haste to escape from the building. A great, strong ship strikes an iceberg, and discipline is sometimes instantly subverted, all hope of escape in the life-boats blasted, by the fierce haste with which they are lowered into the sea, and over-crowded in the dismay of the moment, and hundreds of lives lost when all might have been rescued. Almost all the great battles of ancient and modern times, from Pharsalia to Waterloo, have probably been decided at last by panic. Miracles of valour are performed by brave men, blood flows like water; at length a wild cry is heard, on one side or the other, that all is lost; and with that cry, all *is* lost.

DEAD AND DYING NATIONS.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece, and all-conquering Rome; Vandal and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole and Turk, all dead or dying. Why? Destroyed by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquake? Swept away by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these. Not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by poisoned air, or volcanic fires, did they die! They perished by moral degradation; the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance, and effeminacy. When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure, and the means of indulgence in the appetites and passions of our nature, which wear the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Wealth takes away the wholesome stimulus of effort, idleness opens the flood-gates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory ingloriously perish.

If, then, there is any truth and force in argument, each man owes it to himself, to his country, and, more than all, to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry, and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and with these, having an eye to the glory of God, this nation of ours will live, with increasing prosperity and renown, until, with one foot on land and another on the sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time no longer!

MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.

A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon — he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of their companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with

angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the court of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.

THE PREACHER AND THE HEARER.

"If our Minister would only preach every Sabbath as he did to-day, we should see different scenes in our congregation," said a member at the close of an evening Sabbath service.

In the tone of this remark there was more of kindness than discrimination. How often has the Pastor reason to say, "If my people would only hear every Sabbath as they did to-day, we should soon enjoy a different state of things in our congregation!"

If, after a week of utter engrossment in worldly duties, of the constant whirl of worldly pleasures, of neglect of prayer and of the meetings for social worship, one comes on the Sabbath to the house of God, let not that soul expect much benefit from the services there.

It should be remembered that the themes of the pulpit must include the whole circle of revealed truth; the doctrinal as well as the more thoroughly practical, the terrible as well as the gentle. Nor should it be forgotten that the Preacher is a man of like passions with other men: now burdened with headache; now dragging himself along under depression of spirit; and yet, under all circumstances, necessitated to prepare and deliver the indispensable message.

The Sabbath altar will never blaze as it ought, until Pastor and people *unite* in bringing fuel for its fires.

THE THREE LOOKS.

The old man looks down, and thinks of the past. The young man looks up, and thinks of the future. The child looks everywhere, and thinks of nothing.

The Portfolio.

THE EMPTY CUP.

If you were to see a man endeavouring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others of finer understandings ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed than the object of their contempt? Now this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness. Give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a greater variety of empty cups; for search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing here to be found that is nobler or greater than high eating and drinking,—than rich dress and human applause,—unless you look for it in the wisdom and laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creature, and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy.—*Bogatzky.*

THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

There is hardly any one whose *example* may not have *some* weight with some one. There is no one who may not

on some particular occasion check, in some degree, profaneness or other corrupt language, intemperance, dishonesty, and other sins; or who may not encourage or direct at least some young persons in the love and fear of God. And certainly there is no one, however humble or obscure, who may not pray heartily in secret for his neighbour, or whose prayers may not be accepted by his "Father who seeth in secret."

"ALL YOUR NEED."

WHY, asks an old author, was the "Bread of life" hungry, but that He might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of peace could bring the God of peace and the peace of God to poor sinners.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

IN the Apostle Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, he speaks of being in a remarkable "strait betwixt two:" between his desire to live, and his desire to die. Yet life here and life hereafter had each the same charm, and from the same cause, according to his apprehension. To live was Christ, and to depart was to be with Christ.

The poet of Methodism has well expressed this in four simple lines,—

> "Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
> Constitute my bliss below;
> Thee to see, and Thee to love,
> Constitute my bliss above."

Happy the soul which has so learned the excellence of the Saviour, and tasted His graciousness, that all its hopes and wishes are comprehended in communion with Him.

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.

GLORIOUS words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is He not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save all us poor sinners?"

She was lying on a hard bed in the dreary infirmary-ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry, "You know Him, then, and love Him?"

"Yes, I do know Him, and love Him; His presence makes a heaven of this room."

"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the Queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health, and strength, to enjoy it all, I would not take them if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying: what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."—*Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."*

HOW TO PRAY.

WHEN you send your letters,—so Matthew Henry calls our prayers,—be sure and direct them to the care of the Redeemer; and then they'll never miscarry.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

THE blood of Jesus should be the constant object of our faith. The blood was kept constantly before the eye of the Israelite in the days of old. Morning by morning, and evening by evening, besides all the other sacrifices that were brought to the Priests, blood was shed. They could never enter their tabernacle or temple, but they saw blood. Just so the blood of Jesus should be kept constantly before our eye. That blood is our atonement. By that blood our peace is preserved. We were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; and in our daily walk with God it is the blood of Jesus alone that cleanseth us from all sin. We can only maintain peace of conscience, we can only approach God with boldness, we can only conquer Satan, as we keep the eye steadily fixed on the blood. We are in a world where sin and Satan are busy; and it is only by looking away from self, sin, and Satan, to the blood of Jesus, that we can obtain pardon, realize our acceptance with God, or place our foot on the head of the old serpent. If

we lose sight of the blood but one hour, we either fall into sin, or enter into temptation, or become entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Faith in the blood of Jesus can only preserve us. Christ alone, as having died for our sins, as risen for our justification, and as now pleading for us in heaven, must be the daily, hourly, object of our faith. Precious blood of Jesus, may my eye be fixed on it, when assaulted by Satan, when reduced by sickness, and when sinking into the arms of death!

COME NOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." "Come *now*;" you have sinned long enough: why should you harden your hearts by longer delay? Come *now*; no season can be better. If ye tarry till you are better, ye will never come at all. Come *now*; you may never have another warning; the heart may never be so tender as it is to-day. Come *now*; no other eyes may ever weep over you; no other heart may ever agonize for your salvation. Come *now, now, now*; for to-morrow you may never know in this world. Death may have sealed your fate, and the once filthy may be made filthy still. Come *now*; for to-morrow thy heart may become harder than stone, and God may give thee up. Come *now*; it is God's time; to-morrow is the devil's time. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation, when your fathers tempted Me, and proved Me, in the wilderness, and saw My works." Come *now*. Why delay to be happy? Would you put off your wedding-day? Will you postpone the hour when you are pardoned and delivered? Come *now*; the bowels of Jehovah yearn for you. The eye of your Father sees you afar off, and He runs to meet you. Come *now*; the church is praying for you; these are revival-times; Ministers are more than ever in earnest. Come *now*. Is heaven a trifle, that thou must needs lose it? What! is the wrath of God, which abideth on thee, no reason why thou shouldst labour to escape? What! is not a perfect pardon worth the having? Is the precious blood of Christ worthless? Is it nothing to thee that the Saviour should die? Man, art thou a fool? Art thou mad? If thou must needs play the fool, go and sport with thy gold and silver, but not with thy soul. Dress thyself like a madman, wear a mask, paint thy cheeks, walk through the street in shame, and make a mockery of thyself, if thou must needs play the fool; but why cast thy soul into hell for a joke. Why lose thy eternal interests for a little case? Be wise, man.

Monthly Notes for Readers.

The Rev. Dr. Hannah's impressive sermon on the occasion of the lamented death of Mr. Farmer, with the singularly beautiful memorials of his life, illness, and death, which accompanied that sermon, is now published, and is sure to command a wide circulation.—A valuable addition has been made to Methodist Missionary literature in the *History of the Ojebway Indians*, by the late Rev. Peter Jones, or Kahkewaquonaby, as he was known by his Indian name.—Mr. John Gadsby's *Wanderings in the East*, in 1846—47, 1850—53, in two volumes, has reached the twelfth thousand. It contains illustrations of 2,000 passages of Scripture, and will amply repay perusal.—Mr. John Paget, barrister, has recently published *The New Examen; or, an Inquiry into the Evidence relating to certain Passages in Lord Macaulay's History*. This volume is the substance of several papers contributed, by Mr. Paget, to "Blackwood," impugning the opinions and statements of the brilliant historian on some disputed points in his history. His charges are five in number: three relate to Macaulay's estimates of the characters of Marlborough, Dundee, and William Penn; the other two refer to his endeavour to free William III. from the charge of having sanctioned the massacre of Glencoe, and to the account which he gives of the condition of the

Highlands at the commencement of the last century. Mr. Paget will, perhaps, be deemed by many most successful in his defence of Marlborough and Claverhouse.—Mr. James Spedding, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the latest editor of Bacon's works, announces the first and second volumes of the *Life and Letters of the great Lord Chancellor*. It will include all his occasional works; namely, letters, speeches, tracts, state-papers, devices, private memoranda, and all authentic writings, not already included in his works proper.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. Cook, of Kirby, in the Bungay Circuit, died May 22d, 1858. She was converted to God nearly ten years before her death. A sermon preached by the Rev. W. Edwards, soon after he came to the Circuit, from Christ's reply to the Syrophenician woman, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt," (Matt. xv. 28,) was the means of her conversion. She joined the Wesleyan Society at Kirby, and remained a member till her death. She met with many trials in her domestic circle; but none caused her to deviate from the path of rectitude. Most willingly and affectionately she always performed relative duties to her parents, her husband, and her children. She contributed liberally in aid of the Gospel, and frequently entertained the Preachers at her own house, who always spoke of her with much respect. She never grew weary in well-doing, never declined in her Christian regards to the Lord's people; was diligent in the use of the means of grace, and happy in the enjoyment of Christian privileges; exercising great patience under suffering circumstances, and perfectly resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. She loved her Saviour. On one occasion, on her Pastor visiting her, she was found in tears. He asked the cause. She replied, "Mine are tears of gratitude. God provides for my temporal wants; but what has He done for me in the gift of His Son!" and they wept together. As she came to the close of life, she felt the sting of death removed, and her soul ready to depart. When very weak, and not able to rise from her bed, she was greatly tempted by the enemy of souls; but in prayer she found deliverance, and never was so exercised again. The Lord bruised Satan under her feet, and kept her soul in peace and safety till she entered paradise. A little before her departure, she found the sacrament of the Lord's Supper truly solemn and profitable. She greatly enjoyed the prayers and conversation of pious friends. With great composure she spoke of death as though she was going to sleep; and of heaven as her everlasting home. She died in the Lord, aged thirty-three, and now rests with Christ.

Miss Knight was born at New-Lenton, in the Nottingham-North Circuit, August 27th, 1833. By her parents she was solemnly and prayerfully dedicated to God in the holy sacrament of baptism, and while yet young was sent to the Wesleyan Sunday-school. Here she attended as a scholar until she became a teacher. Early in the year 1845, under the constraining influences of the Holy Ghost, she was led to give her heart to God, and herself to His people. She continued a devoted, consistent, and useful member of the Methodist Society, until gathered to the church above. When referring to her conversion, she would remark, "I did not desire to be saved so much from a fear of going to hell, as from a wish to *love Jesus*;" and, from that time to the close of life, the name of Jesus was always precious and reviving. Often would she exclaim,—

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

In the agitation of 1849, when the Sunday-scholars at Lenton were all taken away, Miss Knight retained confidence in, and attachment to, Methodism; and she, with others like-minded, recommenced the Sunday-school with two or three children, and had the happiness of living

to see the good cause in a healthier and happier state than at any former period.

From very early life she was a warm friend of the great Missionary work. The money she received from friends when a child, she loved to devote to the support of this good cause. For several years she was a zealous Missionary collector; and one of her last requests to her dear mother was, that, for "this year at least, her annual subscription might be paid." In the spring of 1858 she was seized with the illness which in the end brought her to the grave; and for some time she was very desirous to recover: but when the fact was made known to her, that in this respect there was no hope, by the grace of God she was enabled to say, "Father, Thy will be done." She looked forward to the time of her departure with cheerful anticipations of "victory through the blood of the Lamb." The Bible and the Hymn-Book were now more than ever prized.

During the last week of her life she was remarkably happy; her joy was unspeakable, and full of the hope of glory. On the Thursday she was visited by the Curate of the parish, and one of the Local Preachers, to whom she expressed her gratitude for their kindness. On Friday morning, being informed that her end was very near, she exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, O my soul! I have a good hope, through grace.

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

Satan is permitted to try me to the last; but I *have* the victory through the blood of the Lamb." After sweetly singing a verse of a favourite hymn, she once more expressed her unshaken confidence in Christ Jesus, and her assured hope of glory; then, raising her dying hand in token of victory, with a smile on her countenance, she closed her eyes, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, October 8th, 1858, aged twenty-five.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Box, James,	Hetton,	Houghton-le spring,	19	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Davison, Robert,	Lyons,	Houghton-le-spring,	20	March 7th, 1861.
Gast, Sophia,	Digby,	Sleaford,	63	April 19th, 1861.
Green, Mary,	Cromford,	Cromford,	65	May 11th, 1861.
Hall Robert,	Lyons,	Houghton-le-spring,	16	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Hammond, Mr. Richard,	Terrington,	Lynn,	91	Feb. 6th, 1861.
Hoyle, Edward,	Crawshawbooth,	Bacup,	40	April 18th, 1861.
Jennison, Mr.,	Belper,	Belper,	53	May 12th, 1861.
Lack, Mrs.,	Highgate,	Lynn,	89	Feb. 2d, 1861.
Markham, William J.,	Terrington,	Lynn,	17	March 5th, 1861.
Mercy, Mary,	Downham,	Clitheroe,	92	May 5th, 1861.
Millard, Elizabeth,	Leigh,	Shepton-Mallet,	73	May 20th, 1861.
Moon, John,	Holcombe,	Shepton-Mallet,	68	May 13th, 1861.
Morrell, Joseph, sen.,	Pannal,	Otley,	78	April 14th, 1861.
Pearce, William,	Portland,	Portland,	49	March 1st, 1861.
Richardson, Mrs.,	Stokesley,	Stokesley,	75	June 21st, 1861.
Scott, Joseph,	Hetton,	Houghton-le-spring,	50	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Smith, John,	Burley,	Otley,	77	May 19th, 1861.
Suttaby, George,	Martin Fen,	Sleaford,	39	May 1st, 1861.
Suttaby, Thomas,	Cotham,	Nottingham,	45	May 15th, 1861.
Waugh, Miss Elizabth.,	Stokesley,	Stokesley,		May 18th, 1861.

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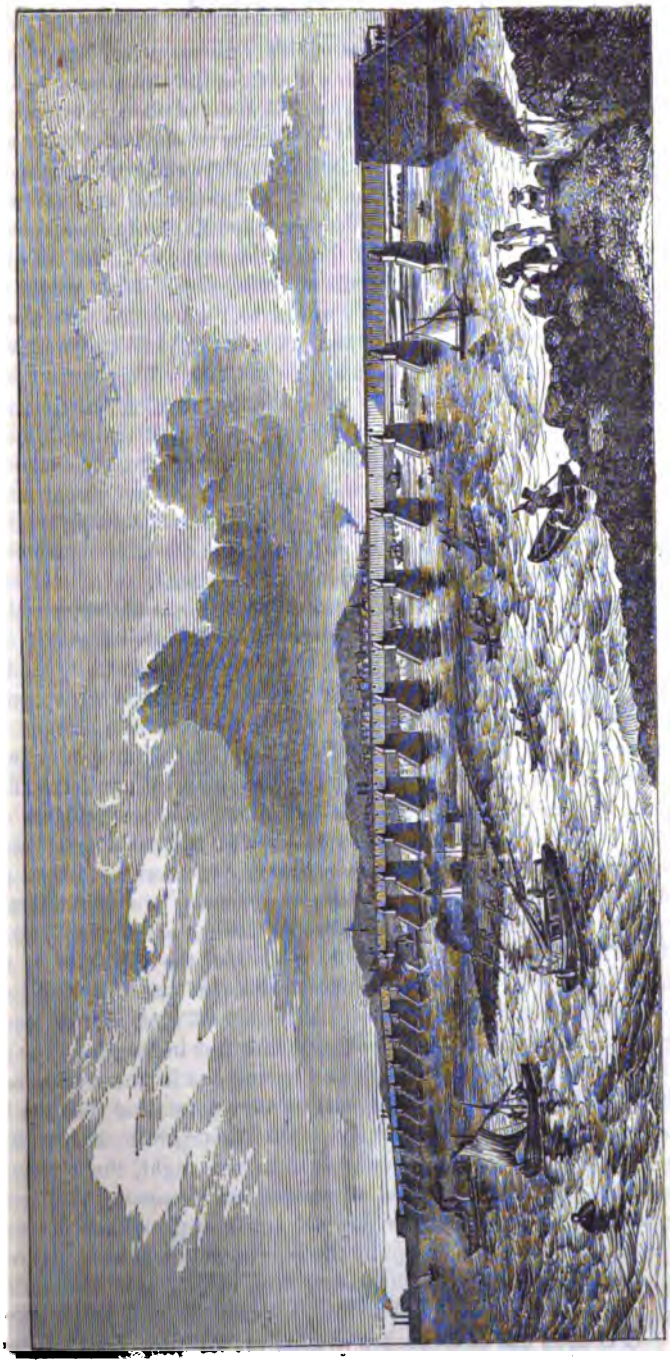

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

Cowper, in the introductory lines of his greatest poem, has playfully narrated the progress of invention in seats, from the three-legged stool to the luxurious sofa, through the various gradations of plain, cain-bottomed, and elbow-chairs, and "soft settle." A similar account might be given, either in poetic numbers or prose dissertation, of the rude and simple origin and progressive development and growth of bridge-architecture. How Cain and Abel crossed the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, we know not. Perhaps they swam the depths, and forded the shallows! At all events, the idea of a bridge is one not difficult of conception. First would come the stepping-stones, (as we have seen ourselves,) where the passenger has to hop dexterously from one to another, with no little risk of missing his footing, and splashing into the stream. Next some village genius would place planks across, from stone to stone, thus producing the first actual bridge, the simple original of all that engineering skill and architectural prowess have since constructed. The next improvement upon the rude original would doubtless be a hand-rail, planned by some embryo Stephenson. These easy erections exhibiting the incipient principles of piers, arches, and battlements, may still be seen, not only in uncivilized countries, but in rural neighbourhoods in our own land.

It is remarkable that the Greeks, so famous for architecture, should have erected few, if any, bridges. The people of Athens, notwithstanding the magnificent temples with which their city was adorned, and the numerous statues which thronged their streets, had yet to wade through the waters of the Cephissus, or cross in a ferry for want of a bridge. Not so with the Romans, who excelled all other nations of antiquity in the construction of the arch. To this people, who early spanned the Tiber, is perhaps due the honour of being the inventors of stone bridges. The making of bridges is very nearly connected with the making of roads; and as the Romans, less maritime than the Greeks, were famous as road-makers, they were likely enough to become famous as bridge-builders.

The oldest bridge in England is said to be the one at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, built A.D. 860. As the arch is Gothic, the ascent is so steep that the bridge can be used only by pedestrians. If the Croyland bridge is the oldest in Great Britain, that of Burton-upon-Trent is the longest, having thirty-four arches, and extending 1545 feet in length. The most important bridge for traffic, not only in England but in the world, is the far-famed London Bridge. Nothing can be more animating than the busy bustling scene presented constantly upon this great thoroughfare. Throughout the live-long day, and far into the night, the streams of passing and re-passing people, and of passing and re-passing vehicles, are unbroken. By nothing can the flow of traffic, copious and incessant, along the bridge be rivalled, except by the flow of waters beneath its arches. The solidity of this admired super-structure, which cost two millions sterling, and was seven years in building, is quite adequate to its requirements. It is upon one of its broken granite arches that Lord Macaulay

places the future polished New-Zealander to sketch the ruins of St. Paul, while the Papacy still flourishes. Shall this prophecy be fulfilled? We can only answer that at present the Papal throne appears much nearer to its fall than London Bridge.

Bridge-architecture has greatly developed since the commencement of the present railway era. Without bridges and viaducts, railways would be comparatively useless, especially in a country so intersected by streams and rivers as England. But the greatest natural difficulties have been surmounted by engineering science; and the rivers of our country,—the Thames, the Tyne, the Tamar,—have been spanned by stupendous erections, over which rushes the railway-train with its crowd of passengers. Even an arm of the sea itself—the Menai Strait—may be crossed in a twinkling by the London tourist *en route* for Dublin.

If we would see the greatest bridge in the world we must go to Canada, to the neighbourhood of Montreal, where the VICTORIA BRIDGE crosses the majestic St. Lawrence. This Titanic creation is the newest of the great railway-bridges, having been formally opened for traffic by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to America. The scene was impressive and significant when the stripling heir to the British throne, amid the cheers of excited thousands, took the hammer in his hands, and drove home the last of the two million rivets used in the construction of the gigantic fabric.

Before the erection of the Victoria bridge, the Britannia over the Menai Strait was considered the most stupendous bridge in the world, and the *chef d'œuvre* of the most famous of engineers, Robert Stephenson. And indeed, in some respects, the Welsh erection exceeds the Canadian. The centre pier of the Britannia is 102 feet above high water; whilst that of the Victoria is only 60 feet. The span between the piers of the former is 460 feet; whilst in the case of the latter, the greatest span—that of the central opening—is 330 feet. But, upon the other hand, the Britannia bridge has only two piers; whereas the Victoria has twenty-four. The total length of the bridge over the Menai is 1,513 feet, or, including abutments, 1,841; whilst the length of the bridge over the St. Lawrence is 6,600 feet, or, including abutments, 9,084. The Britannia contains 1,300,000 cubic feet of masonry; and the Victoria 3,000,000. Both bridges are of the tubular kind. Of this order of bridge-architecture Mr. Stephenson may be considered the founder. The first bridge which he constructed in this style was at Conway, in Wales. Then followed the Britannia; and lastly, the greatest achievement of his engineering skill, the Victoria bridge, a transatlantic triumph.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE SCHOOL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"BLESSED be disappointment!" said we to ourselves one evening, as we sat at the table of a distinguished civilian. He was one of the honoured of the land. A goodly group of "olive branches" were gathered around

him. The sweet-voiced wife at the head of the table had, in her early days, been affianced to a youth of great wealth and promise, but, on the appointed day of their marriage, he disappeared, under circumstances of peculiar baseness. What a disappointment to expectant friends and ambitious kinsfolk! But the true-hearted girl swallowed her tears of mortification, and in fitting time gave her hand to a worthier man, and in a humbler position in life. She lived to see her renegade lover reel into the grave of the profligate. How little did she know what an escape God had opened to her through the dark door of disappointment!

We might multiply instances of a like character from daily observation. A man hurries breathless to the wharf in order to reach a departing steamer. He is a few minutes too late! The plank is drawn; and as he watches the stately vessel plough her way off through the blue waters, she seems to be ploughing through his very heart. "How provoking!" he exclaims to the half-smiling, half-pitying bystanders. He goes home sulky; he retires sulky to his bed, and wakes up to read in the morning paper that "a few hours after leaving port, that steamer took fire, and when last seen was floating on the water a flaming wreck!" He fancies himself clinging in despair to a sinking billet of wood, and his very blood runs cold when he thinks how near he came to being on board that death-freighted vessel. And yet the very next time that man is thrown out by Providence, in some favourite plan, he is slow to apply the lesson of the past, and to thank his heavenly Father for a disappointment.

I do not pretend to be a very apt learner; but many of my best lessons through life have been taught me by the same stern old schoolmaster, *disappointment*. And one lesson I learned was, that *this world was not made only for me*. If it had been, the sun would have shone just when my hay needed it, and the rain would have fallen only when my garden needed to be watered. But God goes on, and orders things as pleaseth Him best, without consulting us. And when our schemes were thwarted, the stern schoolmaster said, "The world was not made for you alone. Don't be selfish. Your loss, perhaps, is another's gain. The rain that spoils your new-mown hay, makes the blade of corn to grow faster in your neighbour's field. The fall in grain that cuts down your profits will help the poor widow in yonder cottage to buy bread cheaper for her orphan babes. So don't be selfish."

On a grand scale we sometimes see this lesson taught. When a great self-seeker once clutched at the empire of the civilized world, stern disappointment met him in his ambitious path, flung a Russian snow-storm in his face, and out of the tiny snow-flakes wove a white shroud in which to wrap the flower of French chivalry! "Go back! go back!" he cried, "all Europe was not made for you." The lesson the proud usurper would not learn at Aspern, was taught him in blood and agony at Borodino, and on the frozen banks of the Dnieper. So, too, have we been taught in the defeat of our humbler schemes, and in the failure of our humbler plans: "Don't be selfish; God did not make this world all for you." This lesson is worth all it costs us.

A second lesson which disappointment has taught us is that our losses are not only gains to others, but very often the richest gain to ourselves. In our short-sighted ignorance we had "devised a way," and set our hearts upon it. Had we been allowed to pursue it, we must have been led by it to ruin. God could not have sent a greater judgment on us than simply to have let us have our own way. In a thousand instances we have seen this made true both in things temporal and in things spiritual. A merchant is thwarted in some enterprise in such a manner as to excite his bitterest mortification; but the omniscient One knows full well that he has been saved from a much sorer sorrow. Pecuniary failures have made many a man of business rich in the priceless treasure of a Christian's hope. It was a dark door which disappointment thus opened, but it has led thousands into the pathway of heaven.

Perhaps these lines may reach some one who can recall the remembrance of some earthly idol, which once held too high a place in the temple of her affections. Her life was bound up in the life of the boy. She worshipped him more than she worshipped her Saviour. At length the trial came. In terror and dismay she saw the colour fading out from that cheek of roses. Fainter and fainter fell each sweet "good night" from his faltering tongue. In her agony she oft cried out, "O God, let me not see the death of the child!" And when at last that loved lip was motionless, her grief burst out in David's passionate wail, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" At length the first agony has wept itself out. She has come to herself. Above all, she has come to her Saviour; and, as she beholds how ungrateful was her idolatry, how her best affections had been stolen from Christ, and how frail a reed she was leaning on, her trembling soul looks back with wonder to see from what a posture of guilt and peril she has been delivered. It is not therefore only the melancholy pleasure of knowing that her fair child is now blooming in the world of light, which alone sustains her, but the sense of rescue from a state of fearful forgetfulness of Christ and of duty. She is done with idols. She never again will let any earthly object have that central place in her heart which a crucified Saviour earned for Himself and Himself alone.

The record-book of every Christian life has some such pages as these. Tears have blurred and blotted the page at the time. But as you turn over to that page now, and read it in the light of experience, you can write across it,—"Thank God for these losses: they were my eternal gain. Thank God for bereavements: they have saved my soul from being bereaved of a hope of heaven!" "There," said a young man once, as he pointed to a diseased limb that was destroying his life; "there it is, and a precious treasure it has been to me. It saved me from the follies of youth; it brought me to this room, and made me cleave to God. I think it has brought me now almost to my Father's house on high."

Good reader, if you and I ever reach that Father's house, we will look back, and see that the sharp-tongued, rough-visaged teacher, *disappointment*, was one of the instruments employed to bring us thither. He

often took us by thorny paths. He often stripped us of our overload of worldly goods; but that was only to make us travel the freer and the faster on our heavenward way. He often led us into the valley of the death-shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly to us as when read by the light of faith in that very valley. The cross of Christ was the point toward which he oftenest made us look, and the favourite passage he gave us for our encouragement was, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

THE HOLY LAND.

STANLEY gives a most picturesque description of the very remarkable scenery of Palestine. It is most peculiar; different in many respects from our fancy of it, yet not less wonderful for this very reason.

From almost every point in the country its whole breadth is visible, from the long wall of the Moab hills on the east, to the Mediterranean Sea on the west;—

"Two voices are there; one of the sea,
One of the mountains;"

and the close proximity of each—the deep purple shade of the one, and the glittering waters of the other—makes it always possible for one or other of these two voices to be heard now, as they were by the Psalmist of old. "The strength of the hills is His also. The sea is His, and He made it."

"I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations and countries that are round about her." Palestine was then the vanguard of the eastern, and, therefore, of the civilized world; and stood midway between the two great seats of ancient empire, Babylon and Egypt. It was on the high road from one to the other of these mighty powers, the prize for which they contended, the battle-field on which they fought, the high bridge over which they ascended and descended respectively into the deep basins of the Nile and Euphrates. The battle in which the latest hero of the Jewish monarchy perished, was to check the advance of an Egyptian King on his way to contest the empire of the then known world with the King of Assyria, at Carchemish. The whole history of Palestine, between the return from the captivity and the Christian era, is a contest between "the Kings of the North, and the Kings of the South," the descendants of Seleucus, and the descendants of Ptolemy, for the possession of the country. And when at last the West begins to rise as a new power in the horizon, Palestine, as the nearest point of contact between the two worlds, becomes the scene of the chief conflicts of Rome with Asia. There is no other country in the world which could exhibit the same confluence of associations, as that which is awakened by the rocks which overhang the crystal stream of the Dog river, where it rushes through the ravines of Lebanon into the Mediterranean sea; where side by side are to be seen the hieroglyphics of the great Rameses, the cuneiform characters of Sennacherib, and the Latin inscriptions of the Emperor Antoninus.

We have in the sacred history the life of a Bedouin tribe, of an agricultural people, of seafaring cities; the extremes of barbarism and civilization; the aspects of plain and of mountain; of a tropical, of an eastern, and almost of a northern climate. In Egypt there is continual contact of desert and cultivated land; in Greece there is a constant intermixture of the views of sea and land; in the ascent and descent of the great mountains of South America there is an interchange of the torrid and the arctic zones; in England there is an alternation of

wild hills and valleys, with rich fields and plains. But in Palestine all these are combined. The Patriarchs could here gradually exchange the nomadic life for the pastoral, and then for the agricultural, passing almost insensibly from one to the other, as the desert melts imperceptibly into the hills of Palestine. Ishmael and Esau could again wander back into the sandy waste which lay at their very door. The scape-goat could still be sent from the temple-courts into the uninhabited wilderness. John, and a greater than John, could return in a day's journey from the busiest haunts of men into the solitude beyond the Jordan. The sacred poetry which was to be the delight and support of the human mind and the human soul in all the regions of the world, embraced within its range the natural features of almost every country. The venerable poet of our own mountain-regions used to dwell with genuine emotion on the pleasure he felt in the reflection that the Psalmist and Prophets dwelt in a mountainous country: the devotions of our great maritime empire find a natural expression in the numerous allusions, which no inland situation could have permitted, to the roar of the Mediterranean sea, breaking over the rocks of Acre and of Tyre. There was the earthquake, and, possibly, the volcano. There was the hurricane, with its thick darkness, and the long continuous roll of the oriental thunderstorm. Palestine is not merely a mountainous country, but a mass of mountains.

Than the approach to Palestine (from the desert) nothing can be more gradual. There is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other, which cannot be described. It was like the striking passage in Thalaba describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. Most striking anywhere would have been this protracted approach to land, after that wide desert sea; these seeds and plants, as it were, drifting to meet us.

Rounded hills, chiefly grey in colour; grey partly from the limestone of which they are formed, partly from the tufts of grey shrub with which their sides are thinly dotted, and from the prevalence of the olive; their sides formed into concentric rings of rock; valleys, or rather the meetings of these grey slopes with the beds of dry watercourses at their feet,—long streets of bare rock laid like flagstones, side by side along the soil,—these are the chief features of the greater part of the scenery of the historical parts of Palestine. In the spring, the hills and valleys are covered with their grass and aromatic shrubs. But they also glow with what is peculiar to Palestine,—a profusion of wild flowers, daisies, the white flower called the star of Bethlehem; but especially with a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds,—chiefly anemones, wild tulips, and poppies. Of all the ordinary aspects of the country, this blaze of scarlet colour is perhaps the most peculiar; and to those who first enter the Holy Land, it is no wonder it has suggested the touching and significant name of "the Saviour's blood-drops."

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

A FEW years ago, while travelling on a railway in Germany, says a recent writer, an incident occurred which at the time made a deep impression on my mind. The remembrance of it will remain fresh and vivid to my dying day. I was seated in a third-class carriage, which was filled with Germans. A feeling of loneliness and isolation for awhile oppressed me. I tried to amuse myself by listening to the animated conversation of those who sat near me, the language being not quite unfamiliar to my ear. I found that the principal topic that occupied the busy

talkers was the "Evangelical Alliance," which had met in the city of Berlin. The papers that had been read, and the addresses that had been delivered, during the several days of meeting, had evidently awakened a deep interest in the minds of all. The fact that the King and Queen of Prussia had attended some of the meetings of "the Alliance," and had also shown much personal kindness to its members, by inviting them to the palace of Potsdam, could not fail to add to the *éclat* of the proceedings, and draw public attention more directly toward them.

Amid the general noise of many voices, and the smoke from many cigars, my attention was specially directed to two men, in a corner of the compartment I occupied, sitting *vis-à-vis*, engaged in the most earnest conversation on a subject which evidently was deeply interesting to both of them. I listened attentively, and heard that the theme was Christ. I instantly leaned forward, to catch, if possible, every word. I discovered that the principal speaker, an elderly gentleman, was narrating a remarkable change that his views had undergone, in consequence of an address which he had heard at one of the meetings of "the Alliance." From this conversation I learned that, up to the time of his hearing that address, he had always regarded himself a sound and honest Christian. He had been regular in his attendance at church, and had paid all respect to the ordinances of religion. He had maintained an outwardly decent and respectable character, and would have taken it highly amiss if anyone had suggested doubts about the genuineness of his claim to be regarded as a true Christian. He told his companion how entirely that good opinion he had formerly entertained of himself had been dissipated by the truths he had heard expounded in Berlin. They had forced him to the sorrowful conclusion that all his former good opinions of himself, and of his relation to Christianity, were wholly a delusion.

"But now," said he, and his beaming eye and quivering voice betokened the warmth of his emotion, "now I have discovered what it is to be a Christian." Opening his New Testament at the place, he read, with distinctness, and with an emphasis which showed that he understood and felt what he read, these words of the Apostle, in the fine old translation of Luther: "*Ich bin mit Christo gekreuziget; Ich lebe aber; doch nun nicht Ich, sondern Christus lebt in mir.*" "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal. ii. 20.) "The man who can say that," he continued, "is a Christian." He expatiated with great earnestness and warmth on the vast importance of the truth which he had discovered, explaining to his willing hearer all the precious things which lay hid in this, to him, most marvellous text. The warmth and impressive seriousness of his manner, when, in the course of his remarks, he again and again exclaimed, laying at the same time his hand on his heart, "*Nicht Ich, sondern Christus lebt in mir,*" ("Not I, but Christ liveth in me,") deeply moved me, and I could not help saying within myself: "If this stranger has made a great discovery as to the Christian character, so, too, have I." Familiar with the words he quoted and commented upon, they never appeared to me before so full of meaning, so luminous. The text came upon me with all the freshness and power of a new discovery. No commentary ever written, no critical exposition, however learned, could exhibit it with so much power as did the simple, fervent utterance of my fellow-traveller.

Reader, it is my most fervent prayer that you may be able to enter with me, in some measure, into the deep significance of these words, "I live;

yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is true, as the venerable, warm-hearted German so earnestly pressed upon his companion, that it is not outward conduct that constitutes a Christian. You may attend with regularity and all assiduity to the external forms of a religious life, but, ah! something greater, better far, than this is needed, ere you can attain to the blessedness and the dignity of the true Christian. You must have Christ *living* and reigning in your heart; you must become so entirely identified with Him that He will be as the very soul of your soul. Your thoughts, feelings, desires, hopes, must be all as if they had originated with Christ; as if Christ within you were thinking, feeling, desiring, hoping, and not yourself.

"Not I." Is self, in all its forms, crucified and slain? Through a living faith in Christ, are you so one with Him that your heart beats in unison with His? Do you realize the import of His gracious words, "Because I live, ye shall live also?" If so, then you are united to Him as the branch to the vine, and you will assuredly be found bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, to the praise of His glory.

CHILDREN IN HISTORY.

THREE kinds of footprints have been left upon the sands of time,—the print of man's heavier foot; the print of woman's foot, deeper because of the babe she bore in her arm; the print of childhood's foot, lightest and least, yet distinct. Earth saw no children in her primeval estate. Paradise restored shall be full of them; paradise lost had none. In the paradise of home how often have children broken the spell of the serpent, and made the seducer powerless! Many a man and woman have been saved by them from the pathway of ruin; many are now in heaven who but for their children would have been lost for ever.

Through all the trials and wanderings of the people of God, in their joys and in their perils, in their captivity, and in their return, children were with them. When the Redemption for which all history had been preparing began its consummation, it began in the form of a child. All Prophets had spoken of that Holy Child; and the goodly fellowship closed with the mysterious witness given by the unborn Prophet, the second Elijah. The first Adam was formed a man; the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, came as a babe. The Sovereign of the universe took on Him our nature, passed through childhood, laying in it the foundation of His work. When He was breathing His earliest breath, the innocents of Bethlehem, the unconscious proto-martyrs of the new dispensation, shed their blood for Him who came to die for them,—van of the noble army of the martyrs of Christ,—types of His innocent suffering and guiltless death. Dying in His place, shadowing as it were His vicarious sacrifice, they were the first messengers from earth to tell in heaven that the great battle of the Lord, which is to be won by yielding life, not by taking it, the battle in which death is not loss, but victory, had began. They were the earliest to help in filling up the full measure of the sufferings of the Saviour, who is to suffer in His loved ones as well as in His own person; they were the earliest to share in the consummation of the Saviour's glory, who is to be glorified in His redeemed ones as well as in Himself. When Jesus came to Jerusalem on His last journey, children shouted "Hosanna." And the song of children to their Saviour then begun never ceased. In the catacombs,—those long mines beneath the city of Rome, in which are hidden treasures more precious than gold, jewels which the resurrection-morn shall bring forth to shine for ever,—in those catacombs are inscriptions which tell that

the ashes hidden in some of their crypts are those of children who died because they would not deny Jesus. Their little bones yet remain to witness to the early years in which they passed through martyrdom to heaven.

Christ has never moved through our world without being followed by children. The fathers of the churches took with them their children wherever persecution drove any of them, and the blood of their young feet was shed on the thorns of the pathway through the wilderness. Whatever these pioneers of the faith through all ages succeeded in making their children, determined the failure or success of their most deeply-laid plans. No matter how vigorous they were as sowers, unless they trained their children so that they became reapers and gleaners, the harvest was lost. But the harvest of Divinely-directed plans was not lost; for the children of the saints proved equal to the portions of responsibility their God gave them. Inimitably appropriate was our Saviour's quotation of the eighth Psalm. It seems as if the Holy Spirit had left the words there for the occasion on which He quoted them: "When the Chief Priests and Scribes saw the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?" Yes, God has done it through all time. What the children of earth are, earth will be. We are to recognise this great fact. We are not as a mere commonplace of declamation to accept the proposition that the children of this fair land are to decide its future. It must be to us a solemn fact; we must bow before the awful responsibility it involves; we must meet it. The wickedness of the adult part of our nation cannot destroy it, if generations of holy children are to succeed them; and no virtues of an adult generation can save our land, if godless children are to follow that generation and undo all its work. Our cry must be, "Give God the children;" give them to us for Him, and He will train them, and we will co-work with Him in training them into a glorious army, before which His foes and those of our land shall be swept away, and righteousness, and peace, and joy shall fill it from sea to sea.

Christianity is to possess the world. If it does so, it must make the children its own. It is in this view that the home-training of families, and the Christian education of the youth in our masses, are all-important.

AN OLD GERMAN PEASANT.

Some years ago, says one, I made the acquaintance of an old peasant, in a little German village where I for some time resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, "The love of God." This old man was well worthy of it; for, if ever heart was filled with love to God, and all God's creatures, it was his. He was never able to leave his little room during the cold winter months; but, when the summer came, I often met him wandering about, glad to breathe God's fresh air, and to drop his "little words in season" here and there, as he had ever been accustomed to do.

Like most of the villagers, he possessed two or three large apple and pear trees on the road-side. In that part of Germany where he dwelt, the peasants drink a good deal of cider, and many of the roads have a line of fruit-trees running along either side. His were near the village; and in the late summer he got some one to put up a little wooden shed below them, where he could rest, and be sheltered from the sun; and from time to time

he amused himself by collecting the fallen fruit, and heaping it up in a corner of the shed. Once, when walking, I came up to him as he was stooping to pick up a fallen apple. "Don't you weary, Gottlieb," I asked, "stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the road-side?" "No, no, Miss," he answered, smiling and offering me a handful of fine ripe pears; "I don't weary: I'm just waiting, waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! O Miss, you are young yet, and perhaps just in blossom: turn well round to the Sun of righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for His service." Another time he said, standing up, and pointing along the road, "That seems a straight road, but I can't see the end of it: but the road to heaven is a straighter road than that; and, blessed be God, I can see the end clearly. But perhaps God just lets you see a little bit of the way at a time. O, then, Miss, walk straight in that little bit with His help; and, as you go along, you will see it better and better, till the bright end at last comes in view."

That was the last time I saw him: soon after he reached the bright end his childlike faith spoke of so trustingly. Memory often fails to retain more eloquent reasoning, and more cultivated illustration; but simple words like old Gottlieb's cling to the mind with a firmer hold, and sink into the heart with a deeper impression.

THE MYSTERIES OF REDEMPTION.

Both on account of our littleness and of our sinfulness, it is not easy for us to have just ideas about God's actual designs towards us. We are very little creatures in His sight. Annihilate us, and it could make very little difference to Him. We are as unworthy as we are insignificant before Him. Yet we have wants, we have amazing wants. There is an indescribable depth in the agonies which sometimes make our hearts bleed even here: and when our thought takes its journey to the world to come, along a pathway of *thorns and thistles*, down into the valley of death, and away beyond the resurrection of the dead into the abysses of eternity, still as much beyond thought as ever; the idea of our destiny, our eternal want, presses upon the spirit within us, as if it would crush us into nothing! What friend shall help us? Human sympathy can do much for us, we admit; it is precious to us, very precious: but we require something more. Human sympathy cannot reach our deepest want of spirit even now, and cannot reach our spirits at all after our breath stops. We need God's sympathy. We need God to love us, and be kind to us, and let us lean on Him now, when our footsteps stagger upon the dark mountains of death, and when we take the spirit-journey into an awful eternity! Nothing but God will do for us. We want the Friend who knows the secret chambers of our heart, and who owns eternity. But how shall we get Him? how shall we be assured of Him? It will be an amazing stoop of His infinity, if He cares much for me! I am a worm of the dust, a vile worm, a sinner. It must be an eternal marvel, if the infinite and eternal Monarch, holy and august as He is, will extend His actual and everlasting kindness toward me! And I will not believe it unless He approaches me in some mode as wonderful as is my wonderful need; in some amazing mode to correspond with such an amazing and wonderful condescension to His guilty and dying worm. He has done so, in this amazing redemption; He has precisely done so. The magnitude of His grace corresponds with the magnitude of my needs. Christ's worthiness becomes my worthiness. The necessities of my immortal spirit, which I am called on

to wonder at more than to explain, perfectly accord with the economy of redemption, which amazes me; comforts me, because it amazes me. *The kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man hath appeared.* Christ is the mysterious demonstration. Begone, my fears! Lie still, my throbbing heart! Hope, hope, my immortal spirit! God does love me! God does care for me! The wonders of His mode of showing it correspond with the wonder that He should care for me at all; that the Infinite One should stoop to His worm; that eternal holiness should be pacified towards guilt. Here, then, I can trust. Here I can live, here I can die, here I can cast my mysterious and mysteriously *wanting* soul into the arms of God; and whatever it may want on earth or in the spirit-land, the majesty of Christ accords with the magnitude of its distressful necessities. "He that spared not his own Son, but freely delivered Him up for us all," would not be the premises of an argument broad enough for the conclusion, "How shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" were there not in the gift such a majesty as must be a mystery to us. But there is. Blessed be God, there is! Beyond Christ, I cannot want anything. The mode of the Gospel assorts with my creature-littleness and guilt, and with the wonder of God's needed care for me. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

THE SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

One day, says a writer in the "British Messenger," in one of the frontier towns of France, a regiment was setting out for the seat of war in Italy. A young soldier was bidding farewell to his friends, in high spirits, full of military ardour and youthful hope. Almost at the last moment, he was met by a colporteur of the Bible Society. The good man addressed him in a few but earnest words. He spoke of the dangers to which he seemed so thoughlessly hurrying; of the immortal soul which might so soon be called into an eternal world; of the one only and all-sufficient Saviour. "If you do not know Him already," he said, "here, in this little volume, is the record which He has given of Himself. Take this book, my dear young friend, read it, and I shall pray that God may bless it to you." The youth readily accepted the gift; and, the signal for departure just then sounding, they parted, to meet no more in this world.

Five or six months after, the brief though bloody campaign being over, the regiment was ordered back to France. The young soldier had escaped all the dangers of the battle-field, but his days were numbered. Immediately after reaching the garrison town, he was attacked by severe illness, sent into hospital, and, after a short time of suffering, died.

Nothing is told of his last hours: there were probably no Christians at hand, to speak of hope or consolation to the departing spirit. But, as soon as all was over, the regimental surgeon was called upon to see the body, and give a formal medical certificate in regard to the cause of death. As the attendants were stripping the corpse in his presence, one of them exclaimed, "O, what a strange thing! see, our comrade has carried a little book on his heart!" A small volume was handed to the surgeon, who looked at it with evident emotion, and then left the room.

He was not a religious man; but not long afterwards, he sought an interview with a Christian of his acquaintance, and spoke to him with unusual earnestness. He related the incident connected with the soldier's death, and said, "I cannot tell you how much finding this book, the New Testament, on the corpse of that young man, has impressed my mind. A copy of the same was given to myself,

before we left for Italy. And when I saw how carefully his had been preserved, and from the ink and pencil-marks in all directions how diligently it had been studied, I could not but ask myself, What use have *I* made of the Gospel, placed in my hands under similar circumstances? Had I, like him, been on a bed of death, what answer could I have given to the Judge of all, on His saying to me, 'I sought thee, when thou soughtest Me not; I called thee by My word, and thou hast despised the call?'" There is every reason to believe, we are told, that these impressions have since deepened into conviction; and that the surgeon has not only read his own New Testament, but received its truths to the salvation of his soul.

THE PREACHER.

THERE was a lady of my acquaintance, who, though a kind neighbour, an affectionate wife and mother, and an amiable woman, yet was in the habit of reading fictions and other stories on the Sabbath, and, though attentive to her worldly concerns, yet was careless and negligent in respect to the best interest of her soul. Her little boy, three or four years old, had obtained a little book, and often came to his mother wishing her to read at some place he would point out. One Sabbath morning, as she was about to begin as usual her day's employment, he came to her with his finger upon some lines of poetry, which he wished her to read. The words were these:—

"A Sabbath well spent
Gives a week of content,
And strength for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever is gain'd,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

It proved a word in season, and deeply impressed her mind; so much so, that she could not shake it off. And she soon became, as it is hoped, a disciple of Christ. And soon after she, with her husband and his brother, all fruits of that little sermon, united with the people of God. If my readers will commit that verse to memory, and watch the hand of Providence, they will find that it is true to the letter. I have been in the habit of doing so for years; and am confident that, in reality, nothing is ever gained by desecrating the Sabbath.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

HANS was a cripple. He was so weak and small, his body so twisted and deformed, that it was a wonder he should have outlived his first year. Most people thought it would have been better that Hans should have died. Hans himself, at the age of fourteen, utterly unable to labour, and totally dependent on the exertions of a widowed mother, was much of the same opinion; but the widow-mother loved her boy, and busied herself cheerfully to make his wretched life more happy.

For Hans was very wretched. He could do nothing,—could not work like other boys, nor play like them; and when, as the rumours spread that the French were coming, and that Napoleon, the great conqueror, would seize upon the village, and the men and boys, rich and poor, rude and refined, were all enrolled as soldiers, poor Hans was more miserable than before.

Hans's mother tried to make him look more cheerfully on his dark fate. "Were you strong and able," said she, "you would have to leave me, Hans, and go a soldiering like the rest; and what should I do then?"

"Ah, mother!" he answered, "'tis little good I am to you or any one. Better I were dead."

"Nay," said the widow, "depend on it, Hans, there is truth in the old proverb, 'God has His plan for every man.' You will have your work to do, my boy, in time."

He smiled upon her very pleasantly,

and said, "Would to God the time were come, mother!"

Well, the active preparations made by the Swiss for resistance to the French troops seemed to have changed the purpose of Napoleon. The intention of invasion was either given up, or its execution delayed; and after a few months the danger was supposed to be over, and people were beginning to settle down to their old occupations.

One night Hans dreamed that the French were coming. He woke up suddenly, and felt so much excited, so hot and fevered, that he slipped out of bed, dressed himself, and, quitting the cottage, walked slowly up the hill, on the top of which a beacon or signal was placed, to be used in case of emergency. It was a pile of dry wood, soaked with turpentine, and covered with tar. When Hans arrived at the beacon, he found that there was no one there to kindle the fire in case of danger; and, while he was thinking about this strange carelessness, he heard, or fancied that he heard, the same sounds which had disturbed his sleep,—the tramp of many feet rapidly advancing. Hans listened attentively. He was convinced that troops were coming; and, while he hesitated what to do, he saw two soldiers rise out of the long grass and wave a white handkerchief from the brow of the hill. Hans hesitated no longer: he saw the danger; he felt sure that the French were coming, and that, unless the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed, the invaders would make an easy conquest. Without thinking of the risk he ran, Hans seized the tinder, which was hidden, with a flint and steel and matches, in the hollow of a tree, struck a light, and flung a blazing brand into the pile. In a moment a bright clear flame, a pyramid of fire, shot up into the air. Hans endeavoured to escape without attracting the notice of the soldiers; but one of them saw him, fired, and lodged a bullet in his shoulder. And very soon the whole country was aroused. From hill to hill the fire-signal was transmitted; the roll of the drum was heard, the volunteer troops were hastily assembled, and the invading army was compelled to retreat.

But who lighted the first signal?—that was the question everybody wanted to know; and the answer was soon given. Poor Hans, faint and bleeding, was found on the road. He was carried to his home; and when he was able to tell what had occurred, the people found out that Hans the cripple had saved them.

So great honour was awarded to Hans, who was taken into favour by the chief people of the place, and who was henceforth a hero. He saw grateful mothers embrace his mother, he felt the warm pressure of manly hands, he heard his own name mentioned with respect and honour, and found out that he was really good for something.

THE NEEDLE AND THE THREAD

"MAMMA!" said a little girl, watching her mother's busy fingers, "which is really most useful, the needle or the thread?" You smile at such a question; and so did the mother, as she replied that "one would be of no use without the other, in sewing." But, at the same, she thought how often a strife had been raised upon the same point, among those who depend upon each other as much as do the needle and the thread. The rich and the poor, the statesman and the merchant, the man who works with his hands and he who works with his brain, could neither of them do without the other. And so it is in the church: each has his own place and work, however small or humble he may be. I read, not long since, of a poor old coloured woman, who had for years been confined to a bed

of suffering. She was visited by a good rich man, who said to her, "Betty, does it not seem to you very strange that God should keep you here so long, when you can do nothing in the world?" "Ah! Massa," said the good old woman, "you no understand! Heavenly Father have something for me to do. You can give a great deal of money, Massa B——; but it not do the church so much good, without poor old Betty's prayers!" And old Betty was right. It is just as St. Paul said, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee! nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you!" Let us each be content with the place and the work which God has given us; and never despise anyone whom we think to be in a lower station, or to have fewer gifts, than ourselves. He may, by making the best use of those gifts, be far more useful in the world than we!

THE TWO CHARITIES.

SATAN would have us to be very charitable to men's opinions. We are fallible creatures, he suggests. We all fall into many errors. We must not condemn men on account of their differing from us in opinion. All this is true; but it is one thing to condemn men for differing in opinion from us, and another to disapprove and testify against their rejecting the truth of God. Satan would fain conceal this distinction. He would have us think that a man is no more to blame for believing that the word of God is a lie, than for differing from us in regard to any secular matter.

Satan's favourite maxim is, that it is no matter what a man believes, if his practice is only right. He would have us believe that there is little or no connexion between belief and practice. He would fain conceal the truth that a man's practice cannot be right unless his principles are right. It may be so in the material, but not in the spiritual, world. A man may unwittingly obey a law of nature, but he cannot unwittingly obey a moral law. The conscious intention to obey is an essential element in obedience. External conformity is not obedience. To do the truth, one must know the truth.

The New Testament charity, which rejoices in the truth, is glorious. Satan's charity, which pleads for and palliates error, is the opposite of glorious.

"PARDON AND GRACE."

"WHEN I first entered the Christian life," said Mr. Wilberforce, shortly before his death, "my prayer was for pardon and grace. And now that I am near the end of my course, I find that all my petitions, all the wants of my soul, may still be comprehended in those two requests, pardon and grace."

Here are the universal and perpetual desires of the renewed soul. When David said, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep, seek Thy servant," he prayed for pardon and grace.

When the penitent and returning church prays, "Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously," (Hosea xiv.,) what is it but a prayer for pardon and grace?

When Paul sends us to "the throne of grace," (Heb. iv.,) to "obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," pardon and grace form the whole burden of the supplications he enjoins on us.

When God promises, in His last covenant, "I will be merciful unto their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more;" and, "I will put My law in their minds, and write it in their hearts;" pardon and grace comprehend the whole boundless grant of Divine compassion and goodness.

Our Servants.

METTLE.

As an example of what is meant by "mettle," let the description of a "war-horse," in Job xxxix., be read. That is a sketch of this animal harnessed for actual fight. "His neck is clothed with thunder; he paweth in the valley; he rejoiceth in his strength; he swalloweth the ground with rage; he saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting." What mettle!

But look at the brother of this steed, who is trained for the draught, and is yoked in a team of four; or, it may be, has the whole work to do himself in a single-horsed vehicle. See how he sets himself for the start, how his neck presses upon his collar, while his four feet strain against the ground. The dead-weight of a load will not stir: it has found, as it would seem to hope, a resting-place in the hollow rut, and defies the horse's strength. Look, look, how that neck and shoulder now address themselves to work; how "all-fours" paw and smite the ground; the driver needs no whip, he calls upon his willing servant for one pull more; again the chains rattle, the harness holds good, the dead-weight feels at last it must shift, and (says the horse) "It both must and shall shift:" so, with a groan, the load for ever leaves its place. Now that is *mettle*.

Pass into an adjoining meadow. It is hay-time. Six mowers have taken the cutting of the grass, at a certain sum per acre. At first they find it both easy and profitable, the grass being a light crop at the field-side. Further in, the grass stands thicker and thicker: portions of it are *laid* by its own weight and heavy rains. The mowers find their work heavy, and their bargain worse. Will they give it up? No: "*A bargain is a bargain*," says the adage. Now, hearken to the keen bite of the whetstone on the shining scythes! the lightning gleams upon the steel: the stone is slung across the mowers' loins: all six bend forward to their toil, while the short-lived herb and flowers are unsuspicious of their doom in an instant more, "whisk" comes the remorseless stroke: again, again, yet again, returns that stroke: resolution bares every arm, girds every limb; the way widens, the swath lengthens. Another whet: keener and quicker goes the whetstone, faster falls the grass. "The work is taken, and it must and shall be done this day," says every man. Hour after hour the labourers throw their weight and strength upon their blades, till the field is won, and the swaths lie along the ground; and the mower, like "the swinkt hedger," rests, and "in the sweat of his face eats bread." This, too, is *mettle*.

Once more. In the great campaign of 1812, Napoleon Buonaparte the First led a vast army, five hundred thousand men, into Russia, intending to possess himself of Moscow, their capital, and to lay the empire at his feet. For some time the Russians cunningly declined giving him battle, preferring to retreat before the French, so as to draw them further and further from their stores and magazines. At length the Russians became impatient, and, like the American Federal army of the present summer, insisted on fighting a pitched battle, contrary to the judgment of their most sagacious commander, General De Barclay, on the Field of Borodino. One incident in that battle will illustrate what we mean by *mettle*. The Rusians had formed a double battery at a point which commanded a wide space of the French position; they mounted it with many formidable guns; they manned the battery with a powerful force of their bravest veterans. The guns poured a hurricane of deadly shot among the enemy, whom it mowed down by hundreds. The French were successful in other parts of the field; but so long as the double battery played upon them, the Russians would keep the field. Marshal Ney, the French commander, resolved to end the matter, by taking this battery by assault. Accordingly, he chose a large force of picked soldiers as a storming-party, whom

he sent forward before the eyes and amid the cheers of their envious comrades. They rushed upon the battery, and attacked it with great bravery; but the veterans were ready for them, and successfully repulsed them. The French force retired, leaving many dead and wounded behind them. But they "formed up," and returned to the attack with enthusiasm; again the steady arm of the veterans laid numbers low, and repulsed them *a second time*. The French retired a second time; but, though checked, they were not beaten. Resolved on the taking of that battery, they "formed up" again, attacked it at the point of the bayonet with enthusiasm; but still the sturdy resistance of those veterans could not be broken, and the French were defeated *a third time*. Many were the fallen on both sides; frightful was the carnage made by those terrible guns from the battery. Yet again did those brave French rally; and with still higher resolution, and amid louder cheers, did they a fourth time return to the attack. Tremendous was the conflict of that moment; the reserves looked in breathless amazement on that scene of mortal strife: once more the enthusiasm of the Gaul succumbs to the firmness of the Russian, and for *the fourth time* the French are compelled to retreat over heaps of dead and dying men. Undaunted, they will try again. They "form up," and advance once more. The guns pour a tempest of destruction upon the attacking force, but still it is undismayed. The devoted band rushes with the utmost celerity upon the battery. It is now, "Victory, or death!" At last Russian firmness retires before French impetuosity; and, at *the fifth time*, victory crowned the eagles of France.

And who and what were that attacking band? *They were but youths of nineteen years old!* but of whom Marshal Ney, the brave, has said, "*None but lads could have done that!*" and he ever afterwards maintained that "there is nothing like *lads* for storming batteries!" Now that *was* mettle!

Mettle is just what a multitude of our honest servants want to make them all one could desire. We do not mean by "mettle" anything like boisterousness, or pertness, or self-will. "Mettle" is quite consistent with meekness; with teachableness and quietness; but it is sharp, quick, courageous, persevering.

Servants who must needs be *rung-up* in a morning want *mettle;* or else they would get up in good time by themselves. Those who crawl about like people walking in their sleep want *mettle*. Others who can eat well and sleep well, but take alarm at work, and whose favourite utterance is, "I can't; I really haven't time;—we ought to have another servant; at least, a weekly charwoman,"—want mettle.

Without mettle a speaker is dull, and his audience asleep: (many speakers know the secret of getting people to sleep:) without mettle, a singer is tiresome; a musician moves no passion; a man on foot has no elasticity; on horseback he is "dead-weight." *With* mettle work is pleasant, toil is full of reward; dirt flies away; difficulties vanish; impossibilities are done; health is found without seeking for it: "the yoke is easy: the burden is light."

P. H.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXII.

"*And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts.*" (Mal. i. 8.)

When God was served with legal sacrifices, such was the miserable and wretched disposition of some men's minds, that the best of everything they had being culled out for themselves, if there were in their flocks any poor starved or diseased thing not worth the keeping, they thought it good enough for the altar of God; pretending (as wise hypocrites do when they rob God to enrich themselves) that the fatness of calves doth benefit Him nothing: to us the best things are most

profitable; to Him all is one if the mind of the offerer be good, which is the only thing He respecteth. In reproof of which their devout fraud, the Prophet Malachi alleggeth that gifts are offered unto God not as supplies of His want indeed, but yet as testimonies of that affection wherewith we acknowledge and honour His greatness. For which cause, since the greater they are whom we honour, the more regard we have to the quality and choice of those presents which we bring them for honour's sake, it must needs follow that if we dare not disgrace our worldly superiors with offering unto them such refuse as we bring unto God Himself, we show plainly that our acknowledgment of His greatness is but feigned; in heart we fear Him not so much as we dread them. Offer it now unto thy Prince. "Will he be content, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts." "Cursed be the deceiver, which hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing: for I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. i. 14.) Should we hereupon frame a rule that what form of speech or behaviour soever is fit for suitors in a Prince's court, the same and no other beseemeth us in our prayers to Almighty God?—*Hooker's Works*, vol. ii., pp. 193, 194. *Edit.* 1836.

No. CXIII.

"*Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour.*" (John xii. 27.)

His purpose herein was most effectually to propose to the view of the whole world two contrary objects, the like whereunto in force and efficacy were never presented in that manner to any but only to the soul of Christ. There was presented before His eyes in that fearful hour, on the one side, God's heavy indignation and wrath towards mankind as yet unappeased; death as yet in full strength; hell as yet never mastered by any that came within the confines and bounds thereof; somewhat also, peradventure, more than is either possible or needful for the wit of man to find out; finally, Himself, flesh and blood, left alone to enter into conflict with all these: on the other side, a world to be saved by one; a pacification of wrath through the dignity of that sacrifice which should be offered; a conquest over death through the power of that Deity, which would not suffer the tabernacle thereof to see corruption; and an utter disappointment of all the forces of infernal powers, through the purity of that soul which they should have in their bands, and not be able to touch. Let no man marvel that in this case the soul of Christ was much *troubled*. For what could such apprehensions breed but (as their nature is) inexplicable mind, desires abhorring what they embrace, and embracing what they abhor? In which agony how should the tongue go about to express what the soul endured? When the griefs of Job were exceeding great, his words accordingly to open them were many; howbeit, still unto his seeming they were undiscovered. "Though my talk," saith Job, "be this day in bitterness, yet my plague is greater than my groaning." (Job xxiii. 2.) But here to what purpose should words serve, when nature hath more to declare than groans and strong cries, more than streams of bloody sweats, more than His doubled and tripled prayers can express, who thrice putting forth His hand to receive that cup, besides which there was no other cause of His coming into the world, He thrice pulleth it back again, and as often, with tears of blood, craveth, "If it be possible, O Father:" or if not, "even what Thine own good pleasure is," for whose sake the passion that hath in it a bitter and a bloody conflict, even with wrath, and death, and hell, is most welcome.—*Ibid.*, pp. 264—266.

Religion and Morals.

THE IDEA OF STEWARDSHIP.

THE true idea of Christianity,—the idea of St. Paul, "to whom to live was Christ,"—the idea of a greater than St.

Paul, "whose meat it was to do His Father's will,"—is the *continual* devotion of self to God's service; the going out of self indeed, and ordering the whole life with supreme reference to God's glory. It is the martyr-spirit, which, even now, holds itself willing to "endure hardness." It is the making the religious duties as much a part of the life as the food we eat, or the air we breathe.

With such an idea of life, the nature and scope of our stewardship becomes greatly enlarged. It is not narrowed down to a mere giving of money to objects of benevolence, or to the performance of any new round of duties; but it extends throughout the whole circle of our lives.

Stewardship demands the right use of our property, and this demand is intensified by the power which property has obtained. As the world has progressed from barbarism, the power of money has advanced with it. In ancient times, indeed almost down to the present, the sword has been the great force which has ruled the world. The ambition of Emperors and Kings was the motive that led to the conquest of states, the overthrow of dynasties, the gaining of new territory. But now, trade rules the world, and kingdoms are made or overthrown as trade may be advanced or hindered. There is danger here. Venice was a nation of merchants. To further the ends of trade, she "wrote her history in the white scrolls of the sea-surges, and worded it in their thunder;" but the waves are now undermining her palaces, and the Lion of St. Mark has been stripped of his power. Her trade was not consecrated to anything nobler than her own aggrandizement, and it has proved her destruction. In Christianity the responsibility of the consecration of property to the Lord rests upon the individual. Each Christian ought to consider that he has a duty to perform; and as far as in him lies he must do his whole share. The opportunities are numerous. The Gospel must be preached to the neglected masses in our own land. All forms of beneficence and Christian enterprise at our own doors are to be carried on; and the Macedonian cry never more loudly than at this moment comes sounding from across the sea, "Come over, and help us." Our money must be held as a sacred trust from God.

Of each individual, stewardship demands the conscientious use of time. When we consider the shortness of life, the amount even of that short space that must necessarily be lost to any activity, we are warned, as by the very voice of God, "to do with our might what our hands find to do." But how few, even of those who profess the name of Christ, endeavour to make their whole life a time of service faithfully rendered to Him who is marking the moments with their pulse-beats! In the devotion of *all* one's time to God, it is not meant, of course, to intimate that no time may be rightly devoted to recreation and amusement. He greatly errs in his estimation of the true demands of the Christian life who imagines service to God to consist only in a round of formal duties. We are of complex natures, and our spirits are chained down to clay. "Our flesh is weak," and demands repose. Our minds cannot always be active, or they would snap like the over-tense bow-string. God intended that we should enjoy the beauties of the earth, and the society of our fellows. But while this may be done, the other must not be left undone. After all, ours is a life of work. The more heartily and conscientiously the business of our life is performed, the more do we enter into the spirit of Him who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." And we cannot work to the most advantage, we cannot enter into the spirit of our work, unless we make it a part of our business to use our time as under the eye of the Master; without haste, from day to day going steadily forward in everything to which our duty calls us. A biographer once said of an eminent man, "that his house seemed to him the home of industrious peace." Well for us if it may be said that our lives are lives of "industrious peace."

Stewardship demands of us, as we have opportunity, the cultivation of our talents. No matter in what direction they may lead us, so it be honourable, their culture should be a great object of our lives. Have we talents in a literary way? use them for God's glory, striving to improve

them both in their character and in their achievements. Have we talents which make us skilful in business transactions? use them, consecrating them to Him who has given them, enlarging their sphere as we may. No matter if in any direction our talents be but moderate. God gave them, and we can make them available in His service. "Patient continuance in well doing," even with but small abilities, has had more power, both in the world and in the church, than the most splendid genius. The triumphs of the church, indeed, have all been triumphs of patience. Above all, abilities of "growing in grace," which we may regard in the light of talents, are to be most diligently cultivated, in humble reliance upon the Spirit of God. So shall we receive the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The motive to all this is in the words of the Apostle: "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." D.

The Household.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is, to a woman, at once the happiest and saddest event of her life: it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements; everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided; the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled; and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate,—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke: every former tie is loosened; the spring of every action is changed; and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her, buoyed up by the confidence of requited love: she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come.

Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes; who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyments and watchful protection of home; who can, cowardlike, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline, in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their place; for on him is the responsibility of her errors; on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

SOME few years since an East-India trader was attacked while trading in the Indian Ocean by a piratical schooner; and, the attack being sudden and unlooked for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The Captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict; and the rest, being gagged and heavily ironed, were laid in the pirate's boat for removal to their own vessel, and the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion-way, they heard a soft voice, evidently engaged in supplication; and the Chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the voice proceeded. Bending low, to avoid observation, he peeped into a door that stood ajar; and there knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy at

her side, one arm clasped caressingly around the child, and the other raised in earnest supplication. "O God of all mercy," said the beseeching voice, as the face of tearful agony met the pirate's view, "save the life of my child, if such be Thy holy will; but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife, than fall a *living* prey into such hands, to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be Thy decree; but, O, let him not live to dishonour Thee, and perish eternally." The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his own emotions. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him, and God's Spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his heart, that, instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees and cried out for mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship, returned with his men to their own. Shortly afterwards he surrendered himself to the British East-India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for past crimes, that before his trial came on he was attacked with fever, which in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt; and he expired humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with Him. Thus were his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as we may trust, even at the eleventh hour. What a heritage for good are the prayers of a Christian mother!

THE INFLUENCE OF AFRICAN WOMEN.

The adventurous African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, states, in a recent letter, that he has found nothing more remarkable among the highly-intelligent tribes of the Upper Zambesa, than the respect universally accorded to women by them. Many of the tribes are governed by a female Chief. "If you demand anything of a man," remarks the intrepid traveller, "he replies, 'I will talk to my wife about it.' If the woman consents, your demand is granted; if she refuses, you will receive a negative reply. Women vote in all the public assemblies. Among the Bechuanas and Kaffirs, the men swear by their father; but among the veritable Africans, occupying the centre of the continent, they always swear by their mother. If a young man falls in love with a maiden of another village, he leaves his own and takes up his dwelling in hers. He is obliged to provide, in part, for the maintenance of his mother-in-law, and to assume a respectful attitude, a sort of semi-kneeling, in her presence. I was so much astonished at all these marks of respect for women, that I inquired of the Portuguese if such had always been the habits of the country. They assured me that such had always been the case."

WELL-GOVERNED CHILDREN.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of experience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please,—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them; to loiter in woods full of wild beasts and deadly herbs,—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are yet only in the preface, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong;

if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters, they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard, unsympathizing manner; the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken.

Poetry.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Fill'd with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home!—go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

THE GATHERING HOME.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one;
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river-side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one;
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go
One by one.

Religion in Heart and Life.

JOHN FREDERICK NARDIN.

John Frederick Nardin, Minister at Hericourt, embraced every opportunity to make inroads upon Satan's kingdom, and to implant the knowledge of God and Christ in the hearts of his hearers. He soon became an eye-sore to many of them, as well as to some of his colleagues. Finding they could not assail the righteous man in any other way, they traduced him as an enthusiast, pietist, and heretic. There were those who purposely listened

to his discourses in order to extract matter of accusation from them; and when they conceived they had succeeded in stringing a number of sentences together, they lodged complaint against him, as a heretic who was undeserving of the protection enjoyed by Protestants in France. In consequence hereof, January 29th, 1717, he was summoned before the Intendant of the Duchy of Bourgogne, Hector de Geurchois, at Besançon. With cheerful confidence he obeyed the summons, and was surprised to learn that he was charged with having advanced doctrines that were at variance with the Protestant religion, and that he held meetings which could not be tolerated in a well-regulated State.

Nardin replied, he believed he could confidently appeal to his parishioners to testify that he had preached pure and sound doctrine.

"You are mistaken," replied the Intendant: "your parishioners are the very people that have accused you."

"If it be so," said Nardin, "then I cannot account for it in any other way but that some must have come forward as my accusers, in whose judgment I inveighed too zealously against the views predominating in my parish, and spoke too much about Christ, who has thus far been an unknown Saviour to them. But if this be accounted a crime, that I convince men of sin, and introduce them to the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, I will cheerfully consent to be the victim of my perseverance in this doctrine."

The Intendant, being more and more convinced of the upright character of the prisoner, finally said: "If that be the whole of your crime, then you are innocent. Your doctrine appears the more sound and precious to me, because it teaches exactly what our own most pious and zealous Ministers inculcate. I clearly see you have enemies, whom your doctrine troubles, and your example confounds. Be upon your guard; and for the rest, rely upon my protection, so long as you undertake nothing that militates against the religion and interest of my lord, the King."

Nardin then returned to his parish, grieved, indeed, that there should be such people among his flock who could accuse him so unjustly, but also happy and thankful for having discovered so much justice and kindness in a Roman Catholic Judge. He was soon favoured in seeing an entire change wrought in some of his adversaries. His immediate superiors, who before had sided with his opponents, now satisfied themselves of his innocence, pronounced him free of all charges, and reinstated him in his office. In the following year he was promoted to the deanery of Blamont. Soon after, the Intendant of Besançon came thither, and desired an interview with him. Nardin, waiting upon him, was received by him in a very polite manner, and he said, "Well, Mr. Nardin, now you see yourself avenged. You can now enjoy the satisfaction of observing how your two adversaries, that laboured to bring about your ruin in the prison at Fort Grifon, are now themselves shut up in it, while you, in the meantime, were declared innocent."

The fact was, that about that time the two men who had been most active in plotting his ruin, had for some time been under arrest at Besançon; the one for having carried on an unlawful traffic, and the other for having infringed upon certain rights which the Roman Catholics claimed as theirs. Nardin, however, felt but little pleasure in this kind of triumph of his innocence; and answered, with a loving heart and gentle voice: "May it please your Honour, my religion does not permit me to rejoice over the misfortunes of my enemies. I pity them, and wish that a more prudent deportment may in future save them from future penalties."

Some time after, this Intendant again came to Blamont, a town, the citizens of which were one half Papists, and the other half Protestants, and where a vacant office pertaining to the latter was to be filled. Many applicants were anxiously coveting this office. Nardin, whom the Intendant saw proper to consult, recommended to his notice the son of one of his most violent persecutors. "What!" cried the Intendant, "don't you remember any more the injury which his father did to you?" Nardin replied: "May it please your Honour, it is but reasonable

I should have learned from my Master to requite evil with good, and to pray for my persecutors. Besides, as guilty as the father may be, yet the son is not to bear the iniquity of the father." "Well," said the Intendant, "I will accept your recommendation; but if ever the adder bites, remember, you were determined to cherish it in your bosom."

The applicant, having by these means obtained the office, he thanked the Intendant, and offered him a present in token of his gratitude. He, however, declined it, saying: "Not I, but Nardin is entitled to the present. Do you take it to him; for to him alone you are indebted for the acquisition of this office."

Natural History.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

EVERYBODY is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjab; but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful number of human beings, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In the two past years, no less than 899 children were killed, principally by wolves, as will be seen by the subjoined abstract:—1859. Killed, 6 men, 1 woman, and 467 children,—474; injured, 33 men, 3 women, and 83 children,—119: total, 593. 1860. Killed, 9 men, 4 women, and 432 children,—445; injured, 24 men, and 31 children,—55: total, 500. The greatest destruction of life occurs in the Umritsir division, where 347 were killed during 1859, and 299 in 1860. In the Goojranwalla district 77, and in Umballa district 18, children, were killed in 1859, and 23 and 70, respectively, last year. These figures are perfectly astounding, and lead to the suspicion that the credit of this exceeding great slaughter is not altogether due to the animals to whom it is ascribed, notwithstanding the Commissioner of Umritsir, in reporting the slaughter by wild beasts of 160 male and 181 female infants in his division, says, "It is satisfactory that none of the children are of the race notoriously addicted to infanticide."

The number of wild animals destroyed is not so considerable as one would expect, seeing that Government has paid in two years 14,386 rupees as rewards for the destruction of 4,225, which includes a large proportion of cubs. The total number of each description of animals killed, stands thus: In 1859, tigers, 12; leopards, 192; bears, 187; wolves, 1,174; and hyenas, 2: total, 1,567. In 1860, tigers, 35; leopards, 163; bears, 350; wolves, 2,080; and hyenas, 30: total, 2,658. The wolves, we understand, do the greatest mischief. In the Lahore district 132 of them were slain last year, and no person hurt; while in Sealkote only 28 were destroyed, notwithstanding 135 children were killed in the district. Similar results are exhibited elsewhere; as, for instance, the comparison between the wolves and children in the Hissar division is as one child killed to 82 wolves. In the Cis-Sutlej states, and the Umritsir division, the average is two children to about three wolves. Trans-Sutlej, one child to three wolves. Lahore and Ferozepore, 232 wolves, no children. Goojranwalla, in the same division, 1 to 4; that is, 101 wolves, 23 children. In Mooltan division, 622 wolves were destroyed, and only 1 child: all of which indicate that where the beasts are systematically hunted down, the destruction of human life is least. The greatest number of tigers were killed last year at Umballa, namely, 13; and at Kangra the most leopards, 80. Bears also are found principally at Kangra, as, out of the 350 killed throughout the Punjab, 306 fell in this district. Wolves abound everywhere apparently; though, judging from the number killed, they should be scarcest at Peshawur. The wolf is probably the most cruel and most cowardly animal in existence, and a blundering, stupid beast, devoid of the cunning which many wild animals display. He does not sneak up

to his prey like the tiger or fox, and attempt to conceal himself up to the moment of his spring, but advances openly at a deliberate pace, until he arrives close to the object he has in view; when, if he experiences the least resistance, (a blow on the head, for instance, or a thump from a man's fist,) he will immediately show his teeth, and snarl, but at the same time turn tail, and be off without inflicting injury.

HABITS OF AFRICAN ANTS.

Du Chaillu, in his recent work, says of these ants:—I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line,—a line about two inches broad, and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are only used in the heat of the day, or during a storm.

When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life; and after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles; and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the Negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march, the whole of the insect world flies before them; and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly, the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

The Negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

FROGS FOR MARKET.

Miss Johnson gives an account of the frog trade in Switzerland:—"There are one or two articles of commerce in Switzerland which we are sure no Englishman ever thought of 'trading in,' and yet which might perhaps be made profitable. Roman Catholics not being allowed to eat meat on Fridays, and various other days in the year, and Papists being many in the land, all kinds of fish are in great demand. Frogs and snails belong to the genus fish, and are collected in great numbers. Snails are fattened in gardens on certain kinds of leaves; and one may hear the chattering of their teeth as they eat in passing by. From Zurich they are exported to Italy in the autumn. It is only frogs' legs that are eaten; and formerly they used to catch them, and cut off

their legs, leaving the animal to die a painful and cruel death. In a period of four years the cloister Rheinau disposed of forty thousand snails, and thirty-six thousand pairs of frogs' legs."

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to "settled fair." But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be "settled fair" when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.

The Monitor.

EFFECTS OF SICKNESS.

Many of our greatest geniuses have been persons of some remarkable physical weakness at some period of their lives. Kirke White always was feeble; Coleridge was nearly all his life; Walter Scott, as a boy; and both he and Lord Byron had one, if indeed the latter had not two deformed feet. Robert Hall was a martyr to a series of complicated disorders through life, a diseased spine making him suffer the agonies of a thousand deaths. It would seem, then, that suffering gives a peculiar sensitiveness to the whole nervous system, or is in some way connected with it, and that it is in this acute and sensitive state of mind that all the highest works and efforts of genius are produced. In private life, as in public, the same thing is observable. Who cannot call to mind some member of a family always ailing, always sick, and yet the most exemplary and influential member of the family-circle? In the country such a child will grow up with tastes so pure and simple, habits so neat and refined, and affections so elevated, as to give all the highest results of a most finished education without going through any of the fashionable forms of city-instruction. She may be the weakest of the whole, and yet her words of love and gentleness light up the entire family-circle, and rule, and regulate, and refine the whole. Or in the humble walks of city-life, one such weak and sickly child may contrive to establish habits of neatness, and cleanliness, and refinement, in an attic or in a cottage, as much so as if she dwelt in a palace. If she dies, her memory is fragrant; the whole family-circle, perhaps the neighbourhood, are really elevated by the memory of the plans and habits she first established, and of the atmosphere she breathed. But if she recover, then she carries up into life and vigour the neatness, order, and quiet elevation first conceived through the refining processes of suffering and of sorrow.

Our best writers, our most ingenious inventors, our most acute metaphysicians, clearest thinkers and ablest discoverers, can generally trace some sharpening of the intellect and refining of the nervous system to a sickness or enfeeblement at

some period or other of life. And thus it is that the sickness which weakens and wearies for the time, and incapacitates for exertion afterward, capacitates for a tenfold and higher excellence and usefulness. So long as the depressing effects of sickness lasted, it was wasting and hindering; but these soon pass away, and leave a permanent elevation and improvement on every side.

Nearly all sorrow has in it the same tendency. While it lasts, it depresses action, crushes hope, and destroys energy; but it renders the sensitive more acute, the sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of drought, the best lands would soon degenerate; but these seasons cause the lands to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, also those mineral manures that restore and fertilize the soil above. It is thus with sickness and sorrow: once surmounted, they fertilize the character, and develop from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

"HE BREATHES."

A LABOURER fell from the top of a building on which he was working, and was taken up insensible. For a time it was supposed he was dead. At length one, whose powers of observation were peculiarly nice, remarked, "He breathes." It was true that the lungs had begun to perform, in a very feeble manner indeed, their office. His friends were thus encouraged to make renewed efforts for his full resuscitation.

There are Christians who fall from their steadfastness, and seem to be dead to all spiritual life. In such, those who watch for the slightest indication of spiritual life may see something to encourage effort. They follow the example of Him who never quenches the smoking flax. Instead of leaving them to perish, they strive to bring them back to life. God looks with approbation on such labours, and will bestow upon them a large reward.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE NATURE OF PREACHING.

PREACHING, says the Rev. Daniel Moore, is the grand ordinance of the New-Testament dispensation. It is the weapon which the great Captain of salvation has entrusted to His church, whether for the conversion of sinners, or the edification of His own elect.

Discussions upon the comparative importance of public prayer and the preaching of the word, are but solemn trifling. Both are important; both are essential; and we have no right to ask which of them is more important. What should we think of the wisdom of men who met gravely to discuss the question whether meat or drink were the more necessary? Especially if, in the heat of argument, the disputants were heard to affirm, on one side, that with abundance of food all fluids were needless; or, on the other, that copious draughts alone, if the stream were only pure, superseded the want of any kind of food? From such grave triflers we make no apology for turning aside without waiting to listen to their idle talk.

Nor is it of much real importance to fix all the exact meanings the words will bear in which preaching is spoken of in the New Testament. All agree that it is the delivery of the Gospel message to mankind. The Preacher is a herald; he goes with a message from his King; sometimes to the enemy's camp, sometimes into the forum amongst peaceable citizens. Sometimes the message demands publicity; it must be spoken on the house-top: sometimes it is expedient to whisper it in the ear. All these are questions of time, place, and circumstances; but the only question of real importance, after all, is this: Has the message been delivered in the most effectual manner? If so, whether it were done publicly, or from house to

house, it was undoubtedly that kind of preaching of the word which our Lord intended. His commission has been fulfilled, and the dew of His blessing may be expected to descend.

The history of preaching would form, in proper hands, a volume of great worth. It has never yet been executed; for it requires great labour, as well as spiritual qualifications of the highest kind, and a mind capable of appreciating true eloquence, and discerning the tinsel rhetoric which often usurps its place. Some preparations have, it has been understood, been made at times by men well qualified for the task; but they have desisted and left it unfinished, and the work has yet to be accomplished.

The New Testament abounds with intimations sufficiently distinct as to the *nature of preaching*, whether public or private. Perhaps the Sermon on the Mount may not have been meant for imitation. The method and the circumstances were peculiar, such as cannot return; but the address in the synagogue at Nazareth was delivered under circumstances such as occur every Lord's day amongst ourselves. A congregation assembles for Divine worship; a passage from the Book of the Law is read; the Preacher takes it for his text, and delivers an address or sermon which was no doubt intended, not only to benefit the hearers, but to serve as a model for Preachers to the end of time. We cannot but be struck with the manner in which perfect wisdom here accommodates itself to man's capacity, and thus, as it were, meets human wisdom when at its highest stretch. The perfection of the rhetorical art is taught in the few "gracious words" which then proceeded from the Saviour's lips. We have, first, *an introduction of the subject*, and one which, familiar as it has now become, must at that moment have surprised and arrested the attention of every hearer: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Secondly, the Lord proceeds *to obviate objections;* and in doing so, He first vindicates His own mission by several distinct arguments: as that "no Prophet is accepted in his own country;" a truth which it seems had passed into a proverb, and which, therefore, none of His hearers would contradict; then, that His mission was in accordance with God's conduct as revealed in their own Scriptures; and, therefore, thirdly, that His refusal to gratify them with a miracle afforded no ground of objection to His claims. And all along there was an under-current of *application to the conscience*, not reserved till the conclusion, but running through the whole. Self-righteousness was the one besetting sin of the hearers, and our Lord selected His instances so as to probe them to the quick. He had wrought amazing miracles in Capernaum; He had rendered Galilee illustrious by His presence; but He had hitherto neglected Nazareth, His birthplace. Would He not now retrieve the reputation of His native town, and signalize His visit to Nazareth with mighty works, which should cast those of Capernaum into the shade? By no means: His kingdom did not thus come by observation; He had a right to claim in Nazareth, from the holiness of His well-known life, an attention and respect which Capernaum was not prepared to render. And, besides, His Father's method had been, to give signal instances of miraculous intervention, not to those most highly favoured with previous opportunities of knowledge, but to the despised sinners of the Gentiles. So Elijah was sent to a Sidonian widow, though there were many widows in Israel; and Elisha to Naaman the Syrian leper, though many a son of Abraham suffered from the same complaint. We should have been satisfied that the Lord's address must have been a perfect model, had we possessed no means of forming a judgment upon it; but these means are placed within our reach, and invite our devout attention; and we may now venture, without irreverence, to say that we possess in the sermon of Nazareth, the scheme and outline of a heart-searching sermon. Like that of Stephen, it appears to have been cut short abruptly by the ungovernable rage of the hearers, who felt that every word exposed their pride and their hypocrisy.

St. Paul's sermon at Athens is the most complete study we have of a Christian oration from the lips of an

Apostle. Whether it was the result of previous thought and preparation, or whether the Apostle cast himself upon God, and spoke unprepared words as the Spirit gave him utterance, the speech itself is equally important to us; and it is a model to all Preachers. Here there is: first, an exordium, delicate and appropriate, taken from the events of the hour and the surrounding scene. Secondly, and naturally arising out of this, a statement of all the great primary truths on which heathenism doubted, and of which men baptized into the name of Christ, and professing to be His Ministers, begin to doubt once more,—the unity of God, the spirituality of the Divine nature, and, consequently, the sin and folly of idol-worship; creation the work of God; the whole human race the family of God; a superintending Providence; a future judgment; Christ Jesus the ordained of God, proven such already by the fact of His resurrection from the dead. The scheme is complete: though again the speaker was cut short by the impatience of an angry congregation; and we are left to imagine how the Apostle might have closed. How solemn, how respectful, how full of unaffected love, would have been the peroration of such a discourse! We can hardly believe that Athens would endorse the Corinthian indictment, and say that Paul's presence was mean, and his speech contemptible.

From the Reformation to the present time, the history of preaching, treated in the smallest compass, would fill a large volume. And it would show that the best times, both for Church and State, have been those in which the pulpit has been most effective. The pulpit has always been the index of national progress as well as of spiritual life; always feeble or vigorous, as the age has been manly or effeminate, and as constitutional liberty has receded or advanced. Spiritual religion has never been known to flourish under tame pulpit-ministrations, when sacred eloquence decayed. We are not even disposed to except the stormy period in the seventeenth century, when the pulpit was made the "drum ecclesiastic." These were, at least, days of great national vigour, and of religious energy and life. The principles of good government, and the conditions within which it can exist, were not yet known; and the Clergy for a time shared the enthusiasm, sometimes the madness, of the people. But, upon the whole, their influence was good; and we must not suppose that, even in the worst days, raving fanatics, like Hugh Peters, were to be found in many parishes. Such a history as we contemplate would prove again that revivals of pure religion have invariably begun from the pulpit; or, at least, been sustained, their zeal directed, and their false enthusiasm chastened by the preaching of the word. In short, if there are some painful instances in which Scriptural and able Preachers, wise and holy men, have seen little fruit of their labours, there are absolutely none in which the piety of churches or congregations has borne up, even for ten years together, in the absence of a faithful Preacher. The spirits of God's children droop, and the progress of His work ceases. The tree may not have borne fruit, though planted in the true vineyard, and watered with the pure word: but when the watering ceased, all the trees alike gave symptoms of distress, while no fresh plants sprung up; the water-courses were dry, and the land was barren.

Anecdotes.

THE VERSE OF A HYMN.

WHAT a dreadful day was the 14th of September, 1796, for the small Hessian town of Lisberg, built on the wooden heights of the Vogelsberg! Between nine and ten o'clock at night, five hundred fugitives of the French army, which had just been defeated by the Archduke Charles, fled through the city, breathing vengeance. They shot the worthy old Pastor of the town, who on his knees begged for mercy; and after they had destroyed, murdered, and plundered for many hours, they set fire to the town at all points, so that fifty-eight dwellings were burned to the ground. On the slope of

the hill, outside the town, there stood a cottage, within which sat a mother at the bed of her sick child. From fear of endangering the life of her darling, she would not, in the cold September day, flee with it into the woods, as most of the inhabitants had done. But now, when the firing and murdering began in the place, and the smoke of the burning houses came down from the hill into the valley, the poor lone woman was fearful unto death; she bolted the door of the cottage, and threw herself on her knees in prayer beside the cradle of her child. Thus she remained a long time, trembling as she listened to the cry of rage of the soldiers, and the agonizing shrieks of their victims, when her door at last was struck by the butt-end of a musket; old and dilapidated as it was, it quickly flew open, and a Frenchman dashed furiously in, pointing his bayonet at the horrified woman. Pale as death, the frightened mother laid her hands over the child, and, with a voice of despair, she prayed aloud the eighth verse of Gerhardt's hymn, beginning, "Now all the woods are resting;" viz,—

"My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe sheltered by Thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
O! let him never harm me;
But still Thine angels round me sing."

Suddenly the soldier lowered his deadly weapon, stepped to the cradle, and laid his rough hand softly on the child's head; his lips moved as if in prayer, and heavy tear-drops fell over his bearded face; then he gave his hand to the mother, and went away in silence. But when, after some time, she arose from her knees, and looked out of the little window, behold! there stood the Frenchman, his musket in his arm, under a pear-tree opposite the house-door. He had made himself the sentinel to protect the house and its inmates from all insult or harm. At last, when the whole troop, laden with booty, marched off, he left his post, with a greater treasure in his heart than his comrades in their sacks.

THE WOUNDED HIGHLAND CHIEF.

It is related of a certain Chief of the M'Gregors, a Highland clan who had warmly espoused the cause of the exiled Stuarts, that when advancing under the banners of Charles Edward against the English troops at Preston-Pans, in 1745, he was struck to the ground by two balls from the enemy. The M'Gregor clan, seeing their loved Chieftain fall, began to waver; when the wounded Captain instantly raised himself upon his elbow, and, as the blood streamed from his wounds, exclaimed aloud: "I am not dead, my children: I am looking at you, to see if you do your duty."

Young Christians, you who are just buckling on the armour of the Gospel ministry, as you go forth to battle with the hosts of darkness, if ever your hearts falter or your faith give way, if ever your spiritual adversaries should seem to gain a temporary advantage, remember that the Master whom you serve, and who is at once "your Saviour and your Captain," is not dead, but alive; and that, from His throne on high, "He is looking at you, to see if you do your duty."

The Portfolio.

WHICH WAY DOES THE TREE LEAN?

"If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." (Eccles. xi. 3.) There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans. And the great question which everyone ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this: What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or from Him?—*J. J. Gurney.*

THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is

only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

Memorials of the Departed.

THERE have been many worthy men in the church of God who have glided noiselessly through life, have attracted but little attention while they lived, and yet have left behind them a character unstained, and an influence for good, by which, "though dead," they "yet speak." We feel when they are gone, that we loved them more than we were aware, and wonder that their varied virtues were not more fully recognised, and more highly prized. Such a man was MR. ROBERT JACKSON, of Ballymagarney, in the Portadown Circuit, who died January 6th, 1859, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. When but a young man, he was united in marriage with her who is now his sorrowing widow; and both having been soon after converted to God, they determined unitedly to tread the narrow path. This, by Divine grace, they were happily enabled to do. The family-altar was erected; a holy example was shown; and their numerous family were brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And the result of parental faithfulness was most pleasing. Five died, in early life, triumphing in their Saviour. Three are serving their father's God in a distant land. And those who still remain in their native country, happily experience the power of true religion. Our deceased friend was remarkably diligent in business, and was well known for his thorough integrity and uprightness. For many years Mr. Jackson was a Class-Leader in the Wesleyan-Methodist Society; the section of the Christian church which he made his early choice, and to which he was devotedly attached. His course was calm and even; he spoke more by example than by precept. A natural timidity, over which he often mourned, made him less active than some others; but his influence was very helpful to the cause he loved, and his steadiness and consistency made it to be regarded with respect and confidence wherever he was known. His last affliction was tedious and trying; but his patience during it was calculated most happily to exhibit the sustaining power of true religion. And he departed in peaceful triumph, leaving behind him "a good name," which is "rather to be chosen than great riches." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

MR. JAMES METCALF was born near Barnard-Castle, in 1801. His parents were members of the Methodist Society. His father died when he was only ten years of age. He received his first religious impressions from his mother; and, in after-days, he often recalled her prayers to his mind, when far from home, and far from God, which produced convictions in his mind of his sinful state; but these he stifled, resolving at some future time to be a Christian. He was married in his twenty-seventh year to her who now survives and mourns for him, as her faithful and affectionate husband. At one time he was accustomed to attend, with his wife, a meeting for worship held by the Independents, in the neighbourhood near where he lived. One Sabbath he was betrayed into going to the meeting in the evening in a state of intoxication; but this was his last violated Sabbath, and he never after was intoxicated; and long and bitterly did he lament going to the house of prayer under the influence of drink. A few days after this he was visited with severe affliction; and, at the same time, with powerful conviction of sin. The remembrance of his sins, and his mother's prayers, caused him to sustain a heavy burden; he was almost in despair. In this state he warned his children not to follow his evil example, for he had neglected his mother's counsel, and was about to die and go to hell. He was very anxious for religious persons to visit and pray with him; and, as he slowly recovered from his affliction, his spiritual distress increased. One night he rose from his

bed, and, kneeling, offered up strong cries and tears for mercy. On rising, he exclaimed, "I can go to bed happy now:" he had found pardon and peace. On his recovery, he dedicated himself to God. The change was great and decided; and, like Joshua, he resolved, "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." He made no compromise with sin, but gave up everything that bore the appearance of evil. Almost his first act was to burn two packs of cards, which had been used in his favourite pastime. He commenced family-worship morning and evening. He soon joined the Wesleyan Society; and though the sanctuary was four miles distant, neither distance, weather, nor business hindered him from attending the means of grace; inviting all he met with to accompany him. His conversation was with grace, seasoned with salt. When in company, if the conversation was worldly, or on subjects he disapproved, he would remain silent, or take his Bible and read. If the conversation was unprofitable, when journeying with others to the house of the Lord, he would commence singing a hymn. He was faithful in reproving sin. He was consistent in his profession, upright in his dealings, and zealous for the Lord of Hosts. A year before his death he was attacked with cancer in the throat, which occasioned intense suffering; but this was borne with exemplary patience. Only once was he heard to murmur; and then he exclaimed, "The Lord pardon me! He sweat drops of blood for me." When visited by kind friends, he thought it strange they should pity him. Hearing one say, "Poor James!" he said, "Poor James is happy." To another he said, "Tell them at Gainford, James is on the Rock." "My Jesus is mine, and I am His; I have given Him my heart." A few months before his death, he lost a beloved daughter. He had told her he should 'soon follow; and, in allusion to this, he said to his wife, "Mary is in heaven; I am going. Mind and prove faithful, and no doubt we shall all meet there." The conversion of his wife and three children were the result of his example and instrumentality. The nature of his complaint rendered it almost impossible for him to converse the last few days; and, after intense suffering, he calmly breathed his last. After nineteen years faithfully following Christ on earth, his happy and sanctified spirit was removed to be with Christ in heaven, January 13th, 1859.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Gibbs, Sarah,	Portland,	Portland,	85	Aug. 2d, 1861.
Guy, William,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	25	Jan. 25th, 1861.
Lamb, Mrs. G.,	Loddon,	Bungay,	58	April 22d, 1861.
Marwood, John,	Portland,	Portland,	60	July 7th, 1861.
Maud, John,	Howden,	Howden,	43	Aug. 2d, 1861.
Olivey, Catharine,	Trewithian,	St. Mawes,	65	April 21st, 1861.
Scarf, Mrs. Susanna,	Little Waldingfield,	Bury St. Edmund's,	54	July 9th, 1861.
Smeth, Elizabeth,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	55	Dec. 20th, 1860.
Steele, Mrs. Ann,	Cockermouth,	Cockermouth,	82	Aug. 12th, 1861.
Tattersall, Martha,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	65	July 25th, 1861.
Warnes, Mary Eliza,	Rumburgh,	Bungay,	30	June 5th, 1861.
Wilkinson, Christiana,	Grimsby,	Grimsby,	59	June 26th, 1861.

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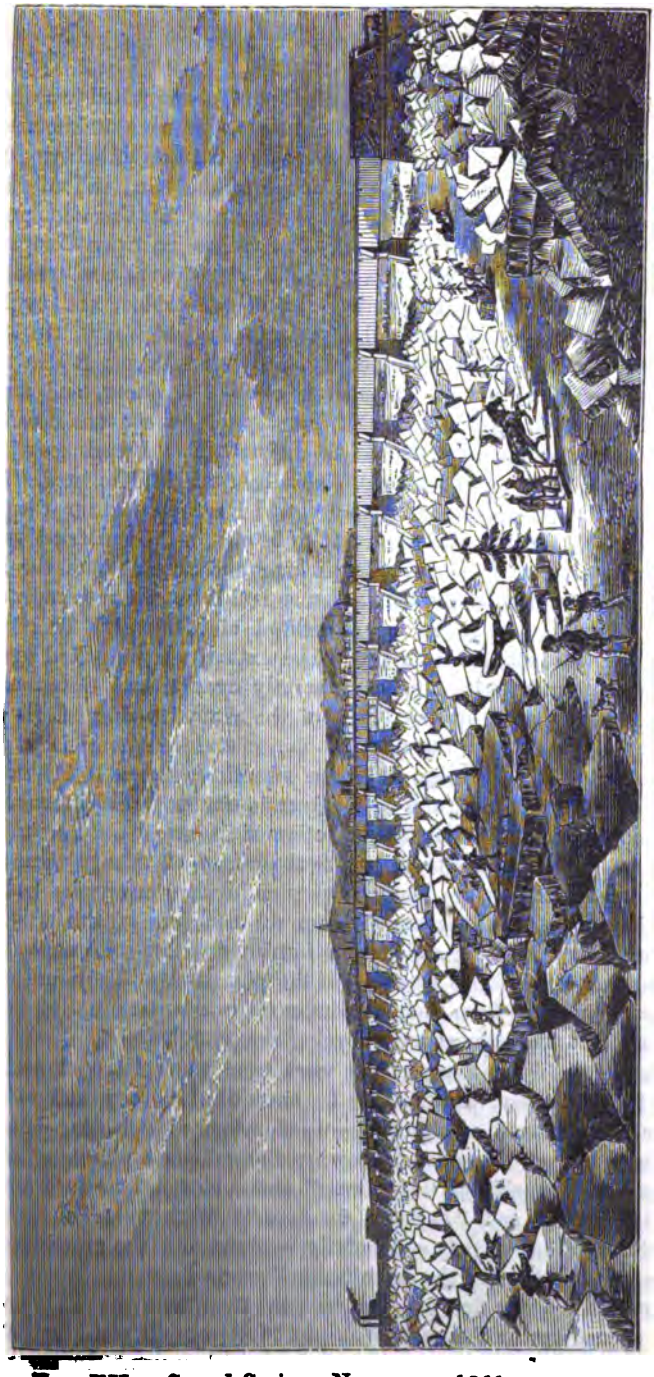

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

WINTER VIEW.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

(*Concluded from page* 291.)

THE engineering difficulties with which Mr. Stephenson had to contend were of a very formidable character, and such as were unknown to English topography and climate. Indeed at first the idea of bridging the St. Lawrence was laughed at as a wild dream of the imagination. The first who advocated its practicability in the columns of the Canadian press, and at the Board of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway Company, was the Hon. John Young, of Montreal. His views were confirmed by Mr. Morton, C. E., who surveyed the site of the bridge, and by Mr. Keeper, another engineer of colonial experience and celebrity. In 1852 the project was seriously entertained by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, who engaged Robert Stephenson as chief engineer, and under him Mr. Ross. One great difficulty in the way of its construction was the width, depth, and volume of the St. Lawrence. "I had been here twenty years before," said Stephenson, at a banquet in Montreal, "and the St. Lawrence seemed to me like a sea, and I certainly never thought of bridging it." But the great difficulty to be met in the construction of the bridge arose from the periodical "packing and shoring" of the ice. In no part of the course of the St. Lawrence is this process so grandly and powerfully displayed, as in the neighbourhood of Montreal. There the masses of ice, accumulated to a prodigious extent, are propelled by the violence of the current with a force apparently irresistible. Occasionally the ice has been pushed up the banks of the river, invading fields and gardens, piling itself up by the sides of houses, and breaking in at the windows of the upper stories, and even sometimes when it has struck buildings at a certain angle, and with a certain force, turning them over "like a house of cards." For the protection of Montreal a "revetment-wall," of cut-limestone, has been built to the height of twenty-three feet above the level of the river. These mighty and dangerous forces had to be taken into account in the construction of the piers of the Victoria Bridge; and, accordingly, "each pier is furnished with a solid cut-water, or ice-breaker, which forms a portion of the pier itself. They are of a wedge form, and slope from their foundations upwards, terminating in an angle thirty feet above the summer level of the river."

The contractors for this stupendous work were the celebrated firm of Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts. In executing it they had to use all manner of colossal machinery;—"coffer-dams;" "floating-dams;" "centrifugal pumps," capable of throwing 800 gallons a minute; "compound derricks," capable of "handling" stones eleven tons in weight; "steam-travellers," and "portable furnaces." With these, and other great mechanical forces, they successfully wrought out the grand idea of Stephenson, by rearing up the magnificent Victoria Bridge.

The first stone of the first pier was laid in 1854, and the bridge was formally opened by the Prince of Wales in 1860; exactly a century after Canada had come into the possession of the British crown. In the year 1759 the gallant Wolfe captured Quebec, and fell fighting at the head of his

army. The year following the whole of Canada was surrendered to the British. It was well for the material as for the religious interests of the country that this transfer was accomplished. The French have miserably failed in the work of colonization when compared with the more energetic and enterprising English. To this day the contrast between the French *habitans* of Lower Canada, and the British colonists by whom they are surrounded, is most striking. The former are mostly uneducated and Priest-ridden, inert, and rooted immovably to their original settlements; whilst the latter, with the vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race, are forming new settlements, felling forests, building cities, and moving the whole colony with active industry and indomitable enterprise. To this class of the people of Canada, aided by the genius, skill, and capital of the mother country, the colony is indebted for the magnificent Victoria Bridge. Had its erection depended upon the Canadians of French descent, it would, doubtless, have remained to this day as unsubstantial as a poet's dream.

The effect of this bridge upon the commercial prosperity of Canada must be greatly beneficial. The system of railways, laid down in this prosperous colony, needed for their perfect efficiency that the St. Lawrence should be bridged. Until this was accomplished the great chain was broken; but now the connecting link is supplied, and means of transit, direct and uninterrupted, are supplied to the open sea, and thence to England and the world. Thus also intercourse is established between British America and the United States, to their mutual advantage. Without the Grand Trunk Railway and the Victoria Bridge, Canada possessed, as the gift of nature, the river St. Lawrence, with all its commerical capabilities. This majestic stream, descending from the far-off sources of the Kaministiquia and St. Louis, and passing through Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods, rolls into the great inland sea, Lake Superior, and thence into Lakes Michigan and Huron; after rushing through Lake St. Clair, it traverses Lake Erie, from which it is precipitated over the falls of Niagara into Lake Ontario. Leaving this last of the lakes, it rolls on with greatly increased volume; and, spreading into a magnificent estuary, it finds its way by the circling shores of the "Thousand Islands" to the all-absorbing sea! This extended river-thread, beaded with beautiful lakes, affords inestimable advantages and facilities for trade, and makes the St. Lawrence the great commercial artery of North America. One great disadvantage it had, severely felt in an age of mercantile despatch and competition. In a country of great extremes of temperature, where in winter the thermometer is sometimes 40° below zero, its waters are periodically fast-bound in frost, to the complete, and occasionally protracted, interruption of its navigation. This great commercial disadvantage is now remedied by the establishment of railways, and the erection of the Victoria Bridge. Canada is no longer isolated during six months of the year; but is in a position to compete with her energetic neighbours, the people of the United States, all the year round.

It appears, then, that we of the present can build as well as the

ancients. Our architecture, moreover, is more utilitarian in its design than theirs. The Victoria Bridge, unlike the Colossus of Rhodes, answers some practical end. The Brunels and the Stephensons of England, employed by joint-stock companies looking for dividends, have upreared buildings more serviceable to society than the pyramid-builders of Egypt with the rich exchequer of the Pharaohs at their back. Or if in any instance utility has been unrealized,—as in the case of the Thames Tunnel,—it has been through a miscalculation of the end. The ancient Romans, it is true, in the erection of aqueducts, had a beneficial end in view; although, if they had had a better knowledge of hydrostatics, that might have been accomplished by easier and less expensive means. In the matter of importance, the *Pont du Gard*—the most gigantic relic which time has spared of the engineering skill of the Romans—can scarcely compare with the Crumlin Viaduct in Wales, or the High-Level Bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The Victoria Bridge was called upon soon after its completion to make some return for the £1,400,000 which Peto, Brassey, and Betts received for its construction. Accordingly, during the first five nights after it had been opened for traffic, there passed over it 162 cars, containing 11,723 barrels of flour, 1,552 barrels of pork, 140 bales of cotton, and 110 tons of general goods. From east to west there passed 130 cars, containing 534 tons of general goods, 170 tons of iron, and 39,000 feet of "lumber." This is significant enough. "Here we have evidence," says a leading newspaper, "that the corn-growers, the provision-merchants, and the cotton-planters of the United States, are ready and eager to avail themselves of this opening for traffic. On the other hand, and on the Canadian side, all persons engaged in the timber and iron trades, and, as we may presume, the general merchants in the mother country, are nothing loth to meet the producers of the Union half-way."

Whilst the Victoria Bridge is intensely utilitarian in its object, it is no less a curiosity and a wonder. It is rather remarkable that the St. Lawrence, already famous for the greatest waterfall, the huge Niagara, should now be celebrated for the most magnificent bridge. Thus that majestic river can now present to the tourist the greatest wonder in nature, and the greatest triumph in art.

Great as are the works of man, what are they when compared with the works of God presented in nature, or wrought by miracle? When He would bring His people into the promised land, He needed none of the appliances of human science; no pontoon, or Britannia or Victoria bridges. When the feet of the Priests touched the Jordan, "the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap:....and those that came down toward the sea, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho!" So was it forty years previously at the Red Sea. "What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?"

T. M'C.

THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE.

1 Kings xxi. 1—25.

Much as people commonly pride themselves in the possession of any worldly property, it often happens that, instead of a blessing, it is altogether a curse. It involves so many anxieties, it occasions so much feverish excitement, and the heart is so apt to be set upon it, that it almost invariably hinders the higher and permanent interests of the possessor; while in multitudes of cases it wholly engrosses the time and energies which are supremely due to God, the soul, and eternity. And, even without reference to these paramount considerations, a "possession" in the "good things" of this world, instead of promoting the owner's comfort, may destroy it, by awakening solicitudes that sleep not, and fears which are never laid. If his property be large, he will be envied by the indigent many; and if small, it may still provoke the cupidity of the grasping few. It offers, in either case, a lure to the midnight ruffian,—the thief, or the assassin; and it will be eyed by another class of robbers, who, by craft, deceit, or law, perverted from its purpose, may attempt to seize it by the light of day. On these and other grounds, many a man of property would be far happier without it. It was so in the case of Naboth. It does not appear that he had more than one small vineyard, which he inherited from his fathers. It lay contiguous to a palace; and commanded a fair view of that costly pile, and of the well-kept grounds around it. He probably prided himself in this circumstance, and derived pecuniary profit from it. The court and the aristocracy would offer a full demand and remunerative prices for its produce. But, as the sequel shows, it proved a snare, in which his life was taken. He little thought, as he paced his vineyard, and looked occasionally over the hedge into the royal pleasure-grounds, that the eyes of him who owned that rich demesne sometimes peered over the same enclosure, and envied his little all.

Ahab, the worst of the Kings of Israel, had recently returned from Aphek, flushed with the glory of two decisive victories over Benhadad and thirty-two confederate Kings. He had just been reprimanded by a Prophet, in God's name, for abusing the advantages he had won in the battle-field. He had gone into his house, "heavy and displeased" with God, the Prophet, and everyone but himself; and while one day walking in the palace-grounds, in that unhappy mood, he cast again an evil eye upon the vineyard of his neighbour. He did not want it for a "vineyard;" but it would make a convenient kitchen-garden, of which he thought he had greater need. He went and sought out Naboth, or summoned him into his presence, saying, "Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs." In making this proposal, he violated at once the tenth commandment, and one of the peculiar laws of Israel, which prohibited the estrangement of anyone's inheritance. God had said, "The land shall not be sold for ever: for the land is Mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me." "The inheritance of the children

of Israel shall not remove from tribe to tribe." Nothing could be clearer than the law relating to this subject. An inheritance might, in necessitous cases, be rented out or mortgaged; but in every case it was to revert to the original owner, or his heir, at the next jubilee. Naboth, therefore, however willing to gratify the King, was shut up to this only answer, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

This gives us the highest view of the integrity and piety of Naboth. He might have made what worldlings call an advantageous bargain; for Ahab, in his eagerness to possess the vineyard, would have gone to almost any price. But, though placed by his proposal in a great strait, he did not hesitate a moment betwixt right and wrong. Conscience immediately carries the question against worldly policy. He cannot gratify the King without grieving God. He may not part with his inheritance in the promised land, lest he should thereby forfeit his interest in that better land which Canaan did but typify. His answer is that of one who feels that, come what may, he must obey God rather than man; and sooner than sin, will suffer. A better King than Ahab would have recognised and rewarded his magnanimity. Had he taken him up to ride with him in his chariot, the Prince would have been honoured by the presence of the plebeian. But Ahab had no mind to distinguish merit, no heart to acknowledge goodness. He resents the refusal of his subject as a gross affront. He goes again into his house "heavy and displeased." He did not, as we might have thought, order Naboth's instant apprehension. Though sold to work evil, he had not sufficient energy of purpose to display the cherished wickedness of his heart in decisive action.

> "He lived a coward in his own esteem,
> Letting, 'I dare not,' wait upon, 'I would.'"

There was, nevertheless, a profundity of pride, and hate, and meanness in him, which seethed and, no doubt, boiled over in passionate expressions of rage and disappointment, making him more like a maniac than a monarch; till, on returning from Jezreel to Samaria, his head-quarters, in a fit of childish sullenness, he threw himself "upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread."

What a lesson is here read to us on the subject of covetousness! We know from Ahab's high position as head of the state, that all his real wants were abundantly provided for; yet such was the depravity of his heart, that plenty itself was not plentiful enough for him, nor luxury sufficiently luxurious. He made for himself an imaginary want, to gratify which he was prepared to blast for ever the joy of a poor man's cottage. Let no one think himself beyond the reach of danger from this quarter; and let few consider themselves guiltless of this sin. Martin Luther did not hesitate to say, that "he never had any covetousness in him, ever since he was born;" but the experience of all mankind beside must lead us to suspect that, for once at least, he overweened in his opinion of himself. It is a sin not merely of individuals, but of the race.

It is one of the many ingredients in that cup of corruption which is handed down from Adam to all his seed, and of which we are all partakers. Of the ancient Jews it was said, "From the least of them even to the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness." "They sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." They "joined house to house, and laid field to field, until there was no place." They "enlarged their desires as hell." They were "as death, and could not be satisfied." And as we have heard so have we seen. Who regards what he has as sufficient? Who has no desires for something more? Avarice is insatiable. The more it eats, the more it hungers. If a man has one house, he covets two, then ten, then twenty. If possessed of a thousand pounds, he desires ten, then fifty, then a hundred thousand. If he has a palace, a kingdom, and a royal revenue, he still may pine for a kitchen-garden. One has riches but not rank, and sighs for a high-sounding title. Another has rank but not riches, and longs for deeper coffers, and for broader acres. Others are disquieted for the want of some dress, some ornament, some amusement, some appointment or post of honour. They do not need it, and yet they pine for it with all the force of an ungovernable passion. If the object is beyond their reach, they are dispirited and low, like Ahab; and say, in their despondency, "And I; what have I more?" "What good shall my life do me?" "Give it, give it, or else I die." Or perhaps, this baneful passion is associated with an indomitable self-will, and leads them to lengths more fearful. Their sullenness rises into rage. They brood over their disappointment till they hate whatever opposes. They plot to carry their purpose, regardless of right and reason. They harbour dark thoughts of revenge. They neither fear God nor regard man. Indescribably happier than any of these is the man to whom "Christ is all," and though he may truly say,—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain."

Naboth refused to treat with Ahab for the transfer of his humble patrimony. It had come down to him intact through twenty generations. It was sacred from the memory of his fathers, who had paced its walks, and made up its hedges, and tilled its soil, and gleaned its grapes before him. Besides, it was secured to his own posterity by a solemn law of the theocracy. He could not, therefore, and he would not, sell it. But Ahab was "heavy and displeased." So inordinate was his desire for this one thing, that it poisoned his enjoyment of all things else. He had so pampered his guilty passion, that it was now triumphantly ascendant. He was wholly under its power, like a man in the grasp of a giant. It had fully engrossed his being, and completely paralysed his powers of resistance. Because he might not walk at his will in Naboth's vineyard,

he neglected his rich estates. So mortified was he by the refusal of his subject, and that a subject should teach him law, that he could not face his friends for very shame. Because denied the "herbs" he hoped to gather from his neighbour's garden, he loathed the luxuries of the palace-table.

A mind like that of Ahab is always peculiarly open to suggestions of evil; and when it is in the mood in which we here find that miserable monarch, the tempter commands an influence which is truly terrible. He who tempted Eve to tempt Adam, now tempts Jezebel to tempt Ahab. He well knew from that first fact in the history of human frailty, how effectually "a help meet" may help him to hinder her husband's virtue, and to accomplish his destruction. Of all his agencies, since the world began, few have been so disastrously successful as wilful, intriguing women. Adam, but for Eve, might have continued to abstain from the forbidden fruit. But for Rebekah, Jacob would not have deceived his dying father, and stolen his brother's blessing. If Samson had not

> "—divulged the secret gift of God
> To a deceitful woman,"

he would not have fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Herod would not have beheaded John the Baptist but for his unlawful wife, Herodias. And had not Jezebel "stirred up" Ahab, he would not have dared to countenance the horrible crimes which followed. She came to him where he lay, and taunted him with his cowardice, and suggested a feasible plot; and thus

> "Screw'd up his courage to the sticking-place."

But for this, he might have gone to a quiet grave, unstained with the guilt of blood. "But Jezebel his wife came to him, and said unto him, Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?" Ahab's answer to this question is another proof of his utter, ingrained meanness. He whines like a corrected schoolboy, and misstates the case maliciously. "Because I spake unto Naboth the Jezreelite, and said unto him, Give me thy vineyard for money; or else, if it please thee, I will give thee another vineyard for it: and he answered, I will not give thee my vineyard." He represents his own part in the business as all that was fair and honourable; and that of Naboth, as all that was vulgar and contumacious. But such is the way of the wicked. They wrested the words of David; and they are always ready to pervert and misconstrue the clearest, kindest, and most courteous language of the righteous who oppose them in their course of evil, or forewarn them of their danger. Jezebel, instead of temperately remonstrating with the unreasoning rage of Ahab, blows the coals of his desires, and pours oil into the flame. She gives way to a headlong passion. She despises her pusillanimous husband. She is not so much indignant that a subject should insult his sovereign, as that the sovereign should so demean himself. "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel?" she exclaims. "Art thou or is Naboth king?

Has he thus offended, and does he yet survive? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard." There was no imbecility or want of decision about Jezebel. Like others of her sex of superior will and energy, she was virtually king and queen, lord and lady at one time.

How commanding, for good or evil, is the influence of a wife! If she possesses her unquestionable right, the undivided love and the unrestricted confidence of her husband, it must inevitably be great; and it may be capable of indefinite expansion. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing." So the wise man said, and none of his saws are wiser; provided, always, that she is selected from among the virtuous. If the husband be a man of a turbulent spirit, her quietness may calm him; if covetous, she may open his soul to charity; if extravagant, she may restrain him; if malignant, she may pour water into the fire, and prevent the flames from breaking forth; if apt to misunderstand his neighbours, she may make abundant excuses for them, and preserve their harmony unbroken. Verily, he that findeth such a wife "findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." But none will say that Delilah, and Herodias, and Jezebel were "good things." When anyone makes choice of a vicious woman for the companion of his bosom, he finds a curse, and not a blessing. She will embitter and darken his days in this world; and, in all likelihood, she will make his future condemnation and misery sure. When that which in itself is supremely amiable is utterly perverted from its proper purpose, it becomes supremely odious. And when woman, who was designed to be man's chief created blessing, becomes "his counsellor to do wickedly," and fearlessly leads the way, she fully vindicates the poet's paradox,—

"A shameless woman is the worst of men;"

and proves an unmingled bane. Should the husband of such a wife be pious, under her influence he may become profane; if generous, she may make him miserly; if peaceable and unsuspecting, she may ruffle and enrage him, and involve him in constant quarrels. She may change a very Barnabas into "a son of Belial," who cannot be spoken to. Where the husband and the wife are alike unprincipled, they will feed the vanity and inflame the passions of each other. They will make extravagance more excessive; covetousness more stingy; indifference more stolid; malice more malignant; and vice, in general, still more vicious. A sinner, by marrying a sinner, becomes fourfold strong in sin; and a believer, by marrying an unbeliever, steps presumptuously on a road which will probably lead him back to the regions of unbelief. The case of Ahab is a standing warning against all such alliances. Youthful reader! behold his grim memorial, and commit to memory his inspired epitaph:—"There was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up."

To carry out her plot, Jezebel wrote letters, in Ahab's name, to the rulers of Jezreel, informing them that Naboth was a dangerous neigh-

bour; directing them to proclaim a fast, to avert some judgment which, she intimated, threatened their city, in consequence of his crimes; and requiring them to bribe false witnesses, and to condemn and execute him without hearing him in his own defence. And what a view it gives us of the depravity of the times, when we read that such an order, by such a body of men, was literally executed! Doeg butchered in cold blood for Saul, and Jeffreys for James of England; and other tyrannical princes have not lacked instruments to accomplish their bloody pleasure: but Jezebel found "the elders and the nobles" of Jezreel all men after her own heart, and ready to her purpose. Fasting is an immemorial sign of sorrow on account of sin, and Jezebel meant it so; but the proclamation of this fast was the broadest, blackest blasphemy. Its apparent object was to impress the people with the atrocious Ahab's new-found zeal for God; but it was really to fabricate a pretence for robbery and murder. A righteous man must be put to death "for righteousness' sake!" And such scenes have been enacted since. The crucifixion of Jesus, the stoning of Stephen, the Popish persecutions, and many an act of violence in some Reformed churches, will at once be thought of. But let us not neglect to look nearer home. He who wears the mask of right, the more successfully to do wrong; he who avails himself of the protection of some more than questionable law, to evade the payment of an honest debt; he who cloaks himself with religion for any selfish ends; he who, pretending great zeal for God, or for any particular virtue, gives way to evil-surmising, evil-speaking, and all uncharitableness,—all these, though they may profess to be serving Christ, are only leaning on His arm, while they "bow down in the house of Rimmon," and "worship there." All these are the fellow-sinners of Jezebel and Ahab.

The news of Naboth's execution speedily flies to Samaria; and Jezebel, exulting in the success of her diabolical project, repairs with the horrid comfort to the bedside of her dejected husband. "Arise," said she, "take possession of the vineyard; for Naboth is not alive, but dead." Overjoyed with the intelligence, Ahab addresses himself to the journey, goes down in state, (2 Kings ix. 25, 26,) and takes possession. He lingers long in the coveted enclosure, and feels with joy that at last it is his own for ever. He hears not the innocent blood which reeks in the morning sun, and cries aloud for vengeance. He admires the fruits and flowers, without observing that they hang their heads, as if mourning for their master. He forgets that Naboth was, that God is, and that the future will be. But suddenly he hears the sound of approaching footsteps. He lifts his eyes, and sees through the quivering vine-leaves a man in a hairy garment, with a girdle of leather about his loins. A simple, humble, powerless man he seems; but a guilty conscience is its own accuser; and Ahab would sooner confront again the two-and-thirty confederate Kings on the field of Aphek, than encounter that piercing eye. "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" he exclaims; and stern and terrible is the answer: "I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the

sight of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." "Of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel;" and of their whole male posterity, "Him that dieth of Ahab in the city the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat."

"Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth." God does not commonly deal with men in this life according to their deserts. Might triumphs over right; cunning carries it against conscience; the good are starved by the greedy; the righteous are punished for the wicked; the judge upon the bench is sometimes a greater wretch than the prisoner at the bar; and numbers who join the crowd around the place of execution are far less fit to live than he who ignominiously dies. These things may not remain for ever. It shall, one day, be well with *all* the righteous, and ill with *all* the wicked. The pious poor have often been chased to death for refusing to defile their consciences; but there, with them the tragedy was over; and O how glorious the sequel of their story! They have now a "portion" on which no Ahab can fasten an evil eye, and of which no Jezebel can ever dispossess them. And all "who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality," shall inherit "eternal life."

"Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die:
The less of this poor world, the more of heaven!"

"But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath." In due time dogs licked up the blood of Ahab, and ate the flesh of Jezebel, and vengeance overtook all their accursed seed. And as surely as a man makes God his enemy, "God will pour out the fury of His wrath upon him." A day approaches when vice will have its full deserts. The guilty shall be covered with shame; the unjust judge shall himself be judged; and "tribulation and anguish" will be the eternal portion of "every soul of man that doeth evil."

Bodmin. S. W.

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, the Christian poet and country Pastor of most saintly memory, was born in the castle of Montgomery, in Wales, in the year 1593. He was of illustrious descent. His mother, beautiful, wise, and good, was left a widow with seven sons and three daughters, to whose training she devoted herself. She is said to have acted with such tenderness towards her children, that they feared her displeasure more than her correction. For twelve years her son George was educated under her own eye, and he ever through life had great reverence and love for her. He was sent to Westminster school, and his great progress in learning won for him the high esteem of his tutors, while his winning manners endeared him to his companions. From boyhood his life is said to have been "a ministration of purity and peace." His mother felt great anxiety, on his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, that his

simplicity and excellence should remain unspoiled, and earnestly did she beseech the Master of the College to have a watchful eye upon him; a trust he faithfully fulfilled. The poetic genius of her son was early developed. We find him at the age of seventeen thus writing to his mother with some verses: "For my own part, my meaning is, in these sonnets, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." His charming biographer, Izaak Walton, says, that in the morning of his short day of life he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, especially to his brethren of the clergy. He took high honours, and from Bachelor of Arts rose to be the University Orator. He was now twenty-five years of age, a highly accomplished scholar and linguist.

If he had a failing in the eyes of his tutors, it appears to have been a pride of birth and character, and a taste for costly attire. He was a great lover of music, and a proficient in it; this was his diversion in intervals of study: it appears to have had through life a sanctifying rather than a dissipating influence upon him. He used to say "That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raise his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven." He was greatly tempted to exceed his income in the purchase of books, yet he appears never to have incurred debt. In the "Church Porch," a poem full of quaint and pithy counsel, he writes,—

"By no means run in debt, take thine own measure;
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year
Cannot on forty; he 's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear."

On his appointment as Orator, he had an early occasion of distinguishing himself. King James sent a copy of his works to the Universities. The letter of acknowledgment of the honour from Cambridge was written by Herbert: it was in such admirable Latin, and so commended itself to the taste of the King, that he asked of the Earl of Pembroke, his kinsman, that he might know and love the writer, for he took him to be the gem of the University. He grew rapidly in the royal favour, and was much at Court. He also formed a friendship with the great Lord Bacon, and other distinguished characters. It will be no matter of surprise, with his taste for seeking his associates among his superiors in rank and learning, that he was dazzled for a time with Court-life, and tempted to seek promotion. His mother's earnest desire was that he should not leave the College unless to become a Minister of Christ,—her highest ambition for him. Walton refers to this period as one of great temptation and conflict to the young man of genius and courtly manners, who might reasonably hope to become Secretary of State as his predecessors had been: he also acknowledges the hand of God, who, by the death of the King, brought him to a pause, which ended in his entire consecration to God. He came to the resolve to enter the Church; and on being remonstrated with by a Court-friend not so to abase himself, he thus grandly replies: "It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth: and though the iniquity of the late times have made Clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of Priest contemptible; yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to the glory of that God that gave them, knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian."

There is a letter addressed to his mother, in her last sickness, of great beauty and Christian power, which our readers will find in a subsequent page. She did not live to see his marriage and appointment to the living of Bemerton. Of this marriage Walton writes, "The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each others' mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition between them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with each other's desires." The idea of entering on the care of souls produced in him, he himself said, "such spiritual conflicts, as none can think but those who have endured them." On his induction, on being left alone to toll the bell, the prevailing custom of those times, he stayed so long, that a friend peeped in at a window and observed him lying prostrate on the ground in devotion. He said after, that he then laid down rules for his future life, and vowed before God to keep them. To impress on his mind the duties of his holy calling, he wrote a series of papers, collected after his death, and entitled, "The Country Parson."

A beautiful record of his sayings on his entrance on his living is preserved, when he contrasts the gilded pleasures of the world with that service which is fulness of joy, and dedicates himself to be a holy example of Christ's Ministers in an age when practical godliness was but little esteemed. He thus concludes, "I beseech God that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor. And I am so proud of His service, that I will always observe and obey, and do His will." He was thirty-six years old at this time, and but three years of life remained to him; a life, says Walton, "so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend it." His style was somewhat florid and oratorical, as all who know his poems will admit; and occasionally this defect depreciates their rich rare piety and originality. After the first sermon after this fashion, he makes a resolve to preach and teach in plain language. He was accustomed to catechise the congregation on the afternoon of Sunday, and to preach twice. He led a very holy life, and used to command his household after him in the fear of God. Twice in the day, he would toll his bell for worship in the adjoining chapel, to assemble his family; and both gentry and ploughmen would hearken to the call, and join the service. In holy ministrations, and in acts of unbounded beneficence, in which he was heartily joined by his wife, he passed his happy and blessed, but, alas! brief term of service, for "Jesus, his Master;" as he was wont ever to speak of Him, a model of the purest and highest order for Christ's Ministers. He was strict in keeping fasts and festivals, without any superstitious feeling. For the poor and aged he testified sweet sympathy; to the rich and noble he was faithful in counsel, and was beloved of all.

Herbert was never of a strong constitution; and he died of rapid decline, in the fortieth year of his age. Walton's account of his last days is very beautiful. The last Sabbath he passed on earth he requested to have his lute, on which he played, and sang a verse from his own poem, entitled "Sunday."

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King:
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

To a friend, he remarked, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful

God but sin and misery: but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter." He passed victoriously through a last conflict with the powers of darkness "by the merits of his Master, Jesus," and passed calmly away, to use his own words, "to dwell in the New Jerusalem; to dwell there with men made perfect; to dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour, Jesus."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.)

HERE is the nature of the Lord's Supper. It is not a *sacrifice*. The Romanists teach that it is; and hence they must have an altar in churches, and they must call their Ministers Priests. Now Christ, our sacrifice, is already offered for us; He, too, is our High Priest; and so we have no need of an altar, nor of Priests. An altar is for sacrifice, and it is the business of Priests to offer sacrifices: but we have none but spiritual sacrifices to offer,—the sacrifices of broken and contrite hearts, fervent prayers, holy praises, and devoted efforts in the cause of Christ, and to offer these all Christians are Priests. Hence this sacrament is not a sacrifice; there is no blood shed here; it is but a commemoration of the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice and oblation of Jesus, beside which there is no more offering for sin. Neither is this sacrament a *covenant*, except in a secondary sense. In it we do renew our covenant engagements, and renewedly declare our purpose to be wholly the Lord's. But this is not the chief design of the institution. It is a commemorative service. It is observed in remembrance of Christ. By it His death is shown forth; and this is done by appropriate and appointed emblems, bread and wine—bread broken, wine poured out—which are to be eaten and drunken by all the communicants, to show that we must receive Christ, and believe in Him, in order to be benefitted by Him. Then while you eat and drink remember your Lord; look through these emblems to His body broken, and His blood shed; and remember that although He is not corporeally present in these emblems, yet He is really, though spiritually, present. Realize His presence; look to Him with the eye of faith, and endeavour to draw from Him all that spiritual strength and nourishment which your soul needs, and without which your grace must languish and die.

There is nothing saving in itself in this sacrament. It does not change the heart; it does not purchase heaven; nor, of itself, can it fit us for heaven. Nay, we may so partake of it as to bring judgment upon ourselves, and be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. It is to be used as a means of grace, and is alike the privilege and the duty of all Christians to partake of it. That it is a privilege, the Christian feels; that it is a duty, the Scriptures teach, for Christ has commanded it.

VINEGAR AND HONEY.

STRANGE words sometimes express strange characteristics. Men are not constituted alike. They do not look alike, think alike, talk alike, act alike, even though they may be alike good at heart. Each is identified by his own peculiarities. We are no more mentally than physically the same.

Some men seem to have a temperament prevailingly sour, while others seem to be as uniformly sweet and loving. There is a more strange and perhaps more universal mingling of vinegar and honey in associated, active life, than in the condiments of the best furnished tables. Our churches partake

of it. A good man used often to say, "Brother C—— does not understand that he can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar." And yet this brother C—— had a great many very good things about him. He often spoke and prayed in the social meeting, and had a very easy command of language. So did Brother B—— speak, and perhaps with equal fluency. The tendencies of the former were to seize upon some defect in Christians, or some want of consistency in the brotherhood and sisterhood too, and deal out severe rebukes, and quote, if not the imprecations, the condemnations of the Scriptures against all that walked disorderly in the church. His manner was that of one finding fault, if not scolding. His face and looks would wear a frown rather than a cheerful expression. He could plan better than execute; drive better than lead; usually said "Go," seldom "Come." But Brother B—— was as uniformly on the other extreme. He could always see some good in others which encouraged him, and rarely had denunciations for any where he did not put himself into the "same condemnation" with them. His manner was cordial. His expression of face was generally winning. If he could *lead* on to action for Christ, he was ready for it. He would not say "Go," do this or that; but always "Come," and he meant it. He could execute better than plan; could keep *himself* at work better than keep others.

The one of these good brethren had a redundance of "vinegar," the other of "honey," in his constitution, and so in his Christian character. If they could have equally divided their excess, each with the other, they might have been improved: certainly one of them would have lost nothing by a large abatement of acidity from his religious temperament. And these statements furnish a text for a short sermon.

1. Men can be more easily drawn than driven to Christ. Denunciations, terrors, threatenings, have their place, but are to be used by sinning mortals who would save other sinners, with great tenderness and love. "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." It is the goodness of the Lord that leadeth to repentance. It is love that wins to love. "Honey" is better than vinegar in this service.

2. Men having naturally a temperament like Brother C——, ought to be, may be, doubtless are, aware of it. And if so, they can by due care introduce some more genial elements, and thus add great value and force to their influence. Their positiveness, when mingled with love, is a power for good. Their zeal, which now seems like madness, when mellowed with the tenderness of the Cross, would make their appeals and their influence irresistible. If such, with these tonings down, will lead off in Christian action, they would deter none, but rather draw a host after them.

3. Men having a preponderance of the "honey" in their constitution may need more of other qualities, while they should scrupulously guard and keep this. A single article of food, as a permanent diet, is deleterious, and may be destructive to life. So a single element in Christian character may be cherished to the injury of the character as a whole. Let there be symmetry. Let every grace be cherished and cultivated. Let every power be developed and employed, and our whole being be brought under the power of the Gospel. So it may be. But if we must have one extreme or the other, give us the "honey" rather than the "vinegar." The sweet attracts, while the sour repels.

Religion in Heart and Life.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES;

OR, AN APPRENTICE'S MORAL POWER.

THE superior claims of *moral* to *intellectual* power, require enforcing on the young men of the present day. In our Universities and seminaries of learning, in the pulpit, and on the platform, intellect, like a presiding deity, sways the sceptre, and receives homage. Every age has had its great intellects. Antiquity exhibits an illustrious constellation possessing an energy the universe could not crush, and against the flight of whose magnificent genius no barrier could be placed. In more modern times, the names of Bacon, Bailo, Leibnitz, Locke, Byron, and Hume are representatives of mental power. They have proclaimed the wonders of science, the principles of philosophy, and the harmonies subsisting among God's works. Genius is an adaptation to special work; talent is large mental capacity. To the mere possessor of neither do the elements of virtue attach. Far beyond the ability of man is it to claim either the one or the other. Mental capacity is settled at birth; and amid all the evolutions of terrestrial affairs,

> "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

In that Book which is a revelation of God's mind in human language, it is clear as the light that God attaches *primary* importance to moral power. Were the globe carrying in its orbit a race of pure intelligences, to whom creation appeared as a mirror reflecting the glories of its Maker, intellect might be regarded under a different aspect to that in which it presents itself to man in his deteriorated condition. Mental power, grasping the material works of Deity in their laws and relationships, is impotent to raise man from impurity to sanctity, from misery to happiness. We find, therefore, that from the time when Noah preached righteousness, to the days of the heroic Apostle, the great benefactors of mankind have been chiefly remarkable for their moral qualities. So it ever will be. Not in the possession, but in the use, of talents is true excellence. The brilliant genius of Byron, and the universal talent of Hume, were powerless to make their possessors happy.

> "Not in mental, but in moral worth,
> God excellence placed; and only to the good,
> To virtue, granted happiness alone."

The present age has its dangers. The efforts of science, and the fascinations of a cheap and sparkling literature, the attractions of Mechanics' Institutes, and of Young Men's Christian Associations, tend, perhaps, insensibly to divert the mind from the study and practice of moral excellence. Ambition fires the soul to climb the dazzling heights where fortune's sons have stood, and the wail of a dying world is unheard amidst the loud shouts of "excelsior." But the church in its various sections has been gathered, and heaven peopled, by the earnest labours of hearts beating high with a moral force; and when time's history shall close, and the destinies of mankind are sealed, the creations of genius, and the efforts of philosophy, will be forgotten; while "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

About two years since, one of God's noble ones, the Rev. John Angell James, passed off the stage of action to realise the reward of holy toil in heaven. His Life, published during the present year,* is strikingly calculated to regulate the ambition, fire the zeal, and encourage the devotion of young men. The example of one whose career during a lengthened period has been a beautiful exhibition of manly piety, practical sense, and godly labour, is mighty in its

* *Life and Letters of John Angell James; including an unfinished Autobiography.* Edited by R. W. Dale, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861.

influence amidst the excitements of the lecture or reading room, and the temptations and cares of business. Born of humble parents, at the small town of Blandford Forum, in Dorsetshire, he spent his earlier years as an apprentice to a draper at Poole. In the history of most young men are certain turning-points, crises of being, which frequently fix the destiny for ever. Let the reader of this page ask himself if, in days long passed, or now passing, seasons cannot be referred to calling for special courage, and upon the improvement of which the future position and character depended. At such times one act of resolution for God overcomes a thousand difficulties, and originates events big with unending results. An illustration is seen in the early history of John Angell James. A youth was engaged as an additional apprentice, who had been religiously trained, and who maintained his respect for the forms of religion. The apprentices all slept in the same room; and the first night this youth "*knelt down by his bedside, and prayed in silence.*" Here was a moral act with power in it; and fifty years afterwards Mr. James, who from that moment felt the impression of eternal things, wrote: "I mention this fact not merely because of its influence upon my future history, but as showing the importance of letting our light so shine before others, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven. We should never be ashamed of our religion, nor of the performance of its duties. It is of very great disadvantage to young men going out into the world to be lodged in the same chamber with others. It requires much moral courage, more than most possess, to pray amidst the gazing eyes and scornful looks of irreligious companions. I shall ever have reason to bless God for this act of Charles B——." Brave youth! "That act" of true moral heroism shall be seen in hundreds of renovated homes on earth, and thousands of happy spirits in heaven, first led to the Cross by the ministry and the writings of the Pastor of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham.

The Sunday-school has, from the commencement of its history, proved a nursery for the Christian ministry as well as for the church. Here opportunity is furnished for exercising the talent, the zeal, and the piety of the heart pulsating in the energy of young life; and frequently has the spirit of some future watchman on Zion's walls panted for some wider sphere of toil while fulfilling its blessed duties. Employment in this honourable toil from *pure love of the work, is evidence of a generous and noble nature.* When first God's messengers gathered the ragged and destitute from the courts and alleys of our towns, paid instructors were employed as a necessity of the times; but speedily thousands of devoted sons and daughters of the church, without money and without price, entered into the work. In the Sunday-school, John Angell James felt his happiest delight; and the following record, made by him when in the height of his popularity, and all his honours thick upon him, is rich in lesson to teachers in the present day. "During the latter part of my residence at Poole, the Sunday-school, by the instrumentality of gratuitous teachers, came into pretty general use. An application was made to many of the young people, and to me among the rest, to come forward and assist in this work. I accepted the invitation, and took my place at the head of a class. The work was exceedingly agreeable to me, and I became much attached to my children, and much interested in their welfare. I needed no stimulating addresses from time to time to make me regular and punctual in my attendance; for *the occupation was my delight.* The other teachers were also devoted and in earnest. There was at that time less system in the methods of teaching, and none of the modern excitements of tea-parties, Sunday-school Unions, and teachers' meetings: we loved the employment, and found stimulus and reward enough in the work itself to keep us going on with it."

It is no object of this paper to unfold the life of this good man, but to impress two or three of the facts in his history, illustrative of moral excellence, upon the young people in our congregations and schools. Among the numerous and valuable works of Mr. James, none has produced more felicitous results than his "Sunday-School Teachers' Guide;" a book replete

with wise and elevating instruction. Many of the best volumes of modern times are but an expansion of sermons, lectures, or addresses, delivered on special and interesting occasions. So it was with this. During a brief residence at the Independent College at Gosport, young James exhibited the character of his mind in his devotion to the glorious writers of the Puritan school,—Owen, Bates, Charnock, Howe, and Baxter; together with the foreign Divines,—Turretin, Witsius, Pictel, and Jonathan Edwards.

The young man experiencing his richest delight in the pages of the "Cornhill," or "Temple Bar," will never be great either in thought or action. Twenty-eight years before the birth of James, a small chapel, seating about eight hundred persons, was opened at Carr's-lane, Birmingham; or, as it was originally designated, "God's-Cart lane, from the circumstance of its having contained a small building which was an appurtenance of St. Martin's Church, and in which the carriage or cart was kept that was employed in Popish times for carrying the sacred vessels employed in religious processions of the Host." The church worshipping in this place was occupied by a respectable minority who separated from the old Nonconformist Church, which, having lost its attachment to the faith once delivered unto the saints, invited an Arian Minister, named Howell, to occupy the pulpit. The Carr's-lane Chapel was situated behind a row of small tenements, in the midst of poverty and ignorance, which led a writer of the time to observe in a spirit of levity and vulgar wit: "The residence of Divine light was totally eclipsed by being surrounded with about forty families of paupers, crowded almost within the compass of a giant's span, which amply furnished the congregation with noise, smoke, dirt, and dispute. If the place itself is the road to heaven, the stranger would imagine that the *road to* the place led to something worse." The pulpit had been successively occupied by a Mr. Wilde, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Williams, whose writings tended so much to modify the Calvinism of that day, and by Mr. Brewer, who after a seven years' residence, fell into temptation, and left with about half the church to occupy a building in Livery-street, formerly used as a riding-school. There, by his popular talents and persevering industry, he attracted a considerable congregation. Such was the state of things when the young student at Dr. Bogue's College accepted an invitation to become the Pastor of Carr's-lane Congregational Church, and where for nearly sixty years he became the centre of an influence which the world has felt. A wide and deep gulf separated the two churches till the year 1814, when a deputation visited Birmingham to form a London Auxiliary Missionary Society, and the catholic spirit of Mr. James eagerly embraced the opportunity to bridge over the chasm which had existed between them. The old sore was healed, and all parties were happier for the reconciliation. In the spring of the next year a Sunday-School Union was formed in Birmingham, and Mr. James was appointed to preach the sermon to the assembled children and teachers. The meeting was held in Mr. Brewer's chapel, "and the address delivered on that occasion was printed, and a second edition was soon called for. Upon revising it for the press, its author expanded it into the 'Sunday-School Teachers' Guide.'" From that work thousands have derived instruction and encouragement while grappling with the difficulties associated with Sabbath-school teaching.

With the entire history of Nonconformity in England during the past half century, the name of John Angell James has been intimately identified. During the whole period, by reason of his popular preaching talents, he was sought by all churches, and his practical sense gave him a high position in all the public movements of his own body. The London Missionary Society, and the Congregational Union, were greatly indebted to him during their formation and development. By his writings he has guided many a weary penitent to the Cross, cheered many a trembling believer, and aroused the sluggish energies of many who were halting by the way. His "Anxious Inquirer after Salvation" has been printed in ten different languages; and his "Earnest Ministry," and

"Earnest Church," have acted as a potent stimulus upon both people and their Pastors. His was a moral power; a power replenished by, and employed for, God. His influence will be felt for ever. Generations yet unborn will bless him. Little did Charles B—— imagine, when he bowed the knee before two or three thoughtless apprentices, that he was influencing a heart that would afterwards throb in glorious sympathy with humanity in its longings after happiness. In that one deed of moral courage was a grandeur which angels might leave heaven to witness, and which will be memorable while the cycles of eternity revolve. We want this courage now. Let our young men bear in mind, that not mere mental acquirements, but moral qualities, exerted in the ordinary engagements and temptations of life, will secure the blessing of man on earth, and the commendation of God in heaven. John Angell James lived a life of moral power, and by it "he being dead yet speaketh."

Wolverhampton. J. F. M.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXIV.

"*God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, He will whet His sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready. He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death; He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors.*" (Psal. vii. 11—13.)

The Psalmist representeth God and man as in a state of hostility against each other. The wicked man affronts His holiness, questions His justice, slights His wrath, breaks His laws, wrongeth His people, and saith, Tush, I shall have peace, though I add drunkenness to thirst. God for awhile giveth time and warning; but every moment can break in upon us; for He is able easily to deal with us hand to hand, for He hath a sword; at a distance, for He hath a bow. He is not only able to deal with men, but ready; for He is whetting His sword, and hath bent His bow. The arrow is upon the string, though not as yet shot out of it. What remedy then is there? There is but one exception. "If he turn not." If he be not reduced, and brought home to God, by a timely repentance, he falleth into the hands of the living God. No persons are in so dangerous a state as those that have an offer of peace, and despise it. "Let him take hold of My strength," (Isai. xxvii. 5,) when God is ready to strike. A man that is fallen into the power of his enemy will take hold of his arm. We are always in God's power. His vengeance may surprise us before we are aware. What is our business then, but to be found of Him in peace?—*Manton's Christ's Eternal Existence*, pp. 243, 244. *Edit.* 1685.

No. CXV.

"*Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices.*" (2 Cor. ii. 11.)

What temptation can be named wherein Satan hath not acted as a serpent? Above all instances, let us take into consideration that of Eve, in the first transgression, wherein many things are to be observed: as, 1. That he chose the serpent as his instrument. Though we are ignorant of the depth of his design, yet he had a design in it of subtilty in what he was about to suggest, is plain from the text, "Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field." It had been needless and impertinent to note the serpent's subtilty as Satan's agent, if he had not chosen it as advantageous to his purpose. 2. He set upon the weaker vessel, the woman; and yet such as, once gained, he knew was likely to prevail with the man, which fell out accordingly. 3. Some think he took advantage of her husband's absence; which is probable, if we consider that it is unlikely that Adam should not interpose in the discourse if he had been present. 4. He took advantage of the object. It appears she was within sight

of the tree. "She saw that it was good for food, and pleasant to the eyes." Thus he made the object plead for him. 5. He falls not directly upon what he intended, lest that should have scared her off; but fetcheth a compass, and enters upon the business by an inquiry of the affair, as if he intended no hurt. 6. He so inquires of the matter, "*Hath* God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" as if he made a question of the command: and his words were so ordered that they might cast some doubt hereof into her mind. 7. He, under a pretence of asserting God's liberality, secretly undermines the threatening: as if he had said, "Is it possible that so bountiful a Creator should deny the liberty of eating of any tree? To what purpose was it made, if it might not be tasted?" 8. When he finds that by these arts he has gained a little ground, and brought her to some kind of questioning of the reality of the threatening; for she seems to extenuate it, "Lest we die;" he grows more bold to speak out his mind, and plainly to annihilate the threatening, "Ye shall not die." This he durst not do, till he had gained in her mind a wavering suspicion, that possibly God was not in good earnest in that prohibition. 9. Then he begins to urge the conveniency of the fruit by equivocating upon the name of the tree, which he tells her could make them knowing as gods. 10. He reflects upon God as prohibiting this out of envy and ill-will to them. 11. In all this there is not a word of danger, but impunity and advantage promised. 12. This deadly advice he covers with a pretence of greater kindness and care than God had for them. See in this, as in a clear glass, Satan's way of policy. After this rate he proceeds in all his temptations.—*Gilpin's Treatise on Satan's Temptations*, pp. 68, 69. *Edit.* 1677.

Poetry.

ALL KNOWN TO THEE.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path."

My God whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee "Father," sweet endearing name,
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But, O! this thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear, "I ne'er the prize shall win;"
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefresh'd I wake,
Or in the night but little rest I take;
This brief appeal submissively I make,
All, all is known to Thee.

The' effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me Thy long'd for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all is known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
That seems to' unnerve and incapacitate,
Will aid the cure my hopes and prayers await,
That cure I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of Thy dear love;
The cup Thou wouldst not for our sakes remove,
That cup He drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs; no drop remain'd
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe He drain'd;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contain'd,
All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome,—precious,—can His Spirit make
My bitter cup of suffering for His sake;
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all are known to Thee.

Religion and Morals.

ORANGE-PEEL.

Well, you are right, it is a very small and trifling subject; but I cannot agree with you as to its being a silly thing to write about. Just call with me on my neighbour who is laid up with a broken leg, and is likely to be on his back for some time to come, for old bones do not readily mend. He will give you some good counsel, and warn you that, when—saving your gentility—you eat oranges in the street, you should never drop the rind on the pavement, lest it should give an ugly slip to some one with dim eyes and weak legs, and lay them up, like my bedridden neighbour, with a broken limb.

He never knew who it was that enjoyed the orange that yielded the skin on which he slipped; and that unknown fruit-eater rejoices in oranges yet, quite unconscious how he has helped to break my old friend's leg. What a pity that he should not know!

Softly, gentle reader. You would put upon the hapless wight a punishment perhaps too sore for his fault. I have an idea that, if you and I were to know of all the broken legs we have caused, we should be palsied with dismay: not legs actual perhaps, but legs figurative; people we have made to slip, or even fall, and who go shakily to this very day through some careless and forgotten act of our own.

Pray don't misunderstand me, and tumble over what I say, and look reproachfully at me, and say that I have spitefully thrown and hurt *you*. I do not suppose, most virtuous one, that you go about setting traps for your fellow men, and rejoice in their fall. I will not so much as hint that you may have ever done or said anything that you knew was likely to have a bad effect upon others. No; give me your hand. You and I are not likely to behave so ill. I hope we know better. The things I treat upon, so far from being intentional, were unnoticed, unthought of.

That thirsty man spends a copper at the orange-stall; sucks the orange, and enjoys it; drops the skin, and never thinks of it. He has not sinned in enjoying the fruit; but he had better have thrown the peel into the road: for presently the old man comes, treading slowly and heavily along the pavement; his foot goes on that orange-peel; his weight sways on that foot, and you know the rest.

How bright and happy those children look gathering in the Sunday-school class! The teacher sits down to teach; and the eager loving looks of the scholars show how well she understands her work. The bright eyes of that little lass yonder are drawn from teacher's face to the grand, new flowers in teacher's bonnet. I do not say that the child gets no good from the lesson; but her young humility, not over strong to begin with, has slipped, and goes home limping sadly, and will be lame for years after.

"Well, you see it is my class-night. But I should very much enjoy the evening with you: I think I must come." John, busy putting a new lock on the door, hears this; and somehow in his untrained mind the thoughts tumble about until they form themselves into the bad logic: "Master's a good man, and he doesn't *always* do a thing because it's right, but sometimes because it's pleasantest." Poor John! That bad logic will not help him to pass the public-house on the way home; and when he staggers late through his door, drunk and savage, and the blow falls, and the watching wife falls bleeding on the threshold,—and when the record of the foul outrage is made on high, will the Methodist master be quite clear?

Wrong-headed zeal, seeing my old friend slip on the pavement, cries out, "Stop the sale of oranges! Rather than another should fall thus, I would never eat an orange again as long as I live." Says Prudence, "Enjoy your orange, and welcome; but mind where you throw the peel."

Whatever you do, whatever you take pleasure in, give a thought to those chance-results which you throw away as you pass on. They are paltry trifles, not worth a thought in themselves; but well worth it as to their effect upon others.

But a word to those who slip. My old neighbour could not see clearly, so that all his care did not serve him. There are many who are dim-eyed in matters of example by reason of youth or ignorance. How much, I wonder, of their fault will be laid at the door of those who made them slip?

Yet, if anyone is perverse or reckless enough to step, knowingly, on the slippery danger, their fall serves them right. Let us heed this well, and, in following others, mind how we tread. Nay, we may do some good by pushing stray bits of orange-peel off the pavement, lest others, not seeing them, should slip.

Merciful God! My very blindness gives me to see Thy goodness. If Thou hadst added to this my knowledge, Thou hadst lessened my peace. Thou alone couldst bear to see whereunto all things grow, and any other than Thine infinite mind would be made mad by tracing out all that came of one single act of mine. May the discovery I chance to make, now and then, of little things yielding untoward events, make me so lean on Thy ready help, that I may heed my steps well, not only for my own sake, but for the sake of those that walk the same path, for their good, and for the sake of Him who opened the Path of Life, for His glory. Amen.

Hull. G. S. R.

Letters.

A LETTER OF MR. G. HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER, IN HER SICKNESS.

"MADAM,

"AT my last parting from you, I was the better content because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family; but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our commencement: wherein my absence by how much it naturally augmented suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In the meantime, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys: therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts.

"Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and, I hope, kept heavenly for yourself. But would you divide and choose too? Our College customs allow not that; and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the new Jerusalem.

"For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death; because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family, and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion, and competent maintenance. So that now if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care

of them will justify you both to the world, and to your own conscience: insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away? so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But, perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion. But, O God, how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find 'Blessed be the rich,' or 'Blessed be the noble;' but 'Blessed be the meek,' and 'Blessed be the poor,' and 'Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted.' And, yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared, to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear Madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures, as the very mention of them might beget amazement: but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours (which, praised be God, are less) are not like to continue long. I beseech you let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say, with David, 'That God, who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine.'

"Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul: consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be His competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: 'Cast thy care on the Lord, and He shall nourish thee.' (Psal. lv.) To which join that of Saint Peter, 'Casting all your care on the Lord, for He careth for you!' (1 Peter v. 7.) What an admirable thing is this, that God puts His shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend His service. To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you. Phil. iv. 4. St. Paul saith there, 'Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.' He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, 'What, shall we rejoice in affliction?' 'Yes, I say again, rejoice:' so that it is not left to us to rejoice or not to rejoice; but whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care of us. And it follows in the next verse: 'Let your moderation appear unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing.' What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves, God is at hand to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

"Your most obedient Son,

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"*Trinity College, May 25th*, 1662."

Our Servants.

TRIM: GEAR: FETTLE.

Two persons may each possess a pleasure-boat of the finest sailing qualities; her lines having been carefully drawn in the "Mold-loft;" she may have been built of the cleanest wood; constructed on the best rules for either running before the wind, or for sailing against it, right in "the wind's eye;" her masts set in the right place; her canvas bonnie and handy, like Greaves's boat-craft of Chelsea. Each boat sits cunning, clean, easy, light, like a duck on the water. But, now see them "under sail." The one boat runs capriciously; sometimes her gunwale is down to the water's edge

by press of sail; presently you see her unable to move except as she rolls from side to side with her canvas flapping to and fro: she is set right once more; but still she "dips forward," and sadly wets the pleasure-party on board. Now she must "'bout ship;" for the wind has changed, and she is to make her point of destination by "tacking," and so steal in upon the wind. But still all is discomfort; for, although the admonition be observed,—"Caution: Passengers are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel;" nothing is any better, she is so slow to answer the helm; she kicks and pitches enough to split her to pieces: whilst her companion has run on a "steady way;" swiftly, easily, skimmed the water, and reached her point with comfort. Why? Both boats are alike! Yes, but not so the sailing-masters. The one knows how to *trim* his boat; what ballast he needs, and where to put it; which of his sails to set so as not to gather all his wind upon one spar, but less here, and more there; and how to work his sliding-keel so as to bite the water, and "stay the ship" against the wind. In the case of the other craft, the ballast is just where it should not be; the keel is at random, the canvas never shifted. This man knows nothing of "trim."

"*Gear*," like "*Trim*," is an old-fashioned word, and is applied now-a-days to machinery, tools, trapping; as much as it was wont to mean furniture, dress, harness, riches. Now many of our worthy servants get forward with their business; doing everything well, with comparative ease and despatch, and are never behind time: to look at them is a great pleasure, especially when one knows what it *is to work*; to see them, hand and eye, at one thing at once, then at another, and then at another; all on system, all by forethought, until the point of rest be reached: we observe that they keep all their means "in trim." They know what o'clock it is, not only at meal-times, and at bed-time, but all day long: every hour seems made on purpose for them, and there is an aspect on all they do which is the reflection of their own trim character. The best sailing-master does not excel such servants in the handling of his boat.

But there are some other servants who have every requisite means for excellence, but who sadly disappoint everybody and themselves, and all because their means are never "in gear." A machine may be made on the best principle, and of the best material, but if the several parts of it are not accurately fitted in; that is, if they be a little "out of gear;" or, if "the running-gear," the cranks, the shafting, the straps, be "out of gear," there must be loss, breakage, and all sorts of inconvenience. And so it is in the smaller matters of our house-keeping. If everything is to be fetched afar when wanted immediately; and when the messenger returns, in her haste she has asked for a pound of candles instead of a pound of cheese; another wipes our glasses and plates with a greasy cloth instead of a clean towel; another employs a brass candlestick as a hammer; and snaps the kitchen saw by using it as a chisel; and gaps the best carving-knife by turning it into a hatchet; cleaning one's boots with the black-lead brush; laying hands on anything at all that will serve the turn; until at last they imitate the good woman who, in ignorance of its value, used up her husband's register, by which he might have proved his heirship to a good landed estate, by covering some pots of preserved gooseberry-jam with it. Nobody can calculate the annual loss and inconvenience to families by servants having their means "out of gear."

Then "*Fettle*" is another good old word, signifying *condition, good condition*. A knife is "*in fettle*," when it is kept clean, bright, and sharp. When workmen keep their tools in fettle, they get most out of them; they do their work in the greatest perfection, and they earn the most money. A good servant will keep everything committed to her care in fettle. The fuel will be dry, prepared, and ready to catch; the flues will draw well, and smoke at the right end; the taps will run when wanted, and only then; the gas will not escape, except in flame; the window will not be smashed for want of pulleys; nor a thief invited for want of a latch; the locks and catches of the doors will be seen after in summer, ready for winter; the door-knob will not outshine its neck, as many do; hinges will be able

to hold themselves and other things together; chairs will not entice the weary to a sudden downfal; he that has plate will see it is not pewter; and everything besides will be kept in good order, and ready for use.

When a groom is careless, it is miserable work. Master cannot ride because the horse is out at grass, and cannot be caught. Mistress, at another time, might drive out, but the wheel-tire is off. Where people keep things in fettle, work is done with great ease, and to great perfection; but where this is neglected, all is shuffle at one time, bustle at another, and loss in the long run. P. H.

Narratives.

WHAT A POOR COLOURED WOMAN DID.

MANY living witnesses can be found to verify the following sketch:—

About the year 1774, a poor woman was taken as a slave from Virginia to New-York. On the passage, she gave birth to an infant, whom she named Katy Williams. Katy was, therefore, born a slave, according to the laws which then obtained in that professedly Christian land; and when only four years old she tasted one of the most bitter ingredients in that bitter cup. Her mother was sold to another master, and torn from her sight for ever.

Uneducated and unaided in her parental duties, this poor Christian mother had been faithful to the extent of her abilities, and left upon the mind of her child indelible religious impressions. Katy, in speaking of this cruel separation, many years afterward, said: "Mr. B—— sold my mother, and she was carried away from me; but I remember that before they tore us asunder, she kneeled down, laid her hand upon my head, and gave me to God."

Katy's active mind sought every opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Her mother had taught her much that she herself remembered of the Scriptures. Other persons had taught her the Catechism, and her retentive memory seldom lost what had been committed to it.

In her fifteenth year, the Holy Spirit applied to her conscience and heart the truths of Scripture which she had thus received. But when awakened to a perception of her sinfulness, she felt the need of some kind counsellor.

Neither master nor mistress had ever encouraged her to communicate her thoughts on religious subjects. The Minister on whose services she attended, the Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, was a man of such a commanding figure and bearing as to inspire this poor child of a despised race with fear, rather than confidence, Yet she knew he was a faithful servant of Christ, and that he would care for her soul. She accordingly ventured to call on him. She remarked afterward, "While I was standing at the door, after having rung the bell, my feelings were indescribable. And when the door was opened, and I found myself in the Minister's presence, I trembled from head to foot. One harsh word or look would have crushed me." But this faithful Minister of Christ at once appreciated her solicitude, and in the gentlest manner inquired, "Have you come here to talk with me about your soul?" This kind reception at once relieved and encouraged her to open her whole heart. The interview was blessed of God to her conversion. And from that day her course was remarkably direct and upward. She was, in a word, an earnest, self-denying follower of Christ.

Soon after her conversion she presented herself for admission to the church. There were those, however, who were averse to having one of her colour sit at the same communion-table with others. This was a great grief to the noble Christian heart of the Pastor. But he determined to attack this unhallowed feeling, not with arguments or remonstrances. He chose a more judicious course. He scarcely alluded to it in conversation with his friends; but simply requested Katy to be present in the church when the Lord's Supper should be celebrated.

On the morning of the next Communion Sabbath, Dr. Mason preached with a tenderness and earnestness extraordinary even for him; setting forth the love of Christ, the communion of saints, and the melting, constraining, and uniting power of the love of God shed abroad in the heart. Then proceeding through the remaining preparatory services, he came down from his pulpit, and passing along the aisle to the pew where the trembling Katy sat, took her by the hand, and, leading her forward, said with an almost awful majesty, and, at the same time, most touching and winning tenderness of manner, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; we have all been made to drink into one Spirit. Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all;" and, seating her at the holy table, said again, as he put into her hands the memorials of the Saviour's love, and with a tone and manner that filled every heart with the deepest emotion, "Eat, O friend; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." The scene was a most impressive and affecting one, and most effectually accomplished the end desired.

At the age of eighteen, by the aid of friends, she was made a free woman; and very soon was married, and took the name of Katy Ferguson; which was with a large circle, and for many years, a name of honour.

She soon lost her husband, and her only two children. They that observe the ways of Him who numbers the hairs of our heads, will perceive an obvious connexion between these trials and the sphere of usefulness for which He was fitting her.

She lived in a part of the city where there were many very poor families, and many of both coloured and white children who had none to care for their bodies or souls. Some of these she took to her own home, and taught them to take care of themselves; and for others she found places, where they would be provided for. In this way, during her life, she secured homes for *forty-eight* of these neglected and suffering ones: thus anticipating one of the benevolent movements of our time.

But her concern for the spiritual welfare of those around her was especially manifest, and in most appropriate ways. She invited the children to come into her house every Lord's day, for religious instruction. Feeling her own incompetency to instruct them fully, especially as she was herself unable to read, she obtained the assistance of other Christian people in this work. The well-known Isabella Graham thus aided Katy, by occasionally inviting her little flock to come to her own house.

Thus Katy's labour of love went on for some time, unobserved for the most part, even by Christian people, but not unnoticed by God. He smiled upon her, and, as He often does in the case of humble efforts like hers, made her little school on the Sabbath the beginning of a great and good work in that city. It was about this time that the house of worship in Murray-street, in which Dr. Mason preached, was built. This good man of God had not forgotten Katy, the trembling inquirer. Having heard of her Sabbath assembly of children, he went one day to see what she was doing. As he entered her lowly dwelling, and looked around upon the group of interested, happy-looking faces, he said, with his wonted kindness, "What are you about here, Katy? Keeping school on the Sabbath? We must not leave you to do all this." He immediately conferred with the officers of his church, telling them what he had seen, and advising that others should join Katy in this good work. Soon the lecture-room was opened for the reception and instruction of Katy's charge. This was the beginning of the Sabbath-school in the Murray-street church; and Katy Ferguson, the coloured woman, who had been a slave, is believed to have thus gathered the first Sabbath-school in the city of New-York.

She was probably ignorant of the existence of Robert Raikes, or of the Sabbath-school as it was then known in England. But she had originated one in her humble dwelling, in a character more truly religious, and indicating more un-

mistakably than did the first English Sunday-school, the Missionary design and adaptations of the institution.

But Katy's benevolent heart was not satisfied with this effort for the good of the children. She established, and maintained during the last forty years of her life, a weekly prayer-meeting at her house; and during the last five years previous to her death, when she could not well attend the public services of Divine worship, she made her own house a Bethel on Sabbath afternoons, by gathering in the neglected children of the neighbourhood, with such adults as did not attend worship, and obtaining the aid of some suitable person to lead in the services of prayer and praise.

In the Theological Seminary under Dr. Mason's care, there were some young men who depended on charitable aid to defray the expenses of their course. Before a Society had been heard of, to sustain indigent students in their course of preparation for the ministry, her heart devised that wise and liberal thing. Some are now adorning the pulpit, who owe their ability to prepare for it to her efficient and timely aid.

The cause of Foreign Missions was also dear to Katy. On one occasion, a young man, who was about to sail for Africa as a Missionary, was invited to attend a meeting at her house. Three years afterward, in speaking of this man and his associate Missionaries, she said, "For these three years I have never missed a day, but I have prayed for those dear Missionaries."

The question may occur to some persons, Where did this poor coloured woman procure the means of doing so much good; clothing children, and supporting students of theology? Uneducated as she was, she possessed extraordinary taste and judgment. Of a truly refined nature, she appreciated the beautiful, wherever found. Hence a wedding, or any other festival, in some of the best circles in New-York, could scarcely be considered complete unless Katy had superintended the nicer provisions for the table. She was also uncommonly skilful in the cleansing of laces, and other finer articles of ladies' dresses. This constant demand for her services must, however, be likewise traced, in part, to the great esteem in which she was held, and to the desire to furnish her the means of continuing her useful Christian labours.

She was a cheerful believer; occupied less in complaining of her own deficiences or her troubles, than in commending her Redeemer to others, and in imitating His life of active benevolence.

Thus was this beloved disciple ripening for heaven. And when death, in that fearful disease, the cholera, came for her, she was ready; and calmly expressed her Christian confidence, by saying, "O, what a good thing it is to have a hope in Jesus!" Her last words were, "All is well."

The Portfolio.

FEAR.

Fear, says Bishop Reynolds, produceth servile and unwilling performances, as those fruits which grow in winter, or in cold countries, are sour, unsavoury, and unconcocted; but those which grow in summer, or in hotter countries, by the warmth and influence of the sun, are sweet and wholesome: such is the difference between those fruits of obedience, which fear and which love produceth. The most formal principle of obedience is love; and the first beginnings of love in us unto God, arise from His mercies unto us being thankfully remembered.

There are some affections and motions of the heart that do stop the mouth, are of cold, stupefactive and constringent nature: as the sap stays and hides itself in the root, while it is winter. Such is fear and extremity of grief. "Come," said the Prophet, "let us enter into our defenced cities, and let us be silent: for the Lord our God hath put us to silence." Other affections open the mouth, are of an expansive and dilating nature, know not how to be straitened or suppressed; and of all these, joy and sense of God's mercy can least contain itself in the compass of our narrow breast, but will spread and communicate itself to others,

A goodly heart is, in this, like unto those flowers which shut when the sun sets, when the night comes; and open again when the sun returns and shines upon them. If God withdraw His favour, and send a night of affliction, they shut up themselves and their thoughts in silence; but if He shine again, and shed abroad the light and sense of His love upon them, then their heart and mouth is wide open towards heaven, in lifting up praises unto Him. Hannah prayed silently so long as she was in bitterness of soul, and of a sorrowful spirit; but as soon as God answered her prayers, and filled her heart with joy in Him, presently "her mouth was enlarged" into a song of thanksgiving.

THE DESIRE TO BE REMEMBERED.

THE fear of being forgotten is dreadful to a sensitive mind. A few years ago, a mother in one of our towns became conscious that she could not live many months. She knew that all her children, except the youngest, would remember her. That her youngest should forget her, was very trying; and, during the last months of her life, she devoted herself to him in a thousand tender and ingenious assiduities, that she might impress herself on his memory, and link herself with his pleasantest thoughts. Now she made him some garment, now procured for him some elegant and striking toy or picture, now taught him some charming amusement, and now talked to him with beaming face and tearful eyes about Jesus, and heaven, and herself as soon to go thither. It was not merely to "fulfil her covenant obligations" that she was thus earnest, but she was striving to ward off the painful apprehension of being forgotten.

How natural this is! and yet we make our impress on human memory very little more abiding than footprints on the seashore, which are soon washed out. In looking into the history of any neighbourhood, how soon its inhabitants are forgotten.

A few days ago I accompanied a friend to the native place of his grandfather, who had left thence some sixty or seventy-five years ago. He desired to see the place where his grandfather had lived, if it could be found. He had been a builder in considerable business.

Now, it might be supposed that a man of such an occupation, who no doubt had built many houses in the place, would not be forgotten so soon; and yet we inquired in vain for the place where he had lived. Nay, we could not find a man who had heard of him, except the doctor of the place; and he had heard his father, long since dead, once speak of such a man. And thus "his place knew him no more."

And how few there are who are dealt with more tenderly by those who survive them! "All the dead *forgotten* lie;" but in this connexion there is a cheerful thought in these two verses: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and *a book of remembrance was* written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, *The Lord knoweth them that are His.*"

And in this way the friend of God finds his yearnings to be remembered realized. His name is written in the Lord's book of remembrance, his name is engraved on the palms of His hands, and therefore he shall never be forgotten.

Monthly Notes for Readers.

WE hail with great delight the first volume of *Dr. Bunting's Sermons*, just issued. It is in every way worthy of that eminently earnest and eloquent preacher. Although beautifully printed, on superfine royal paper, and finished in the most approved modern style, it is published, as is usual with all works issued from the Wesleyan-Methodist Book-room, at a price considerably below that charged by every other respectable publishing house for copyright works. The large sale, however, which the work is sure to command, will no doubt fully justify the

comparatively low price at which it is offered for sale. Such sermons as those on "The Father's Elect Servant;" "Our Saviour made perfect through Sufferings;" and "The Blessings of the Gospel," would be cheap at any price. But our space will not permit us more fully to characterize them. Suffice it to say, that all of them are marked more or less by the forcible and lucid style so characteristic of Dr. Bunting in his meridian day, and by the glorious subject matter of St. Paul's ministry as detailed in Acts xvii. 2, 3, so appropriately affixed as a motto to the volume. We fully believe that nothing would tend more to revive and increase fervent, intelligent, and practical religion among all classes of Christian people than the prayerful perusal of these inestimable sermons; and we are sure that the bestowal of a copy to each Local Preacher in the Body, not procuring it for himself, by any possessing the means, would be a singularly wise and remunerative expenditure of money.

The Wesleyan-Methodist Kalendar, the *Pocket-Diary and Kalendar*, and the *Wesleyan-Methodist Pocket-Book*, for 1862, are now on sale, and contain, as usual, a much larger amount of information than is to be found within the same compass elsewhere. *The List of Scripture Lessons for* 1862, prepared under the direction of the Conference, for the use of Wesleyan-Methodist schools and families, is also ready, and will be found to contain a varied and judicious selection of lessons. *The Wesleyan Sunday-School Teachers' Class-Register for* 1862 is this year issued in an improved form; and, where used, will greatly conduce to the regularity and order of the schools.

New editions have been published of the Rev. David M'Nicoll's edition of *Dr. Clark's Collection of the Promises of Scripture;* the devoted John Hunt's *Life of the Rev. William Cross*, with a short Notice of the early History of the Feejee Missions; the Rev. George Cubitt's beautiful historical narrative of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, entitled, *Granada;* and the Rev. John Hartley's instructive and edifying work for the young, *Hid Treasures.* "Adeline" has added to our store of Reward-Books an exquisitely-told chapter from a life's history, called *Ethel Wilton. The Wreck, the Rescue, and the Massacre;* an Account of the Loss of the Barque "Thomas King," off New-Holland, in 1852; *A Flower from Feejee*, a Memoir of Mary Calvert; and *A Pastor's Visits to an old Hall; or, Scenes of Joy and Sorrow*, have also been re-issued, with several other Reward-Books. The venerable Chairman of the Birmingham District, the Rev. William Naylor, has re-published two able sermons on the important subjects of "Children presented to Christ," and "The Duty of Christians towards their unconverted Relatives." The Rev. Richard Ray has made an elegant addition to the holy records of Methodism, in a biography which he has justly entitled, *The Reward of Piety: a Tribute of Esteem and Affection to the Memory of Mr. James Green, of Bradford, Yorkshire; being a Sketch of his Life.* A new and cheap edition of the well-known and much-esteemed Memoirs of the beloved and venerable Joseph Entwisle, by his Son, is just out.

The Fireside.

THE QUEEN'S STATE CROWN.—Professor Tennant thus describes Her Majesty's imperial crown. It was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls; and the upper part of the band, a row of one hundred and twelve pearls; between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire, (partly drilled,) purchased for the crown by His Majesty King George the Fourth. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires, (three on each side,) between

which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Third, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry the Fifth, at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four, and one hundred and thirty brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses, are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose-diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose-diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose-diamonds and one table-diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred and eight brilliant, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose, diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose-diamond caps, containing twelve rose-diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose-diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, and in the upper, two hundred and forty-four brilliants; the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose-diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliants, and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants. Summary of jewels comprised in the crown: 1 large ruby irregularly polished; 1 large broad-spread sapphire; 16 sapphires; 11 emeralds; 4 rubies; 1,363 brilliant diamonds; 1,273 rose-diamonds; 147 table-diamonds; 4 drop-shaped pearls; 273 pearls.

WATCH-PAPERS.—A watchmaker named Adams, who practised his craft some forty years ago in Church-street, Hackney, was fond of putting scraps of poetry in the outer cases of watches sent to him for repair. One of his effusions was nearly to the following effect; but, as I quote from memory, I may not be quite correct:—

"To-morrow! yes, to-morrow! you'll repent
A train of years in vice and folly spent.
To-morrow comes: no penitential sorrow
Appears therein, for still it is to-morrow.
At length to-morrow such a habit gains,
That you'll forget the time that heaven ordains;
And you'll believe that day too soon will be
When more to-morrows you're denied to see."

WORDS IN THEIR FIRST MEANING.—The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first, almost any word, had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated:* dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we identify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*, the falling apart of stones, and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *candid*, white. How beautiful in this connexion as applied to the word candidate, presenting the felt necessity that the candidate for any office should be white, unsoiled in reputation! So the word *husband*, the stay and support, and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his "Points of Husbandry:"

"The name of husband, what is it to say?
Of wife and of household the band and the stay."

And the word *wife* is like it; it is only another form of the words "weave" and "woof;" and in it we have not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household in one. In the same way *pity* grows into piety.

Memorials of the Departed.

SARAH ANN WOOD was born at Booth-Town, in the Halifax Circuit, on the 4th of December, 1830. Her natural disposition was mild and amiable. She became a scholar in a Methodist Sabbath-school when six years of age, and at this early period was frequently the subject of serious thoughts and spiritual desires. A partiality for sacred poetry was early developed, and the hymns of Methodism were often the channel through which Divine influence descended into her soul, and her youthful spirit ascended up to God. To use her own language, she sometimes felt love to Jesus springing up in her heart whilst singing. At the age of fifteen she began to meet in class, and soon experienced a clear sense of God's pardoning mercy. In the use of all the means of grace she now became very diligent, setting a praiseworthy example of punctuality and perseverance. Being appointed to the charge of a class in the Sunday-school, she was careful to attend in time; and in connexion with her duties to those under her care, she made use of earnest prayer for the Divine blessing on her labours. She was exemplary as a Tract-distributer, not contenting herself with only saying, "Exchange this tract, if you please;" but had a word or two always ready, of counsel, or sympathy, or reproof, as she found necessary. In visiting the sick she took great delight, was the first to seize hold of such an opportunity, and had the art of making her visits welcome. In consequence of pre-eminent piety, zeal and usefulness, she was appointed to be a Class-Leader. Her members consisted of several young girls who had for some time been in the select class of the Sunday-school. For these she felt a deep interest, and laboured in prayer, and by advice, that Christ might be found in their hearts; nor were her efforts in vain. Whilst thus engaged in diligent labour to do good, she was suddenly seized with alarming symptoms of disease, which terminated fatally in a fortnight. For about seven days, hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the eighth it became apparent she must die. Of this she was the first to be assured; and calling her parents and sister, she informed them that she was about to leave them. On her mother expressing a strong wish for her recovery, she said, "O mother, stand ready, and I will be looking out for you." To one who inquired if Jesus were precious, she answered, "O, yes! He is a great Rock in a weary land." Being fond of singing, she desired the family to sing,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul;"

and accompanied them with great apparent enjoyment. Two nights before she died, two female friends sat up with her; when the spirit of prayer came down upon her in a remarkable manner, and she pleaded aloud, in all the agony of intense supplication, for her relations, the church, the Sunday-school, and the whole world. Soon after this, she sank into a state of exhaustion, in which she continued the whole of the next day, till she peacefully departed, on the 22d of January, 1859.

JASPER WILLIAMS died at St. Ives, Cornwall, on the 31st of January, 1859, aged nineteen years. Bereaved at a very tender age of his parents, he was cast on the care of God-fearing relatives, who "brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" nor does he appear ever to have lost the simplicity of his childhood. For education he was

early placed at the Wesleyan College, in Taunton; and, while there, was noticed for his gentleness of spirit, and harmless behaviour. When little more than fourteen years old he became decidedly religious, and joined himself to the Christian community in which his parents had lived and died. He held fast the beginning of his confidence without wavering to the end; and his diligence in the means of grace, and his scrupulous regard for the claims of the holy Sabbath, were truly exemplary. During his six months' affliction, and especially in the hour of death, he was greatly favoured of God as a witness for the truth: "Great grace was upon him," and his joy was indeed "full of glory." Amidst the most fondly-cherished youthful hopes and prospects, he was more than resigned to the mysterious stroke of a paternal Providence, which so early summoned him away to the tomb and to the eternal world. "His last end" was not only eminently peaceful, but even ecstatic; yet never was faith more penitently humble or self-renouncing, than that by which he rested on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, even when "quite in the verge of heaven," and when faith was all but lost in sight. Some of his last sayings were the following:—"I shall soon stand before yon dazzling throne. I am come to the brink of Jordan, and the waters are dividing for me to pass over." "The time of my affliction has been the happiest six months of my life: it has, indeed, been good for me to be afflicted." "My faith in Jesus is stronger and stronger. I see Him interceding for me in heaven; and the nearer I get to heaven, the more clearly I behold Him. I shall soon see Him eye to eye. He is with me, and will not leave me till I am safe beside the throne." "I am now in Jordan, one foot in the river, and the other firmly placed on the other side. I seem to be both in heaven and on earth. My way up to the throne is made smooth, and clear as glass: my father and mother are both there, and I see my place." As the closing scene drew near, his countenance was lit up with an unearthly radiance; and, moving his hands, as though they had been wings, he said, "The angels are come for me: do you see them? thousands, thousands! O, that dazzling throne!" and then, as though addressing the celestial convoy, he softly whispered, "Coming, coming!" and ceased to breathe.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Brooks, Mrs. L.,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	35	Aug. 11th, 1861.
Broxap, Richard,	Downham,	Clitheroe,	89	July 26th, 1861.
Dawson, Mrs. Rebecca,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	28	Jan. 6th, 1860.
Fuller, Mrs. Hannah,	Bury St. Edmund's,	Bury St. Edmund's,	60	Aug. 29th, 1861.
Hivey, John,	Gt. Horner-street,	Liverpool, North,	54	Aug. 31st, 1861.
Hodgkin, Mrs. Rebecca,	Rothwell,	Kettering,	40	July 20th, 1861.
Jones, Mrs. Maria,	Bury St. Edmund's,	Bury St. Edmund's,	66	Sept. 9th, 1861.
Parkinson, Thomas,	Longholme,	Bacup,	60	Aug. 31st, 1861.
Percy, James,	Scotland-road,	Liverpool, North,	32	Nov. 20th, 1860.
Roper, Virtue,	Diss,	Diss,	73	Sept. 13th, 1861.
Rossell, Miss S. Ann,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	17	June 11th, 1861.
Shepard, Mr. Robert,	Alne,	Easingwold,	76	Aug. 26th, 1861.
Taylor, Miss Mildred,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	51	Nov. 26th, 1860.
Taylor, Mr. Robert,	Gainsborough,	Gainsborough,	88	July 26th, 1861.
Watkins, Elizabeth,	Stroud,	Stroud,	91	Sept. 1st, 1861.
Webb, Catherine,	Middleborough,	Stockton,	53	July 30th, 1861.

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SCARBOROUGH.

This queen of modern watering-places can boast of an ancient history of great interest. Scarburgh, its most ancient name, is of Saxon origin; *Scar* signifying a rock, and *burg* a fortified place. There is no authentic account of its origin, but there is good reason for believing it to have been a Saxon town on a Roman foundation. It appears to have suffered cruelly from the incursions and ravages of the Danes. There is a record of a battle fought at Scardaborga, in which the Danes gained the victory. It was also plundered and burnt in 1066, by Tosti, Count of Northumberland, and the King of Norway, Harold Hadradda. It is described as consisting, at this time, of wooden huts on the shore, sheltered by the cliff, on which the castle was built. The principal articles of commerce were wool and fish.

With the erection of its noble castle Scarborough rises out of obscurity. The castle was built about the year 1136, by William, Earl of Albemarle, subsequently Earl of Yorkshire. He obtained permission for its erection from King Stephen. It has been much praised by ancient historians for its strength and grandeur. In its ruins it is majestic and impressive. It is erected on a grassy plain of several acres, on a lofty promontory, three hundred feet above the level of the sea. A vast sweep of craggy, perpendicular rock renders it inaccessible. The stately tower, which has been the keep, is a Norman building, the walls of which are twelve feet thick.

There appear to have been three stories of very lofty rooms, between twenty and thirty feet high. The possession of such a fortress must have added to the power of its noble founder, who ruled as a prince in those parts. When Henry II. ascended the throne, he wished to reduce the power of the nobles, and commanded several castles to be demolished; but seeing that Scarborough castle was such a defence, he spared it, and greatly improved it in strength and beauty. Roger, Archbishop of York, was appointed Governor; and he was succeeded by several noblemen of distinction.

The castle has been the residence of royalty. Edward I. occupied it for some time. The Duke of Gloucester, before he was King, resided in it with his lady. A fanatical army in the reign of Henry VIII. besieged it; but, although the garrison consisted of very inconsiderable numbers, yet, from the natural strength of the castle, and the bravery of the Governor, it was uninjured. During the Civil Wars, in the reign of Charles I., it was twice besieged and taken by the Parliamentary forces. There are long and interesting records of these times. The greatest hardships were endured by Sir Hugh Cholmley, and his noble lady, who held it for the King; and by the garrison. Its gallant defenders surrendered on honourable conditions after its fortifications were ruined by incessant battering, and the stores exhausted. This was in 1648-9. Many state-prisoners were confined in it. George Fox, the celebrated founder of the sect called "Quakers," or "Friends," was imprisoned in rooms in the castle. He suffered great hardships. His patience and goodness won upon the Governor and garrison, and they became his friends.

The castle is now in ruins. It stands grandly from every point of view, and constitutes the chief object of interest to those who now visit Scarborough for pleasure and for health. The view from the top of the hill is very magnificent.

It is recorded that there were four convents, and six churches of early date, in Scarborough. The parish-church of St. Mary's, in its restored condition, with its adjacent ruins, is the only one remaining. It is a striking feature in the scene, with its solemn congregation of the dead looking down on the modern town of gaiety and fashion.

The natural beauties around Scarborough are of a most attractive kind. Hill, valley, and moorland render the drives delightful. The hill called Oliver's Mount, the original name of which was Weapon-ness, rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. There is no ground, however, for its modern name; there not being any proof, as has been asserted, that Oliver Cromwell ever erected batteries upon it against the castle, or that he ever was at Scarborough. The Mount is a very striking and picturesque object, and from its summit the views are magnificent. The geologist, the botanist, and the conchologist will find the vicinity of Scarborough rich in the objects of their research.

The modern town of Scarborough, with its elegant Cliff Bridge and saloon, its terraces and gardens, commodious and beautiful residences, is too generally known to need description in our pages. From an insigni-

ficant little fishing-town, it has risen to be the most celebrated of northern watering-places. Its present population is 18,337; and the largest probable number of visiters at any one time in the season, is 12,000.

The religious element pervades the town in a remarkable degree. Indeed, it may be truly said, that, in this respect, no other English watering-place can bear a comparison with it. The churches and chapels are crowded with well-dressed, attentive hearers in the winter, as well as in the summer, months. Benevolent Societies, Schools, and Hospitals abound, and are nobly supported. We reserve for a subsequent Number an article on the rise and progress of Methodism in Scarborough.

LIFE AND DEATH.*

THE plateau, or high ocean-bed, which stretches across the Atlantic between Great Britain and America, and along which they laid the lines that were to unite two worlds together, and flash our messages over the bed of the sea, is covered, it is said, to some depth, with a fine, impalpable powder. To the naked eye, that powder looks like dust—mere dust, devoid alike of beauty or organization. But beneath the microscope how it changes! There it appears a mighty collection of beautiful shells, once the habitation of creatures exceedingly minute. Their home was in the upper regions of the ocean; and when they died, their shells became their coffins; and, sinking many thousand fathoms down, they found their grave in the ocean-bed. We know that it takes the burial of very many generations to raise the mould in the narrow churchyard. How many ages, then, must have elapsed before the coffins and corpses of creatures so exceedingly small, could have raised the broad bed of ocean! To account for this phenomenon it is necessary to suppose that these creatures are falling in showers, night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest; dropping down into their graves in showers as thick as the drops of summer rain, or the snowflakes of a winter storm. And if so, how great the profusion of life in the vast ocean!

This is one of the last, and not the least interesting, of the evidences that go to prove how this world teems with life. You meet it everywhere. Turn where you may, you meet it. Though not detected by the naked eye, you devour it in every morsel of your food; you inhale it in every breath you draw; you drink it in the cup filled at the purest spring; you bathe in it among the billows of ocean. Nor can you walk wild moor, or shaggy mountain, or flowery meadow, but your foot goes down on life. Life sleeps the winter through in every bud; it opens in every flower; dances and quivers in every leaf; and rises before you in every spike of grass. Where is there not life? More changeful than the fabled Proteus, it assumes innumerable shapes. There it cleaves the air on feathery wing; there it cleaves the deep with fins; there it crawls forth in the slimy worm; there it stands before you in the majesty of the

* Being the Introduction to a Sermon on Rev. xiv. 13, preached by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Oxford-road, Manchester, in 1857.

human form. Here it breathes in vile corruption; and there it plays and dances in the heavenly sunbeam. Where do you not find life? Water cannot drown it. Earth cannot bury it. Open the grave, for a moment, life is there; penetrating the domain of death, it seizes on the lifeless body, and takes possession of the tomb. We can say to it what David said to its dread Giver: "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? Thou hast beset me behind and before: Thou compassest my path."

Now, common as life is, death, its counterpart, though less apparent, is not less common. Death is the shadow which life flings upon the ground. Wherever life goes, there travels that dark, unsocial, dumb companion with it. Though not coeval, death is coexistent with life. Wherever you find life in this world, there you find death. It is the fate of all that lives to die. We forget this! Some like to forget it, and try to forget it; and all of us are too prone to forget it. Because death is not beautiful, God has so arranged matters that there is not much evidence of it in this world; nor does He long allow such evidence of it as there is, to deform and disfigure this beautiful creation. You may walk a whole day in this crowded city, nor once meet a nodding hearse, or poverty's plainest funeral. I have walked down a long summer day across moor, mountain, and woodland, nor seen a sign of death. No shriek of pain, no groan of agony, disturbed the melody of nature. Where the cricket chirped among the grass, and the lark sang in the cloud, and the cattle lowed in the pastures, and the silver tenants of the stream leaped and played, and the flowers with their ten thousand golden censers offered up odours of incense to God, and all nature rejoiced and revelled in the possession of life, no withering skeleton crumbled beneath my feet. No sign of death was there. As if God not only has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but no pleasure in death at all, in the death of any creature, He has so arranged matters that all evidences of death are speedily removed. Let bird or beast fall, and curious creatures come creeping forth to do the sexton's office; the denizens of air and earth seize the lifeless body. You say death is quick to seize on life; but life is as quick to seize on death. How does nature cover with a green and flowery shroud all that moulders and decays, changing corruption into beauty, and the lifeless corpse of one creature into the pregnant womb of ten thousand lives! Still, though life is a far more apparent thing than death, death is as common as life. The fate of all your eye looks on is to die. You never see a flower to admire its beauty, but it shall die. In the Crystal Palace there is the noblest specimen of the vegetable world man has looked upon. It was smitten by his hand. It had towered three hundred feet above the ground, and lived more than three times three hundred years; yet, if man's axe had not laid it low, the hand of death would have felled it to the ground. There is not a bird that sings, nor a flower that blooms, nor a thing that lives, but is doomed to die.

And death, the penalty of sin, bitter fruit of man's unsanctified ambition, shall extend to all of us. Ten, twenty, fifty years after this, where shall we be? A few brief years, and not this congregation shall

be changed, but this great city shall have changed all its tenants. There is not a face you meet on your way to church or market, that shall be seen then. The bells shall ring, but they will be rung by other hands, and rung for other worshippers:—pulpits shall be filled by other Preachers, and the pews by other worshippers. We shall go the way of all the living. A few years more, and all the animated forms around me shall lie cold in death, mouldering in the silent grave. What says the Apostle? "Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

A WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER IN JANUARY, 1862.

We urgently call the attention of our devout readers to the proposal made by the "Evangelical Alliance," that a week of special prayer, in public and private, should be observed by all God's people in the beginning of the next year. The circular issued with this view, suggests the time and the topics of this united approach to the throne of grace. They are as follows:—

Sunday, January 5th.—SERMONS ON THE HOLY SPIRIT: His divinity and personality—His offices and operations; prayer for the Lord's blessing upon the services of the week.

Monday, 6th.—HUMILIATION AND CONFESSION OF SIN: As individuals, as families, as churches, and as a nation; thanksgiving and praise for recent religious awakenings.

Tuesday, 7th.—HOME OBJECTS FOR PRAYER: The conversion of the ungodly; the cessation of intemperance and all immorality; and the spread of vital religion in our families and households, among our rulers, the rich and poor, our soldiers and sailors, the authors of our literature, secular and religious.

Wednesday, 8th.—FOREIGN OBJECTS FOR PRAYER: The revival of pure Christianity, and the extension of religious liberty in Europe and the lands of the East; the overthrow of every form of anti-Christian error; conversion of the house of Israel; the prevalence of peace among all nations, especially in America; and a yet more abundant blessing upon our brethren and sisters engaged in the work of Missions, Christian education, and literature, in foreign lands.

Thursday, 9th.—THE CHURCH OF GOD AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY: The increased spirituality of the church, and its more decided separation from the world; brotherly love, sympathy, and union of labour among the Lord's people; a higher standard of piety and power among Christian Ministers, and all their fellow-labourers; the outpouring of the Spirit upon our universities and colleges, and on the rising Ministry at large; the conversion of the young, and a large blessing upon Sunday and other schools.

Friday, 10th.—THE WORD OF GOD: That it may be received with increased faith, reverence, and love; that its assailants may be enlightened, and brought into the way of truth; that the power of the Divine Spirit may attend its private study, and its circulation throughout the world.

Saturday, 11th.—THE LORD'S DAY: That its Divine institution may be recognised, and its desecration at home and abroad may cease.

Sunday, 12th.—SERMONS ON THE SIGNS, DANGERS, AND DUTIES OF THE PRESENT TIMES: Motives to personal holiness and Christian activity.

GEORGE HERBERT.

(*Concluded from page* 334.)

THOSE who seek in sacred poetry a handmaid to devotion rather than

the voice of pleasant song, will value George Herbert's poems as a rich and rare treasury of holy aspiration and humble confession. Well and truly did he keep his earliest resolve, that his poetic abilities should "all and ever be consecrated to God's glory." In every poem you are made to feel that the writer had a deep insight into the corruptions of his own heart; and that the chief end of life was to bring an ardent and susceptible mind and heart into absolute subjection to the mind and will of God. The world presented itself in an attractive form, arrayed in fair colours before the eyes of the youthful scholar and courtier; and his poems tell of conflict and of victory, of temptation and of triumph. The manner of their publication, as given by Walton, will best express the intent for which they were written. On his deathbed, he is said thus to have spoken, with sweet humility: "I pray you deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many conflicts that have passed between God and my soul before I could subject my mind to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then if he think it can turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it. For I, and it, are less than the least of God's mercies." It was at once published under the title of "The Temple," and twenty thousand copies were very shortly sold. It was the chosen companion of King Charles in his captivity in Carisbrook Castle. Quaint in expression, and fantastic in conception, after the manner of the times, his poetry will not find favour with every order of mind; but if the casket be too elaborately constructed, and too richly gilded, the treasure within is always of great price.

In illustration, we subjoin his poem entitled "The Pulley":—

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can.
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

"So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature;
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest;
But keep them with repining restlessness.
Let him be sick and weary, that at last,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast."

The volume abounds in poems of this class, some equal, some inferior in merit; but all leading from man direct to God.

The opening poem, of some length, entitled "The Church-Porch," is quite of another order. It is rich in proverbial sayings of truest philosophy, clothed in verse, and verifies aptly two lines in the first stanza:—

"A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

The folly of covetousness is thus rebuked:—

"Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore, give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone."

Speaking warmly of the claims and duties of friendship, he adds the following wise counsel:—

"Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.

Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends,
And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's."

The spirit of the following stanza would, if cultivated, turn many a barren Sabbath into a day of profit, if not pleasure:—

"Judge not the Preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

In this age of busy activity, both in the church and the world, there is danger of neglecting the duties of self-examination and meditation, so much insisted upon by our early divines, as essential to perfect the Christian character. Herbert's counsel may serve as an antidote:—

"By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.
"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree."

Herbert has written most forcefully and touchingly on the discipline needed to bring the soul near to God. He details his own inner experience in such poems as "Discipline," "Affliction," &c., with so much life-like power, that one feels, in measure, somewhat of the same influence that arises from a devout study of the Psalms of David.

Perhaps, no one of his poems is so universally known and quoted as "The Elixir," in which he so fully brings forth the meaning of that apostolic injunction, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

George Herbert's poems will never die while Christians live. They are too true, too spiritual, too consoling, not to continue to be beloved of many hearts.

His prose writings are not so well known; but some of his counsels in the "Country Parson," whereby he counselled himself, are very forcible. He thus writes on preaching:—"The country Parson preacheth constantly; the pulpit is his joy and his throne. By many means he procures attention, but the character of his sermon is holiness; he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy."

He has some quaint, pithy remarks on household government:—"The Parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a copy and model for his parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and, accordingly, meets with their vices, or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or day and night he is training her to it. His children he first makes Christians, and then commonwealth's men: the one he owes to his heavenly country, the other to his earthly; having no title to either, except he do good to both. His servants are all religious: and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit; for none are so well served, as by religious servants, both because they do best, and because what they do is blessed and prospers. After religion, he teacheth them that three things make a complete servant: truth, and diligence, and neatness or cleanliness.

"Even the walls of his house are not idle, but something is written or painted there which may excite the reader to a thought of piety; especially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed on a fair tablet as being the rule of a family.

"The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet. His fare is plain and common, but wholesome; what he hath is little, but very good.

"The country Parson is exceeding exact in his life; being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. The Parson's yea is yea, and nay, nay; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation."

He writes on charity in the noblest spirit; of comforting, of reproving, of catechising in God's word: in all things approving himself as a "Minister of God," "by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."

Grace and goodness still find favour. In honour of our poet, a memorial-window has recently been introduced into the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge. It represents, Mary at the feet of Jesus, and Martha expostulating; Herbert himself is in the background, among the disciples looking on. Beneath are inscribed the following lines, from one of his poems on affliction:—

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown:
Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage."

CHRIST EVER PRESENT.

"Lo, I am with you!" That farewell saying, says the author of "The Memories of Gennesaret," has lost none of its comfort. "You,"—that little word embraced every one of us! "I am,"—Jesus looked down the vista of eighteen centuries. His eye, perhaps, was on some lone spirit left to the mercy of the storm; and still He says, "O thou of little faith, wherefore art thou cast down?—dry thy tears, dispel thy misgivings. Lo, I am with you."

'Tis a blessed assurance amid much that is changing here! Heart and flesh do faint and fail! Often our cisterns are scarcely filled when they break in pieces; our suns have scarcely climbed the meridian, when they set in weeping clouds; our fondest schemes are blown upon, our most cherished gourds withered. We seat ourselves in our homes, but there are blanks there; vacant seats tell the too truthful tale of severed links, and blighted hopes, and early graves. As age creeps on, we look around us, but the late companions of our pilgrimage are gone; noble forest-trees, one by one, have bowed to the axe; the place that once knew them, honours them no more. But there is One surviving the wreck and ruin of all sublunary joys, changeless among the changeable,—"Lo, I am with you,"—and the "wilderness and the solitary place" are by that presence made glad.

Amid sacred musings over departed friends, when visions of "the loved and lost" come flitting before us like shadows on the wall, how often do we indulge the pleasing imagination of their still mingling with us in mysterious intercourse, their wings of light and smiles of love hovering over us; delighting to frequent with us hallowed haunts, and re-participate with our spirits in hallowed joys. This may, perchance, be but a fond delusion regarding others, but it is sublimely true regarding Jesus. When the gates of morning are opened, swifter than the arrowy light His footstep of love is at our threshold, and His voice of love is heard saying, "Lo, I am with you."

When the glow of health has left our cheek, and the dim night-lamp casts its thickening gleam on our pillow, His unslumbering eye is watching us, and His lips gently whisper, "Lo, I am with you." When amid the awful stillness of the death-

chamber, gazing on the shroud which covers the hope of our hearts and the pride of our lives, O! amid that prostration of earthly hopes, when unable to glance one thought on a dark future; when the stricken spirit, like a wounded bird, lies struggling in the dust, with broken wing and wailing cry, longing only for pinions to fly away from a weary world to the quiet rest of the grave; in that hour of earthly desolation, He, who has the keys of death at His girdle, nay, who has tasted death Himself, and, better still, who hath *conquered* it, draws near in touching tenderness, saying, "Lo, I am with you." I will come in the place of your loved ones. I am with you to cheer you, to comfort you, to support and sustain you. I, who once wept at a grave, am here to weep with you. I will be at your side in all that trying future. I will make My grace sufficient for you, and My promises precious to you, and My love better than all earthly affection. The one is changeable, I am unchangeable; the one must perish, I am the strength of your heart and your portion *for ever!*

PRAY FOR HIM.

You are in a railway-carriage. The train has just left the station, and your journey is begun. On the opposite seat, there, right in front of you, sits a man whose face declares him unhappy. You are wondering whether or not he is a Christian, but have not the courage to ask. In vain you try to enter into conversation with him. After a few remarks about the weather, you both relapse into silence. You are anxious about that man's soul, yet know not what to do. There are those tracts in your pocket, brought on purpose to give away; but you are afraid to offer one. You know the man has a soul, a soul of priceless value. You know that Christ died for him, that God wills his salvation, and that a few words from you may be the means of saving him. Yet you know not what to say, nor how to begin. At the next station he may get out, and the opportunity be lost for ever. What shall you do? Ah! you can *pray for him*. Just now lift up your heart to God on his behalf. Ask God, the Holy Ghost, to awaken him. This may save the man. He may have been preached to and talked to before, but perhaps not prayed for. We repeat the advice. As you sit there, lift up your heart to God, and with the weight of the value of his soul, pressing upon yours, *pray for him*.

There is that worst boy in your Sunday-school class. Every Sabbath that boy tries your patience to the utmost. He gives more trouble than the whole class besides. You have thought to report the case to the Superintendent, and request the boy's dismissal. What to do with him you cannot tell. You have tried severity, but it only hardened him. You have tried kindness, but to all appearance that also has been vain. You are now almost in despair. What more *can* be done? O, teacher, have you prayed for him? Have you laid the whole case before the Lord, and with many earnest cries have prayed Him to soften the lad's heart? Have you done this? If not, you have left unused a most powerful weapon. He may yet be conquered. Prayer brings down the Holy Spirit, and He can melt the hardest heart. Then, teacher, take the case of that bad boy to the throne of grace; and, with an earnestness of entreaty that will not be denied, *pray for him*.

You have a wicked man in your tract-district. When you first called at the house and made known your business, he loaded you with abuse, and threatened to burn the tract you left. He has destroyed several, and your heart always trembles as you approach his door. It may be that you have, at length, ceased to call; and

now, in making your round, you pass him by. O, tract-distributer, pray for that man! Make his case a subject of special pleading with God. 'Tis yet possible to save him. His heart may yet be softened, and prepared to receive the good seed. O, give not up his case as hopeless! Tell the Lord all about him. Ask Him to rescue the sinner from the snare of the devil; and as you walk towards your district, and as you leave tracts at other doors, and specially when before God in your closet, have that man's case before you, and *pray for him.*

You are a parent. God has been gracious to you in saving the souls of your children. Nearly the whole of them have been brought into the way, and are ornaments to their profession. But there is one, it may be the eldest son, who still walks in the way of death. His heart seems set on evil. Your example and teaching have failed to influence him for good, and your greatest trial is that this one will not yield his heart to God. He has caused his mother many a pang, but for that he does not care. And often when his father is bowed in secret, amid his happiest moments of fellowship with God, his heart yearns after the prodigal, and David's cry is his, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!" He seems to defy every attempt to do him good, and, as though resolved to break his mother's heart, runs more and more into the same excess of riot. What shall be done for this prodigal; this speckled sheep in the family? O, pray for him! Father, mother, brothers, sisters, pray for him! You say you have done so; done so for years, and apparently without effect. He *has* been prayed for, prayed for hundreds of times. All this may be true; yet we still say, "Pray for him." O praying parents, God is surely hearing you. The answer will come one day. Your prayers must bring down an influence upon that hard-hearted son. They shall eventually prevail. Only believe. Lay the whole matter before your "Father which is in heaven;" and while your heart is grieved and almost broken on account of the guilt of your son, with all fervour and importunity, *pray for him.*

There lives a miserable man not far from your dwelling, whose oaths cause you much pain. Perhaps he is a drunkard as well. He is seldom to be found sober; but drinking, fighting, blaspheming, he is rapidly destroying his soul. The people think him a very reprobate, and that he is gone too far ever to turn. You dare not speak to him. A word of kind reproof would bring upon your head a whole torrent of abuse. Yet in your heart you pity that poor outcast, and you would give almost anything to save his soul. There is *one* way by which you may possibly reach that man's heart. If every other way is blocked up, you can pray for him. Do this at once. Think of his soul as bought by the blood of Jesus. Think of it as hurrying into hell, where its worm shall never die, and the fire never be quenched. Pray for him; for it may be the first time he has ever been prayed for. Perhaps no pious mother took him early to the throne of grace. Perhaps he had a father who cared not for his son's salvation. It may be that no one has thought or cared to pray for him. But this you can do. Make that man's case your own, and plead for him as though his weight of guilt was your own. God hears prayer, and you may prevail. O, pity that poor, lost man; and, with all the earnestness you possess, *pray for him.*

There is a power, a mighty power, in prayer. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Who can tell *how much?*

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh

findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." (Luke xi. 9, 10.) "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." (1 John v. 14, 15.)

I. E. P.

THE DESPISED BUNDLE OF TRACTS.

He to whom seed, so precious as Divine truth, has been entrusted, should never lay aside the seed-basket, nor stay his hand, whilst strength and daylight are afforded. In places likely and unlikely he ought to scatter the seed plenteously. He must not be too careful in inquiring concerning the nature of the soil, but rather diligently cast in the seed. He must not be discouraged because the tender plant does not immediately appear; nor when, months after the seed has been cast in, there is no appearance of greenness and beauty; nor when hopes raised and cherished have been disappointed. With an ear attentive to the command of the great Master, and an eye fixed on the future harvest-home, he must still cast in the seed. In holy Scripture we are distinctly and frequently taught the importance of this "patient continuance in well doing;" whether we are endeavouring to reach heaven ourselves, or are striving to lead others into that way of holiness which leads to heaven. "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

Whilst Christian believers are directed in holy Scripture to persevere in their efforts to do good, whether they are permitted to discern any beneficial result or not, they are also encouraged by observing how good has, in numberless instances, been effected unperceived by those whose labours were thus blessed. We follow after those who in years gone by laboured in the great harvest-field. As we tread in their footsteps, and endeavour to emulate their zeal, we often behold springing up tender plants which those who cast in the seed were never permitted to look on. All around the footprints of those servants of God there is a greenness and fruitfulness which they did not anticipate. We are reminded how the Lord said to His disciples, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." We are glad to look upon the result of their patient toil; but we ought thereby to be encouraged in our attempt to imitate that patient toil.

Every circumstance is valuable which is calculated to encourage the people of God to persevere in their efforts, when for a time they perceive no immediate results. Numberless circumstances of this kind have been recorded. An additional one may be interesting. A Minister was requested to visit one of the members of the church, who was ill. The invalid had

recently been brought to a saving acquaintance with the Lord Jesus. Under the preaching of the Gospel he had been convinced of his lost condition as a sinner before God, and had become acquainted with the plan of salvation through faith in the precious blood of the Saviour. Whilst engaged in mental prayer as he was walking along the street, he had been enabled to cast himself on the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, and found peace in believing. For a little time he had enjoyed the communion of saints in the class-meeting, and had been seeking to grow in grace. Now the reality of his Christian enjoyment was tested amid great feebleness and pain, and that enjoyment was proved to be real. There was solemn joy within the heart of that sufferer, and a good hope of heaven, when thus reminded of the frailty and uncertainty of earthly life. His wife too was supported by grace Divine. She could not but contrast their present condition and feelings with what they would have been if the grace of God had not been afforded. In that chamber of sorrow and of consolation she related to her Pastor the manner in which the Lord led her to Himself.

"My early years were spent in utter thoughtlessness, and sinful folly. After our marriage I seldom attended any place of worship. We had been married a few years when we came to reside in this town. During the summer season we let some of our apartments to persons visiting the seaside. This furnished an additional pretext for remaining at home during the Sabbath, as I had to cook for the visiters, and attend on them. Lengthened intervals therefore passed in which I never entered any Christian sanctuary, nor felt any disposition to do so. Occasionally I was uneasy, and experienced what I now know were the strivings of the Holy Ghost. But I quenched the influences of the good Spirit. During this period of my life I had a very strong aversion to the Wesleyan Methodists. I could have assigned no reason for my dislike to them, but it was exceedingly powerful. I should have been far slower to believe anything good of a Methodist, and far more ready to believe what was evil concerning him, than respecting any other person. I really knew very little about Methodism, and of course did not go to their chapel, or seek intercourse with themselves. Their profession of godliness excited the enmity of the carnal mind within me.

"Summer was once more closing, as usual, in utter forgetfulness of God. A lady, who had occupied apartments in the house, asked me, when she was leaving, if I would accept a few tracts. Of course, I regarded it as my interest to humour the fancies of my guests; and therefore accepted the tracts with an appearance of thankfulness. I hoped to see her another summer, and to have her recommendation to others. In my heart, however, I disliked her for her gift. So soon as the conveyance bearing her and her luggage had left the door, I pettishly threw the bundle of tracts where they were not likely to be seen very speedily, and exclaimed to myself, 'If she has nothing to give me better than religious books, she may keep her presents for someone else. I do not want them.' For a long time the tracts were no more thought of. The summer-season, with its constant bustle, ended once more. The Sunday was again a day of weariness. I had no inclination to enter the house of God, and knew not how to spend the time pleasantly. At length, one Sunday afternoon, being quite at a loss for employment, I thought of the little books, and determined to examine them. I supposed it possible that something might be found therein which would serve for ridicule, or would otherwise amuse me. The packet was opened, a tract selected,

and I sat down to read. My attention was at once arrested. I felt as I had never done before. My condition as a sinner was revealed to me as in a Divine light. As I read, I began to weep. Though greatly distressed, I felt constrained to read on. I was amazed at the ignorance, and heedlessness, and worldliness I had hitherto manifested. The tears continued to flow fast during the greater part of that memorable afternoon. When my husband returned home, I at once addressed him: 'O, William, what have we been doing all our lives? What can you and I have been thinking about to act in such a manner?' I at once purposed, that, if spared to see another Sabbath, I would go to a place of worship. When the day arrived, I allowed the forenoon to pass away without putting my resolution into practice. My mind was not so distressed as it had been a few days previous. But in the afternoon, when I came to reflect, my convictions returned in all their strength and painfulness. I yielded to the suggestions of the gracious Spirit, and with a prayerful heart prepared to attend public worship. From that time I regularly attended the Wesleyan chapel, hoping to hear what would lead to my salvation. All that was said did but increase my distress. At length I found my way to the prayer-meeting. When there, I could only weep. Though the way of salvation was clearly pointed out, something kept me back from the Saviour. At length, one Monday morning, my husband, for the first time, discovered me on my knees, engaged in secret prayer. I was ashamed to be so found, yet felt that a powerful snare had been thus broken. He regarded me as ill, and wished to stay from business in order to walk with me in the fresh air. I asked him to sit down, whilst I read a few verses of God's word. This he did. We afterwards knelt down, and I endeavoured to pray aloud, but could not. My distress increased. Desirous to aid me, my husband went for two Christian women. One of these hastened to summon one of our Ministers. These prayed for me, and I tried to pray. I discovered afterwards that in the turmoil the fire had gone out, the breakfast-things were unwashed, and on the table. Then, I had but one thought: How shall I obtain mercy? After some time spent in prayer, I felt a little easier, and was left alone. But there was no satisfactory peace. But when alone, attending to my household duties, yet pleading for salvation, the Lord enabled me to cast myself on the Saviour, and I was filled with joy. My bodily strength seemed to be doubled, and I really performed a task with ease which I had long been unequal to. From that time to this, I have been enabled to walk in the light of God's reconciled countenance. I would endeavour to 'sow beside all waters,' knowing that our gracious Lord employed for my salvation the despised bundle of tracts."

B. S.

GENERAL HAVELOCK'S PRAYER-TENT.

MANY people excuse themselves from God's service for want of time. The apprentice does; the school-boy in the hurry of term-time does; the man at his workshop does; the mother with her large family around her does.

General Havelock, that distinguished General in India, whose wisdom and bravery did so much to put a stop to the cruel and bloody mutiny of the Sepoys, never made this excuse to get rid of the service of his heavenly Father. *He* had time, among all the hurry and worry of camp-life, to make the business of religion the *first* business. He *found* time. He did not believe that God ever put men in posts where they could not serve Him. He was a man of prayer, and he found time to pray; not only to pray by

himself, but with his men. Among his camp-baggage was a *praying-tent*, the biggest one he had; and this he used to pitch at the stations, and hold prayer-meetings in it, and read the precious word of God to his soldiers.

He well knew, if there was a class of men in the world that needed the comforts and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And many a poor soldier found how superior was a heavenly service over anything the Queen of England could offer. In the hurried and awful marches which General Havelock and his regiments were forced to make in the late war, he arose two hours before his men, in order to have time to pray. If they were to begin their march at six o'clock in the morning, he was up at four. If the camp were to break up at four, he was up at two. He believed there was time for the business of religion. And the papers tell us there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty, so reliable in those dreadful times, as General Havelock and his praying regiments.

THE POOR RICH MAN.

A DEATHBED makes strange revelations and revolutions. Many a man who has been honoured for sagacity or for success in life, is then discovered to have been guilty of consummate folly, and to be poorer than many beggars. There is a stern moral in the following incident:—

Some years ago you might have noticed, in one of our large cities, a sorrow-stricken young man, with a lady leaning upon his arm, making their way through the crowd and onward, entering a large, handsome house in —— street. They ascend silently to a chamber in the third story, in the north-west corner of the house. The room is spacious and airy, the furniture all rich and elegant; but the room is darkened to the sombreness of twilight, for a sick man lies stretched upon the couch. He is panting for breath, yet he is fully conscious of all that is passing around him.

The young man who has just entered is his eldest son. In that same room are a group of younger children, from Anne, the child of seven, upward to the elder brother. The wife of the sick man, the mother of the children, is well-nigh prostrate in her grief; for it has come upon her in an unexpected moment. Two weeks ago her husband was the strong, active man of business, full of his plans, and prosperous in them all.

These two weeks, how quickly have they been numbered! The slight illness, the feeble, pallor-struck frame, then the deep-seated fever, and the mastery of disease, these have brought the strong one to the gate of the grave, and he tells his family how he has disposed of his property to them.

Henry is to have the house in —— street; the others are to have other houses.

But the father can scarcely proceed. Choking emotion, and his great weakness, have overcome him; he falls back, draws his arms across his eyes, and remains silent. Dear little Anne, his pet, his darling, she comprehends but slightly the meaning of these doings, but her heart is breaking for her father. He is going to die, to leave them; this she knows: but where is he going?

It is not a religious family. They have been kind, amiable, and true to each other; but they have been living for this world. In the bosom of this child, untrammeled thought pierces beyond the present; and, in that deep, sad stillness, with the sick man just about to step into the dark, unknown future, she makes the startling inquiry, "Have you a house, papa, where you are going?"

O, no! the poor man had not a house prepared for him. He had never wanted the Saviour to prepare

a place for him, and nobody in the wide universe could give him a heavenly mansion. Are there not many, very many, in his condition?

Reader, have you a house where you are going?

HIDDEN RANK.

In Hugh Miller's autobiography, there are a few lines in which he describes a worthy old widow, under whose roof he once lodged, and which are full of instruction. He speaks of her as "conscientious and devout, and ever doing her humble work consciously in the eye of the Great Taskmaster; one of a class of persons not at all so numerous in the world as might be desirable, but sufficiently common to render it rather a marvel that some of our modern masters of fiction have never chanced, judging from their writings, to come in contact with any of them. . . She was a humble washerwoman; but I am convinced that in the other world, which she must have entered long ere now, she ranks considerably higher." Ah, depend upon it, there will be many a startling difference between Divine and human judgment.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

When the revelations of eternity shall be made, how wonderful will God's providence seem, in often choosing the weakest instruments to bring about His most glorious works! How often, even in the view of His creatures, does He select "the weak things of the earth to confound the things that are mighty," constraining all to say, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord!" The most precious revivals that have blessed particular churches and communities have often commenced in the midnight prayers and wrestlings of some obscure child of God, whose soul overflowed with love for the Master, and anguish for perishing souls.

So also the great enterprises of the day have risen to their present vast proportions from very small beginnings.

"A pebble in the streamlet sent
Has changed the course of many a river."

An humble Welsh Clergyman was once walking among his flock, when he chanced to meet a little girl. He asked if she could remember his text of the previous Sabbath. She hung her head and wept, telling him she had no Bible in which to find the place. This led to some inquiries, in which the Minister learned that neither her parents nor neighbours owned this precious book. The good man's heart was deeply pained at this sad destitution; and this little conversation led to a meeting in London of a few earnest Christians, who sought to devise some means for supplying the poor in Wales with the Bible. From that small meeting grew the great institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society; an institution which has distributed already more than fifteen millions of copies of the word of God, and which sends forth its hundreds of thousands annually. From this sprang, in turn, other Bible Societies, and their thousand branches. From such a tiny germ originated this gigantic tree, whose leaves of life and healing are sent forth to all the nations of the earth.

In view of such results, how can we look upon a single act of our lives as unimportant? What a solemn responsibility rests upon us, even in our most thoughtless moments! For the daily, hourly actions of our life may be as prolific of evil as of good. Yet what encouragement does it hold forth to even the humblest worker in Christ's vineyard! E. L. M.

Religion and Morals.

THE END OF THE YEAR, AND ITS WATCHNIGHT.

BY THE REV. JOHN REACHER.

HERE again is solemn-voiced December, summoning us to look behind, before. Last of the months of another rapid year, it bids us consider our ways. Although time never tarries, it is very meet and right that we should employ some of its passing hours in reviewing our course. If the merchant does not lose the time which he spends in taking stock; if the mariner does not lose the time which he employs in reckoning his log; so neither does mortal, immortal man, waste the time which he occupies in the careful and penitent examination of his past life, and in ascertaining its bearings on the great hereafter. Serious reflection, and the devout renewal of our covenant with God, are always seasonable,—peculiarly seasonable *now*. And, we may ask, would it not be for the good of his soul, that every Methodist reader of this page should employ many of the leisure moments of this last month of the dying year in such reflection, and in such *private* covenanting with God? This were to engage his heart to approach unto the Lord; and would prepare him to profit by those public solemnities which, among us, mark the coming season. In due course, the watch-night and the covenant services will be held in our various sanctuaries; but, if we would enter into these services aright, we ought beforehand to return unto the Lord with all our hearts, putting away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among us; and so preparing our hearts unto the Lord, to serve Him only. (1 Sam. vii. 3.) With these solemn convocations in prospect, it well becomes us to "remember all the way which the LORD our God has led us," say, this one year, or say, "these forty years, in the wilderness." We shall find much to humble us; much, also, to awaken gratitude.

The blessings of this year: let us recall *them*, and ponder, and be thankful. "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness." "Day by day" our loving God has given us "our daily bread." Nor has He *doled* out to us the mercies of His providence as with a niggard hand. So far from this, He has daily *loaded* us with benefits; yea, loaded us,—for "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto GOD the Lord belong the issues from death." Moreover, God has kept the graces of our souls; He has kept our souls in grace. Now, as twelve months since, He enables us to rejoice in His favour, and to hope for the full and final "salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory." Our way may have been rough and steep, but "Ebenezer; Hitherto hath the LORD helped us." "Having obtained help of God" who alone had help to give; "having obtained help" as each day's need required, —we "continue unto this day," and are *now* many "days' march nearer home." "Who," then, "am I, O Lord GOD, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" We well may marvel. To have been "*brought*" as in the arms of God, and to have been brought *hitherto* —all the way, and even hitherto! "He that hath mercy" on us, hath led us; "even by the springs of water" hath He guided us. Considering these things, "I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the LORD, and the praises of the LORD, according to all that the LORD hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which He hath bestowed on them according to His mercies, and according to the multitude of His loving-kindnesses."

It may be, however, that to some readers the departing year has been one of prolonged and extreme *trouble*;—a year of feeble health, of blighted hopes, of sad bereavement. As it was with Job: "My welfare passeth away as a cloud. And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me." Yet even so, has not the year been one of blessing, of *rare, rich* blessing? Are not our afflictions themselves among the choicest of our mercies? This, we remember, was the reckoning of St. Paul.

(Rom. viii. 18; 2 Cor. iv. 17.) "The sharpest sufferings I endure flow from God's faithful care:" so said the Rev. W. Jay, on his deathbed. And to the same effect are the words of Dr. Payson, uttered in similar circumstances:—"You will one day bless Him for all your sufferings, as I do for mine. I have not suffered one pang too much. God was never more kind than when I thought Him most unkind." Exhausted and struggling for breath, Hewitson remarked, "This is one of the rough places of the road; but then it is the right road." Yes, "it is the right road" after all. God makes no mistakes. "We went through fire and through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Though greatly tried, then, this year, let us not qualify our praises. Rather let us rejoice that God has so much loved us, as to chasten us, and not to spare even for our crying.

Have not others of us this year been *born again?* This, then, is our first really happy December. We have "obtained mercy." God has raised us "out of the pit of corruption," and has "cast all our sins behind His back." Our hearts have found the true rest. Ought not we to devote the remaining days of our birth-year to the delightful and becoming work of praise?

But some *require to weep.* The review of the year is distressing. For while God to us has been true and bountiful, we to Him have been unfilial and unfaithful. The covenant which we made with Him on the first Sabbath of the year, we have forgotten, and we have broken. Prosperity has made us restive, adversity has soured us; and, alike in prosperity and trouble, we have "restrained prayer before God," and have, in heart, "gone away backward." We have neglected the closet, the Bible, the class-meeting, and for this have paid a heavy penalty in the loss of light and power. If our fellow-pilgrims have gone "from strength to strength," we, on the other hand, have gone from strength to weakness, and to greater weakness still. What work for repentance have we made this year! How saddening is the review! Yet it can do us no good to cry out, "My leanness, my leanness," if we do not repair to the Restorer of Israel. "I will arise, and go to my Father." "Let us search and try our ways:"—let us *search* our ways, to know what they are; let us *try* our ways, to know how wrong they are; but let us also "turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens."

* * * * *

But while we thus consider our ways toward God, and God's ways toward us during the waning year, the year makes haste to leave us. "The fugitive moment refuses to stay." And now we repair to the house of God. In that sacred place, and amidst those who, like ourselves, desire to be "found of Him in peace," "we all a solemn vigil keep." Prepared by our previous reflection and close self-communing, we feel that the WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE is an eminent means of grace. We "humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God." We repent of our past sins, and, through faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, we find mercy. We "rehearse the righteous acts of the LORD," and join with our fellow-worshippers to "sing of mercy and judgment." Reminded of the rapid haste of probationary time, and of the nearing approach of the great eternity, we pray, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The Preacher bids us consider that "when a few years are come, we shall go the way whence we shall not return;" and, moved by this awakening truth, we mortal men seek refuge in the eternal God, and make HIM "our dwelling-place," who, "in all generations," has put His "everlasting arms" around His trusting ones. As the service proceeds, we recall to memory our beloved friends and brethren who have been summoned home; and by faith we join our hands with theirs, and anticipate the day of glad re-union. We address ourselves to duty, and, amidst the solemn silence of the dying year, we again put our hand to the plough, and resolve to "work while it is day." Moreover, we send forth our thoughts to the coming of the Lord; and, not doubting but that He who saves us now, will more gloriously save us then, our song rises to a triumph, and we cry out, "Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus." . . . The numbered moments glide away. A new year has come. And throughout our Methodism there

rises one clear, loud song, in the old familiar tune,—

"Come, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear."

We offer no apology for the Methodist watchnight service. It needs none. In the first days of Methodism, indeed, this service was misrepresented and reviled by those who sought occasion against us; but the poet of our sanctuary met them with the remarkable question,—

"So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one night for God?"

The Wesleyan watchnight dates from the earliest times of the United Societies. We have this account of its origin by Myles, in his "Chronological History:"—"The custom was begun at Kingswood by the colliers there, who, before their conversion, used to spend every Saturday-night at the ale-house. After they were taught better, they spent that night in prayer. Mr. Wesley, hearing of it, ordered it first to be once a month, at the full of the moon; then once a quarter, and recommended it to all his Societies." In those days abundant unction was wont to descend upon the evening watchers; "for there the Lord commanded the blessing." We quote a few illustrative paragraphs from the Journal and Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley:—

"August 14th, 1741.—Our Kingswood school was crowded with those that came from all parts to the watchnight. I enforced our Lord's words, 'Have faith in God;' and indeed we had. The spirit of faith was poured out. Many were there who could not keep it in, but out of the abundance of their heart their mouth spake. I triumphed till the morning with the voice of joy and thanksgiving among such as keep holiday."

Again: "Last night we kept a triumphant watchnight at the Foundery, and parted soon after ten."

Again: "October 1st, 1756.—We had a most triumphant watchnight [at York]. . . . The enemy did not like our employment, and stirred up his servants without to interrupt us; but our voices prevailed. We sung the 'Hymns in a Tumult' with great calmness and consolation. Mr. W——'s maid was deeply wounded. The shout of a King was in the midst of us; and the people thought it full early to part at eleven."

Blessed be God, from the days of our Methodist elders unto these times, He has continued to bless the solemn watchnight. The thoughtless have been awakened. Penitents have received pardon; believers have been quickened and sanctified; an impulse has been given to the work of God. "The powers of the world to come" have laid arrest on slumbering professors: eternity has been brought nigh. Revivals of religion have commenced; but, indeed, for the full results we must wait till "that day."

It is to be hoped that the watchnight of the approaching 31st will be one of singular saving visitation. And why not? Let "prayer" be "made to God continually." Let each worshipper "prepare his heart to seek the Lord." Let expectation be evoked. Let effort be made to induce the attendance of the careless, and of backsliders. Let the addresses be pointed, close, direct to the heart. Let the Holy Spirit be entreated to crown the last service of this gracious year with special grace. And who can doubt the issue? The Lord will, He surely will, "cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."

With a view to stimulate and sustain hope with regard to the coming watchnight, we would here ask attention to a bright page of Methodist history. We quote from the Rev. W. W. Stamp's valuable "Historical Notices of Wesleyan Methodism in Bradford:"—

"Towards the close of 1805, under the ministration of the Rev. Messrs. Suter and Wilson, Bradford was favoured with one of those extraordinary visitations, which have occasionally marked the progress of our Zion. . . . A more than ordinary influence had for some time accompanied the ministration of the word, and the varied means of grace; so that the Societies generally 'building up' themselves on their 'most holy faith, praying in the holy Ghost,' and keeping themselves 'in the love of God,' were 'looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life;' when, during the

services of the September quarterly watch-night, after several had engaged in exhortation and prayer, pleasing indication was given that the Head of the church, 'the Giver of all grace,' was about to pour—

'All the Spirit of His love.'

Several were that evening in distress for their sins; and whilst one was pleading with God in immediate reference to one of the number,—'Lord! if this man had on his conscience the sins of the whole world, one drop of Thy blood would wash them all away!' a member of Society, who till that moment had been a stranger to the 'sense of sin forgiven,' was happily enabled to trust in Christ, and became the witness of His power to save. So extensively, from that hour, was the flame of heavenly influence diffused, that for several months there was scarcely a sermon preached, or any religious service held, under which some were not convinced of sin, or given to rejoice in God. The doors of the Octagon chapel, for ten or twelve weeks, were scarcely ever closed either by day or night; one party of worshippers frequently waiting *without*, till those within had fulfilled the appointed hour of service. The preaching of the word, during that period, was of necessity, almost laid aside; no sooner, in many instances, was the text announced, than the cries of persons in distress so interrupted the Preacher, that the service of the word was at once exchanged for one of general and earnest intercession. Two zealous men, of established piety, were for some time supported by the Society, in order that they might be constantly employed in exhorting, or praying with those who were in distress, or in holding meetings for prayer in the immediate neighbourhood."

Haste again, ye days of grace! "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together!" O that this *last* month of the year may be to all our churches the *first* of a great revival! O that the watch-night of this year may be like the "triumphant" watchnights of our Israel's youth!

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXVI.

"*What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death.*" (Rom. vi. 21.)

These words present to us an anatomy of sin, in three such parts as will yield us the discovery of it in its three several states: its infancy, its youth, its fullest age. In the act of commission, the immediate consequence, and the last period of it. First, in the act of commission: even *then*, when it pretendeth to be most of all gainful and advantageous, we find it absolutely *unfruitful*. We do but suffer it whilst we enjoy it. What fruit had ye *then*, even *then* when ye committed it? even *then* when ye were the servants and slaves of sin? Secondly, in the immediate consequence, when it should have yielded us some revenue, that might have been answerable to a painful and perhaps a chargeable purchase, it doth unhappily bring us in, not an emptiness only, but *shame* too. What fruit had ye of those things of which ye are *now* ashamed? *now* that your souls are enlightened, and your wills reformed? *now* that you are servants and sons of God? Thirdly, in the close of it: though one would think it sufficient to serve so hard a master as sin, and to receive such severe wages as shame; yet the greatest arrear of punishment is still behind. "For the end of those things is *death*:" not a transitory and temporal, but an abiding and immortal, death.—*Pierce's Sinner Impleaded in his own Court. Introduction, Edit.* 1679.

No. CXVII.

"*Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?*" (Matt. xxvii. 17.)

There we see a formal choice. Christ and Barabbas are put to their option; to

which they answer, not implicitly, but in plain terms: "Not this Man, but Barabbas." Here we see a rejection. They will not have Christ, they are resolved. If we go but a verse or two farther, we shall find that it was an absolute and peremptory rejection: for being asked by Pilate, what evil He had done; they only answered what evil they would have Him suffer. "What evil hath He done?" Why, they say, "Let Him be crucified:" which was as if they should have said, "Our only reason is our resolution. We will not have Him, because we will not. He shall be crucified, because He shall." And here it is worthy of our observation, how Pilate and the Jews do both wrangle into friendship: how contrarily they draw to the very same end. Pilate pronounceth Him just; the Jews will have Him guilty; but both condemn Him to be crucified; they through malice; he through fear. Pilate confesseth his guilt, but would fain be innocent. They pretend to innocence, and yet would very fain be guilty. "I am innocent of the blood of this just person," saith he; and yet they say, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children." So that if any be desirous of finding an absolute reprobation, they must not look for it in God, but in the creatures,—of which these Jews are only given as an example,—who refused their Saviour with an absolute reprobation; and with an absolute election did choose Barabbas in His stead. They had no other reason to reject their Saviour than that He was not Barabbas; nor any motive to choose Barabbas, but that he was not their Saviour.—*Ibid.*, pp. 169, 170.

Narratives.

THE CRIPPLE OF LONDON-WALL.*

SARAH is a true Londoner, and has not even any childish memories of the occasional summer holidays which, now in London, in this age of philanthropy, brighten a poor child's life; work, hard work, and long hours of labour, are her earliest recollections. At her father's death she left a little place of all-work for the family-employment of weaving haircloth, followed from five in the morning till ten at night. She was the eldest of many children, and, after that hour, had to scrub the floor of their room; which, because she did it more thoroughly on Sundays, she made an excuse for not accompanying her mother to a place of worship. She remembers the rattle of the old tin-kettles from their high window-sill, which a watchman pulled by a string, at their request, to wake the weary to their early toil each morning; but she has never in her life seen a hayrick, a wood, or a cornfield. Two years ago, however, one friend brought her a few ears of corn, and another some acorns. The longest journey she has undertaken in one direction has been made to Islington Church, and in the other to St. George's-in-the-Borough, when the sight of the water, in crossing the bridge, made her feel giddy.

To a frame thus nurtured in the city's heart, came cholera in its primary visit to our metropolis. This victim did not die of it, though she never recovered from its collapse, and here she lies ever since. Perhaps we remark to her that she is "all alone."

"Yes," she replies, in a peculiarly sweet and cheerful voice, "I am alone; and yet not alone."

"How is that?"

"I feel that the Lord is constantly with me."

This is verified by such an expression of calm happiness on her countenance as was seen in the faces of many of the converts during the recent revivals in Ulster.

"How long have you lain there?"

"For sixteen years and four months; and for two years and four months I have not been lifted out of my bed to have it made. Yet I have much to praise and bless the Lord for."

* *Life-Work; or, the Link and the Rivet.* By L. N. R. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1861. Foolscap 8vo. Pp. 343.

"What is the source of your happiness?"

"The thought that my sins are forgiven; and my dwelling on the great love of Jesus, my Saviour. I am content to lie here as long as it shall please Him that I should stay, and to go whenever He may call me. But, O, how wonderful it seems to me that I should be continued here, while those who are young and active are taken away! Four young persons, who used to call upon me, have been taken home within the last six weeks. I have to thank God that I have reason to believe that one of them was led to Jesus by her visits to me."

"That is truly something to be thankful for."

"Yes; and see how God has left to me the use of one thumb:" and she opens and closes her thumb on her crooked and folded fingers.

"Have you also lost the use of the other hand?"

"Entirely." We see that the left hand is clenched and stiff, utterly useless.

"How is she attended to?" you ask.

"I have two kind neighbours," she says, "who come in by turns to bring me my breakfast, and to set me to rights."

Summer evenings and winter nights! God has cared for poor "Sarah" through them all, for sixteen years, and caused her two neighbours to care for her. The most rigid economy has been necessary; and, however long the dark hours, she never burns a candle, except in illness. If friends drop in upon her, they sometimes bring their own light with them. She says she can think in the dark on the promises of the Lord.

"And you are really never lonely through those many hours," we repeat: "never lonely, and never afraid?"

"No," she replies; "but my kind neighbour, when she was out in her backyard, had a careful thought for me some years ago. 'There lies poor Sarah,' said she; 'there is no light from her small square window, near the head of her bed; she lies all alone, she shall have my clock for company.' So she brought me the clock; and a very great comfort it was to me to hear it tick, and to see how the time went. But afterwards it stopped: we tried to have it mended; but she feared it was a deception, sold to her by an American that went about with such things. Still I liked to look at it for her kindness' sake."

"How long is it since you began to love Jesus?"

"When I lost my poor mother, and had not a friend beside; then I turned to Him, and He 'took me up,' ('When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'—Psalm xxvii. 10,) and He has ever since been 'my Shepherd.' O, how I love His word!"

"Where is your old Bible? the one you had before the Bible Society gave you that large one?"

"A friend took that away, who said he would have it now I had got a new one. But I miss it, somehow; for I had marked it with a pencil everywhere, so that there was no more room to mark; and though its print was small, I lifted its leaves with my fork easier than this big one. I went without butter and sugar, too, to pay a penny a-week to get it."

"You said the Lord was your Shepherd?"

"Yes; that is quite a true name for Jesus. 'I shall not want:' my own life can show *that;* and 'not want any good thing.'"

The string of the loving-kindness of the Lord once touched, note after note prolongs the song of praise.

"God makes people so very kind to her, the longer she lies there the more kind He makes them. For six weeks in succession, last year, half-a-cwt. of coals were sent in to her every Saturday, and she could never discover the donor."

She describes how unexpectedly they came, her surprise at the gift, and how welcome they were.

She has not always lived in this room; a fire broke out in the court where she formerly resided, and her very curtains were in flames, when the neighbours removed her, like a bundle in a blanket, to this safe place. They had put up her bed again for her before night.

Her life was three times threatened by an impatient relative who had the care of her at one period. Sometimes the poor are selfish, and very weary of the existence which is a burden to them. This woman was one morning almost driven to desperation by the low price she had

obtained for shirt-making, and went away declaring, that when she came home, "she would finish" poor Sarah. She went out for cat's-meat, and Sarah lay still, praying. On her return, she sat herself down, bleeding, by the fireplace. She had run a hook into her own foot, and was, for that time, disabled from doing injury to the poor cripple. At another period she declared she would knock her on the head, and rose to do so; but striking the bed-post, in her fury, instead, put her own shoulder out. A third attempt was made, and quite as suddenly defeated by the Providence of God, of which being at last convinced, that person has since become friendly, and old Sarah is not now in her power.

If we inquire into her definite means of support, she replies, "I have 4*s.* 6*d.* a week from the parish: 2*s.* I pay for my room, and 1*s.* to my sister for cleaning it; and then there is washing, coals, and food. One kind friend allows me 6*d.* a month; and sometimes I am on the 'Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society' for five or six weeks: while I am upon it, I have 1*s.* 6*d.* a week." Sarah has two meals a day; and in the evening one cup of tea, but nothing to eat, for she can do as well without it. Friends are kind in taking her occasional nourishment. "Yesterday a lady brought in two such nice chops;"—but it is none the less living by faith, and most truly she can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

We notice something like an old book hanging at the back of her door, and ask her what it is. "O, that is a Missionary-box for the City Mission to the poor people round here." (Well may she think of *Home Missions!*) "My Missionary opens it sometimes, and he finds a great many pence in it. If I cannot give to it myself, my friends put in something for my sake."

O, what joy lights up her face as we speak of the present times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, by the outpouring of His Holy Spirit! "That He should have suffered *her* to live to hear of these days!" she says. She longs, in her helplessness, to be "an ambassador for Christ;" a "worker together with Him," beseeching men that they receive not the grace of God in vain. Perhaps she may speak of God's mercies to a wider circle than she dreams of.

Nothing has been more touching, except the sympathy of the young with her true story, than the voice which has reached us from many a bed of languishing like her own. The recital of her story, as told in the "Book and its Missions," has answered its end, for it has cheered and strengthened many an one set apart to suffer in the higher walks of life. Old Sarah values every mercy in her afflicted lot. The little four-pane window at the head of her bed, throws the light upon her Bible, and makes it easier for her to read; and the window opposite, though it only looks into a small court, "makes it so cheerful." The sunshine, as it lights upon her wall, reminds her of the "Sun of Righteousness;" and the moonbeams, as they stream in and silver the darkness of her evenings, carry her thoughts up to Him who has lighted the darkness of her soul. She "*enjoys* the dark" to think over what she has read in the day, or we have had many an offer of candle or lamp to dissipate it. We have not told her she has been written about. She has a general sense that, somehow or other, by the kindness of many distant friends for whom we ask her to pray, these fresh mercies are bestowed upon her, and the answer she made may go forth to all. We shall never forget the emphasis with which it was uttered. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "UNTO ME," she repeated. "Wonderful! but it is so; for He says it."

Anecdotes.

FORGETTING THE OFFENCE.

A PERSON came to Mr. Longden, of Sheffield, one day, and said, "I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, Sir," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I

could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "O," said the man, "I really don't know what it is: it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

REBUKE ADMINISTERED.

"VERY salutary impressions," says Mr. Pritchard of Tahiti, "have frequently been produced upon the minds of foreigners by the pious example of the native converts. I was on one occasion dining on board an English ship-of-war with Queen Pomare, other members of the royal family, and several Chiefs. A large table was prepared on the quarter-deck. All being seated, the plates were soon abundantly supplied, but not one of the natives attempted to eat. The Captain was greatly surprised at this, and said to me, 'Mr. Pritchard, I fear we have not provided such food as the natives like: I don't see one of them begin to eat.' I replied, 'You could not have provided anything that the natives would like better: the reason why they do not commence eating is simply this, they are accustomed always to ask a blessing.' Before I could say anything more, the Captain, evidently feeling a little confused, said, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pritchard: please to say grace.' I immediately 'said grace,' when the natives soon gave proof that they liked the food which had been provided. One of the officers from the end of the table looked at the Captain very significantly, and said, 'We have got it to-day!' And then, addressing himself to me, he said, 'Mr. Pritchard, you see what a graceless set we are.' All the gentlemen seemed to feel the rebuke thus unintentionally given."

AN ALL-IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION IN MARRIAGE.

WHEN Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated Commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mrs. Mathew in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent Preacher; but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him:" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

Poetry.

THE ELIXIR.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

Religion in Heart and Life.

CONVERSATIONS RESULTING IN CONVERSION.

"Who is to take charge of your Bible-class, Fanny?"

"Indeed, papa, I do not know. I see nothing but difficulties in the way; and yet I believe that God will provide a successor."

"But your stay with us is now so short, that I think some effort should be made to secure a competent person: you leave us next Wednesday, do you not?"

"I expect so, papa: but what can we do, but ask believingly for our heavenly Father to raise up a teacher, and then leave the matter with Him?"

"Could not Emma be persuaded to take it; at least, until some more suitable person appeared?"

"Emma is fully qualified to give the dear girls such teaching as would store their memories with Bible-facts; but what reply could she give, when my prayers are answered for their awakening? How could she show them the way to God through Christ Jesus, when she has yet to learn it herself? No, papa, I will rather leave the class as it is, than 'let the blind lead the blind.' Do not think, I am indifferent about it: my blessed Master knows I am not. I feel that the stone of difficulty is very great; so great, that Almighty power alone can roll it away."

* * * * *

"Is it possible, dear Fanny, that you really leave us on Wednesday, and that this is the last Sabbath we shall spend together for many months?"

"Even so, dear Emma. We shall feel the separation keenly; but I feel certain that I am in the path of duty, and that supports me."

"O, Fanny! what a strange creature you are. If I did not know you, I should think you must be the most miserable being in existence; I mean, judging from the daily dose of self-denial you swallow, to say nothing of duty; duty, all day long; leaving inclination quite out of the question. I see, you are not unhappy; but you are a puzzle to me, or rather, your meek, sunny countenance is. I try, with far greater diligence than you do, to find happiness; indeed, it is my one aim; and you, without even seeming to think of yourself, have happiness to spare for others. Since it is arranged for you to leave us, I do not know how mamma will spare you; and though I will not admit that anyone loves her more than myself, I often grieve her. You so cheer and comfort her, she will greatly miss you."

"It is getting late, dear, and my heart is very full: had we not better go to rest?"

"O, do tell me one thing, dear Fanny. You will perhaps wonder why, I am asking you the question, but for days I have so desired to know who is to take charge of your Bible-class."

"Papa asked me that question this morning, and recommended me to ask you to take it."

"What did you reply, Fanny?"

"I told papa, that I could not entrust the charge of precious souls to one who could not show them the way to Jesus, not having come to Him herself."

"You did right, Fanny; and you have shown yourself worthy of the trust given you. But, dearest Fanny, the truth must and shall come out, before I sleep this night. I want to come to Jesus, and to be a soldier of the Cross. I am weary of Satan's services, and of his false promises. I have long wanted to tell you this; but he has hindered me. Do, in the few remaining days you are with us, teach me how to be a Christian of the right sort. I want to take your place, so that our dear parents may feel that, before you are removed, God has given them another lamp in which I hope He will put the oil of His grace, and keep it burning."

"Praise God with me, dear sister. This is what I have long prayed for. I am answered in this, as also in my latest petition, 'Lord, increase my faith.' Surely, I can never doubt again: the answer to believing prayer must come. Believe me, Emma, it is not knowledge you want, but wisdom to use the knowledge you possess: from a child you have been taught the Scriptures. The point now is, Are you willing to accept Christ Jesus our Lord, as both Saviour and King? If He saves, He will reign."

"Yes, Fanny, I hope I am; but do help me. I feel that I want much direction and guidance."

"Not to take the first step: that is very simple. Many miss their way by standing at the strait gate waiting for something to give them a recommendation, or fitness for entering. Now, the truth is, the gate is too strait to admit anything but the naked soul, stripped of the filthy rags of self-righteousness. Leave everything at the gate, and pass in to Jesus, who equips you with everything suited to your journey; armour to fight the three great foes of the narrow path,—the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"I see it all, dear Fanny; and I have long seen what was required of me, if I would be a soldier of the Cross. I have tried to believe that you were wrong, and that God did not demand such a full surrender as you thought necessary. O that I may soon feel happy in the assurance that I am accepted!"

"If you expect happiness you will not be disappointed, my dear sister, provided you seek it in the right way. Instead of spending much time in expectation of an assurance that you are accepted, determine whether or not *you* have accepted the Saviour provided for you. You now see that you cannot save yourself, and that without a Saviour you are for ever lost. Believing as you do, that God, who is rich in mercy, has provided one, it is by putting out the hand of faith, and accepting what has been procured at so much cost, that joy and peace will arise in your heart, —joy at having found what you so much need; and peace, because He maketh peace between you and an offended God."

"Thank you, dear sister, for your patience with me. I see the plan of salvation now, as I never saw it before; but, instead of demanding the joy or peace of an adopted child, so abased do I feel at the sight I now have of my impenitence and long rebellion, that I would say, 'Father, I am not worthy to be called Thy child: make me as one of Thy hired servants.'"

"I will not say one word to keep you from taking the lowest seat in your Father's house; remembering He has said He will especially look to the lowly and contrite."

"Good night, my own dear sister. I will not keep you awake longer, knowing how busily to-morrow must be spent in packing, &c., and the evening with Bertha and her husband."

* * * * *

"Another day has gone, Fanny, leaving but a few hours for us to be together. Thank God that we have, once more before our parting, worshipped in His house. Are the prayer-meetings always as refreshing as the one was to-night?"

"They are always channels from the fountain for thirsty souls: the amount of refreshment we bring from them may generally be measured by the appetite we take with us."

"Well, we went hungering and thirsting too; and, thank God, we are filled. It yet seems strange to me that so much happiness can arise from beholding beauty and loveliness in another. Had you told me what pure joy the love of Christ brings, Fanny, surely I should sooner have abandoned the chase that I have been keeping up after happiness and self-gratification."

"I do not think, Emma, that any amount of talking would have influenced you. Poor prodigals wandering from their Father's house, and vainly trying to satisfy themselves with husks, never think of returning until they come to themselves."

"I dare say you are right; and you will still pray for me, as I know you long have. What shall I do without you, Fanny?"

"Lean upon a stronger arm than mine: for that reason, no doubt, we are separated at the very time we should so cling to each other, if together."

"Yes, Fanny; but I could never have braved Bertha's look of displeasure when I rose to leave the room with you at seven o'clock, (instead of remaining with her whilst you went to the prayer-meeting, as I have usually done,) had you not supported me with your kind encouraging look, which seemed to say, 'He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father, and before His angels.'"

"Yes, Emma. You have now confessed God, not by words, but by deeds, which is far better. Our poor, worldly sister did look astonished; but your having taken this step, the secret is out; she and her husband will now know, that you are deciding to serve God. O that He may, in His mercy, lead her also into the narrow path! This will, perhaps, be the next stone

of difficulty we shall see rolled away. One word before we part, dear Emma, on your intercourse with Bertha. Be kind and loving, but firm in doing what the Bible commands. No compromise, no *trimming* to make Christ's doctrines or precepts suit the palate of the worldly. In their hearts they respect steady adherence to right principles, and despise as cowards all who try to 'serve two masters.'"

"Thank you, my kind and gentle teacher. I shall not forget your advice, nor what has long impressed me, and commanded my admiration,—*your example.*"

* * * * *

N.B.—Ere long, dear reader, the *other* stone of difficulty was, by heavenly help, rolled away. Bertha's worldliness proved unsatisfying; she "came to herself," and in returning to her heavenly Father, He met her when she was yet a great way off, fell upon her neck, and kissed her.

H.

Our Servants.

REVIEW.

We all need review; because our whole conduct is a connexion of one thing with another, not as that of the links of a chain which are made separately first, and afterwards hooked within one another, and welded,—but like the connexion of a plant springing forth from a tiny seed, forming its stem, branches, leaves, blossoms, fruit out of itself; as Moses says in Genesis,—"the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth." The smith's chain may be very strong, and may exhibit good workmanship, but it is dead. The plant is alive; and it is all one from seed to fruit, having seed again within itself. Now, as nobody pretends to remember, all at once, the whole of his conduct, as if he held it up before him,—if he would know it profitably, he must be at the trouble to take hold of some one part of his behaviour; and out of his general habits let him select one action as a specimen, containing an average representation of his character.

Let him look well at that single action, and inquire of himself why it is so imperfect in its execution in manner, time, and fitness? Or how it is that it is found to excel similar actions in some other points? And then let him look at the action next before it, and at the next following it; and let him extend his review a little space higher up and lower down; and let him play fairly by his conscience, bringing it in front, and requiring it to give good judgment. By this means he will probably discern at first only the outside of his character; like a stereoscopic picture, as he steadily gazes, things will get distributed into their right places, and take their proper relation to one another: but by and by he shall see the inside of his character too, his motives, his intentions; and he will learn that conduct is character, and character is himself.

"Better is the end of a thing, than the beginning thereof; and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit." And one way to make the end of a thing better than the beginning, is to be patient in spirit, and wait quietly for the end.

This paper concludes the year, and it may be long before we address another series to our domestic servants. The rule, that "what is well meant should be well taken," is applicable here. It is much more kind to give a friendly admonition, than to join in disparaging remarks. Many and loud are the censures upon the inefficient and the saucy conduct of our servants; and we thought it better to write to them, than to talk against them. In doing so, we may not have used sufficient discrimination. All our servants are not faulty; but many are, and may they amend! Let the wise still learn, and let them teach the foolish. The way to amend the future is to review the past. We shall find that certain actions, like some afflictions that are past, although the pain is forgotten, and the doctor paid, give us periodical spasms, or perhaps depress us continually. Yet

let us not despair: there is still life, and hope too; and we will try to end the old year better than we have lived it.

To assist in this, can we do better than hear Mr. Wesley, in his "Rules of a Helper?"

PONDER.

"BE DILIGENT. NEVER BE UNEMPLOYED A MOMENT. NEVER BE TRIFLINGLY EMPLOYED. NEVER WHILE AWAY TIME: NEITHER SPEND ANY MORE TIME AT ANY PLACE THAN IS STRICTLY NECESSARY.

"BE SERIOUS. AVOID ALL LIGHTNESS, JESTING, AND FOOLISH TALKING.

"BELIEVE EVIL OF NO ONE: UNLESS YOU SEE IT DONE, TAKE HEED HOW YOU CREDIT IT. PUT THE BEST CONSTRUCTION ON EVERYTHING.

"BE ASHAMED OF NOTHING BUT SIN: NOT OF FETCHING WOOD, OR DRAWING WATER; NOT OF CLEANING YOUR OWN SHOES, OR YOUR NEIGHBOURS'.

"BE PUNCTUAL. DO EVERYTHING EXACTLY AT THE TIME; AND, IN GENERAL, DO NOT MEND OUR RULES, BUT KEEP THEM."

Good-bye. P. H.

The Portfolio.

"A RELIGION OF THE FIVE FINGERS."

"WHAT did the German sceptic mean when he said, 'I demand a religion of the five fingers?'" asked Henry.

"He meant that he could not accept a religion which he could not see the reason of as plainly as he could see his hand. Do you see why such a religion could not be from God?"

After a little thinking, Henry said: "We cannot expect to see the reason of all God tells us about Himself. He would not be God, if we could fully comprehend Him."

"The sceptic," I said, "would be puzzled as he studied the very hand so plainly before him: how then could he comprehend God, whose wisdom and power created it? If we understand not the works He places before us, how can we expect to understand His character, thoughts, and purposes?"

"It's like trying to get a gallon into a pint, to try to get God's thoughts into our minds, only more absurd," said Henry.

"Think what the German infidel might have learned of God by studying his hand," I said. "The wisdom of God, even in his hand, is far beyond his comprehension. We cannot explain how our will acts upon the muscles to move our hands, or how they grow, tiny particles being added to tiny particles. And then God's love for man, and care for his comfort, in giving him the most useful hand possible. He has given joints to our fingers, that they may bend; nails to their tips, to protect them, and that we may pick up small things. For this reason, also, the fingers are of unequal length, yet the muscles are so made that when they are bent they are of equal length. Most of the muscles that move the hand are placed in the arm, connecting with the hand by cords, so that we have a small nimble hand, and yet it is very strong. When our nails get broken, unlike the rest of the body, they grow again; and they are broken without pain. Then look, again, at the joints: unlike those we make, while they play easily, they will support themselves at any angle as we bend them.

"'A religion of the five fingers!' If the sceptic had studied his hand, he would have seen proof of God's loving, wonderful work, and that in His works, as in His word, His ways are past finding out. We do not refuse to use our hands because we do not understand them: why should we refuse the religion of the Bible because it tells us some things beyond our comprehension? We reverence God the more, because His workings in our hands are too wonderful for us fully to trace: let us also reverence Him the more because He is so great that we cannot comprehend the fulness of His thoughts. Is

it not wonderful that such a God should stoop to teach me the way of life, and even to die for me? And shall we proudly demand, before we will be saved, that He make us equal to Himself, that we may know all His ways?"

A PENITENT SINNER ENCOURAGED.

A CIRCUMSTANCE was related to me as having occurred to a gentleman who was in great perplexity about his soul. He had been a very ungodly man, and was now as fully bent upon reforming his life, as before he had been inclined in an opposite direction. His conviction of sin was intense; and although he thoroughly understood the method of salvation, and addicted himself to prayer, he was without comfort, perplexed with doubts and fears, sometimes supposing that God had cast him away, but still following hard after Him. He had consulted, without any benefit, many eminent Ministers, and was now for a long time in this disconsolate state, when apparently a most trifling circumstance was the means of curing his dejection. An earnest and continued ringing at his bell brought him to his door. He there saw a most pitiable object, in the person of a half-naked sailor, who had just escaped from shipwreck. The sailor addressed him in these words:—"Poor sailor; cast away; lost all; has nothing; looks to your charity for help." In a moment the gentleman perceived the analogy between the sailor and himself; and, transforming the words, says to himself: "Poor sinner; cast away; lost all; has nothing; *looks to Jesus.*" At once a ray of light and joy broke in upon his soul; he lived to adorn his Christian profession, by a holy, happy, and useful life, and died rejoicing that the way to gain everything that God has to give is to lose everything that man wishes to retain.—*Burnside's Lex Evangelica*, pp. 257, 258, *Edit.* 1861.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE late Rev. Peter Roe, of Kilkenny, was deputed to collect money in England for one of our religious Societies, and called on a London merchant of known liberality, just at the time the merchant had arrived at his office; and, upon Mr. Roe mentioning his object, he said at once, "I will give you a cheque for ten pounds." Having handed him the cheque, he requested Mr. Roe to wait till he had read his letters, and put his young men to their business, as he wished to converse with him on the interesting object of his visit. Mr. Roe observed that, as he read a particular letter, his face became pale and agitated. He laid the letter down in a place by itself, and read it again when he had finished reading the others. "This," said he, addressing Mr. Roe, "is the most serious and important letter I have ever received in the course of a long business. It informs me that one of my ships, with a most valuable cargo, has been lost, involving an amount of loss which I tremble to calculate. Give me back the cheque." Mr. Roe supposed that he intended to cancel it. He tore it to pieces, and then gave him a cheque for one hundred pounds; saying, that if he did not feel chastened by the calamity, he should deserve to have all his ships and property sunk into the depths of the sea.—*Burnside's Lex Evangelica*, p. 375. *Edit.* 1861.

Memorials of the Departed.

MARY PRITCHARD, of Welchpool, in the Newtown Circuit, died February 15th, 1859. She was a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society upwards of fifty years without intermission; but it was during her residence at Welchpool, in the last twelve years of her life, that she became well-known to the members of Society in the Newtown Circuit, as one in possession of vital godliness. Her attachment to the cause of God was marked, and she was exemplary in her regular attendance at public worship. She entered fully into the meaning of the

Psalmist's words, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" She was greatly attached to the great Missionary work, and to the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society. For the greater portion of the time she resided at Welchpool, she was a diligent collector for the Wesleyan Missions. During the last year of her life she lived in continual expectation of death; and when visited by the affliction which terminated her earthly course, she cheerfully submitted to the will of God. Her sufferings were of such a nature as to admit of but little intercourse with her friends; and yet in the short intervals which were occasionally afforded, she evidenced that her life was "hid with Christ in God." Her Class-Leader, during one of his visits, remarked to her that it delighted him to feel assured that she had peace with God. She replied, with strong emphasis, "O yes; I have no doubt of that." She sleeps in Jesus, and has left an amiable example behind her, worthy of imitation.

Mary Wilkinson was born at Sandbach, Cheshire, January 22d, 1836. She was the child of parents in the humbler walk of life, who endeavoured to train her in the fear of God. Naturally of a docile and amiable disposition, their assiduity was rewarded by early manifestations of gracious influence upon her mind. When very young, she began to attend the Wesleyan Sabbath-school; and with it she continued to be connected, as a scholar, or a teacher, until her decease. It was here that those deep and permanent spiritual impressions were made, which issued in her conversion to God, and in her union with the Methodist Society when only fourteen years of age. From this period, with the exception of a brief interval, she "walked in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." The word of God was her constant companion and daily study; and she endeavoured to walk by its sacred light. About four months before her decease a severe cold induced consumption; and though for some time hopes were entertained of her recovery, she gradually became weaker, showing that the disease had obtained a power over her frame which no human art could countervail. As, however, her physical energies decayed, her spiritual strength was renewed. No murmur or complaint escaped her lips. "Patience" in her had "its perfect work." When asked if she wished to recover, her answer was, "My will is lost in the will of God." Again, she said, "I owe all to Methodism." "It is through Methodism I am what I am." On one occasion she said, "I should like to go once more to the school:" and, being asked why, she replied, "I would tell them all to prepare to meet me in heaven." Shortly before her departure, when the family were gathered round her, she exhorted them to meet her in heaven. When her mother said, "Are you happy?" she rejoined, "Yes, I have been waiting for this for the last fortnight. Glory, glory, glory! I am happy. I am going to glory." Upon her Leader inquiring, "Mary, is all well?" she answered, "Yes." "You feel," said he, "that you are on the Rock?" "Yes," was the reply, "*firmly fixed;*" and, after a brief period of unconsciousness, she fell asleep in Jesus, February 15th, 1859, aged twenty-three years.

The late Mrs. Elizabeth Walter became a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society upwards of forty years ago. She earnestly sought and obtained peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Her life was one of peculiar trial, borne with Christian fortitude, and resignation to the Divine will. Her children attribute to a mother's prayers, and to Christian consistency, the fact that they were brought in their youth to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to the enjoyment of early piety. She ever felt a peculiar pleasure in liberally supporting the cause of God, and in other acts of Christian benevolence. She left her own residence at Shepton-Mallet about eight months previous to her decease, in order to reside with her daughter at Keinton, in the Glastonbury Circuit; where she died, March 13th, 1859. During her last protracted affliction her mind was kept in a tranquil frame; and her death was marked with serenity and peace.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

Dr. Joseph Stennet resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man, a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb. He was a collier, and lived among the hills, between Abergavenny and Hereford; he had a wife and several little children, and walked seven or eight miles every Lord's day to hear the Doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances.

Bad weather seldom kept Caleb from coming to the meetings. One winter, however, there was a severe frost, which lasted many weeks, and so blocked up his way that he could not possibly pass without danger; neither could he work for the support of his family. The Doctor and

others were concerned lest they should perish for want: however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennet observed him, and as soon as the service was ended went to him, and said, "O, Caleb, how glad I am to see you! How have you fared during the severity of the weather?" Caleb cheerfully answered, "Never better in my life. I not only had necessaries, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining." Caleb then told the Doctor that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but he found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door. He went, and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb: he answering in the affirmative, the man desired him to help him to take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, provisions. On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it: no other answer could he obtain.

When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles; bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, &c., which served them through the frost, and some remaining to that present time. The Doctor was much affected with the account, and afterwards mentioned it, in hope of finding out the benevolent donor; but in vain, till about two years afterward he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford.

This Dr. Talbot was a man of good moral character and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle; his wife was a generous woman, and a member of the church. Dr. Stennet used to go and visit her now and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. Stennet with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. Stennet thought it his duty to introduce something that was entertaining and profitable: he spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled, and said, "Caleb, I shall never forget him as long as I live." "What, do you know him?" said Dr. Stennet. "I had but very little knowledge of him," said Dr. Talbot; "but I know he must be the same man you mean." Then Dr. Talbot related the following circumstance:—

The summer before the hard winter, above mentioned, he was riding on horseback, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As he was riding along, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn. He rode up to the door to learn the cause; when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped, and observed that they were very attentive to what the Preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his attention, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the Minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in

turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed happened to walk by his side. The Doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and the Minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb.

After the Doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed, he could not tell, for certain, whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, "Send provision to Caleb." He was a little startled at first; but, concluding it to be a dream, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger: then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again; but the Doctor's mind was so impressed, that he could not sleep. At last he heard the voice so powerfully saying, "Get up, and send provision to Caleb," that he could resist no longer. He got up, and called his man, bid him bring his horse, and he went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever he could find; and having assisted the man to load the horse, he bid him take the provision to Caleb. "Caleb, Sir?" said the man, "who is Caleb?" "I know very little of him," said the Doctor, "but that his name is Caleb: he is a collier, and lives among the hills. Let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him." The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master; which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

BE READY!

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY new year to you, reader! May it be the best year of your life! That it may be, begin the year with God, and go forward spending the year for God. Allow us to suggest to you, as the year's watchword, "BE READY." It is a Scriptural watchword this. It is a word of first moment. Attention to this word will save your heart from many fears, your conscience from many pangs. Be ready, be always ready, and you will do well, you will feel well, and you will be *safe* for both eternity and time.

1. *Be ready to serve God* as God shall appoint: "be ready to every good work." Only be ready to work, and God will employ you. You will not need to stand idle. And be ready to *every* good work. You are aware that Christ hath many services to be done: some are more easy and honourable, others more difficult and disgraceful; some are suitable to our inclinations and interests, others are contrary to both. But be ready for any kind of work which your Master chooses for you. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Here am I; send me." If this be

a year of holy, steady, prayerful working, it will be a happy year: whereas, if you turn work-critic, or if you take to lounging and day-dreaming, you will have a barren soul. "Son, go *work* to-day in my vineyard." Work; work all; work always; and be ready to *every good work*.

2. And *be ready* also *to witness*;—not to work only, but to witness. Hear what St. Peter says: "And be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." (1 Pet. iii. 15.) As a Christian, you have a hope in you,—"a good hope through grace." You know *what* you have believed, you know *whom* you have believed. "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Now, then, be ready to give a reason for your hope: as occasion may require, witness for your Saviour. "Be not ashamed of the testimony of the Lord." At no time, and in no company, yield to the suggestions of cowardice. Let it be known that you have much in possession, and more in prospect. A skulking, cowardly religion blesses neither yourself nor the world.

3. Again: *Be ready to support the cause of God.*—How readest thou? "Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, *ready to distribute, willing to communicate.*" (1 Tim. vi. 17, 18.) But I am poor. Then, read again: "Continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints." (Rom. xii. 12, 13.) You cannot excuse yourself from praying; then certainly not from "distributing:" both are Christian duties, both are Christian means of grace. If you have little to give, at any rate be *ready* to give. Be you like the poor Macedonians, whose fame for "the riches of their liberality" in a season of "deep poverty" will never die. (2 Cor. viii. 2.) This rule—"Be ready to give"—is of much greater moment than it may seem to be. Did you ever know a happy niggard? Never. Did you ever know one prosper in his soul who did not give to Jesus what he could, but only what he could not decently avoid? Never. Let this be a large-hearted and an open-handed year; and God will owe us nothing. If we sow liberally in temporal things, God will grant us a rewarding harvest of the better spiritual things. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

4. And then, once more: *Be ready to die.*—These are the words of our Lord Himself: "Therefore, *be ye also ready:* for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." "In such an hour as ye think not." We may have to die this year. And we may have to die in our dusty working clothes. Some of us who read this page may be among the first to die. Let us "be ready." Let us get *the oil*, and let us keep the oil, in our vessel with our lamp. By faith in the sacrifice of Christ let us claim the blessings of pardon and purity; then let each of us "*live* by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." The man who is always ready to die, is ready to live. Meetness for heaven qualifies him for discharging aright the duties of earth. "Behold, I come quickly;

and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

"*Be ready*," then, is our watchword. Let us remember it, let us think of it, let us attend to it. And so shall we "live as the days of heaven upon the earth."

Aberdeen. J. R.

"THE LIFE MORE THAN MEAT, AND THE BODY THAN RAIMENT."

MATTHEW VI. 25.

A COMPARATIVELY slight acquaintance with our Lord's general teaching will convince us that He was not in the habit of enforcing His ethical precepts by consecutive reasonings. In public discourses, as well as in private instructions, He generally states them dogmatically: He speaks as One having authority, and requires unquestioning obedience to His commands. His true disciples are to receive His sayings because they are the utterances of His lips; they come forth from Him who has a right to enjoin.

But the evil of over-solicitude is treated very differently. The exhortation which forbids it is urged upon the conscience by weighty and conclusive arguments: while the powerful reasoning is arrayed in forms of attractive beauty and unrivalled eloquence. The discourse sweeps over the vast domain of nature, providence, and grace. The boundless care of God over inferior creatures; the gift of being, and the high superiority of our nature over irrational animals; the utter uselessness of a disposition which we are so prone to indulge; the consideration which Jehovah exercises for the plant-life of earth; the heathenish practices of Gentile nations; the Fatherhood of God towards His devoted children; the sovereign claims of His own spiritual dominion; the immunities of personal religion; the morrow, with its sure provisions and complement of evils; all pass under review: and from these vast and varied realms of illustration, the argument is collected and concentrated upon the enforcement of this one exhortation, "Take no thought for the morrow. Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

Surely, then, there must be some mighty evil in the indulgence of a disposition against which Jesus felt it necessary to array such overwhelming forces of illustration and argument! Or otherwise it must be an evil so subtle and difficult to detect, that the heart requires "line upon line, and precept upon precept," before it will understand its enormity, or employ vigorous measures for its arrest and expulsion! How solicitous is He to cure our solicitude! What care He shows to prevent our care! Let us, then, meditate upon these several arguments from the lips of the faithful and true Witness. O Thou Teacher of truth, guide our thoughts and prepare our hearts to receive with meekness the words of Thy mouth, the utterances of Thy truthful and tender Spirit!

The first argument against unholy solicitude is drawn from the fact, that, in the gift of being, we have already received benefits far superior to all secular blessings. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

These two terms—(the "body," the corporeal frame-work, the physical habitation of the soul; and the "life," the principle which animates and

vitalizes the body)—are intended to designate the mortal part of man's being. This being, so fearfully and wonderfully made, is the most noble and costly creation in the world; more precious than the production of all lands, more glorious than the wardrobe of all Kings; far superior to all the minor benefits necessary for the sustenance and comfort of life.

All the works of the Lord are perfect, and answer to each other. In His vast and wide-reaching plans every necessity is anticipated from the beginning, and nothing is left unprovided for. He never takes parts of His ways so as to separate them from the undivided whole. There is a mighty purpose to be gained; and every wheel in the vast machinery is adjusted to move in perfect harmony with the intended design. Nothing is wanting to secure the end for which the whole was destined.

Do we not find this principle recognised in the economy of redemption? The atonement of Christ was a glorious and necessary provision to open up a way for man's reconciliation to God. But it was not all that was necessary for the recovery of our race. Had it been given alone, supposing it possible, the alienation and enmity of the carnal mind would have continued. Other things were as essential to the great and contemplated result as the atonement itself: and when God gave the one, He provided the others also. The freedom of the human will, so deeply impaired by the fall, was restored, giving back the power of choice. He supplied the plenitude of the Spirit's influences to enlighten and soften the heart, and to bring us in penitence and faith to the sacrifice of Christ. He gave the revelations of His word to teach us the good and the right way, that we might not depend upon the sayings of mortal, erring man; but upon the testimony of the living God. He granted all the means and institutions of grace that we might lack nothing necessary to secure the great purpose which He purposed to Himself in the gift of His only-begotten Son.

And just so it is in all those Divine arrangements which refer to the life of man. The wisdom and goodness of Deity had an end in view in giving to man a dependent life,—a life which can only be sustained by external means,—and will not fail to guarantee all necessary supplies for the accomplishment of that end. He who gave to the body no natural clothing, and yet places it in circumstances which require garments for decency and comfort, will take care that raiment shall not be wanting. "Food is necessary for the prolongation of life; and clothing is necessary, in ordinary cases, for the body's health and activity. While God means you to live, He will furnish you with food; while He means your bodies to be employed in His service, He will furnish you with clothing; and when He sees fit that your mortal life should terminate, you will have no more need of food; and when He separates your bodies from your souls, they will no longer have need of clothing; and He will not fail to provide you with these necessaries, so long as you stand in need of them." It is part of His own purpose, it enters into the great plans which He formed in giving you life, to provide, in certain ways, for its subsistence. Why should you then be anxious about food and raiment when they are thus assured to you? "The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever; the thoughts of His heart to all generations:" "He will do all His pleasure."

But the argument implies more than this. It is an argument from the greater to the less. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

In the life and the body God has already bestowed, without any solicitude on your part, far greater benefits

than food and raiment; and cannot you trust Him to supply the smaller blessings by which they are to be sustained and nourished? If when you were made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lower parts of the earth, His broad eye did see your substance, yet being imperfect, and nourished it by means secret and mysterious; if all your various members were written in His book, and in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them; if He silently wrought the curious and delicate workmanship of your wondrous frame, adjusting all its parts, covering it with flesh and with skin, animating it with life, and breathing into it the breath of immortality, will He not care for the work of His own hands? Will He not, out of His own infinite resources, provide food to nourish, and raiment to cover, this glorious creation of His wisdom, and goodness, and power?

Reflect, for a moment, upon the way in which God treated human existence when it was first bestowed. Were our first parents placed in a barren wilderness, with nothing to supply their wants? Were they exposed without care to hunger, and thirst, and nakedness? Was not the habitation fitted up with everything needful for life before the tenant was introduced? Was not the inheritance laid out, cultivated, and in bloom before the heir was brought home to its possession? There was a garden whose trees bent beneath loads of golden fruit, and whose streams were pure rivers of water of life, where man might drink and be refreshed. Everything "good for food" was scattered in rich and prodigal profusion around him. "The bounty of God wrought farther than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation." Every herb bearing seed which was upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which was the fruit of a tree yielding seed, was given to him for meat. And as to raiment, were the first pair left without covering, to be scorched by the heat or shivered by the blast? When garments became necessary in consequence of the fall, did not Divine bounty again meet their case, and give them a defence against the fiery sunray by day and the baleful moon-beam by night? Instead of the scant fig-leaf aprons which their own hands rudely put together, "the Lord God made coats of skins, and clothed them." And are not the life and the body as precious in His sight now as at the beginning? Will not He who fed and covered our first father, do the same for His equally fallen and necessitous offspring?

When speaking of the certain bestowment of all spiritual blessings, St. Paul employs an argument kindred to this of our Lord's. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" (Romans viii. 32.) If the greater and more costly gift of His beloved Son was so freely bestowed, without which none other could ever have been communicated, will the smaller gifts, of which this was the necessary preparation, means, and pledge, be withheld? Will they not also be freely given? And so here. To give life, is a far greater favour than to give food; to give a body, than to give a garment for its covering. The breath of life is a richer blessing than the bread of every day. Why, then, be over-solicitous about the lesser matter of food and raiment, when He has given you the higher gift of being? "Forasmuch, therefore," in the language of an old writer, "as God has already, by His own single power only, without any help of others, nay, and even without your own concurrence, created out of nothing that whole substance of which you consist; forming your body out of the earth, and enlivening it with a spiritual and immortal soul; it cannot

be so difficult to preserve this union between the soul and body, as it was to make it at first; nor to nourish your body with food proper for its nourishment, as it was at first to form it; nor to clothe your body with a garment, as it was at first to clothe your soul with a body. It cannot be so difficult for Him to preserve life, as it was to give it. He, therefore, who has already done that which is more, cannot, with any reason, be thought unable or unwilling to do that which is less." If, then, the life be more valuable than meat, and the body more valuable than raiment, learn to trust the Author of being, cheerfully and without anxiety, for "all things necessary for life," as well as for godliness; for all temporal as well as for all spiritual good.

THE UNFORGIVING MAN'S PRAYER.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

CONCEIVE a revengeful, unforgiving man repeating this prayer, which you all, I hope, says Hare, repeat daily. Conceive a man with a heart full of wrath against his neighbour, with a memory which treasures up the little wrongs, and insults, and provocations he fancies himself to have received from that neighbour. Conceive such a man praying to God Most High to forgive him his trespasses as he forgives the man who has trespassed against him. What in the mouth of such a man do these words mean? They mean—but, that you may more fully understand their meaning, I will turn them into a prayer, which we will call the prayer of the unforgiving man. "O God, I have sinned against Thee many times from my youth up until now. I have often been forgetful of Thy goodness; I have not daily thanked Thee for Thy mercies; I have neglected Thy service; I have broken Thy laws; I have done many things utterly wrong against Thee. All this I know; and, besides this, doubtless, I have committed many secret sins which, in my blindness, I have failed to notice. Such is my guiltiness, O Lord, in Thy sight. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, even as I deal with my neighbour. He has not offended me one-tenth, one hundredth, part as much as I have offended Thee; but he has offended me very grievously, and I cannot forgive him. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him. He has been very ungrateful to me, though not a tenth, not a hundredth, part as ungrateful as I have been to Thee; yet I cannot overlook such base and shameful ingratitude. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him. I remember and treasure up every little trifle which shows how ill he has behaved to me. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him. I am determined to take the very first opportunity of doing him an ill turn. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him." Can anything be more shocking and horrible than such a prayer? Is not the very sound of it enough to make one's blood run cold? Yet this is just the prayer which the unforgiving man offers up every time he repeats the Lord's prayer; for he prays to God to forgive him in the same manner in which he forgives his neighbour. But he does not forgive his neighbour; so he prays to God not to forgive him. God grant that his prayer may not be heard; for he is praying a curse on his own head!

CHAPEL-LIGHTING.

"After meeting the Institution-men on Friday, we attended the evening prayer-meeting, which is now held here by lamp-light, each family bringing one lamp."

So writes the Rev. James Calvert, in the journal of his recent voyage to Fiji, in the course of which he and his companions visited several of the Mission-stations in the Friendly

Islands. The prayer-meeting referred to in the above extract was held at Haapai; and attention is hereby called to the admirable mode of lighting a place of worship, which has been adopted by these Christian Tongans, from whom we highly-civilized people may learn something in this matter.

As mere objects of art, these family-lamps would ill compare with our own beautiful lighting-apparatus. Take a wide-mouthed bottle, file it in halves, fill up the neck with lime, into which stick a slender stem of cocoa-nut leaf, to be wrapped round with cotton; then supply the vessel with cocoa-nut oil, and you have a Tongan lamp, according to the most recent improvements.

To my mind, the glimmer of those lamps shines with a beautiful lesson, as each one lights up its own group of swarthy faces, while, blending with the rest, it helps to fill the house of God with general brightness; and the flames, small in themselves, do—as Jeremy Taylor sumptuously puts it—"unite the glories, and make them radiant like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because thay shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy."

There is no sanctuary so well lit, as that wherein the light comes from the bringing together of many lamps of devotion.

Some men have striven very hard, and suffered little vestry-martyrdoms, in order to have candles burning at the altar in daylight. Before your Protestant zeal extinguishes these triumphs of religious chandlery, be content to learn a lesson from them, and then, by all means, put them out. I am no adept in the mystic meaning which, no doubt, belongs to all the productions of the ecclesiastical upholsterer; but I have sometimes been able so far to abstract my mind from the influence of clinking censers, and singing-boys, and performing Priests, and carven crucifixes, and painted saints, that—even amidst the delicious dissipation of High Mass—I have found a moment's rest on some beautiful truth, which all these artistic helps to devotion could not quite conceal.

And those tall, slender, waxen shafts, with their flickering point of flame—what teach they? That there is another light, besides that of the sunshine, needed in God's worship; a light of flame, sacred flame, burning beside an altar of sacrifice.

But yet there is a more advanced lesson, and better taught, in the bottle-lamps of Haapai, than in the costly tapers of St. Peter's. That holy, flaming light, without which all worship is dark, may not be confined to the sacred enclosure of the altar or communion-rail, neither can it shine out in the brilliancy of the pulpit alone. Chapel-lamps must not, cannot, be articles of mere chapel-furniture. They are made at home, trimmed at home, used at home, and brought ready to shine together in the common worship. How lovely must the scene be to watching angels, where each family comes up to God's house bringing its own household light, which has brightened their home, gladdened them in trouble, cheered the old man who totters once more to the holy place on his way to the holiest, and beams reflected from each young face which has learned to turn gladly to the temple of prayer!

Good friends, don't leave your lamps in the pew. They spoil, if not always in use. Yours will be out next Sunday, and not easily lit, if you leave it behind. You try: but vain thoughts, and worldly interests, the remembrance of bills to be paid, or falling markets, or good bargains, or pleasant unfaithfulness, make it splutter and smoulder; and you have much time lost in getting it to burn, even if you succeed at all.

Fathers and mothers, let it be seen that yours are family-lamps. It is a dark spot, spoiling the beautiful face of a devout congregation, when there is a disorderly family,—the elder children

careless, the little ones unruly,—and the parents' time is largely taken up by frowning at this one, nudging that, and shaking another.

Much better to trim the lamp at home.

When that busy, talking neighbour of mine says, "I wish those people who are so pious on Sunday, would carry out their religion in the week, and in business," I tell him that he must be charitable, and keep *himself* right; but, all the while, I am wishing that there were no ground for what he says.

But what are we to do? We cannot make everybody true and good. Let us get right ourselves, and we shall have got a long way towards mending others. You know that holy charge about letting your light *so* shine.

The world is dark, very dark; not far off only, but close beside you. Be faithful, be watchful, and "let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord."

Hull. G. S. R.

NOTICES OF WHITTINGTON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.*

"This is My commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." (John xv. 12.)

I AM not about to busy myself with the well-known adventures of this great and good man, but with the endowments and graces of character by which he was enabled to adorn his Christian profession, and the high station to which he rose. He was indeed "a man every way in advance of the age in which he lived," and afforded a most valuable example to all succeeding generations: whether we consider his perseverance in amassing a fortune, and the right use of it when made; whether we consider his charities, his patriotism, or his loyalty, or think of the way in which he availed himself of every new discovery for the improvement of his city and his countrymen; whether we consider his unflinching honesty and integrity; whether we look at him as a supporter of the dignity of the crown, or the champion of the rights of the poor; in all positions, and under all circumstances, we perceive in him the example of everything that is good, noble, honourable, charitable, generous, virtuous, pious, and munificent. I find him to have been the pattern of a legion of virtues; but I do not find recorded against him a single vice. I would only conclude with our blessed Lord's words, "Go, and do thou likewise."

EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IN the days of Richard Whittington, "learning was confined to the Priests and Monks. Schools, except at the monasteries, there were none; educated men were few and far between, so that even Kings and nobles could do little more than sign their names, if they could do even that..... It was not till the time of Henry IV. (one of the Monarchs whose peculiar favour Richard enjoyed) that villeins, that is, farmers and mechanics, were permitted by law to put their children to school; and long after that, they dared not educate a son for the Church without a license from their lord." "That Richard Whittington should have picked up any education at all, at such a time, proves that he must have been a persevering youth, seeking information under difficulties, which, we are thankful to say, do not beset young people of the present age.... Many stories have been told of painstaking and persevering youths of olden times, who have educated themselves by

* These statements are taken from *The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages, exemplified in the Story of Whittington and his Cat: being an Attempt to rescue that interesting Story from the Region of Fable, and to place it in the legitimate History of this Country.* By the Rev. Samuel Lysons, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 8vo. Pp. 95.

picking up a book here and there at a book-stall, when the expense of a school would be quite beyond their reach; but, if we are inclined to give them credit, what must we give to our friend Whittington, when—inasmuch as the art of printing was not discovered by Lorenz Koster, of Haarlem, until 1430, or seven years after Whittington's death, and was not introduced into England by Caxton until 1472—there could have been no book-stalls; and it would have been of little use to expose for sale manuscripts, which not only the people, but many even of the Priests and Monks, were unable to read; to such a degraded state was the Church, and society at large, reduced in these days.... We are apt, perhaps, to look with contempt or pity upon the ages that are past, and hug ourselves with satisfaction at our superiority; but do we look up to Him who has made us to differ, and seek to glorify Him in the use we make of the superior privileges which we possess?"....

Whittington did not grudge to others what he had himself acquired at so great a cost of pains and perseverance. Indeed, I think it very probable, that he was instrumental in getting the law passed which, in the reign of Henry IV., took off the restrictions upon education, and allowed the children of the middle-classes to go to school.

WATER FOUNTAINS.

THESE may be accounted one of the greatest improvements of the last few years, one of the most recent suggestions of humanity, and one of the most approved preventives of that dreadful vice, drunkenness. In passing St. Sepulchre's church, in London, a short time since, I could not but notice the neat drinking-fountain which adorns the corner of the churchyard; but, when I observed upon it the inscription, "This is the first drinking-fountain established in the metropolis," or words to that effect, I could not help mentally ejaculating, "Alas! how transient is fame! Alas! that Richard Whittington's memory should be so soon forgotten!" Friends of humanity, fully and freely as I honour you, and deem your cause one of the highest and noblest, yet candour bids me say that Whittington was long before you in this. Let us turn to that venerable historian, Stow, and we shall find that there was a water-conduit east of the church, (St. Giles, Cripplegate,) which came from Highbury; and that Whittington, the Mayor, caused a "bosse" or tap of water to be made in the church-wall. "On the back of the town-ditch," he adds, "was a spring, arched over with stone by Whittington."

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

CENTURIES before Howard or Sir George Paul rose to set us the example, there was Richard Whittington lending his purse and his influence to better the condition of the poor prisoner, and to raise him in the scale of humanity. He began to rebuild, during his life-time, the prison of Newgate; which, we read in the "patent-rolls" of Henry VII., was then so small and infected, that it occasioned the death of many. The city itself had become alarmed at the pestilence likely to ensue from the over-crowding of prisoners, and it petitioned the King's Council for permission to remove the prisoners out of Newgate, in order to rebuild that prison, agreeably to the will of Sir Richard Whittington, late Lord Mayor of London; and, the petition being granted, the work was performed under the inspection of Sir Richard's executors..... Newgate is thus described in the quaint language of the time: "Yet hit was febel over litel, and so contagious of eyre that hit caused the deth of many men." The new structure, built by Whittington's executors, was that on which they placed his statue with his "cat."

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

BUT it is not only the prisoner and the oppressed who occupy Whittington's attention; the ignorant and uneducated also come in for a share of his solicitude. One of his most anxious cares was for those who, like himself in his younger days, had lacked that blessing which doubles a man's joys; I may say, doubles his existence; namely, the blessing of a good education.

In 1421 Whittington began the foundation of the library of the Gray-Friars monastery in Newgate-street. This noble building was one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, thirty-one in breadth, entirely ceiled with wainscot, with twenty-eight wainscot desks, and eight double settees. The cost of furnishing it with books was £556. 10*s.*: £400 of which (equal to £4,000 of our present money) were subscribed by Whittington. This edifice still remains in tolerable preservation, and forms the north side of the great cloister of Christ's Hospital; having, in two places, an escutcheon, with the arms of Whittington..... Doubtless, Whittington hoped to help in a reformation of the language of his country, which amongst the higher classes at least had, from the time of William the Conqueror, been that of Norman-French, while the lower orders spoke a most barbarous mixture of Anglo-Saxon and Norman. The teaching of French was left off, and English substituted in its stead, only in 1385.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

VERILY there seems no end to the good deeds of this good man. "Hungry, and ye gave Me meat; thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; naked, and ye clothed Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me; sick, and ye visited Me," according to his Divine Master's estimate, appears to have been the rule and guide of his life. We have, therefore, to follow him through all. And now I come to speak of the hospital of St. Bartholomew, which, in accordance with his instructions, his executors repaired. This noble institution was founded by Rayere, in 1102, for the relief of the sick and lame poor; but, falling into decay, it became a worthy object of Whittington's thoughts. This, at a time when physicians and surgeons were so scarce, was indeed a most timely aid to the wants of suffering humanity.

In short, there seems to have been scarcely any legitimate want of a poor man to which Whittington had not turned his attention, with a view of alleviating his distresses; and surely they who have themselves suffered need, ought to know best where the shoe of poverty and affliction pinches. It is not, however, all who will take the pains and interest in them which Whittington took..... He considered the poor and needy, and made their wants his study.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

IN the midst of these acts of charity, it might be supposed that he would have had no means to spare for the embellishment and improvement of the city. Far from it, he was one of the first to advance improvements, architectural and otherwise, in the city in which he had acquired his wealth. We find, from Stow, that his executors had instructions for glazing and paving Guildhall. Now this was indeed progress; for at that time few houses were glazed; glass having been but recently introduced; and paving in public buildings was scarcely known: the floors of churches generally remained in their original clay, strewed from time to time with fresh layers of rushes. So high was the King's opinion of Whittington's good judgment and taste with regard to the improvements in the city, that we find the following entry in the "Minutes of the Council," at the Tower of London, May 27th, 3d Henry V., 1415:—"*Item q. le dit Maire ne face riens en la dite citée touche le demolicon d'aucune lieu*

ou murs en la dite citée sans l'avis de Whittington," &c. Such was the confidence which King Henry V. placed in this illustrious citizen, that he had no person to whom, for sterling integrity, for taste in architecture, and zeal for improvement, he could better entrust the repair of that noble fabric, the "Abbey Church of Westminster," the nave of which had been burnt down in a former reign, and had remained in ruins for many years... We are chiefly indebted, therefore, to the taste and vigilance of Richard Whittington for that beautiful fane.

CHURCHES.

His care extended not only to men's bodies, but to their souls; and a church must be added to the number of his benevolent acts; and not only a church, but a staff of Clergy, with funds for their maintenance. Malcolm says: "The celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, at four different periods Lord Mayor of London, rebuilt the church of St. Michael, afterwards called St. Michael in the Royal, in which he founded a college, consisting of four Fellows, (Masters of Arts.) clerks, conducts, and choristers, who were governed by a Master, on whom he bestowed the rights and profits of the church, in addition to his salary of ten marks. (He endowed also the Chaplain, and other assistants, with yearly stipends.)" One of the duties of the recipients of this charity was to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice, his wife, their founders, and for Sir William Whittington, Knight, and dame Joan, his wife, and for Sir Hugh Fitzwarren, and dame Molda, his wife, fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington, and Alice, his wife; for King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c.

He also built the chapel annexed to Guildhall. The original license for the foundation of his college was procured by Whittington in 1400. (2d Henry IV.)

In the "Harleian MSS., 6596," Sir Richard Whittington is also said to have built the church at Soler's Hope (in Herefordshire): if so, it would be the third instance of the dedication of a place of worship to Almighty God by that pious and munificent man. From certain circumstances, Mr. Lysons entertains some doubts, however, of the truth of this statement.

HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

One can hardly help thinking that a man so much before his day in charitable and religious matters, as well as in secular affairs, must have imbibed, even if imperceptibly, some of the enlightened religious views which were then making so much stir in England, under the preaching of Wycliffe, the great Reformer of religion, at a period when the state of the Church was at the lowest ebb of darkness. Although we have no ground for supposing that he had actually embraced Wycliffe's views, yet, if we may judge from Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," the doctrines of that great Reformer had taken deep root among the citizens of London. In the very year 1393, in which Whittington was elected Sheriff, Foxe says that "the Bishop of Salisbury and Archbishop of York, with a grievous complaint, went to the King, complaining of the Mayor and Sheriffs of London. What trespass the Mayor and Sheriffs had done, as ye have heard before, so may you judge." (They were accused of an ill faith in God; being averse to tradition, upholders of the Lollards, detractors of religion, and grinders of the common sort.) How false this charge of defrauding the poor was, so far at least as Whittington was concerned, is shown by his life and actions. Nevertheless, he doubtless had his enemies among the Ecclesiastics of his day: his very notions of civil reform would be

obnoxious to men of their stamp, and they would be ready enough to accuse him of malpractices. Foxe goes on to say: "The King, incensed not a little with the complaint of the Bishops, conceived eftsoon" (or soon afterwards) "against the Mayor and Sheriffs, and against the whole city of London, a great stomach; insomuch that the Mayor and both the Sheriffs were removed from their office, and the King removed the courts from London to York, to the great decay of the former city." Richard II., however, must have found out his mistake as to Whittington's character, as we find that he appointed him Mayor in 1397.....In Dr. Strange's "Heraldry of Hertfordshire" it is stated, under the name of Whittington, that Sir Richard Whittington was Lord Mayor of London in the years 1397, 1406, and 1419, and also was knighted by King Henry V., whom he supported in his wars by munificent aids.

HIS MOTIVES.

IT is happily manifest that Sir Richard soared far above the Papistical delusion, that the riches which come from heaven can be repaid to heaven, as a bribe to purchase immunity from the "wages of sin." His boundless charities were not the altar on which he built his hopes of salvation. He "was not one of those persons who, having made their money, knew not how to spend it; or, having no further enjoyment to expect from it in life, are ready to give away in charity what they can hold no longer, hoping to derive some undefined benefit to their souls hereafter, from bequeathing on their death-bed that which they would have grudged in the hour of health and strength. Whittington was altogether a different character. Desirous of knowing how his money was laid out in works of charity, he would see to its expenditure himself, and would not leave to be done by others that which he knew must be a responsible, and ought to be a pleasurable, office. He laid himself out for that pleasure, and he had a right to the enjoyment. I will give his own words: 'The fervent desire and busy intention of a prudent, wise, and devout man shall be to cast before and make seur the state and the ende of this short life with dedys of mercy and pitie, and specially to provide for those miserable persones whom the penurie of poverty insulteth, and to whom the power of seeking the necessaries of life by art or bodily labour is interdicted.'" (Charter of Foundation of Whittington's College. Dugdale's "Monasticon.")

In short, he left nothing undone of all the great deeds which he designed, except those in the midst of which sickness overtook him, that last fatal sickness, which must overtake the good as well as the evil.....But the good man is not afraid to die: he has been living the whole of his life for no other purpose.

> "Teach me to live, that I may dread
> The grave as little as my bed,"

appears to have been Whittington's ruling principle.

THE COST OF AN ESTATE.

"WHAT is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion and through rich fields.

"I don't know what it is valued at: I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul."

A solemn pause followed this brief answer. The person to whom it was given was not seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

The late possessor referred to was the son of a pious man, who supported his family by the labour of his hands. The son early obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He was then a professor of religion. He continued to maintain a reputable profession till he

became a partner in the concern. He then gave increasing attention to business, and less to religion. Ere he was an old man he had become exceedingly wealthy and miserly, and no one who knew him had any suspicion that he had ever been a professor of religion. He purchased a large landed estate, built the costly mansion referred to above, and died. Just before he died, he said, "My prosperity has been my ruin."

THE TWO HELPERS.

A MAN of large wealth, in one of our cities, was accustomed to speak with gratitude of the man to whom his success in business was owing. He had lent him his credit, and at a certain crisis saved him from failure, by allowing him to draw on him for any amount necessary. Such generosity is rare; it was fully appreciated by the recipient, who lost no suitable occasion of making the conduct of his benefactor known.

Before the meridian of life was passed, another friend conferred a still greater favour. He came to the prosperous man, and showed him that he was in danger of losing his soul. He presented the truth so affectionately, and so clearly, that, by the blessing of God, conversion was the result. He became a decided Christian. He saw that he was brought into the church not merely to be saved, but to work. He gave liberally to benevolent objects. He lent his wisdom in counsels to plans for doing good. He had a voice to speak for God. Many were invited by him to come to Christ, and quite a number were hopefully converted through his efforts.

He was accustomed to refer to the obligation he was under to the friend who aided him in laying up treasure in heaven.

He regarded the service rendered him as far greater than that which enabled him to become a man of wealth.

Few of us can aid men to become rich, even if it were desirable that we should do so. We can all aid others in securing salvation.

A RELIGION OF CHEATS.

THE Chinese are punctual in their religious offerings to the gods, and perhaps think that the neglect of these would imperil their salvation. They have, however, a strict regard to economy in these services, and are ingenious in their devices for imparting a cheap character to their religion. If an animal is to be offered, they take special care that by age, mutilation, or emaciation, it is fit for nothing else. When they come into their temples, with the products of the soil as thank-offerings, the jars of grain, seemingly full, would indicate the heartiness of their feelings; but on closer inspection it is found that a piece of paper is pasted over the mouth of each, and this barely covered with grain, while the jar is empty. If an offering of money is made, they make a dollar of pasteboard, covered with silver paper, and not of one farthing's value. Thus they cheat their consciences and their gods at the same time. We pity their delusion; and yet it is to be apprehended that even among Christians there is a little of the same ingenuity in self-cheatery. God cannot be mocked by a mere heartless, external offering, it is true; He requires honesty and sincerity in those who approach Him; and yet is not the attempt often made to cheat Him and conscience? Is it not often a study to make our religion as cheap as possible? In the hurried offering of formal prayer; in the careless reading of His word; in the niggardliness of our pecuniary offerings; in our neglect of adequate support of the Gospel among ourselves, and in its transmission to others, are we not imitating the silly devices of the followers of Confucius, who think that God requires nothing more than a form of religion which has no deep interest in the heart?

Religion and Morals.

THE RENEWAL OF THE COVENANT.

BY THE REV. JOHN REACHER.

WHAT—may a young Methodist or a stranger ask—what is the nature of that ordinance in which the Wesleyan people are invited to join next Lord's day? "What mean ye by this service?" And our young friend the rather asks this question, because he has been told that the covenant-service is one of the *peculiarities* of Methodism. An extract from the Journal of the Rev. John Wesley will set the matter in a clear light, and will show also the *origin* of this solemn Wesleyan usage. Under date, "Wednesday, August 6th, 1755," Mr. Wesley writes: "I mentioned to the congregation another means of increasing serious religion, which had been frequently practised by our forefathers, and attended with eminent blessing; namely, the joining in a covenant to serve God with all our heart, and with all our soul. I explained this for several mornings following; and on Friday many of us kept a fast unto the Lord, beseeching Him to give us wisdom and strength to promise unto the Lord our God, and keep it.

"Monday, 11th. I explained once more the nature of such an engagement, and the manner of doing it acceptably to God. At six in the evening we met for that purpose, at the French church in Spitalfields. After I had recited the tenor of the covenant proposed, in the words of that blessed man, Richard Alleine, all the people stood up, in testimony of assent, to the number of about eighteen hundred persons. Such a night I scarce ever saw before. Surely, the fruit of it shall remain forever."—*Wesley's Works*, 12*mo.*, *vol. II*, *p.* 322.

It will be noted that the founder of Methodism appointed the first covenant-service with a view to *the increase of spiritual religion* among his own children. To this he was always keenly alive. Whilst he was anxious to save as many lost sinners as he could, he was also anxious that those who had been saved should "grow in grace," and walk in the nearest fellowship with God. It was not in order to found a church which should bear his own name; but solely in order to the present revival, and the continued maintenance, of Scriptural holiness, that Mr. Wesley organized his Societies, and instituted their peculiar means of grace,—the Class-meeting, the Band-meeting, the Lovefeast, the Watchnight, the Covenant-service. All these distinguishing institutions of Wesleyan Methodism are designed to foster living, powerful, happy godliness; and that they are fitted for this high end is the testimony of the ten thousands of our Israel.

Further: Mr. Wesley's fore-cited words indicate that it was not a new thing for persons to covenant with God. This had been frequently done alike by individuals, and churches, and nations; and had been attended with an eminent blessing. It will be remembered, that our sacred books record several covenant-transactions in which God's ancient people renewed their pledges of fidelity to their only Lord,—their Divine King. And coming down to nearer times, we may recall that last day of February, 1638, when the perfervid Presbyterians of reformed Scotland subscribed with willing hand, and swore with lusty heart, that national covenant which pledged them "all the days of their life constantly to adhere unto and to defend the true religion," and to "labour, by all means lawful, to recover the purity and liberty of the Gospel." Knowing as we do, that it is the very instinct of the loving soul to present itself and its all to God, we do not doubt, that if we might have looked into the closets of the few faithful who, in the dark mediæval times, maintained living union with the Lord Jesus, we should have found them presenting unto Him their bodies,—their embodied selves,—as "a living sacrifice," and binding the sacrifice with the "cords" of grateful love "to the horns of the altar." Soon as we reach the days of revival, and are favoured to peruse authentic memorials of the inner life of God's saints, we do observe that most who walked the higher

regions of devotedness were persons who had formally engaged themselves to the Lord, and lived under the binding obligations of a recognised covenant. Our devotional writers, too, have explained and enforced the religious duty of entire self-consecration, and have pointed out the advantage of engaging ourselves to this duty in a set and formal manner. Doddridge does this in his "Rise and Progress." And before his time, Richard Alleine. To this devout writer we are indebted for that impressive form of words which is commonly used by our Societies at their annual solemnity. After having pressed the duty of self-surrender, Alleine gives the following "advice:"—"This covenant I advise you to make, not only in heart, but in word; not only in word, but in writing; and that you would with all possible reverence spread the writing before the Lord, as if you would present it to Him as your act and deed; and when you have done this, set your hand to it, keep it as a memorial of the solemn transactions that have passed between God and you, that you may have recourse to it in doubts and temptations." —*Richard Alleine's Vindiciæ Pietatis, Part I., p.* 183. *Edit.* 1676.

We scarcely need remind the reader of modern Christian biography, that the practice of personal and formal self-dedication to God is justified by the examples of such men as the apostolic Grimshaw, the Missionary, Martyn, Dr. Payson, Samuel Pearce, and R. Winter Hamilton: all men of renown in their generations. Nor is the Church of England altogether a stranger to this excellent usage; for whenever the Lord's Supper is administered, the Minister and the people together say,—"And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee."

But to return to the Covenant-service of Methodism. It is unnecessary, on two accounts, to describe the mode of procedure on the occasion. This was well done by the Rev. D. Hay, in an admirable paper prepared for this serial, and published in December, 1859. Besides, many of our readers have, at one time or other, been present, and have solemnly joined themselves to the Lord "in the presence of all His people, in the courts of the LORD's house."

The *time* when this covenant with God is renewed is, usually, the first Sabbath of the new year,—a fitting season for so sacred, so righteous a solemnity. It is never unseasonable for a redeemed and penitent sinner to transact with God at the mercy-seat; but it is peculiarly fitting that this influential period should be marked by exercises of whole-hearted consecration. Spared to see another year, we are led to review the past, to meditate on the future. Looking behind us, we see much to make us sorry: neglects of known duty, breaches of deliberate promise, backsliding in heart and life, unfruitfulness in grace,—sins out of count for number, and rendered heinous by our better knowledge, and by our religious professions. "We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us." Is not this the time, then, when we ought to halt in our course of confessed unfaithfulness? and should we not enter upon a new and holier course by presenting ourselves wholly to the Lord, and claiming the fulness of the covenant of grace? At this time, too, we naturally interrogate the future. It is a great unknown. "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." We wish for others, so also for ourselves, that it may be a holy, a happy future; that we may be enabled to spend this new year, and our residue of days, in peace, in holiness, in righteousness before God. But if indeed these are our new-year wishes and hopes, how shall we secure their realization? how, but by devoting ourselves to our Divine Redeemer, and walking in the obedience of His covenant people. "*Come*," then, "*and let us join ourselves to the* LORD *in a perpetual covenant* that shall not be forgotten." Let us *now* do this. Let us begin the year with God; then, if spared, let us spend it for God. The lost years of our wasted history we cannot recall: we can only mourn, as a dying lady *did* mourn,—"O that I had devoted myself a thousand times more to God, the living God! He alone is worthy." "The time past of our life may suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles;" and now we "start afresh." "O satisfy us *early* with Thy

mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the LORD require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Let us note God's claim: "*to do justly*" is what the Lord requires of us. "Will a man rob God?" You are the Lord's already,—His very own,—His by strictest *right*. You cannot, therefore, *confer* on God a right to you. "Ye *are* not your own, *for*,"—for He made, preserved, redeemed you; and on this last, He puts special emphasis. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." You are now asked to recognise God's right. The appeal is now made to you to "do justly," and to give unto God His own.

"Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly Thine."

God expects of His covenant people that they shall yield themselves to Him: "*themselves*," that is, their whole and entire selves. They must not be "men of double heart;" they must not have one heart for the world, and another heart for Jesus. Nor will He allow them to *substitute* something else in the place of "their own selves." Michal put an image in the bed for David; but "God is not mocked." Besides, what can we give to God in the place of our heart which is not His already, and which He has not claimed as a part of the sacrifice? Our all is the Lord's, and the Lord claims all.

Let us seriously ponder such words as these:—"My son, give me thine *heart*." "Thou shalt *love* the LORD thy God with all thy *heart*, and with all thy *soul*, and with all thy *mind*." "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your *bodies* a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Thus does God require both soul and body,—"YOURSELVES." "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin: but *yield yourselves* unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." Nay, God asks still more:—"Honour the Lord with *thy substance*, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase." The covenant people of God must regard themselves and their property as God's own, as wholly His own, and therefore at His disposal. "But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

Do our hearts hold back? Is it suggested that the religion of an entire and living sacrifice is an exacting, burdensome religion? Let us go to the Cross, and let us wait there until our eyes fill with tears, and our hearts overflow with love: then shall we sincerely sing,—

"Too much to Thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for Thee."

In our happier moments we have exclaimed,—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise!"

We were ready to adopt the sentiment of Whitefield: "I want more tongues, more bodies, more souls for the Lord Jesus. Had I ten thousand, He should have them all." In fact, however, we have but one body and one soul; and we shall best prove our sincerity in desiring more by dedicating our little all. What Christian can refuse? "Lord, I am Thine, save me." But "who is sufficient for these things?" Who is able to follow the Lord fully, to serve Him constantly, to obey Him entirely? Who can keep the terms of this solemn covenant? Let not the timid be discouraged; for "our sufficiency is of God." Let not the feeble hesitate to *engage their heart* to approach unto God; for He who asks our heart is ready to renew it, to strengthen it, and to make us "perfect in every good work, to do His will." Our covenant God makes Himself known "as the God of all grace:" and upon our taking hold of His covenant, His grace is ours; for it is put at the call of our prayer. Hear how encouragingly the faithful God speaks to His covenant people: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness. . . . Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men

of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." "Thou worm Jacob," even "thou" hast no need to "fear." Thy own strength is as nothing; but having given thyself to God, and having accepted God for thy Lord and Saviour, "thou worm Jacob" mayest triumph in the strong One. "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; He also has become my salvation." The Almighty God becomes *the God* of every penitent believer; and in being their God, He is all to them they need. "When once you are sincerely in covenant, from thenceforth you have a God that you may call your own, to whom you may have free access, with whom you may be sure to find grace to help in all times of need. How blessed is his condition who is able to say, 'I have no friend in the world, but I have a God in heaven; I have many enemies, but I have a God; I have no house, nor money, nor lands, but I have a God; I have troubles, I have sins that are a daily torment and vexation to me, but I have a God: a God to feed me, a God to succour me, a God to shelter me, a God to pardon me, a God to sanctify me, to save me!'" "From the time of this your covenant-union with Christ, you have the blessing of communion with Him. Whatsoever is Christ's, is now become yours; whatsoever is yours, is His . . . . Christ and you shall have your lot together.... This is the portion, this is the inheritance of all God's covenanting servants."*

Now, in view of all this blessedness, who is *not* "willing to consecrate His service this day unto the Lord?" "Come." Let *the church's children* come; and let them call their father's God "*my God*." Let penitent *backsliders* come; and, as they draw near, let them say, "Behold, we come unto Thee; for Thou art the LORD our God." Setting our faces Zionward, let us all "*come*, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant." "God is the LORD, which hath showed us light;" the light of the Cross, of the Gospel, of personal salvation through Christ crucified: constrained by His love, "bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar. Thou art *my* God, and I will praise Thee: Thou art my God, and I will exalt Thee."

"Come, let us use the grace Divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD."

Some will read this paper in the chamber of affliction. Their "soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;" and specially for the privilege of former Covenant Sabbaths, when they saw His "power and glory in the sanctuary." But failing health, or the feebleness of age, compels their absence from the Lord's house. Let them renew their covenant in their own sick room. Though not permitted to take their accustomed place among their covenanting brethren, they are not denied the precious privilege of a personal commerce with Heaven. In their retirement, therefore, let them *in spirit* "agree" with the gathered church, and let them once more, ere yet they die, "yield themselves unto God." It may be, that long before another "high day" like this, they will have exchanged time for eternity. Be it so: "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death." Happy are they who die in covenant with God.

In our country Circuits, some may not enjoy the opportunity of a public Covenant-service. Let our friends who are thus circumstanced come into the bond of the covenant *in private*. Let them sacredly sequester a portion of the approaching Sabbath for special communing with God and their own souls: let them consider Christ's claims, and Christ's promises; what He demands, and what He offers: and, then, let them deliberately and devoutly consecrate themselves to Him "to whom" their "more than all is due." Thus will they, in fact, take their place among the plegded servants of the Saviour, and will have a title to all the "sure mercies" of the holy covenant of blessing.

* * * * *

The covenant made, let it be ever kept in mind: "*a perpetual covenant, not to be*

* Richard Alleine; *Vindiciæ Pietatis.*

forgotten." Of ancient Israel it is said, "Neither were they steadfast in His covenant." But why so? They were not *real.* They vowed, but not with their heart. They swore to God,—it was with a false soul. "Nevertheless they did flatter Him with their mouth, and they lied unto Him with their tongues. For their heart was not right with Him, neither were they steadfast in His covenant." Let us, who now covenant with God, mind these two things: Let us be sincere and hearty in the transaction itself; then let us keep it in constant recollection. From day to day, from month to month, let us remind ourselves of this our engagement. And, with a view to this, it will be advisable to have always at hand, in our closet, a copy of the Covenant which is in use among us, and to which we severally consent, and to read it over at frequently-recurring intervals. If we keep ourselves in mind of this covenant, and walk according to its order, the Lord "will ever be mindful of His covenant" with us. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the LORD that hath mercy on thee."

Aberdeen.

Poetry.

CLINGING TO JESUS.

"Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." (Heb. iv. 14.)

HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thy arm thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee!

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found her place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee!

Oft, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, what appal,
Whilst as my rock, my strength, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee?

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXVIII.

"*I have more understanding than all my teachers: for Thy testimonies are my meditation.*" (Psalm cxix. 99.)

The keeping of the commandments was David's wisdom. No sooner had he said, "I have more understanding than my teachers," but straight he added this reason, "Because I keep Thy commandments." His teachers were such fools as to "keep the statutes of Omri;" to wit, the broad way, by which they were led to destruction. But it was the policy of David to keep the statutes of his Creator; to wit, the narrow way, which leads directly unto life. The fool is he who proudly walks upon a precipice; but the meek man is wise, because he walks in plain ground. As the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; so the keeping

of His precepts is its perfection.—*Pierce's Sinner Impleaded in his own Court. Introduction, Edit.* 1679. Pp. 21, 22.

No. CXIX.

"*By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.*" (John xiii. 35.)

All who are auditors of Christ, or all to whom He is revealed, stand obliged by that means to be really His disciples. Their discipleship, if it be real, will be eminent also, and exemplary, so as to be known, and taken notice of, by all. The surest testimony and proof of sincere discipleship under Christ, and the principal instance or effect wherein its eminence doth consist, and that which by Christ is here pronounced as an unerring mark and criterion of it, is this Divine qualification of mutual love. Our Saviour doth not say, Men shall guess or conjecture that ye are Mine; but, shall know it. Nor does He say, Your discipleship shall be known, as a special secret, to very few; but, All men shall know it. Nor does He say, All men shall know ye *seem* to be, by a disguise; but, that ye *are* My disciples, without a fiction. He does not say, Your discipleship shall be known by deceivable tokens,—as your assembling yourselves in the house of prayer, your crying, "Lord, Lord," your doing wonders in My name, your being orthodox in judgment, and jumping together in opinions,—but by this it shall be known, as by a token which never fails, "if ye have love for one another."—*Ibid. Introduction to the Third Part.*

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. I.

"——"Warble on,
Sweet Tavy, warble on. ——
Thy stream
Exhaustless flows, though generations rise
And vanish, and from thine enduring fount
Thou drink'st immortal being:—the old hills
That suckle thee are mighty as when first
The sunbeam glanced upon them; and while man,
And all his boasted structures, pass away
As snow upon the tide, they lift, unhurt,
Their venerable heads to heaven, and seem
Piled for eternity."

I ENTERED Tavistock in the summer-gloaming with the hope of enjoying a glorious Dartmoor ramble on the morrow. But when the morning broke, I found myself doomed sadly to feel the truth which I had been scarcely willing to receive on the bare word of ramblers who had gone over the ground before me. Ah, we talk grandly about the forceful claims of human testimony when we ourselves are the witnesses. Who likes to have his words met with tokens of practical unbelief; or to see that what he says goes for little or nothing against the voice of passion, or the whimsical whispers of caprice? And yet we seem always ready to dishonour the testimony of others, even when it comes to perform the kindest offices on our behalf; for we pass along heedless of the lessons which the records of other people's experience afford, and appear determined, each for himself, rather to have the truth burnt into him by the fires of his own personal experiments. Nevertheless, unbelief never has, and never will, put human testimony out of its place among the higher classes of evidence, or rob it of its distinctive honours. Nor will the quiet but commanding tones of its voice ever permit the semblance of an irreverent smile on the part of wise men and true. But what has this to do with Tavy-side? Well, stay: I wish it to be fully understood that I have the warmest regard for the testimony of all the wandering geniuses who have written or spoken about the changeableness of climate, or weather, on the banks of my little pet stream. Yes, all, I say; from William Browne, whose "sweet pipings" were heard in his native valley at the close of the sixteenth century, and Baretti, that charming "correspondent" of Johnson's time, down to the amiable Stothard's widow, afterwards Mrs. Bray, who, in her letters to Southey, has made herself agreeable to many readers, prosy as she sometimes

is. Honour to their memory; and let their names be wrought in ever-living flower-work on the walls of that private inner temple where the lover of goodness and beauty treasures his most affectionate thoughts about kindred minds. It seemed necessary, however, that I should prove for myself the possibility of being imprisoned in Tavistock, by the great rain-spirits of Dartmoor; or of being drenched to the skin for venturing to brave their fury, at a time when I thought there was every reason to hope for sunny skies and refreshing air. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that Tavistock is a Devonshire town, on the Tavy; and that it is to be found in one of those lovely hollows on the western side of Dartmoor, in which the wild grandeur of the moorlands may be seen melting into the beauty of richly-cultivated valleys. I would try to describe the delicious retreat; but perhaps my friends would rather have the picture as given by a Tavistock schoolmaster, of Charles the Second's time. People may laugh at his poetry, but, for my part, I must respect his memory, as he has proved himself worthy of being classed with the great Scaliger himself; who, if that laughing saint, Thomas Fuller, is an authority, had "an overmeasure of skill in poetry, which made up his lack of mathematics; although he was more happy in repairing of poems, than in building them; for his own poems sound better to the brain than ear, being harsh and unsmooth, as if he rather snorted than slept on Parnassus." But let the author of "Tavestock's Encomium" speak for himself and his native town:—

"Within this countie's bowels lies a moor,
Of old called Dart, down from whose mountains roar
Combining fountains, which without delay
Towardes the ocean do their streams display;
And (as if over-tired) make their graves
Betwixt the northern and the southern waves.
West, and beneathe this dismal forest lies
A fruitful vale, in form triangle-wise,
Wherein stands Tavestocke, whose glorious state
Hath much been darken'd by the checks of fate.
But yet her abbies, and her mon'ments' story,
Are strong assertors of her ancient glory."

Alas! there were but a few fragments of her once-proud abbey left to appeal to my sympathy with the past. There was enough, however, to beguile the hours of a rainy day. I could shelter myself under the massive old wall overlooking the river-side; and linger in the lone gateway which still remains, and, to some ears, continues to repeat old echoes of princely and ecclesiastic, if not saintly, footfalls. Ah! that gateway used to lead into a scene of stirring as well as sequestered life. Voices from the Chapter of that house had swayed the councils of Princes, and moved the powers of the Vatican. There a leading school of Saxon literature had flourished. There one of the earliest printing-presses of England was set up, and worked. Nor were the literary issues from the banks of the Tavy less respectable, at one time, than those of London herself, proudly as she has since learnt to hold herself towards the provincial press. Tavistock gave to the world many precious pages of poetry, philosophy, and law. Among the rest, an edition of the "Stannary" laws, a copy of which, in Exeter College library, Oxford, is entitled, "Here followyth the confirmation of the charter perteyinge to all the tynners wythyn the Coũtey of Devonshyre, with there statutes also made at Crockeryntorre by the hole assẽt and cõsent of al the sayd tynners yn the yere of our Soverryne Lord Kyng Henry ye VIII., the second yere .... imprinted in Tavystoke ye xx day of August, the yere of ye reygne of our Soveryne Lord Kynge Henry ye VIII., the xxvi yere." And in the same library may be found a perfect copy of Boethius, designated, "The Boke of Comfort, called in Latin *Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, translated in Englesse tonge.... emprinted in the exempt monastery of Tavestoke, in Dẽnshyre, by me, Dan Thomas Rychard, monke of the sayde monastery. To the instant desyre of the right worshyppful esquyer Mayster Robert Longdon. Anno D. MDXXV. Deo Gracias." Like many printing and publishing houses of other days, however, the old concern on Tavy-side fell under the pressure of hard times. It had to compound in a queer style, if not to "pass through the Court;" and in the end there was an entire smash; press, and type, and all the monkish hands that worked them, were scattered; and by

Royal Commission, the estate was sold or given to John Lord Russell; through whom the once-magnificent Benedictine property now enriches the house of Bedford. The ruinous abbey-church was demolished in 1670. One who knew the spot in the early part of the last century says, that the gate-house which remained was then used as a prison for captive sailors. The Saxon school had been turned into a granary; and the refectory was fitted up as a Presbyterian meeting-house. This last piece of desecration, as some would call it, has been remedied, or atoned for, in the estimation of a few good Churchmen, it is said, by a subsequent incorporation of the misappropriated apartment into the largest monument of her "ancient glory" of which Tavistock can boast, her principal inn. But I must be off for Tavy-Head.

Another morning has brought the promise of a day's sun-light upon the moor. Our horses are at the door; and now away we trot to the music of the river, as it glides under the quiet woods of Mount Tavy, swelling up on our right, or as it merrily sports with the sunbeams among the mossy stones in the open shallows. Stay a moment on Harford-bridge, and listen to the sweet under-tones of the passing stream as they are softly echoed and re-echoed from beneath the old green-mantled arches; and then up the narrow rugged lane to salute Peter Tavy. Let nobody suppose that I am speaking of a person by that name: no, it is an unpolished gem of a moorland village, whose rustic church is dedicated to the first Apostle, so as to secure the distinction of a name in which its patron saint is curiously associated with the little river over whose course it casts a fixed look of hallowing guardianship. Who that has seen her picturesque mill, and listened to the voice of her falling waters, does not long to visit Peter Tavy again? Peter Tavy is rude, it may be; but how beautifully clean! Yes, everything seems to be clean in districts where the soil rests on granite rock. Ruskin, as well as myself, has noticed this, and, therefore, I must be right; for he has wandered among ancient granites much further, if not longer, than I have; far and long enough, however, some suspect, to lose his place by the side of his friend Turner, as a faithful lover of home-scenery. Well, he shall be welcome to his foreign wonders: I am on my upward way to the dear old Devonian wilderness of mysterious crags and Tors.

Now the steep road narrows; nothing but ponies would do here. We are ascending still, beneath the noble brow of Smearridge on the one side; while on the other, far beneath us, is the Tavy, hastening downward to refresh the stillness of the southern woodlands. See how lovingly it touches the fringe of that bright green copse. You can hear it rushing over its stony bed in the ferny hollow yonder; where, in its gladness, it seems to brighten into liquid silver, or to bespangle itself with never-melting snow-flakes. Now it appears to linger a moment under the shadow of an old oak; now, again, it swells proudly, as it sweeps around the base of a tall crag, standing out from the hill-side like some lordly flanking tower of a mighty fortress; and now, just as it turns to hide itself from our view behind that heathy point, it catches the light, and casts back a soft reflection, as if it smilingly wished us a happy visit to the place of its birth. But we must press forward on our upland way. It is best to leave our ponies at Cudlip Town.

Town, I say; not that there is either civic corporation, market-cross, or even semblance of public entertainment there. No, no; be it understood that on the borders of Dartmoor a few huts and a cattle-shed have, in some cases, enjoyed the right of being called a "town" from time immemorial.

Now, then, for a moorland journey in earnest.

Our guide, the little hatchet-faced, black-eyed moor-man, must be followed with implicit confidence, and unflinching courage. Never mind spoiling your boots. Make up your mind to release your trousers for ever from drawing-room service after this march. Now away to Stannaton Down, a desert hill, strewed with granite fragments, and crowned with its silent Karn: then, turning a little southward, there is the swell of Lints Tor to be mastered. Here, we go plash and squash, plash and quash through the bog; down, down, at every step, deeply

beneath the black watery surface of the desert. Let there be no quailing; for there is yet mile after mile of alternate heath and green-covered morass, stony hill-sides, and peaty hollows. Where are we going? Ask no questions, but push onward! another mile, another, and another. We should fail surely, but for the moorland breeze, that seems to be life itself. Quaff it! quaff it! we may never taste the like again! Now look at the Tors! we are entering the secret places of the moor. The gigantic masses of ancient rocks which hold their eternal watch on the surrounding peaks, seem fearfully to change their shape as we move nearer to them, or pass under their shadows. They might be taken for the fixed yet living monster guardians of this wild home of Devonian rivers. This is the retreat, too, of the little half-human, half-spirit communities which are said to dance nightly under the silent moon. Courage, brave fellows! we are now on our way to the summit of Furtor.

Here we are, at last, on one of the highest swells of the mysterious region. Here for ages the winds have howled and whistled around the rocky crown of the hill; and in these rock-basins the rain of heaven found a lodgment long, long, perhaps, before the lone height was first marked by a human foot-print. From this point the Tors, which so solemnly clustered around one while we were in the hollows, now appear to sink from the sight; and the vast and dreary wilderness of marsh, and heath, and bog, stretches far, far away on every side, broken here and there only by a grotesque rock or grand old Karn. Not even a sheep-track can be seen. The upward spring or the shrill voice of heath-fowl now and then breaks the silence, and gives the only token of life in the deep solitude. Nevertheless, there was more of human life here once; for the foundation of a hut-circle is still apparent, such as indicates in various parts of the moor the former presence of a few lone households at least. And now let us approach the only other memorial of an extinct race. There it is, beneath the hill, just by the source of the Tavy. It is a fallen Cromlech, silently witnessing, amidst broken and scattered masses of rock, that some human spirit once thought the source of the Tavy to be a holy place. Who, or what, was the man who reared this consecrated stone? Ah, there was neither record nor answering voice concerning him; but I thought of him lovingly, because he had loved to watch the infant-life of a gentle and lovely stream. What meant the deep heart-thrill which came intruding for a moment on one's inward stillness? Was it from some spiritual touch responsive to affectionate thoughts about those who, more than twenty centuries ago, chose Tavy-Head as their place of prayer? Do they still visit the old altar-scene? However that may be, their sympathies and mine are akin; for I, as well as they, have felt myself near to the Divine source of all goodness and beauty while devoutly resting in the deep and holy retirement from whence, for ages, the Tavy has sent forth her ceaseless flow of joy and blessing. X.

Battle-Bridge.

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE ASS.

The ass is to be found both in a wild and domestic state, and each is mentioned in the Scriptures. The common ass of the East is a much finer animal than the variety met with among ourselves, so celebrated for their patience, and stubbornness, and the hard treatment which they usually receive.

With sheep, oxen, and camels, asses formed part of the riches of the Patriarchs, and great attention was paid to the rearing of this animal. We find that Anah, one of the Dukes of Seir, was engaged in feeding the ass; (Gen. xxxvi. 24;) and in like manner David employed Jehdeiah, a Prince in Israel, for the same purpose. (1 Chron. xxvii. 30.)

When Job's wealth is recounted, it is said of him that he had five hundred she-asses; (chap. i. 3;) and, again, it is recorded, he had a thousand she-asses.

(chap. xlii. 12.) It would appear that the female ass was considered of greater value than the male. Not only did she subsist on coarse and scanty food, as she travelled over the desert, but she supplied the weary and fainting traveller with milk.

In olden times, before the introduction of the horse into Palestine, the ass was used for riding, and highly esteemed for that purpose. Indeed, it was considered an honour, in the early part of the Jewish history, to ride on an ass. Abraham, probably the richest man that ever lived, rode on an ass when he went with his son Isaac to Mount Moriah. In the time of the Judges, the nobles and higher classes highly valued those which were of a silvery-white colour. These are alluded to when it is said, "Speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way." (Judges v. 10.) Abdon, one of the Judges of Israel, "had forty sons and thirty nephews, that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts." (Judges xii. 14.) The time, however, came when the rich left the use of the ass to the poorer classes. Accordingly, when Christ's entrance into Jerusalem is prophesied by Zechariah, He was to come unto the daughter of Jerusalem "lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass;" (Zech. ix. 9;) and literally was this fulfilled, as we are told by the Evangelists.

Even yet, however, according to Mrs. Griffith, there are donkeys to be met with in the East which are far from being despicable. She says: "The Cairo donkey deserves a place in zoology to itself; for it is different from any other of its species. It is distinguished less for its size than for its docility and strength. The weight they will carry, and the pace they go, are extraordinary: they walk, trot, and canter, as regularly as a horse. The saddles they carry are very large, and stuffed quite soft; the pommel rising high in front. They are generally of a very gay colour, and furnished with bridles covered with red carpet, and a pair of fantastic iron stirrups. There is always a donkey-boy for each, who drives his customers forward like a bale of goods."

We read, in the Bible, of the ass being used in various departments of husbandry. Where no distinction was made between clean and unclean animals, the ass and the ox were often put in the same yoke; but this was prohibited by the law of Moses. (Deut. xxii. 10.) In all probability, this prohibition had a higher object than the beast of the field: it may have been to teach the great moral lesson the Apostle St. Paul refers to in 2 Corinthians, where, describing the impropriety of ungodly connexions, he says, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" (Chap. vi. 14, 15.)

The ass was employed in preparing the ground which had been flooded for the seed, by treading upon the soil and working it with his feet; and to this practice the Prophet Isaiah is supposed to refer when he exclaims, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass." (Isai. xxxii. 20.)

But there is another ass mentioned in the Bible,—the wild ass who "scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver," whose home is "the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings." (Job xxxix. 5—8.) These fine animals, of which a spirited woodcut accompanies this Number of the "Christian Miscellany," are met with on the plains of Assyria, where they are still conspicuous for their freedom from all restraint. To them, Layard, in his "Nineveh," refers: "I rode," he says, "through the desert to Tel Afer.... As evening approached, we saw congregated near a small stream, what appeared to be a large company of dismounted Arabs, their horses standing by them. As we were already near them, and could not have escaped the watchful eye of the Bedouin, we prepared for an encounter.... We approached cautiously, and were surprised to see that the horses still remained without their riders: we drew still nearer, when they all galloped off towards the desert. They were all wild asses. We attempted to follow them. After running a little distance, they stopped to gaze at us, and I got sufficiently near to see them well; but as soon as they found that we were in pursuit, they hastened their speed, and were

soon lost in the distance. In fleetness they equal the gazelle; and to match them is a feat which only one or two of the most celebrated mares have been known to accomplish. The Arabs sometimes catch the foals during the spring, and bring them up with milk in their tents. I endeavoured in vain to obtain a pair. They are of a light fawn colour, almost pink. The Arabs still eat their flesh."

The wildness and untameableness of these animals have been employed in Scripture as a fit emblem of the depravity of man, and his unwillingness to learn that wisdom which cometh from above. "Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt." (Job xi. 12.) And when the angel of the Lord appeared to Hagar in the wilderness, and told her the character of her son Ishmael, the heavenly messenger said, "He will be a wild man;" literally, "a wild-ass man." (Gen. xvi. 12.) Now, if we examine the history of Ishmael and of his seed, we shall see that the prediction has been fulfilled to the letter. The descendants of Ishmael are still the unconquered inhabitants of the desert of Arabia. The barren wilderness is their country, and their tent their abode. They roam to and fro without restraint, and plunder the travellers as they pass. The language of Job may be applied to them with great propriety, when he says, "Behold, as wild asses in the desert, go they forth to their work; rising betimes for a prey." (Chap. xxiv. 5.)

Narratives.

HOW A KAREN WOMAN BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

THE first Christian woman I met, says Mrs. Mason, in Burmah, told me this story:—

Sixteen years before, she was one day by the Salwen river, when she saw a ship coming up. She ran to see it, when a tall, handsome, white foreigner stepped on the shore. He came up to her, and gave his hand.

"*Mah a lah*" ("How do you do?") "*Mah, Th'kyen,*" ("Well, my lord,") was asked, and answered; when he inquired where she was going, and bade her go in peace. The white foreigner returned to the ship, and she stood gazing after it. Soon her brothers came up, and she said,—

"I have seen one of *the sons of God.*"

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he gave me his hand."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, I did; for he looked like an angel, and I am not ashamed of it."

That night her husband beat her for giving her hand to a stranger, and she was then ordered to go to heathen festivals as usual. Guapung towered up: (and she was a most noble-looking woman:) "No," she said; "now for twenty years I have been making offerings to Guadama, and he has not stopped my husband from beating me once. Hereafter, I pray only to this white man's God. The white foreigner looked like an angel; he spoke to me gently and respectfully, *as if I had been a man!* His God must be the best God." She began that night to pray. This was her prayer:—"Father God, Lord God, Honourable God, the Righteous One! in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the seas, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray!"

This prayer she prayed for five years, utterly refusing to make offerings to the idols. After that time, a Missionary went into her region. As soon as she heard another white foreigner had come, she ran and sat down at his feet for nine days. She was converted, and was the means of converting her husband and all her family, and of raising up three churches. She was deaconess, sexton, and everything. She became a *Bible-talker*. She could never stop to learn herself, but had all her children taught; and she treasured up the Scripture in a most wondrous way. For months this woman has been with me over the burning plains, when I have been compelled to wear a towel for a turban, dipped in every cool spring we came to; I reading the Bible in her language, and she *talking* it.

This woman had been a fortune-teller; and one day a woman came five miles to get a charm for her husband, who had run away from her.

"Yes," said Guapung, "I have a charm. Sit down, sister."

So down she sat, the whole long day, listening to Guapung's wonderful stories.

"Now," she said, "there was once a wonderful Man in this world, whose face shone like a rainbow. One day He saw a woman crying, and He went up to her, and asked, 'Why weepest thou, Mary?' Then He spoke kind words to her, and made her happy. Now, this Being, who spoke so kindly to a woman, was the Son of God!" Then she went on to tell her of the charm; which was to go and call back her husband, and not scold him any more; because this Son of God commanded that women should obey their husbands.

About three weeks after, a man came over from the heathen village, and wanted to see "the big teacheress" that had the charm; for he said that that woman, who had been such a brawler that nobody could live in peace in her neighbourhood, was then living very happily with her husband, the quietest of all; and the men of the place were anxious that their wives should join the Christians, because they understood the Christian religion did not allow women to scold their husbands!

Now, all this good resulted from that one expression of sympathy, in giving the hand to a heathen woman. This I call the greatest sermon ever preached by that Missionary: and that Missionary was dear, good Dr. Judson; and could his ransomed spirit now speak, would he not say,—

"PITY HEATHEN WOMEN! DO NOT GIVE UP BURMAH!"

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER'S EARLY LIFE, AND FIRST PASTORATE.

MEMORABLE places are always attractive. The scene of some huge conflagration, or of some tragic catastrophy, fixes the gaze of an empire. The battle-fields where the destinies of nations have been settled, will ever excite the emotions of the world's students. The birthplace of a Luther, a Wesley, or any other of our great social and moral reformers, and the localities where they fought their grandest battles, will gather about them the thought and interest of earnest minds to the latest generations. Not only among the great hives of industry, where commerce and science engage their votaries in a race of intense and exhaustive competition, but amid the quiet rusticity of country-life, have many of the mightiest spirits, whose influence the world has felt, been born. On the 12th of November, 1615, the great and good Richard Baxter was born, in a small township in Shropshire; and into the seventy-six years of his life were crowded some of the most exciting events of English history.

About the time of his birth a change took place in his father's conduct, so that from a gambler and libertine he became a devoted observer of every hallowed duty. Minute incidents frequently originate a new series of events, by which stupendous results are produced. A change in the mind of one, may produce a succession of changes by which the world is moved. The Curates, mostly ungodly men, were young Richard's instructers; among whom he was handed from one to another, deriving more from his own constitutional energy and application than from their instructions. God Himself interposed to bring his father, *by the simple reading of the Scriptures*, to forsake those vices in which he delighted, and seek peace in religion; and thenceforth he sought, by a course of godly instruction, to train up his boy for future service.

Conversion is the turning-point in individual history, and that upon which the whole being revolves. No stereotyped form exists in which it takes place. The one principle of trust in Christ, as the only atoning sacrifice for sin, is permanent; while the time, the place, the manner, are circumstances revolving round it. God's Spirit, in accomplishing His saving purposes, works in accordance with the mental constitution, temperament, and education; sometimes by the reading of His word, or by religious books; by a dream, or some startling providence; by the terrors of the law, or the sweet influences of love. Bunney's "Resolutions," which had been lent to the father by some poor

man; Sibbes's "Bruised Reed;" the works of Perkins on "Repentance," and on "Living and Dying well;" and Culverwell on "Faith;" were books, the perusal of which, under God, conducted Richard to the Cross, and confirmed him in piety.

The Christian Pastor, in taking under his care a youth whose loftiest aspirations are after the high places of usefulness, sows seed which bears golden fruit. For ages to come his work appears in a host of valiant warriors in life's conflict. Mr. Francis Garbut, Minister at Wroxeter, took the youthful student, and directed and encouraged him in his pursuit of religious knowledge. Previously, while yet in his teens, he had been under the care of Mr. Richard Wickstead, Chaplain to the Court at Ludlow Castle; and was afterwards, at the request of Lord Newport, entrusted with a school which had been kept by his old schoolmaster, Owen. Here he pursued his task amid the inconveniences of threatening consumption. He had climbed much of the rugged steep of learning, and enjoyed in his own heart the result of his toil. But under the paternal guidance of Garbut he was enabled to raise his intellect and heart into harmony with that glorious system of revealed truth, which illustrates, in resplendent brightness, the perfections of Him by whom and to whom are all things, in heaven above, and on the earth beneath.

During the intellectual and religious progress of Baxter, those characteristics manifested themselves frequently so observable in his numerous and valuable works. Personal tastes are the result of a definite mental constitution, rather than of cultivation. Intellectual capacity and tendency are born with man: here Divine wisdom appears. Some minds naturally delight in subjects of an abstruse and metaphysical character, while others luxuriate in the more palpable phenomena of natural philosophy and history; and God has provided in the different departments of His works matter to engage the most profound intellect, and minister gratification to every order of mind. By a *natural tendency* Baxter cultivated logic and metaphysics, and revelled in the network of doubts in which his own mind was frequently entangled. In the schoolmen, such as Aquinas, Scotus, and Durandus, he found his richest delight; and the love of metaphysical disquisition, and theological controversy, fostered in their company, kept him long from enjoying that peace which it is the privilege of God's people to realize. Never let it be forgotten by the bands of youthful students crowding our sanctuaries in the present exciting age, that all spiritual help comes from a power external to ourselves; and he that would repose in the elevating and satisfying blessings of the Gospel, must disentangle himself from the web of his own thinkings, and seek in God Himself, grace according to his need.

Picture here the thoughtful and aspiring Richard Baxter, pale and thin, full of disease, pressing onwards, without a moment's pause, to accomplish his heaven-appointed work. His afflicted condition will aid us in understanding much which afterwards distinguished him. How many of God's noblest spirits have had to contend with bodily defect and infirmity, peverty and disease, while gaining victories over tyranny, profligacy, and the world's hate! "At fourteen years of age, he was seized with small-pox; and soon after, by an improper exposure to cold, he was afflicted with a violent cough. This continued for about two years, and was followed by spitting of blood, and other consumptive symptoms. He became from that time the sport of medical treatment and experiment. One physician prescribed one mode of cure, and another a different one; till, from first to last, he had the advice of no less than thirty-six professors of the healing art. By their orders, he took drugs without number; till, by experiencing how little they could do for him, he forsook them entirely. He was diseased, literally, from head to foot: his stomach flatulent and acidulous; violent rheumatic headaches; prodigious bleedings at the nose; his blood so thin and acrid, that it oozed out from the points of his fingers, and kept them often raw and bloody; his legs swelled and dropsical. He was one of the most diseased and afflicted men that ever reached the ordinary limits of human life;" and how he accomplished so much is a mystery to those who contemplate him from amid the

halcyon circumstances of the nineteenth century. Who can wonder that he, like many of God's princes, displayed occasional irritability of temper, and peevishness of disposition? These manifestations are frequently the result of disease, to which there attaches no sin, and which are well understood by Him who knows intimately the body's power over the soul; who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust." They suggest the philosophy, as well as the religion, of judging of each other, not by the imperfections of life, but by its manifold and precious excellencies.

In the life of most men of renown are beautiful incidents which illustrate the doctrine of a particular Providence. We can bear the sneer of the philosophic scorner as, pointing to the stability of creation's laws, and their great Framer's faithfulness, he asks,—

"When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if thou go by?"

and yet maintain that there are *some* things which can only be accounted for on the supposition of a special Divine interposition. In the year 1633 Baxter, under the influence of temptation, gave up his aspirations for the Christian ministry, and was introduced at Court, by Sir Henry Newport. One month's residence with him at Whitehall, gave him enough of court-life, and of the religious practices of the upper classes at that period. On his way home, on horseback, he met a loaded waggon, which could only be passed by riding on the side of a bank. The horse fell, and he was thrown immediately under the wheel; but at the very moment, when he might have been crushed beneath the ponderous load, the horses, without any perceptible cause, stopped. Where was the natural law controlling this movement? When life is thus preserved in the case of a man destined to influence for good generations to come, is there not sound philosophy in recognising the touch of that Hand Omnipotent which holds the chain of universal causation, and directs the whole for His glory?

"The merest seeming trifle is order'd as the morning light,
And He that rideth on the hurricane is Pilot of the bubble on the breaker."

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes.

THE POWER OF WESLEY'S PREACHING.

One night, about a century ago, in a tavern, in this metropolis, five young men met to have a pleasant evening. At a loss for amusement, they determined that one of them, a young barrister and a noted mimic, should "take off Mr. Wesley." As the Methodist was preaching that night hard by, Madan left his companions a few minutes, for the chapel, that he might be the better able to execute his task. When he entered, the Preacher was giving out his text: "Prepare to meet thy God!" The barrister listened; and, as the Preacher proceeded, he began to feel a strange awe: the arrow of God pierced him, and he stood fixed to the spot. At last, as Wesley closed, Madan thought of his friends, and returned in haste to the tavern. "Well, now," they exclaimed, as he entered, "take him off!" "Ah! gentlemen," said Madan, with a grave, solemn tone, "he has taken *me* off!" He then repeated Wesley's burning, melting appeals; and from that night he became a fervent disciple of Jesus, and one of the most noted Preachers of the day.

THE WAKING HEART.

Brainerd, in his "Journal," tells of an Indian who came to him one day in great joy. "I often heard you say," was his simple tale, "that, in order to come to Christ, we must feel ourselves utterly helpless and undone. I long strove after this, thinking it would be a good frame of mind; and that, in return for it, God would bestow on me salvation. But the longer I strove," he continued, "the more wretched I became. At length I heard you one evening setting forth the glory of Christ, and inviting sinners to

come to Him, naked and empty. That night, I *saw with my heart* the glorious Saviour; and it stole my heart away."

Such is *the waking heart*. The Indian's heart had awoke from the sleep of death. Seeing with his heart the crucified Lord; hearing with his heart Christ's piteous voice; the suspicious, trembling sinner was changed into the believing, confiding saint.

The Months of the Year.

JANUARY.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell;
And blowe his nayles, to warm them if he may:
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray.
SPENSER.

THIS month derives its name from JANUS, the most ancient King of Italy, who after death was reckoned among the Roman divinities, and invested with attributes which were highly appropriate for a being who was to rule the first month of the year. JANUS was the god of gates and avenues, and held a key in one hand, and a rod in the other, symbolical of his opening and ruling the year. He was seated in the midst of twelve altars, and bore on his hands a number of figures corresponding with the days of the year, as the altars did with the months. He was also represented as having two faces; the one, that of an experienced sage, looking back upon the past; the other, that of a youth, looking forward with hope and expectancy towards the future. Sometimes he is spoken of as possessing *four* faces, those to the right and left being engaged in viewing the current of affairs as it passed. Remarking on this, a modern writer says, "So should it be with every Januarian: guided by experience, and calculating the probability of future events, we should ever regulate our actions; but at the commencement of a new year we seem especially called upon to make some general calculations, to institute some general regulations. Various scenes have been shifted in the past act of life's drama; some beacon must have arisen to guide us through the next: follies have been perpetrated, sorrows experienced, pleasures participated in, mercies manifested. Are not these subjects of repentance, warning, and thankfulness?"

This month was chosen by Numa Pompilius as the commencement of the year, in preference to March, when the ancient year began, probably because the lengthening of the days, being the chief cause of the return of Spring, may therefore be considered in reality as its commencement. The time of the renewal of nature varies greatly in different countries; but in our own there is certainly less appearance of such a change in the month of January than at any other period; for "as the days begin to lengthen, the frost begins to strengthen."

On the spread of Christianity in this island, the month was named *Aefter-yule*, or After Christmas. It does not appear for what reason the Saxon names of the months have been altered, while those of the days have been retained. In ancient paintings January appears as an old man clad in white, with Aquarius standing by him, or the zodiacal sign into which the sun enters on the 19th of this month.

The Portfolio.

TAKE HEED TO YOURSELVES.

LET us not be over-curious, says St. Chrysostom, about the failings of others, but take account of our own; let us bear in mind the excellencies of other men, while we reckon up our own faults; for

then shall we be well-pleasing to God. For he who looks at the faults of others, and at his own excellencies, is injured in two ways: by the latter he is carried up to arrogance; through the former he falls into listlessness. For when he perceives that such an one hath sinned, very easily he will sin himself; when he perceives that he hath in aught excelled, very easily he becometh arrogant. He who consigns to oblivion his own excellencies, and looks at his failings only, whilst he is a curious inquirer into the excellencies not the sins of others, is profitable in many ways. And how? I will tell you. When he sees that such an one hath done excellently, he is raised to emulate the same; when he sees that he himself hath sinned, he is rendered humble and modest. If we act thus, if we thus regulate ourselves, we shall be able to obtain the good things which we are promised, through the grace and loving-kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

TONGUE-PRAYER NOT THE ONLY PRAYER.

It is said that David praised God upon an instrument of ten strings; and he would never have told how many strings there were, but that without doubt he made use of them all. God hath given all of us bodies, as it were instruments of many strings; and can we think it music good enough to strike but one string, to call upon Him with our tongues only? No, no; when the still sound of the heart by holy thoughts, and the shrill sound of the tongue by holy words, and the loud sound of the hands by pious works, do all join together, that is God's concert, and the only music wherewith He is delighted.

Notes for Readers.

At the request of many judicious Leaders, and others, the terse and admirable remarks published some time ago in this Periodical, under the quaint title of "Directions for spoiling a Class-Meeting," have been issued from the Conference press, under the title of *The Class-Meeting: Hints for Members, showing how they may impair its usefulness: "as the manner of some is;"* by the Rev. Joseph Bush. The sixth edition of the eloquent and masterly treatise, by Rev. Richard Watson, on *The Universal Redemption of Mankind the Doctrine of the New Testament*, is just issued. In many quarters the controversy, which is here so skilfully dealt with, is offensively revived; and a better service cannot be rendered to the cause of truth than the extensive circulation of this work. *Two Other Folded Lambs; or, Pages for the Young*, by Mary, is a new and well-written Reward-Book, sure to be a great favourite with the young. The tenth edition of the stirring *Memoirs* of the zealous *Rev. John Smith*, with Dr. Dixon's very suggestive prefatory Essay prefixed, has also been published by Mr. Mason. Our readers will be glad to learn that not only is the *Second Volume of Dr. Bunting's Sermons* fast progressing to completion, but that the venerable and revered Thomas Jackson is also passing through the press an original and exhaustive treatise on *Providence as unfolded to us in God's Holy Word*. It is remarkable that for two hundred years no work on this important subject has been published by any English Divine. We have only further space this month to name an excellent and lengthy work on Church-membership, by the Rev. Richard Rymer, bearing the striking title of *A Visible Church, and no Invisible Members;* a most interesting and instructive work for youth, *The Story of an Apprenticeship*, by a beloved, faithful, and diligent Methodist Minister, now laid aside from active service; and a capital Sermon by the Rev. George Jackson, addressed to the young, on *The Progress of Sin*.

Memorials of the Departed.

Benjamin Dunn died at Toddington, Bedfordshire, April 28th, 1859. In the year 1856 he left his home at Dudley to become a student in Westminster Normal

Institution. At the commencement of his career there, he was but nominally a member of the church; but during a revival of religion which broke out amongst the students, he was made a partaker of the saving grace of God. In 1858 he was appointed to the Wesleyan day-school at Leek; and in the January of the following year he assumed the superintendency of a similar institution at Toddington. His ability as a teacher, and his conscientious discharge of the duties of his profession, soon won the confidence of all interested in the welfare of the school. His private Christian life exhibited a marked consistency, and before his scholars, he adorned the religion which he ever strove to make the groundwork of his educational efforts. "Mother," said a scholar, on returning from school one day, "Teacher must be a good man, he prays so." In the following April, the rupture of a blood-vessel brought on a rapid consumption, which in a few weeks hurried him to the grave. During his illness he enjoyed the peace which passeth all understanding; and in the last struggle death had no sting, the grave no victory. Shortly before his death, a few friends gathered around his bed; and those whose privilege it then was to see a Christian die will never forget the scene. He trusted solely, fully in Christ, and feared no evil. Brief had his life been, and suddenly had eternity opened up before him; but, in the light of the Gospel, that land of silence and mystery stood revealed as heaven, the spirit's home, the land of unfading beauty and everlasting joy. For some hours he was delirious, but at the moment of dissolution his mind was calm; in death the covenant of peace was not removed, and with a gentle sigh his spirit returned unto God who gave it. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Toddington, where,

> —by the cypresses
> Softly o'ershadow'd,
> Until the angel
> Calls him, he slumbers.

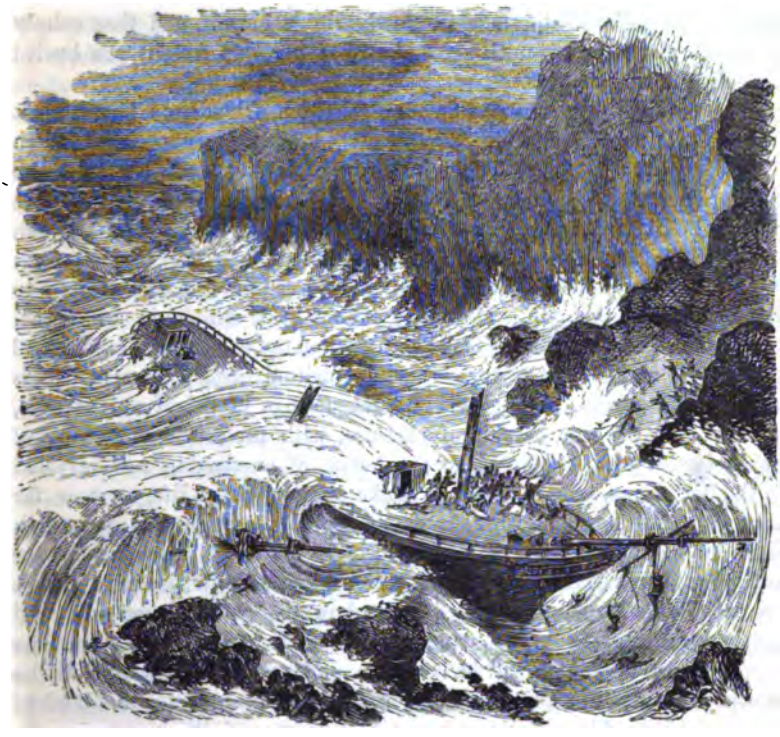
His triumph in death bears witness to the truth of the Christian's hope; and his early removal from a sphere of usefulness says to us, "Work, while it is called to-day," for the night may soon come, when the labour must cease, and the labourer's hire be given. E. A.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Alham, John,	Carlton-le-Moorland,	Lincoln,	26	Aug. 30th, 1861.
Barber, Mrs. Ann,	Easingwold,	Easingwold,	72	Sept. 26th, 1861.
Barker, Ann,	Malton,	Malton,	31	Aug. 18th, 1861.
Baume, Joseph,	Luddenden,	Todmorden,	91	Nov. 3d, 1861.
Clayton, Damaris,	Thurlby,	Lincoln,	39	June 24th, 1861.
Ellis, William,	Hardley,	Bungay,	74	Sept. 25th, 1861.
Foster, Mary,	Sedbergh,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	86	July 1st, 1861.
Holmes, Elizabeth,	Stapleford,	Lincoln,	23	Aug. 23d, 1861.
Hutchinson, Mrs. H.,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	88	May 17th, 1861.
Lamplugh, Mrs. M.,	Foston,	Driffield,	45	March 30th, 1860.
Monkman, Mary,	Norton,	Malton,	83	July 29th, 1861.
Moon, Sarah,	Malton,	Malton,	48	Nov. 23d, 1861.
Petch, Samuel,	Old Malton,	Malton,	81	Nov. 8th, 1861.
Reeder, William,	Norwich,	Norwich,	47	Sept. 5th, 1861.
Storr, Mary Larder,	Northampton,	Northampton,	21	April 4th, 1861.
Warcup, Margaret,	Norton,	Malton,	55	Oct. 18th, 1861.
Warters, John,	Norton,	Malton,	85	Nov. 24th, 1861.
Wilson, Mrs. Elizabeth,	6, St. Sampson's-sq.	York,	45	Jan. 25th, 1861.

ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



The Wreck of the "Royal Charter."

ALMOST SAVED.

It is but little more than two years ago, that a large ocean-steamer, the "Royal Charter," in returning from Australia, was wrecked upon our coast. On board were several hundred natives of England, who, from different motives, had exiled themselves for a time from home. The husband and father had gone, in order to acquire a competency for his wife and children; the son had gone, in order to lay by something with which to relieve the wants of his aged parents, and to supply them with comforts during their declining years; the young lover had gone, in order to place himself in a situation to ask for the hand of the woman who had won his heart. Urged by such and similar motives, these all had left their homes; and now, after several years of weary exile and hard labour in a far-off country, they had gathered together their little stores, and, with hearts beating high with expectation, had embarked again for much-loved England. The voyage, though tedious to impatient hearts, had been safely accomplished; and the eyes of all were gladdened with the sight of their native shore. But suddenly a storm sweeps over the face of the deep, and soon the noble ship is groaning under the lashing, mighty, roaring wind. By-and-by the helmsman perceives that he has lost control of the vessel, and that she is drifting to the coast; presently a rock is

struck: the gallant ship staggers, slowly rights herself, and then calmly and sadly settles down, until she and all her precious freight are buried beneath the surging seas.

Who does not pity the double anguish which friends, on shore, must have felt, to know that their loved ones on board only perished when almost home? The bright hopes which had buoyed up the hearts of the wanderers were almost realized. Already the husband pictured his wife and children waiting in careful readiness to receive him; the son imagined his mother watching, from her cottage-door, for the approach of his footsteps, and the father impatiently treading the garden-path to welcome him at the gate. How very sad the blow which, in a moment, extinguished for ever these gilded hopes, just on the eve of their fulfilment!

A sadder case is often furnished in the spiritual history of men. It is the case of one who, wearied with his wanderings in this world of care, wearied with the vain pursuit of pleasure, with the continual seeking of unsubstantial good, is pointed to the haven of everlasting rest revealed in the Scriptures. He is urged to make the voyage of life, to steer for that port. He hears descriptions of the goodly land of Canaan, which cause his heart to throb with desire. He is told that there the hunger and thirst, the sickness and sorrow, which wrap all other lands in gloom, are entirely unknown; that once arrived in that quiet haven, he will never again venture upon dangerous seas, for every want will be supplied, his happiness will be complete, and complete for ever. He is almost persuaded to change his course, and steer straight for this land of pure delight. Already he can catch glimpses of its beauty in the distance, and hear snatches of the songs of joy which are sung by its inhabitants. But while he stops to look, and listen, and deliberate, suddenly an adverse storm overtakes him; temptations press upon him; he is induced to yield to sin; to voyage on a little further in his present course; until, at last, when the king of terrors lays his hand upon him, he awakes to the awful fact that his soul has drifted upon breakers which will whelm him in the bottomless lake of perdition. Are there not some to weep for such? Are there not some who will seek to arrest them in their course?

PRIVILEGE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

The Gospel of Jesus is an inestimable privilege; beyond all doubt, the highest privilege for man. This is the word, the peculiar, life-giving word, of the Lord; the proclamation of infinite mercy to the guilty; the source of unspeakable blessings to those who embrace it. It comes as a message of grace and authority from God. It employs the ministry of man. It goes forth a message from man to man, of the wonders of love, which God hath provided and revealed in His Son. The Apostle says to the Thessalonians, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord." First, the word of the Lord sounded to them. The Gospel came to them, not "in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Its purpose and its power were instantly demonstrated. The idolatrous and worldly Thessalonians became followers of the Lord, and of His people. They received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost. They became examples to all who believed, within the reach of their influence and reputation. They were a living, thriving church of the Lord Jesus. In a spiritual acceptance of the Gospel, they became partakers of its unlimited and glorious blessings. The remembrance of their grateful faith filled the Apostle's heart with unceasing praise and supplication. The purpose and mind of God concerning them were thoroughly revealed. Their work of faith, their labour of love, and their patience of hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, demonstrated, in the sight of God and their Father, their election of God. What exhibition of a living church could be more perfect or more beautiful? What pattern could be more attractive? Ah! does it belong to us? And can we say and feel, in the testimony of our own experience, of the power and joy of the truth, converting, transforming, renewing us for God, that this life-giving word has sounded to us; that these communications of grace have thus come to us; bringing to our hearts a word of salvation, freely and without an obstacle, and accepted by our souls as a heavenly message for us, in which we really partake, and in the possession of which we as really rejoice? This is the first great object of the ministry of this word to all. This is the necessary foundation of all other advantages and blessings which are to flow from it.

But there is, also, a second thought presented here. The enjoyment of this Gospel is a most sacred trust. Its manifestation offers salvation to man. Its possession involves a heavy responsibility; the responsibility of ministering this salvation. Has the word of the Lord sounded to you? From you it must sound abroad to others also. It enriches you, to your own personal advantage, beyond all the calculation of man. It also increases your means and ability for a work and influence for the salvation of others, in the very same proportion. Every real Christian, every man converted, new-created by the Holy Ghost, becomes immediately a depositary and an agent for God, Divinely furnished and Divinely commissioned to sound abroad from himself the glad tidings which he has himself received. From a recipient, he is constituted a giver. From a vessel, he becomes in his place a fountain. In the wilderness of his nature a spring has come forth, to minister refreshment, it may be, to thousands; and to convey the living waters of a Saviour's love, streams of the river which makes glad the city of God, to multitudes whom, perhaps, he has never seen, and never will see, till he meets them before the throne of God in glory.

This is the highest privilege of man. Great is the blessing of having the life-giving word sound for you; great is the privilege of making it sound for others. The highest exaltation for man is in the ability to impart the highest blessings. When he can give that which is of inestimable worth, with the attendant condition of not only not impoverishing, but of enlarging the fountain of his own blessings, from which he gives,

surely he can have no higher and no happier relation to his fellow-men. To impart the glad tidings of the Gospel,—to sound out, by effort, and influence, and example, the word of the living God,—places him on the ground of a worker together with God, in the highest and the most important of all His works. And this is the spirit which, by the Divine gift, comes to the heart which receives the heavenly message as the word of the living God, effectually working in those who believe. Then you will sound out the word of the Lord. Divine salvation brings with it the real and ardent love of the souls of men, a participation in an emanation from the love of Him who died to save them. It looses the tongue. It inspires the heart. It awakens the conscience. It quickens and enlarges the mind. It adorns and gilds the conduct. It makes the man the pattern of whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report; and thus it stirs him up to sound out the word of the Lord through every channel of his communication with men, that he may by all means save some.

This is one of the first-fruits of true conversion; one of the most lasting fruits of the spiritual mind. From the great pattern and fountain of Divine benevolence in the glorious Saviour, the new heart receives and delights in a spirit of unfailing benevolence like His, and plans and loves to spend and to be spent for the Saviour's glory, and for man's salvation. The exercise of it enlarges the mind, and purifies the character; increases the joy, and establishes the hope of the believing soul. While health, and strength, and means, and active influence remain, the living Christian loves to live in others, and toils to lead others to live in Christ. And when all for him is fading, or has faded, but the heart, which can never fade, his voice of prayer and his soul of love are still more active and engaged, and from him still sounds out the word of the Lord, and in every place his faith Godward still spreads abroad the boundless blessings of a Saviour's love.

This the converted man feels to be, and accepts as, his highest duty. "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." The Apostle commends the Thessalonian Christians for their fidelity in this, that they had faithfully received the word of the Lord, and had faithfully proclaimed it. In both of these aspects of Christian character they had been examples to the believers in the regions round about them. They had embraced the privilege, and they had fulfilled the duty. It is a duty which rests upon the very nature of the operation of the Gospel. The whole theory and plan of this scheme of grace implies and requires it. The Gospel is a leaven; a secret, extending influence. It must spread to operate. It can operate only as it spreads. It is a message to be heard, proclaiming a peace and salvation offered and secured by God's own Son. To be received, it must be heard. To be heard, it must be proclaimed. To be proclaimed, it must have active messengers, who shall go and shall be sent, moved by living hearts, that truly long and pray for its triumphant

efficacy in man's salvation. And as a duty imperative and incumbent, the new-created man accepts it. He has heard the word; he must proclaim it. He has received the gift; he must impart it. It is a duty which rests upon the very purpose of the Gospel. The message of peace is to unite all in one in Christ, the great Head of this living body. It is to create unity, co-operation, harmony among the servants of God in His work. Wanderers from the Saviour's fold, scattered through this evil world, are to be brought back to Him, that they may be saved; and it is the will of God that they should hear the word of salvation from the lips of others, and read it in the messages which others bring, that they may thus know the joyful sound, and rejoice in the light of the reconciled countenance of God upon them. There is no way revealed by which this living temple shall be completed, and this living body of saints perfected, but by the preaching of the Gospel of salvation, and the sounding forth the word of the Lord. And as each new-born soul receives the living current of grace from Jesus, in this living body, he longs to impart the gift to some outcast one, lying yet spiritually dead in the regions beyond. It arises from the Divine command, which bids all with whom Jesus is, to go preach the glad tidings they have received to every creature, as messengers of God, and as the glory of Christ. And as this great command is heard, every impulse of gratitude for boundless gifts, of reverence for supreme authority, of desire for the glory of a beloved Saviour, of benevolence to man, of longing wish for man's salvation, urges the renewed heart to proclaim to every one, according to the Divine command, the gracious intelligence which it has itself received.

SUBDUE YOUR CHILD'S WILL.

How seldom do we see a person whose self-will was not restrained in childhood becoming a Christian! "A child left to himself," not only "bringeth his mother to shame," but almost surely brings ruin upon himself. The parent who neglects, with love and firmness, to subdue his child, in the language of the wise man, "hateth his own son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

The son of pious but too indulgent parents, left home, and ran into evil courses. His father and mother were almost heartbroken, but wrote continually letters overflowing with affection, and earnest entreaties to him to leave his sinful ways. A friend was in his room when one of these home-letters came. He read it seriously, and evidently with a troubled conscience; then sat a few minutes lost in thought; when, suddenly rising, he tossed the letter into the fire, exclaiming, "There, let them warn; write letters, pray and whine! it is of no use! A good whipping, well laid on, ten years ago, would have done more to save me."

Submission to parental authority is a preparative for submission to God's will; while continual self-indulgence fosters the evil passions of the heart, and strengthens its natural enmity to God.

The mother of a little girl, who was always delicate, and subject to fits on any excitement, was told by physicians to keep her as quiet as possible, and never let her be crossed. But, instead of producing the desired effect, this course made her more peevish, irritable, and stubborn. After making it a subject of earnest prayer, the mother decided to govern her as she did the other children. Taking the little one upon her knee, she told her of the error of the course she had pursued, and that henceforth she must obey or be punished. Presently some duty was required, but the child paid no heed to it. Punishment followed, but still the little will held out. It was repeated, with no better success. Again was the trial made, the mother's heart crying to God for strength and guidance. At last, the little offender was completely subdued, and became a most obedient, loving child. Once, at midnight, she waked her mother with the entreaty, "O, mother, pray for me: I am such a great sinner!" It was not long before she gave evidence that she was indeed "born again." That mother lived to hear her say, with pallid lips, "I thank you, mother, for punishing me that day. If you had not, I should have died in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I feel that my sins are forgiven, and I am going to Jesus."

Parent! will you not heed the lesson? But never punish a child, when you cannot pray at the same time for God to bless the chastisement. A punishment given in anger will do more harm than good.

WHERE ARE THE STARS?

I WAS walking out this evening, just after sunset, with a child a few years old by my side, who asked me, "Where are the stars? I don't see any." I said to her, "*Wait till it is a little darker*, and you will see them."

We continued our walk, she clinging fast to my hand. The shades of evening deepened: one by one the stars appeared, and soon in the darkness of night the whole sky was covered with their light and beauty.

As we walked on I began to muse; and when we returned home, the musing still went on, as I repeated to my heart, "Wait till it is a little darker, and the light will come." Often have we heard that "man's extremity is God's opportunity;" that "when He has humbled us, He will exalt us;" that "He will cause light to rise out of obscurity;" and that "the darkest time is just before day." And many a poor, weary, troubled soul has found in his own experience that from the verge of despair the blessedness of hope has sprung. When all other help has failed him, God has been his help and Saviour. But we are very slow to get the comfort of these promises and proverbs before their fulfilment. After the stars have come out bright, and the sky is radiant with glory, we admire it, and wonder at our own want of faith before. Like the child who did not know where the stars were when she could not see them, we do not know where light, and peace, and joy are to come from when we are in

trouble. Well, we must wait till it is a little darker. We have not had trial enough yet; and when it is a little darker, the stars will appear. The day-star will arise on our hearts. The Lord will provide. The days of peace and prosperity will return. Zion will arise, and shine. And the days of our mourning will be ended.

Anxious brother, troubled sister, wait till it is a little darker, and you will see the stars.

THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

MATTHEW VI. 26.

GOD'S benevolent care over irrational and inferior creatures forms the second argument against taking thought for our life. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

This beautiful illustration suggests that God is the Author of all being. In the beginning He created the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind; He made the waters bring forth abundantly every creeping creature that hath life, and that passeth through the paths of the sea: He created great whales also, and every winged fowl to fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. (Genesis i. 20—25.) But His life-giving energy did not terminate in the production of the first living pair of each particular species. Though He said unto them, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," His power is still exerted in forming and bringing into existence every separate individual of all the tribes of living creatures. Everything that hath life,—from Behemoth, chief of the ways of God, who drinketh up a river and hasteth not, to the worm that crawls on the ground, and finds more than ample moisture in the dew-drop of the morning; from Leviathan, who "maketh the sea to boil like a pot," and whose "teeth are terrible round about," to the shrimp sleeping in its ocean bed; from the eagle soaring aloft with unblinking vision in the face of the sun, to the butterfly floating in the sunbeam, and drinking nectar from the rose-bud,—all are the creatures of His hand, and each derives its own individual existence from Him. He appoints the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth; He fixes the moment when the hinds do calve, and numbers the months which they fulfil. He sends out the wild ass free; gives goodly wings unto the peacock; and wings and feathers unto the ostrich. He giveth the horse strength, and clotheth his neck with thunder. The hawk flies by His wisdom, and stretcheth her wings toward the south. The eagle mounts up at His command, and maketh her nest on high. Again He hideth His face, and all living creatures are troubled: He taketh away their breath, they die and return to their dust. And again He sendeth forth His Spirit in His life-giving power, they are created, and the face of the earth is renewed. (Psalm. civ.) "But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind." (Job xii. 7—10.)

Let us not overlook a practical lesson here. Do the teeming millions of living creatures peopling earth, air, and sea, come forth from His hand

and have their being from Him? Are they indeed His creatures? And does a concern for their individual welfare enter into the vast arrangements of His Providence? Then can we, who are formed by the same hand, and fed by the same bounty, be careless of their lives, or inflict upon them unnecessary pain? "The animal creation, whatever the jovial and the gay may think, actually possess rights; and, as the creatures of God, these rights cannot be invaded with impunity. Hence cruelty to animals directly and powerfully tends to render those who are guilty of it, cruel to their own species. Hogarth's four stages of cruelty shrewdly commence here, and end with murder, the gallows, and public dissection." "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." They have, indeed, been subjected to vanity and wrong; they groan and travail in pain by reason of man's transgression. All these are necessary evils which it is not in the power of our hand to prevent. But the wanton cruelty so often visited upon them cannot be too severely reprobated. It is cruelty to creatures made, and sustained, and cared for by the Father of all. It is a positive sin against the Author of all being.

The language of the Saviour indicates further that, as God's creatures, they are watched over, preserved, and provided for with the greatest care.

Their original charter was, "To every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat." (Gen. i. 30.) And this ancient grant is continually renewed and made good; God's covenant with them is not broken off. "Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field: for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig-tree and the vine do yield their strength." (Joel ii. 22.) "The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God." (Psalm civ. 21.) "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." (Psalm cxlvii. 9.)

What an astonishing view does this give us of the infinite resources of the Divine bounty! Who can estimate the amount of food daily required to supply the wants of every living thing? What a quantity of animal and vegetable aliment is necessary for a single ordinary town! How much more for the wants of a large city like the metropolis; how much more for a nation; how much more still for the wants of the world; and that not for a single day or year, but for a long succession of ages! But what are all the wants of humanity compared with the necessities of the whole animate creation? The boundless universe teems with life: earth, air, and sea swarm with millions of living creatures, every one of which has its own peculiar and daily need. Yet "your heavenly Father feedeth them." With the utmost care He spreads their every table. From His own exhaustless storehouse, He "supplieth the wants of every living thing." "These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That Thou givest them they gather: Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good." (Psalm civ. 27, 28.)

Now, in accordance with these principles of God's universal providence, the Lord directs our attention to the "fowls of the air;" not to the canary or the linnet, caged in our dwellings to cheer us by their blithesome notes, whose wants you constantly anticipate; nor to the domestic fowl, prized and fed for its usefulness; but to the tenants of the woods, the songsters of the grove, for whom man neither caters nor cares. "Behold," says He, "behold the *fowls of the air*;" a company of which was probably at that moment

flying in the pure air and sunshine over His congregation. Consider their absolute dependence upon the Divine bounty, and the unfailing certainty of their supplies. They own no master; their home is on the wing or the solitary perch; they shun the abodes of men, and range freely over the entire earth. Yet how few of them perish of hunger! They are carefully and constantly fed by Him who is the universal Parent, but especially the Father of redeemed and adopted men.

In the application of all this to the case in hand, our Lord teaches us, that man possesses a superior nature and far greater resources than the fowls of the air, and therefore he ought not to burden himself with a load of anxious thought.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WIFE AND FAMILY LIFE OF LUTHER.

WELL known as are all the public incidents in the lives of great men, but little is often known of their home-life and domestic relations. It is not always that men who live for the world at large make the best husbands and fathers. Our great Reformer's private life, however, will bear the strictest inspection; and, indeed, might serve as a model. The following incidents, from authentic sources, are wholly to be relied on.

There is an unusual air of romance in the courtship and marriage of Luther, the monk, and Katharine, the nun. The light that penetrated into the monasteries at Erfurt and at Wittenberg, and illuminated Luther, found its entrance at a later date into the convent at Nimptsch, and enlightened Katharine and eight of her companions.

Katharine Von Bora was of honourable extraction. She was early placed in a convent; whether from her own choice to devote herself to the service of the Church, or whether by her parents, cannot now be ascertained. It was usual, at that time, for noble families, reduced in wealth, to dedicate their daughters to a conventual life, thus easing themselves of providing for them. Alas! for such a system, when the poor girls waked up to all the sacred longings for home-life and family associations.

Katharine, it appears, was a devoted Romanist, and rigid in the performance of all the duties imposed upon her. It is supposed that some of Luther's writings had fallen into her hands and those of the other eight nuns, who began to sigh for release. They wrote to their parents, in the first instance, but could make no impression on them. The system that made it a disgrace for a nun to return into public life, appears to have had the effect of stifling the parental feelings. The next step was to address themselves to Luther; who, with the aid of a distinguished citizen, resolved on effecting their deliverance.

Leonard Koppe was a bold, fearless man; and, through many obstacles, he succeeded in securing the escape of these nuns in a curious manner. It was on the night of Good Friday, 1523, that he presented himself at the foot of Katharine's apartment, beneath the window, with a large covered cart, containing empty herring-barrels. It is said that each nun stood upright in a barrel, and in three days they arrived safely at Wittenberg.

Luther's heart did not fail on thus finding himself responsible for the care of nine young nuns. He found them a temporary home with an honourable family, and urgently besought their parents to welcome them back again to their homes. We are not sure whether any of them were thus received; but it is certain that some of them remained at Wittenberg, and married happily. Katharine was hospitably received into the dwelling of the Town-Clerk, where she lived for two years,

She refused more than one offer of marriage; but when, on the 13th of June, 1525, Luther presented himself, and sought her in marriage, she at once accepted him. On this becoming known tremendous indignation was expressed throughout the Papal Church; while the inhabitants of Wittenberg, and all Protestants, hailed it as an auspicious event with great rejoicing.

Luther's marriage-feast is said to have been held in the room of the Augustine monastery he occupied when a monk; and on that building being deserted by the monks, it was presented by the Elector of Saxony to Luther, and became his home.

Katharine is said to have been beautiful as well as sensible and pious, and possessed a genuine simplicity of character and manners that made her a fascinating companion.

The wife had a great admiration for the talents of her distinguished husband; and, while she never interfered in his public life, she delighted to enter into all his trials, and to disperse the melancholy which at times oppressed him in his conflict with the Pope, and with the powers of darkness. A charming representation of this happy and blessed home has been preserved. Seated beside him in his study, or in the garden, she would ply her needle in silence, and at intervals soothe him by Bible-promises. She was an admirable household manager, and made a small income go a great way: a difficult task this for a wife whose husband was given to excessive hospitality and charity. Katharine's decision in ruling her household, and study of domestic economy, have led her enemies to state that she was somewhat proud and imperious. Some of Luther's amusing titles in addressing her—as, "My empress Katy, my kind and dear lord and master Katy, to whom in *household affairs* I give the entire control"—may have given a handle to their foes, instead of being regarded, as they ought to have been, as a proof of his genuine affection.

After they had been married a year, Luther thus wrote to a friend:—"Katy, my dear rib, salutes you. She is, by the blessing of God, quite well: gentle, kind, and obedient in all things, far beyond my hopes, thanks be to God! I would not exchange my poverty with her, for the riches of Crœsus." Katharine was obedient to the apostolic injunction, "a keeper at home:" she found in Luther's society all that she desired in wisdom, tenderness, cheerful conversation, and ready wit. She acted the hospitable hostess to men of learning and letters, who were constant guests; and, in the nurture and training of her six children, she found full employ for every hour. She was a most faithful and excellent nurse in sickness. Luther had several severe illnesses, through which she tended him by day and night, speaking to him of God's promises made to the afflicted and tempted.

Luther was a very devoted parent. His touching grief at the loss of his daughter Magdalene will be remembered by those who read a sketch of the sweet child in a former Number of this Magazine.

Two interesting anecdotes will show his power of adaptation to little children. On one occasion, a friend knocked at the door of the room where the family was assembled, and was told to come in. There was Luther, with his little boy sitting astride his father's leg, and both hands in his father's, laughing heartily. Apologizing for not rising to open the door, he said, "My little boy is riding to Rome with a message from his father to the Pope, and I could not interrupt his journey." Then, patting his child on the cheek, he said, seriously, "Yes, even this child is a sinner, like the rest of us; but a sinner under the law of grace, not works. O! could we all receive the word as little children, how much sorrow and

suffering we should avoid! What lessons we may learn from children!"

Another picture of this happy home is preserved. Melancthon and another friend are visiters one Christmas Eve. The Christmas-tree occupies its usual place. The family read the narrative of the Saviour's birth, and sing songs of praise. A charming conversation follows. The happy mother says she thinks their room a paradise. Little Paul says he expects to find much prettier trees in heaven. Martin wishes the angel hovering over the table could announce to them the good tidings; but the more thoughtful John says, this is unnecessary, now we have the Holy Bible in our hands, and can read for ourselves. Little Hans repeats the Christmas-tree Hymn his father composed for him.

The wise and holy father then talks to them of the two trees spoken of in Scripture: the one that brought sin and death into the world; and the other, that tree of life, of which we may eat and live for ever; teaching them, while receiving the gifts, and tasting the sweetmeats off their Christmas-tree, to seek for the gifts that Jesus has to give.

(*To be continued.*)

EYES GO IN PAIRS.

THIS is the rule. They seem made to match. The two eyes of a person are so alike, that when you have seen one you can describe the other. There are exceptions to this rule. You now and then meet with a man whose eyes are odd ones. They do not match, but look as if they belonged to different men. And sometimes you see a person whose two eyes seem to have had a quarrel. They look shy of each other, and do not act in harmony. One eye turns this way, and the other—as if to show its independence—looks at something else.

As sure as men have two eyes, they live two lives. The professing Christian has his world-life, and his church-life: life in the market, and life at the prayer-meeting. If the man is what he ought to be, these two lives are as much alike as are the two eyes of a person. They match perfectly; and when you have seen one, you know the other. What such a man is at the class-meeting, he will be in the shop, the field, or the factory.

But you sometimes meet with a man whose two lives do not match. There is a want of likeness and harmony between life in the world, and life in the church. If you can fix your sight upon the bargain and the prayer made by the same person, the effect is peculiar; it is like looking upon two eyes that are odd ones. If you can catch the seeming drift of life on the week-day, and life on the Sabbath, you find that the two lives have parted company, and move in different directions. It is like confronting a man who has a cast in one of his eyes: you do not know for certain what he is looking at. For two eyes he seems to have two objects; and so, as to some professing Christians, week-day life looks one way, and Sunday life another.

A cast in the eye is understood to be a blemish, and a drawback to beauty: a cast in the life is fatal to the beauty of holiness.

York. J. B.

JONAH.

THERE are some men, whose imaginary but lofty pretensions soar superior to the necessity of revelation, who, in our day, are somewhat inclined to look upon the story of Jonah as a myth. "Do you really believe," it has been asked, "that a man lived in the belly of a fish for three days and three nights?" To be sure we do. It comes authenticated to us as a portion of God's own word, and it must therefore be true. Perhaps of all the books of the Old Testament, the book of Jonah is at once the most human and the most Divine. It teaches us, in the gentlest and most exquisite manner, the lesson that

the God of the Old Testament, the God of Sinai, the God of justice, was, as now, a God of fatherly tenderness, compassion, forbearance, — caring, loving, forgiving.

But let us look at this wonderful history for a moment. God chose Jonah to carry His message to Nineveh,—Jonah, an insubordinate, cowardly, narrow-minded, short-sighted, testy, hot-tempered, impulsive man,—not at all the person we should have suggested for such an embassy. But, if Jonah had not been Jonah, where would our lesson have been?

God commanded Jonah to go to Nineveh. He straightway arose, and started for Tarshish. God told him to go one way, and he went another. Not a good beginning. When, however, shipwreck and ruin stared him in the face, another and a different phase of character is exhibited. Frankness, courage, and something that looks like disinterested benevolence, appear in his confession and direction: "I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you. Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you." And when the generous-hearted sailors, after vainly striving to prevent so dreadful a fate, had reluctantly, and with many protests and prayers, sacrificed him,—one for many,—when the waters compassed him about, and he went down to the bottom of the mountains, his dormant faith awoke, and he remembered the Lord. With perverse ignorance, he had thought to escape from that Divine presence by going to Tarshish; but when the earth with her bars was about him for ever, he looked again toward the holy temple, and looked not in vain. God graciously accepted his repentance, and started him once more on his journey.

Up and down the streets of Nineveh walks the Prophet, tolling the death-knell of the city. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." To that exceeding great city, full of silver, and gold, and pleasant furniture,—full of gaiety, and wealth, and fashion, and splendour,—that solemn voice must have come like the trump of the archangel. "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." All the beauty and glory shall be swept away. For all the merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and pearls, and purple, and silk, and scarlet; for the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters; for the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride, for the maiden behind her lattice, and the little children playing in the streets, there shall be the abomination of desolation. No wonder the stoutest heart quailed, and the boldest cheek blanched.

But things took a turn which Jonah had not calculated. The people believed God. A national fast was proclaimed, and most sacredly and solemnly kept. From the King on the throne to the little child,—yes, even to the horse in the stable, and the ox in his stall,—the nation clothed itself in sackcloth, and cried mightily unto God; and God heard their cry, and did not do the evil which He had threatened.

How did Jonah now feel? There came One after him, who wept over the approaching destruction of a great city. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Nineveh had not stoned her Prophet. She heeded his words, and humbled herself before his God. Yet he took it in high dudgeon that she was not to be destroyed. It was nothing to him that a whole population was not to be suddenly cut off from sweet life; nothing to him that where sin had abounded, grace should much more abound. His own reputation loomed up before him larger

than the life of a million souls. His prophecy would not come true, and nothing was of any account compared with that. "There!" says Jonah, "did I not tell you so? I knew you were gracious, and kind, and merciful, and would not do what you threatened. That was why I went to Tarshish. And now here I am, disgraced; and I might as well die as live." O, bold man! How dared He speak thus to the Most High God? How could he speak thus to the most loving Father in heaven? How wrest even infinite tenderness into bitter and insolent reproach? Why did not God smite him on the spot? But there is no thunderbolt,—only the gentle rebuke, "Doest thou well to be angry?" And Jonah, moody and sullen, takes up his station outside the city, to see, if perhaps, after all, it may not be destroyed, and himself honoured; but even while sitting there nursing his evil passions, the great God condescends to reason with him. A gourd springs up, sheltering him from the southern sun, and his selfishness is exceeding glad. A blight destroys it, and the sun beats upon his unprotected head once more, and he swings back again to the opposite extreme, and declares life not worth the living. "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?" asks God, slow to anger.

"I do well to be angry, even unto death," is the fierce and passionate reply.

And then comes the application,—the lesson. "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?"

Ah! Jonah, the lesson was not for you alone, but for headless, selfish, obstinate human nature everywhere, in all time.

RE-UNION AND RECOGNITION.

THE re-union of parents and children in heaven, as well as of other earthly friends, is a cheering and delightful thought. And the idea that our departed friends may sometimes be near us, or wait to welcome us to a better world, is well suited to impress the mind. The touching incident we now narrate occurred some years ago. The narrator says:—

A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an early age; too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as she was beautiful; and, as she unfolded, she seemed, as if in answer to her mother's prayer, to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the cherished one of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, throwing one wasted arm round her neck, would say, "Now tell me about my mother." And when the old tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlour: I want to see my mother." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But—

> "Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
> Bearing all her pains so meekly,
> That to them she grew still dearer
> As the trial-hour drew nearer."

That hour came at last; and weeping friends assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly, spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close to her ear the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colourless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan

subsiding hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tones; and passed with that breath to where that mother had gone before.

Said a godly man, who stood by that bed of joyous death, "If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS BELIEF.

A MAN is responsible, says the present able Vicar of Doncaster, for his faith as well as for his conduct; for what he believes as well as for what he does.

Too often we judge differently. We say, "A man cannot make himself believe. Belief is an involuntary act: if it is forced, it is nugatory." This is true, and not true. A man cannot suddenly say, "I will believe this:" but every man may, and every man does, influence his belief by forming, or refusing to form, certain habits of mind and life.

There are habits of mind which bear directly upon this result, of faith or unbelief. Early in life we begin to form them. There is a vanity which shows itself in cavilling at what is most surely believed by others. There is a wilfulness which plays with truth; a waywardness which will rather go wrong than follow. There is an indolence which will not grapple with a difficulty; and there is a disingenuousness which is blind to the most convincing argument, if it points toward the sacrifice of a pleasure or the exertion of an effort. These evil habits of mind are often formed early; and they lead, one and all, straight towards unbelief; such an unbelief as is certainly not venial, but deeply culpable.

If the Gospel be true, these are faults which must tell upon our ability to accept it. The Gospel demands of us, first and last, candour; a readiness to weigh evidence, to consider demands of duty, to ponder consequences, with the simple desire to know what is true, that we may do what is right. If this quality be wanting, in any one of its parts, the Gospel, if it be true, has no chance with us: its call is that for which we have no judgment.

This is one of the most serious statements that can be addressed to the young. They are forming habits of mind; and upon their habits of mind will depend their faith.

What a solemn import does this give to matters which at the time may be regarded as almost indifferent! Vanity, wilfulness, indolence, perverseness, these things, if they be suffered in us early,—and no one but we ourselves, by God's help, can eradicate or counteract them,—these things may cost us our faith; and if our faith, then our salvation. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

This is one of the two reasons why a man is responsible to God; answerable, at the cost of his soul, for that soul's belief. Unbelief is the result of habits of mind, in the formation of which he has been throughout and alone the agent.

The other reason is, that habits of life, as well as of mind, tell directly and powerfully upon the belief. And those may be of two kinds: habits of act, and habits of neglect; sins of omission, and sins of commission.

Every time that we omit our morning or our evening prayer, we are contributing towards the inability to believe. Every day that our Bible remains closed, we are contributing towards the inability to believe. Every day that we live without God in our world,—whatever that world be, whether the world of youth, or the world of age; the world of business, or of amusement; of intellect, or of

society,—we are contributing towards the future inability to believe.

Why so? Because faith is the spiritual sight of God: and the eye that is unused to God's presence, becomes at last incapable of it.

But we cannot stop even here. We have one word still to add. Every time that we sin, we are counteracting the possibility of future belief. Every word by which we dishonour God, trifle with things holy, or blunt the reverence of another, tends to prevent our ever believing. Every unkind, and uncharitable, and violent word, is slowly but surely undermining our belief of the truth. Every falsehood we utter, every equivocation, every disguise of the fact, every misrepresentation and deception, is forming in us the habit of infidelity. Still more—far, far more—every impure thought, every unholy imagination, is creating in us the inability ever to believe.

And, again, we ask, Why so? Because these things are making it our interest to disbelieve the Gospel. Because the Gospel says, "They who do such things shall not enter heaven;" and, therefore, they who do such things must hope at last that the Gospel is a fable.

O the solemn, the tremendous issues of the life that now is! If, in one sense, each day we live is a distinct unit, for the supply of the wants of which we ask God, and trust Him implicitly with the morrow; in another sense, the whole life of man is a continuous, an unbroken chain, each link of which is firmly riveted into the link that follows. Now we are sowing; one day we shall reap: nay, nay, we are reaping too! Each day we live is bearing fruit in the next, and that in eternity. Thoughts are telling upon mind, words upon character, acts upon life; and the product of all these is the immortal man, hewn and shaped, by his own workmanship, into a temple of the evil one, or else a habitation of God. Lord, "so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

THE RECENT STORM AT SCARBOROUGH.

SOME of the readers of the "Miscellany" will doubtless have looked over a recent chapter on Scarborough, as bringing before them recollections of a familiar place; and to such, a narrative of one of the most fearful storms in its stormy annals will not be unwelcome. Never will the 2d of November, 1861, be forgotten by any of the eye-witnesses of the fearful tragedy which marked the close of that day.

A tempest of wind and rain raged from two o'clock in the morning. The black and warning "storm-signal" had whirled round for many hours, and a universal anxiety was felt for the fate of the fishing-boats which had left the harbour on the preceding day. About 4 P.M. a ship was noticed making for the harbour; but, "being taken aback on rounding the pier, her sails were disabled, and she rapidly drifted, and ultimately struck on the sand opposite the Spa wall." A gallant band of volunteers immediately manned the new and beautiful life-boat for her first, and, alas! her last voyage of mercy; and away she sped, with a sea-bird's flight, across the raging waters.

Hundreds of spectators gathered on the Spa, and watched, with intense but divided anxiety, the "Copeland," in whose rigging the half-despairing faces of men were seen; and the life-boat, careering on her perilous way between the ship and the sea-wall, now rising on the top of a wave, to the level of those who watched above, and again sinking into the trough of the sea.

The oars were washed overboard, and with them some of the men, who were ultimately rescued.

The boat being wholly unmanage-

able, ropes were thrown, by which, with great difficulty, she was drawn through the surf to the southern end of the Spa. As soon as she touched the ground, a crowd rushed down the incline with ropes, and strong helping hands.

A cheer of triumph was well nigh raised as the crew stood in apparent safety; when, sad to tell, a mighty receding wave bore back with it two of their number, and, alas! also *three* of the brave men who had just aided in the rescue.

One of the three who thus perished, was Lord Charles Beauclerck; who, on the first alarm of a ship ashore, hastened down to the scene of disaster, and from the treacherous incline was swept into the angry breakers. With heroic courage, brave men dashed to a hopeless charge against the mighty army of waves, which tossed the dying and the dead upon their foaming crests. By one of these, the body of Lord Charles was recovered; but the spirit had returned to God who gave it. Tenderly was it borne into the saloon; and in that place of mirth and music, he who in the morning had come forth like a flower, was cut down, and lay withered in the evening. To a friend he said that afternoon, the storm had disturbed his rest, but "I shall have a sound sleep to-night." A dreamless slumber indeed, not to be broken until the resurrection!

Another, who bravely rushed to the rescue, Mr. William Tindall, a young man, only twenty-four years of age, was seen by one or two spectators to throw up imploring hands, and then to disappear. His body was never recovered. After long absence in a foreign land, he had returned to his home in the gladness of restored health and strength, to find in his native place a grave, around which none who knew and loved him could gather.

The third left a widow and children to mourn his loss.

The only ray of light upon the darkness of that terrible scene is the knowledge that the crew of the wrecked vessel were safely brought ashore.

May all who read this page of sorrows remember, that each one living is bound upon a longer or a shorter voyage to the shores from whence there is no return; and that the promise is given of an abundant entrance into the harbour of eternal safety to those who pursue their way through the waves of this "troublesome world" relying on the guidance and protection of the Galilean King.

"Render'd safe by His protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last,
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

"O! what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore."

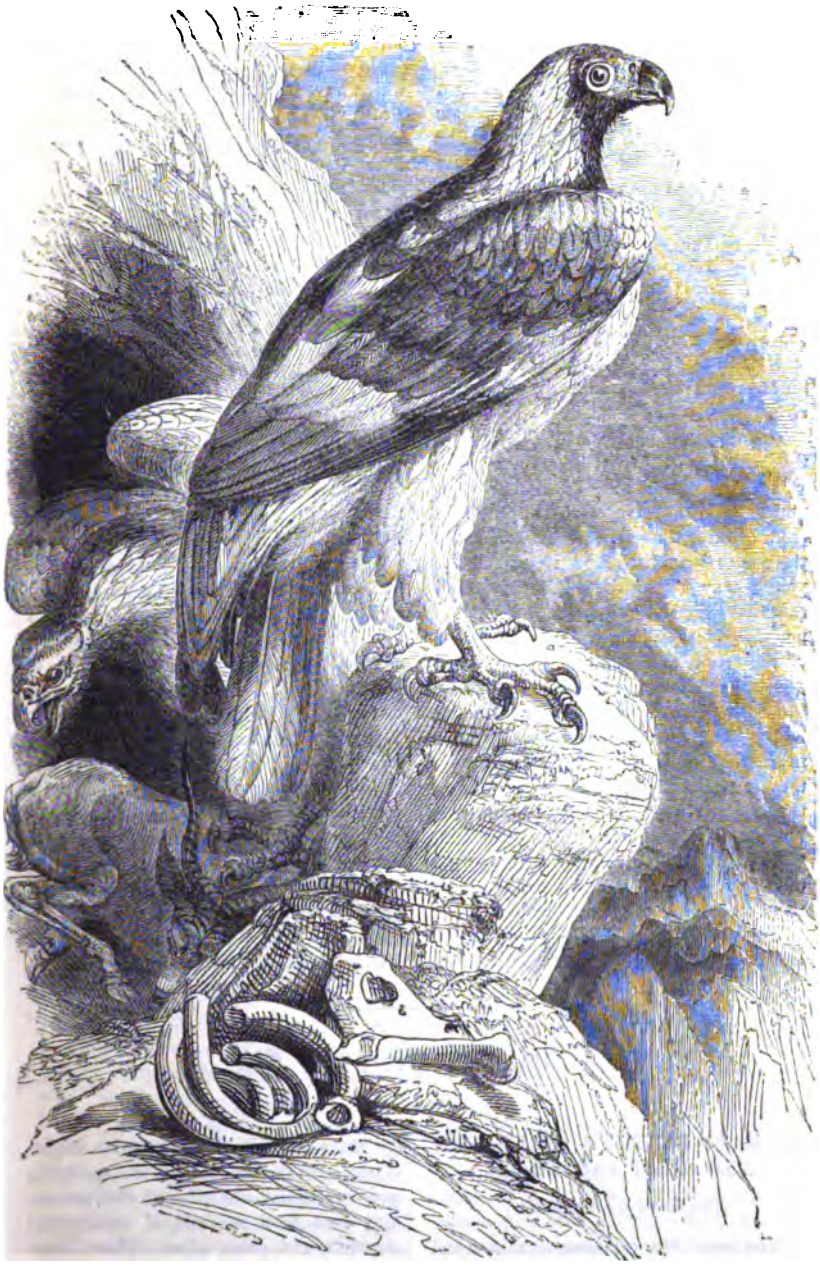
The Zoology of the Bible.

THE EAGLE.

The Hebrew word translated "eagle" signifies to lacerate or tear in pieces. As the lion has been called the king of quadrupeds, so the eagle has been looked upon as the chief of the feathered tribes. Majestic in appearance, rapid in movement, lofty in flight, he maintains a supremacy over the birds of heaven.

There are many species of eagles in the world; at least eight are indigenous to southern Europe. Requiring large and unobstructed space for their domains, in no one part of the earth do they abound in great numbers, and they prefer those regions where the mountains are. The male eagle, like the male of most birds of prey, is smaller than his mate; and it is two or three years before either the one or the other acquires a perfect plumage.

In books of ornithology of comparatively recent date, the golden eagle has two names given to it, while the sea-eagle



is represented as two species. The latter, however, is now known to be the old and the young of the same bird. The Scriptures allude to the differently-coloured moult of feathers, and intimate, in the way so peculiar and characteristic of Holy Writ, that strength increases with the change of plume.

Naturalists have remarked that the eagle has a very quick, threatening eye, a little sunk in the head, and protected by a prominency in the forehead which a little resembles an eyebrow. The tongue does not terminate in a point, like that of other birds, but is cartilaginous, and almost square at the end; and at its root there are two hard points, like the iron point of an arrow. Its stomach corresponds with the voracity which is one of its characteristics; for, when thoroughly inflated, it is two inches in diameter. The bones are very hard, and have little marrow in them. Its blood is thick and fibrous; and the bill is sharp and corrosive.

The sharpness of eye which belongs to this bird is a quality it seems greatly to value. To preserve it, as soon as their young begin to have strength, they turn them towards the sun, and make them fix their eyes upon it. And if any of the young cannot bear the sun's rays, it is said that they chase them away from their nests, as if they judged them unworthy of protection and assistance. But they attach themselves to those who stand this test with a remarkable affection, even exposing their own life for their preservation in the time of danger. One reason why they can gaze so steadfastly in the face of the sun, and support his severest rays, is because they have two eyelids; one with which they shut their eyes entirely; the other, which is thinner, they draw over them on looking at a luminous body.

In some States, the eagle is the national emblem; and under its expanded form, —sometimes gilded, sometimes black, now with one head, and now with two,— deeds of rapine have been perpetrated which have deluged the world with blood. Truly "where the carcase is, thither are the eagles gathered together." So was it with the Romans, one of whose chief standards was an eagle, when they came down on the decayed remnant of the Jewish nation, as prophesied by Him whose word is truth; (Matt. xxiv. 29;) and so will all who oppose that word, and "neglect so great salvation," be yet destroyed. (Luke xvii. 37; Rev. xix. 17, 18.)

The Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, abounds with illustrations and imagery derived from the structure and habits of this powerful race of birds. That great Monarch, Nebuchadnezzar, is referred to by the Prophet Ezekiel, (chap. xvii. 3,) as "a great eagle, with great wings, long-winged, full of feathers, which had divers colours;" while Isaiah, alluding to the same King of Assyria, prophesies that "the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of Thy land, O Immanuel." To "mount up on wings as eagles" is imagery as poetical as it is powerful and true to nature. The mode in which the eagle trains its young has been described in Holy Writ by one who had, doubtless, observed the eagles as he fed the flocks of Jethro among the mountains of Arabia. Job often refers to this bird and its habits. The Assyrians, as their monuments show us, employed its head, claws, and wings, as emblems of strength, ferocity, and swiftness.

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER'S EARLY LIFE AND FIRST PASTORATE.

(*Concluded from page* 29.)

THE year 1638 commences a new and deeply-interesting period of Baxter's history. The first Charles was in the midst of his reign, and every day filled up a new chapter in the volume of God's designs. Great men contended for great principles. Conformity and Nonconformity stood forth in their respective might. Names, overlooked amidst the sparkling and superficial literature of the present age, were then symbols of intellectual strength and great ideas. There were giants on the earth in those days. In the writings of Downham, Burgess, Hooker, and others of kindred sentiment, Baxter had imbibed the spirit and principles of the powerful Conformist party. Intercourse with Walter Cradock, (a godly

Minister, who, a year before, had been driven from his church on account of his Puritanism,) and with Mr. Simons, (who "preached strange things for toleration and liberty for all men to worship God according to their conscience,") let a flood of light into his mind, in the brightness of which he was led to inquire "if such were the men to condemn whom the voice of Bishops was raised in thundrous energy." In this state of mental transition he was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester, accepted a situation as head-master of a school at Dudley, and preached his first sermon in the upper church of that town. Thus he entered the ministry in which he acted so important a part during a lengthened and stirring period of English history. Here, prayerfully and intensely, he examined the various questions agitating the public mind. The perusal of Ames's "Fresh Suit against Human Ceremonies" greatly modified his views on some of the observances of the Church. From Dudley he removed to Bridgnorth, in Shropshire; where he entered heartily into the struggle for liberty which was then progressing with unprecedented acceleration. About this time a Convocation, held in London, passed certain canons, in which was the following extraordinary clause:—"Nor will I ever give my counsel to alter the government of the Church by Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, et cetera, as it stands now established, and as it ought to stand;" and which was henceforth designated the "Et Cetera Oath." It may be well for us in these days to remember, that our beloved British Isle was, at that time, the platform of a conflict in which to resist the powers swaying the sceptre of authority, was to secure opposition, persecution, probably death. Baxter now stood forth, and fearlessly resisted the irrational enactment. A combination of circumstances led to the march of a Scotch army into England, and hastened those civil commotions which so long afflicted the country. The Long Parliament now excited attention; and their resistance to many prevalent abominations led to the presentation of numerous petitions against what was called "the tyranny and immorality of the Clergy." Kidderminster presented one against its Minister and his Curate, who were both alleged to be ignorant and profligate. This led to Baxter's acceptance of an invitation to labour there; and in 1640, when twenty-five years of age, he commenced ministering in a town where he wrote many of his best books, and pursued with unwearying energy the duties of the pastoral office, the ultimate results of which will be seen above the disquietudes of time before the throne of God.

It is impossible to appreciate the labours of Baxter during his first two years' residence at Kidderminster, without considering the circumstances of the period. To such a man, every event would be an element in the aggregate of life. Nothing is little in God's sight. To trace event after event in the chain of human affairs is but to trace the workings of an almighty and all-wise Hand:—

"A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world:
Vast is the mighty ocean; drops have made it vast.
Despise not thou a small thing either for evil or for good;
Commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him nothing is trivial.
It is but the littleness of men that seeth no greatness in trifles.
All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the material.
Neither is anything vast but it is compacted of atoms.
A thing is great or little only to a mortal thinking,
And happy and wise is the man to whose thought existeth not a trifle."

The Reformation, though not so complete in England as in Scotland, accomplished a great work; and the seed of Divine truth, scattered broadcast over the land, had taken root in many hearts, and produced precious fruit. At the period of Baxter's birth the number of Nonconformists was small, and their increase was occasioned by the treatment they received from those in authority. Longing for spiritual food, they sought it wherever it was to be found, and in their own houses sung praises to the God of heaven. Persecution followed. The cry of the rabble rent the air, "Down with the Roundheads." Daily, many took refuge in the citadels of the Parliament, and thus became soldiers. The general discontent increases; events thicken. Baxter is seen moving, step by

step, to a great stand-point. The calling up of the northern army; the imposition of a guard upon the Commons; the passion of the King on entering Parliament to seize the five Members; the conduct of Lord Digby, and others, all hastened the issue. Now, by force of arms the two parties prepare to settle the controversy. On the side of the King were the nobility, many Members of the House of Commons, Knights, and men of family and influence, representatives of power, wealth, and learning. On the side of the Parliament were the inferior gentlemen of the country; merchants, freeholders, and tradesmen. The passions were excited. The spirit of controversy raged. The kingdom rocked in a terrible crisis. Brother met brother in deadly conflict, and the soil of England was dyed with the blood of its sons, shed in those memorable contentions. Baxter now avowed his sentiments, and took his stand as the friend of the Parliament. "I thought," he wrote, "whoever was faulty, the people's liberties and safety should not be forfeited. I thought that all the subjects were not guilty of all the faults of King or Parliament, when they defended them; yea, that if both their causes had been bad as against each other, yet that the subjects should adhere to that party which most secured the welfare of the nation; and I thought it was a great sin for men that were able to defend their country to be neuters."

Here the lofty heroism of Baxter appears. The qualities of decision, firmness, perseverance, and self-denial he exercised fearlessly, for human good, in times of increasing difficulty and danger. In the face of power and flattery; of want, persecution, and death; he defended the principles which he deemed to be those of truth and freedom,—principles under whose reign alone man can pursue the task assigned him by his Maker. In 1642 the county of Worcester devoted itself to the King; "the commission of array" was set on foot; and, amid the gathering cloud, and the war-cry waxing louder and louder, he withdrew for a period from the sphere of his beloved toil, rather than support the cause in which he had been trained, but which, now, he had well nigh abandoned:

> "Give me the dauntless man,
> Who flinches not from labour or fatigue,
> But moves right on upon the path of duty.
> God will stand by the man who boldly stands
> By God's command; will give him energy
> And courage *now*, and *afterwards* success."

Wolverhampton. J. F. M.

Poetry.

BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD.

Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn!
Join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds, and seas, and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God!
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of His hand,
But to the glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull knees, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up, beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed *with* and *on* Him; He with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let Him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain-path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. II.

"Mysterious Dartmoor———
———again
I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
Thy hour of deep tranquillity, when rests
The sunbeam on thee, and thy desert seems
To sleep in the unclouded brightness; calm,
But stern.

———I love to tread
Thy central wastes, when not a sound intrudes
Upon the ear, but rush of wing, or leap
Of the hoarse waterfall. And, O, 'tis sweet
To list the music of thy torrent streams!"

The morning had not opened very brightly. Some suspicious-looking clouds still hung over the hills, and there was uncertainty about the wind. Not even an oracle of the moorland border, weather-wise as the old man claimed to be, could give us a comfortable assurance. He had, in all such doubtful cases, a patent mode of guarding his own credit; a mode which he took to be an improvement on the worn-out plan of almanac-makers, like Moore; and which, indeed, was quite equal to many an oracle of earlier and more classic times. "Well," was his response to the anxious tourist's question about the day's prospect, "Well, well, well, according to the *h*aspects of the *h*elements we shall have a change, or some of the same." It struck me that there might be a little prophetic friend in the garden, from whom something more decided might be learnt respecting the next twelve hours. Yes, and there, verily, I found the tiny but truthful diviner, the *Anagallis arvensis;* my favourite Pimpernel, sometimes called the "shepherd's weather-glass." If there is to be rain, said I to myself, the dear little thing will have its flowers carefully folded against the impending danger. But there was hope at once, as my eye fell upon its beautiful scarlet corolla, all expanded and ready for the sunlight; while, true to its name, its sweet violet-tinted mouth was laughingly open, as if it courted balmy salutes from the bright hours that were coming. All was right now. I never knew Pimpernel to be false. The gig was soon in order; and, once more, we were on our way towards Peter Tavy. I say we; for I was one of a snug party: a quartette it might be called; for we were four pleasantly-harmonized souls, having bodies properly set and arranged in what is commonly called a double-bodied gig. My kind host undertook the responsibility of managing the whip and reins, and was agreeably supported in his office by the lady whose smile gave joy to his home. It was my honour to be seated behind them, in companionship with a tall, accomplished, and devout descendant, in the female line, from the Welsh house of Owen Tudor.

I have sometimes found it difficult to rid oneself of a disagreeable intuitive kind of faith in omens. "All nonsense!" some may say. Perhaps so; but there are a few sorts of nonsense which stick to human nature in such a way as to favour the belief that they properly belong to it. For my part, I have a little liking for a thing or two, here and there, which people of uncommon sense find it most easy to define as "nonsense." Well, one of my oddities, in the way of unaccountable attachments, is a fondness for the queer notion that, any day which begins with a mishap, must witness three disasters. Perhaps this is one of the manifestations of a curious faculty for finding mystical allusions to a trinity everywhere and in everything. Some people must have a "thirdly" in every discourse: and even men in their cups, will sustain a popular toast with three rounds of cheering; or, in some cases, with three times three. I must leave others to explain all this. For myself, I was never sufficiently learned to merit a "degree:" nor, as yet, am I enough of a philosopher to get one without merit; never having been able fully to understand all modes and ways of men and things: all I know about the matters in question is, that some of them are among the real antiquities of our race. But to return to our pilgrimage on the Tavy. My fair companion, on the back seat, started under the shadow of a misfortune, that of having lost her keys, so as to be prevented from replenishing her purse for the journey. That was trouble

number one. Number two was soon perfected. As we went over Harford Bridge, the disturbing force of an unfortunate jerk brought me into collision with my Welsh friend's parasol, and proved fatal to its delicate constitution. What the third disaster of the day was to be, who could predict? Let nobody laugh: surely I may have my "thirdly," if other people have theirs. But see: we are again at Peter Tavy; and now once more pass through Cudlip-Town, where we turn and descend towards the river. Down we go, rumbling and jerking over the stony road to Hill Bridge: not to pass over it quickly, that cannot be. No, Hill Bridge has too powerful a spell for the lovers of primitive art in its happiest fellowship with the most free and unrestrained forms of nature. There it was, in pure simplicity, embracing the laughing waters, and beautifully associated with the wild charms of the valley through which the young Tavy was sportively passing from its open mountain-home to the verdurous and pensive scenes which smile on the calmer movements of its later course. On the other side of the bridge our upward way was steep and rugged. The road barely allowed a passage for our double-bodied machine, which was brushed, here and there, as it ascended, on this side and on that, by luxuriant ferns, or bending hazel-boughs. We were merciful to our beast, of course. The quartette dismounted, and fell into a kind of procession; the driver taking the lead at the head of his horse, occasionally giving it a friendly tap on the shoulder, by way of cheering it under its tug and toil. The other three, in strolling or straggling style, came in the rear; now and then offering a pleasant tribute to each other's taste by presenting some botanical rarity or beauty from the richly-decorated hedges. On reaching the top of the hill, the wild grandeur of old Dartmoor began to reveal itself. The nearer presence of the great uplifted billowy-looking desert, inspired strangely-mingled feelings of expansion and awe. "Is this the road to Wilsworthy?" we inquired of a moor-man, with a weather-beaten face. "Ees; right vore," (before you,) "that's Wils-o-ry that yiu zee away there by th' rookry." The few trees which were thus distinguished by the title of "rookery" were the lone remnants of what probably once formed the woody fringes of the ancient hunting-grounds; whether they afforded shelter to any lingering relics of a former rook-population was not clear; they served, however, to mark the utmost limit of cultivation, and the farthest outpost of human life on that side of the pathless waste. Wilsworthy was an outlying homestead, granite-built, and venerable, wearing many a token of its long forbearance with merciless times and storms. The farmer and his lad appeared to have scented their dinner, and were hopefully lounging by the open hearth; while two daughters of the house were fulfilling the duty of preparation with quiet briskness. Mother there was none. She had been called from her moorland-home to the land of promise. And the husband of her youth was left to feel as if the sympathetic moans of the night-wind from the wilderness sometimes deepened the loneliness of his lone chamber. We soon found, however, that the retired dwelling, far away as it was from all the sympathies and aid of Christian and neighbourly associations, had its domestic trials divinely balanced by the joys and hopes of true godliness. It was a pious home. The mere appearance of the family-group had struck me from the first, and enlisted my best feelings. A calm and settled goodness quietly made itself apparent in the farmer's face beneath the sparkle and play of his native shrewdness and cautious temper. The girls were interesting specimens of rural attractiveness. One of them, especially, had the beauties which are distinctive of her race so finely combined in her person, that I could willingly have crowned her with heath-bells and forget-me-nots, as the queen of the moorlands. The brightest charms of the house, after all, were in the transparent kindness, the natural, hearty, politeness, and the simplicity of its inmates; their free and cheerful readiness to minister to the comfort of strangers. We must needs spend some time over the table; for a journey of research was before us, and by no means an easy and gentle one. There was a wide sweep of heath-land between Wilsworthy and our point of destination, Tavy Cleave; and one craggy

steep at least must be mounted and crossed at its highest pitch. But our Devonian lunch was a substantial one, equal to the demands of the time, and affording our party perfect equipment for their calling both in nerve and spirits. At last, under the trusty guidance of our host, off we went; and never could there be a quartette in more perfect harmony, though possibly some might have beaten us in refinement of style. We were quite in keeping with the scene of performance, nathless. At all events, the uncultured uplands, and the breezy Tors, responded gloriously to our rapturous salutes. By and by, we are on the top of Great Tor. What a retrospect! Does any soul wish to realize an overmastering sense of nature's vastness, power, and harmony? Let him stand where we did, under the shadows of that grand old Karn, and look back upon the sublime expanse of barren undulations, verdant knolls, wooded cones and slopes, and hilly ranges in the blue distance. There was the serpentine vale of the Tavy, richly marked on the living map all the way to its junction with the Tamar. Here was Tabor-like Brentor, crowned with its hallowed tower. Yonder was Kitt Hill, proudly holding its place among the storied hills of our old Saxon border. Still beyond, here and there brightening in the sunbeams, were the lofty moors and castellated peaks of Cornwall; and beyond still, the mighty sea appeared to claim mysterious fellowship with the upper world of mist and cloud. A short council was held on this mount of vision; and it was determined that our lady-companions, doubtful as they were of their capacity for a deeper plunge into the wilderness, should linger amidst the glories of Great Tor, while the more hardy pilgrims pressed on to look for a moment or two at the wonders of Tavy Cleave. In crossing the wild, sweeping hollow which now lay before us, we observed the upright stones of an ancient hut-circle, with its doorway towards the river. Where now were the spirits of those who once thus pitched their earthly home, so that they might set their evening hymn to the music of many waters? But ere long we found ourselves mounting the loftiest of the majestic crags which distinguish one of the most solemn and awe-commanding retreats of nature that ever broke on my sight. Our guide led us up among the piled masses of weather-worn moor-stone which form the fearful crown of the Tor, until, pressing ourselves through a narrow pass, and stepping out upon a small platform of rock, beautifully covered with moss and lichen, we found ourselves tremulous on the utmost ledge of the giddy height where it hung beetling over the river, just as the flood makes one of its graceful bends and breaks away down through the moorland glen towards the cultivated lowlands. It seemed as if the mighty stream had torn the hills asunder to make a channel for itself. It was now triumphantly flowing and rushing over a solid granite floor; having its course guarded on the one side by a grassy common, which swelled away vastly towards the towering peaks of the southern moor; and grandly overlooked on the other by a far-stretching precipitous declivity, covered with unnumbered masses and loose fragments of rock, as if some ruined Babylon had left its broken "stones of emptiness" to pay their silent homage to the passing torrent; and by a magnificent succession of naturally embattled Tors rising and standing out, at certain distances, along the sides of the awful embankment. When the sunlight was full upon them, the range of massive and rugged piles, thus jutting from the desolate cliff towards the river in mysterious line, seemed like the shattered towers of some Titanic fortress, adorned in their old age and decay with knots of bright green whortle, heath-garlands, and plumy ferns, and still proud to keep their place among the scattered débris of their kindred walls; but, as now and then the shadow of a passing cloud was cast upon them, they appeared to change into vast monumental shrines of gigantic Druid saints, or of those mighty antediluvian hierarchs, whose dread secrets, like echoed whispers, followed in the ears of the first emigrants to Tavy-side. What a hush was on the moor! The silence touched one's soul. And yet there was the noise of the river, strangely making itself felt from the depth where it rushed, and boiled, and swept down, pressed still, and hurried by yesterday's rain-floods. Now its tumult broke the quietude; and now

it mysteriously intensified the stillness. Silence and sound met in our presence on that solemn Tor, as if they were originally akin. The sounds that did come up from the bright, flashing waters were in swells like the impulsive booming of distant artillery, or like fitful peals of subterranean thunder, mingled with lighter mystic voices; as if the ancient powers, which first upheaved the bossy Plutonic mass of Dartmoor rock, and then threw it into wavy ocean-like confusion, were once more uttering their voice, and threatening to re-assert their claims. But now, one more look at the sacred wonders of Tavy Cleave, and we were scrambling down from our airy perch, and were again on our way to rejoin the ladies, who had been meanwhile regaling themselves with Pisgah sights, and rare mosses, on the summit of Great Tor. Wilsworthy was soon reached. Our quartette fell into order again, and moved off in the old style. The afternoon was now far advanced; but as yet no third mishap had come. Were we to escape, and falsify the "old wives' fable?"

Battle-Bridge. X.

Life Lessons.

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

Coming home late one Sunday evening, after preaching in a village not forty miles from London, I was accompanied by one of the friends, T. D——; a poor, unlettered man, but a true Christian. He gave me a narration which, as illustrating the power of a word in season, and the providence of Almighty God, is worthy of record. Pruned of some repetitions, and translated into the Queen's English, the narrative is, substantially, as follows:—

A few years ago, D—— was sitting at dinner with some other workmen, on Canvey Island. One of them began to bluster and swear, and to boast of having left his home and cheated his creditors, within the five weeks then last past. D——, much pained at the man's language, and pitying his condition, was minded to speak to him. He waited awhile, however, as there were two members of another Christian denomination there older than himself; but, as neither of them offered to reprove the swearer, D—— thought, "Well, with the help of the Lord, I'll say something to him."

"Friend," said D——, "you have only made matters worse in these five weeks."

The man turned upon him fiercely. "How?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you," replied D——, "if you will be patient. This is what I mean: you were bad enough before; but now you have added sin to sin, and are in danger of hell,"—going on to point out the evil of his ways. "But," he added, "there is mercy even now for you; for it is written that 'the blood of Jesus Christ,' God's 'Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

The man started up suddenly, and, speaking a few words to the other workmen, went away. He was missed for an hour or two; and when he returned, he could not work, nor eat, nor drink, nor sleep.

The next day he came to D——, and said, abruptly, "I understand that you have been a wild one in your day."

"Ay, I was, my friend; but the Lord had mercy upon me, and changed my heart and my life: and there is the same mercy for you." He said nothing, but walked away.

Two days after,—it was Sunday morning,—D—— was sitting up-stairs, with his wife and children, reading the Bible after breakfast, when this man came right through the lower room to where they were sitting. "Good morning, friend," said D——, somewhat surprised at this unceremonious visit.

"I want to speak with you," said his visiter.

They went together into the garden; and there the man opened all his mind, confessed his guilt and wretchedness, and desired to know the way of salvation. D——, nothing loth, reasoned with him out of the Scriptures, which they read

together; and pointed him to the Lamb of God as an all-atoning sacrifice for sin, and the present Pardoner of him that believes. They prayed together; and the man stayed to the morning service, which was held in D——'s cottage; and that day he found peace to his soul, and his sorrow was turned into joy.

D—— invited him to stay to dinner. As he sat there, with a countenance beaming with gratitude, he said to D——'s wife: "Missus, if it had not been for your husband, I should have been in hell by this time!" She looked at him with astonishment. He repeated his words: "*If it had not been for your husband, I should have been in hell!*"

He then explained himself. He said, "Last Thursday, when your husband spoke to me, I was so wretched that I had resolved to destroy myself. I rose from the table with that intention, and went to the Thames to accomplish my purpose. I had doubled myself up to roll into the water, as the tide was coming in; when, at that moment, the words of your husband flashed into my mind, '*The blood of Jesus Christ,*' *God's* '*Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*' I started, and trembled like a leaf. I came away, and could think of nothing else besides these words ever since. I bless God," said he to D——, "that I ever saw you." D—— exhorted him to give God the praise, and to go home and give up to his creditors all that he had; assuring him that the Lord would provide.

Here is Christian faithfulness exhibited, and rewarded in the salvation of a soul from death. And here is the rich mercy of God displayed for the encouragement of those who are on the brink of despair. To Him be glory and eternal praise.

Leigh. J. H.

Foreign Travel.

MELBOURNE, AND ITS METHODISM.*

The Rev. Dr. Jobson, the recent Representative of the British Conference to the Australasian Conference, gives the following interesting particulars respecting Melbourne, and its Methodism:—

Melbourne, for the period of its existence, is, undoubtedly, the most wonderful city in the world. It is the growth of a single generation: indeed, mostly of the last ten or twelve years. Earlier, it was only a long, straggling village, or embryo town, with stumps of felled forest-trees in its streets. Now it is a large city, extending two and a half miles in length, one and a half in breadth. On all the land-sides, amidst park-like scenery, it is surrounded with thickly-populated and richly-ornamental suburbs. It has at present more than 100,000 inhabitants, and its numbers are constantly increasing. The streets are wide, well paved, and well laid out; and you see in them stores, shops, and houses of good architectural styles: some resemble what are seen at the west-end of London; but for the most part they resemble those of a good second-class city, or enterprising English town. The city is already rich in public buildings, and these are continually on the increase. Some of them, for Government and Legislative uses, are even sumptuous in their character and decorations. A dark-grey granite is obtained from the hills on which the city is built: it would seem to be all but imperishable in its consolidated hardness; and this, with freestone dressings, supplies good materials for massive public works. Many of the shops and warehouses are of grey-white grit stone, clean and ornamental, as in the best streets of Manchester and Liverpool. The broad footways at the sides of the streets are thronged with busy, enterprising men of all nations, but chiefly of the Anglo-Saxon race, and from the old country; while the macadamized roads between are filled with waggons, carts, bullock-drays, and various vehicles of merchandise. Some of the drivers of these carriages, as well as other passengers on foot and horseback, show by their garb of high-leathern boots and "cab-

* *Australia: with Notes by the Way on Egypt, Ceylon, Bombay, and the Holy Land.* London: 1862. Sold by John Mason. 8vo. Pp. 370.

bage-tree" hats, as also by their sunburnt, unshaven faces, that they are from the interior of the colony, where men have to rough it. But, mingled thickly with these, are gentlemanly-looking merchants and tradesmen, portly and flourishing as in Hull or Bristol; while ladies of gay dress and equipages move to and fro, at certain hours, for promenade, and for purchases. Indeed, throughout the city there is a "well-to-do" air with the inhabitants. Rags and beggary are almost unknown. No tattered urchin tips his cap at the crossing, and, with scraggy besom in hand, besieges you for half-pence. All but rakes and profligates are well-dressed; for all who *will* work *may* work, and that at wages which will feed and clothe them. The most helpless are, perhaps, "fast" young men who go there as clerks, accountants, and "editors," and not to work out of doors. These, really, glut the market. But all who are willing to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow may do so in Melbourne. Money is not now so plentiful as it was; and wages are not so high; but a common labourer in the field, or breaking stones upon the road, has from seven shillings to ten shillings per day; while a mechanic, or an artisan, will have from fifteen to twenty shillings. Rents are not so costly as they were, having fallen, on the average, one-half within the last six years. My host paid at one time as much as £4,000 a year rent for his house and store; and these were not at all of more than ordinary pretensions. Servant's wages are still high: a good female servant has as much as from thirty to forty, and even fifty, pounds a year. These circumstances give the inhabitants a free, independent bearing; and it is impossible to go through the streets of Melbourne without perceiving that it is an energetic and flourishing city. It has, lengthwise, nine spacious thoroughfares, or principal streets, which are crossed by streets equally broad and imposing; and these are intersected at right angles by numerous narrower streets, running parallel to the larger streets, and branching out into the outskirts of the city in all directions. The city is daily washed and kept clean by an abundant flow of water brought from a distance, and of such fall and force that in case of fire the part in danger may be immediately deluged. The public buildings are scattered about in various parts, but are chiefly on elevated sites; and to stand in the heart of this young metropolis, and reflect that on this spot, a few years ago, where now more than 100,000 persons have their homes, where merchants and tradesmen exchange millions sterling, where learning has its university and appended colleges, where the press issues its daily and weekly newspapers by thousands and tens of thousands, and where there are orphans' homes, hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the insane,—to stand here and reflect, that but a very few years ago all this was an uncultivated wild, where untutored savages and poisonous reptiles had their dwelling,—is creative of no common emotion.

In this crowded metropolis religion is not overlooked or forgotten. As in the "United States," and as in Canada, there is a general reverence shown to it and to its Ministers. The Sabbath, too, is outwardly observed. Nearly all Christian communities have their young and flourishing churches here. The first Gospel sermon preached in this section of the island-continent was by Joseph Orton, a Wesleyan Missionary; who had accompanied the enterprising Batman from Tasmania across Bass's Straits to Port-Philip. It was preached in April, 1836, beneath the shadow of the forest-trees on the crest of Batman's Hill. The service was attended by the colonist and his household, and by a goodly number of the aborigines; who, attracted by the novel scenes and sounds, crowded near to learn what was meant. The text was, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and the sermon has been described, by one who heard it, as being most powerful and impressive; so that all—including the poor ignorant aborigines—were awed and bowed under it. This was the first Methodist seed sown on the virgin soil of this region of Australia, and it has issued already in an abundant harvest. Within the colony of Victoria we have at present 41 Ministers, 240 chapels and preaching-places, 38,932 persons forming our congregations, 320 Local Preachers, 129 day-

school teachers, 5,344 day-scholars, 1,577 Sabbath-school teachers, 12,249 Sabbath-scholars, 5,424 full and accredited church-members, with 672 on trial for membership. The Wesleyans in the colony also supply £2,400 per year for Missions to the islands of the Pacific. Melbourne has its proportionate share in these Methodist efforts and distinctions. The best and most imposing ecclesiastical structures of Melbourne belong to Methodism; and in character and size are like the large gothic chapels recently built by the Wesleyans in London and Liverpool. One of them, a large imposing building in Lonsdale-street, is of grey granite, with freestone dressings: it has a tower and spire, and transepts, and is in appearance the cathedral of the city. This, and some other chapels of Melbourne, were mainly built out of £40,000 realised by the sale of a small piece of land formerly occupied by the Methodist Missionary Society in Collins-street; a street which has become the principal artery for trade and merchandise in the capital.

My first sermon in Australia was preached in this Lonsdale-street church, which was densely crowded. And never shall I forget that wedged mass of living beings, nor the sight of them, when, after the reading of the Liturgy from the desk by the Rev. James Waugh, the resident Superintendent, I went up the spiral staircase of the beautiful cedar pulpit, and, in giving out the verse,—

"God of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night,"—

looked forth upon that sea of upturned, eager faces, browned with the Australian sun, nearly all of persons in middle life, —many of the men with stiff furze-like beards and long hair, and some of the women worn and subdued by the heat,— and the vast assembly sprinkled all over with countenances familiar to me from preaching to congregations in different parts of our parent country; so that on a careful computation, afterwards made, it was reckoned that I knew one-third of the whole, either in their own faces, or in their family-likenesses. The effect of a voice familiar to so many of them, and calling up at a moment, as by a single link, a host of home-associations, was indescribably exciting. In all directions eyes gushed full with tears; faces flushed and quivered with emotion; and a sigh of deep feeling heaved and swayed the mighty mass, until it waved before and around the Preacher like the swelling billows of a sea. With imposed restraint upon a soul moved to its utmost depths at the sight, I preached from the 103d Psalm, on the grateful remembrances of Divine mercies, and found that the spirit and tone of my audience were in full accordance with the theme. In the evening of the Sabbath the large building was still more densely crowded; and our subject of meditation was, "The Lamb in the midst of the throne." The collections proved the strength of gratitude and love influencing the congregations; and it may be humbly hoped that the services of that day in Lonsdale-street church were not in vain.

Narratives.

THE CONVERSION OF A SHIP'S CREW.

Captain M'Kelvie, of the ship *Thomas Campbell*, communicates to a contemporary, under date, London, July 2d, 1861, the following particulars:—

On our passage out, it had been laid upon the hearts of the chief officer, the carpenter, my brother, and myself, the only professors of religion in the ship's company of twenty-two individuals, to pray much for the conversion of the rest of the people. To this end I instituted public worship on the Lord's day for as many as would attend. Subsequently, we held a prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings; and, ultimately, finding a disposition to avail themselves of these opportunities, daily service, or, as it might be termed, family-worship, was instituted

and regularly maintained. Still, beyond a willing attendance on these means of grace, we saw no other result until our passage home, and in the neighbourhood of the Western Isles; when the following striking and most blessed incidents occurred, which exceeded all we had ventured to anticipate.

On Monday, May 20th, 1861, the Mate having in the morning heard one of the boys threatening to revenge himself effectually upon another who had given him some offence, shortly afterwards found him in the long-boat,—which, being placed on deck, was in common use as a retreat and general lounge,—opened his Bible, and directed his attention to the passage, Rom. xii. 19, "Avenge not yourselves," &c.; when the lad burst into tears, and began very earnestly to cry to God for mercy on his soul. The other lad had in the meantime also entered the boat, and joined in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. One or two of the crew followed, and, as they approached, each appeared to feel the power of the Holy Ghost, and to yield to His soul-subduing influence.

This occurred in the forenoon. I was informed of it at dinner; and in the evening we held a prayer-meeting. The two boys, Archie and Jack, and some others, were present. A good influence rested upon us, but there was no outward manifestation. Jack prayed aloud, and both he and Archie were set free from the burden of their guilt.

Tuesday, 21st.—During the day they held a prayer-meeting in the boat. In the afternoon, one of the seamen, named Black, came down to my room under conviction. I prayed with him long and earnestly. He was in great distress. While praying with him, I heard the steward in the pantry crying for mercy. At half-past six o'clock a prayer-meeting began. The third chapter of St. John was read: the carpenter then prayed, and next Mr. Heans, the chief officer. While Mr. Heans prayed, his voice was drowned by cries for mercy. Jesus was in the midst of us; some crying for mercy, and others weeping for their sins against a loving Saviour. It was truly affecting to witness it, and to see the little boys and Jack kneeling over their shipmates, and endeavouring to point them to the Lamb of God. One of the men ran away, apparently afraid. Our prayer-meeting did not break up till about eleven o'clock. Many were rejoicing in a Saviour's love. The steward and Deason, Mr. Daniel and the boy Bob, professed to have found a Saviour. All of them engaged in prayer, and all seemed to have the spirit of prayer, especially the boys. Hearing of their earnest and eloquent prayers, we remembered the word of our Saviour: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." It was a glorious night, rich in blessing to all our souls, except poor Black, who was in despair: there was no mercy for him, he said. In the evening I expostulated with those who would not attend our meeting, entreating and warning them; but they did not come. During the time of our meeting, Mr. Heans went forward, sounding his wild notes of warning to the impenitent, while they still kneeled on deck, and prayed.

Wednesday, 22d, was set apart for special prayer. In the morning I went forward, and expostulated with those who would not attend our services; warning them of the danger of resisting God's Spirit, and inviting and entreating them to come to our meeting. We began about nine o'clock, and our meeting lasted till noon. There was a good influence, but no fresh cases. We met again about two o'clock; and, on about four, the Spirit came down in rich effusion: two of those who did not attend the previous night were now crying for mercy, and professed to have found a Saviour before we dismissed. Poor Black, also, found relief: thus were three added to our number. Of another ordinary seaman we did not feel quite sure. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for His wonderful works unto us poor sinners!

Thursday, 23d.—I got up shortly after five this morning, and knelt in prayer; but I felt I must go and get some of them down to pray with me. I went on deck for the carpenter to come; he was in the long-boat. I went forward, and found the boat full, praying and praising; and the very man that ran away yesterday was engaged in prayer, having found a Saviour.

I found one of the men who did not

attend our meetings. I told him he must come down with me to the cabin to pray; and he came; also the carpenter. We engaged in prayer for him; and we were not long engaged when the steward brought another of the non-attendants. We engaged in prayer for him; and, with humility would I say it, the spirit of prayer was poured upon us, and we soon heard the joyful sound of another sinner crying for mercy in the name of Jesus. The first that came down ran away. After breakfast there was another lad prayed for in the cabin; and of him I trust it might be said, "Behold, he prayeth." The meeting was still going on in the boat, and it had begun about one o'clock in the morning. I went there for a little while, and found there was a happy influence; but I did not stay long. I went into the forecastle, and found a man without hope. He felt he was too great a sinner to be saved. I endeavoured to tell him of a gracious Saviour, and prayed with him. I asked for his Bible, that I might point out a chapter for him to read; but he had none, having lost it in a recent gale. I invited him down to the cabin to give him a Bible. When we came down, we found a meeting going on of the boys and some of the men. I gave this man a New Testament, and told him he had better stay where he was, and read it; and I went on deck into the carpenter's house. I found him praying; I joined him. After awhile we went down to the cabin, and found the man who a little before had no hope, now telling all he had found a Saviour.

In the afternoon we had a meeting, and all were present except two Swedes. However, two of them ran away terrified, and nothing could induce them to come back. Mr. Heans followed them, and they ran from him terrified. I shall never forget the solemnity of that afternoon. Before the meeting began, it seemed as if we were in the immediate presence of God. Yes, our God was near us, to bless us, and protect us; for Satan seemed to rage, seeing his strongholds pulled down. But our God was for us; and who could be against us? Our meeting went on, and it was truly a blessed time. Well might we exclaim, "I'm lost in wonder, love, and praise." O the wonders of redeeming grace, to hear the bold blasphemer pleading for mercy, confessing his heinous sins! and, O, what a joyful sight to see so many faces beaming with joy, and happy in a Saviour's love! to see the boys holding each other's hands, weeping and saying, "We shall not fight any more; we shall love each other. Glory to God!" Three to-day professed to have found a Saviour.

Friday, 24th.—Another blessed day. Some met in the cabin, and some in the boat. In the morning, we in the cabin had a rich blessing poured upon us. We all met in the afternoon in the cabin, when another, who would not attend our meetings, came and knelt with us, and prayed for mercy: he professed to have found Jesus. He is a Swede, and prayed in his own language. We then sang the paraphrase, "From every kindred, every tongue," &c. After six o'clock I had a meeting in the cabin, when Mr. Heans, the carpenter, and the rest of the converts went into the forecastle, and pleaded for a hardened sinner, and got him to his knees. Twice he endeavoured to deceive them, as he afterwards confessed. After our little cabin-meeting broke up, we went forward: all were around him, and God magnified His own name. We heard the penitent cry for mercy; and before we left him he professed to have found a Saviour. This man ran from the presence of God twice; yet he was brought to repent. "O my soul, for ever praise, for ever love His name!" None but God such grace can show. All appear to be growing in grace; many of them have delightful, and all have penitent, prayers.

Saturday, 25th.—A day of rich blessing. We met in the cabin in the morning, and enjoyed much of God's love: all the converts joined in prayer; many of them are growing fast. The afternoon was set apart by all to plead for the only hardened sinner left. All but one now profess to have found a Saviour; but I trust our prayers will yet be answered for him. Our ship has now become a house of prayer; the songs of Zion are night and day ascending from some part of her.

Sunday, 26th.—Another happy day. We had service in the forenoon and afternoon. In the evening, there were a few

down in the cabin; at eight o'clock, an old man of fifty-three, who had resisted every entreaty, now came down, and knelt with us; and it might be said, "Behold, he prayeth."

Our meetings after this were continued day by day; and the result is, that on arriving in London, on Sunday, June 23d, I am enabled to record the mercy of God in giving us reason to believe that eighteen conversions took place on board the ship in the course of one week; and that the whole ship's company, of twenty-two, are now following the Lord Jesus toward the rest which remains for the people of God.

The Months of the Year.

FEBRUARY.

"Then came old February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round."
SPENSER.

BEFORE the time of Numa Pompilius, this month was with the Romans the last of the year, in which they endeavoured to atone for their twelvemonths' sins by offering expiatory sacrifices, called *Februalia*. The name of the month was probably derived from this circumstance. By our Saxon ancestors, February was called "Sprout-Kale," or the month in which young cabbages, or colewort, began to sprout. They afterwards changed it into "Sol-Monath," or *sunmonth*, from the then returning sun, or the approach of spring; when seeds and plants begin to vegetate by the gradually-increasing warmth of the season.

The common emblematic representation of February is, a man in a dark or sky-coloured habit, bearing in his hand the astronomical sign of *Pisces*, or the Fishes. In the ancient Saxon pictures, a vine-dresser was shown in the act of pruning his trees;—in others, a man, in a jacket, buttoned up close, striking his arms across his body, in token of the early part of the month being generally the most inclement portion of the year. February has also been represented by a man clad in a white robe, with a wreath of snowdrops round his temples, and holding a burning candle in his hand.

Although the cold is now considerably diminished, and the ice everywhere begins to melt, yet the aspect of nature is gloomy, the trees still appear like lifeless skeletons, the skies are cold and their hue is grey, our favourite country-walks are miry and uninviting, and the air is either damp and foggy, or cold and keen.

If, as it sometimes happens at this time of the year, the ice and snow are suddenly melted by a thaw, accompanied by a south wind and much rain, great injury is done to the country by torrents of water from the hills, whereby brooks and rivers are swollen beyond the limits of their beds; the ice is broken up with great violence, and borne along by the flood, or dashed against barges and bridges, sometimes to the destruction of both; the fields are often inundated, trees and embankments, and sometimes cattle, washed away, and, in the course of a few hours, great losses of property sustained. The thaw is often succeeded by frost and snow, and the alternations from cold to mild weather are frequent. Snow, sleet, and rain generally establish for this month its claim to the ancient epithet of "February fill-dike;" and stormy gales are also prevalent towards the equinox.

As the month advances, we observe many harbingers of spring, both in the animal and vegetable world. The sweet notes of the woodlark are heard, and the raven and the rook begin to repair their nests; geese begin to lay, and the thrush and the chaffinch are already tuning their sweet pipes; the wood-owls are ready with their hoot, and towards night partridges begin to be heard making their well-known harsh noise; the missel, blackbird, wren, and robin are in song, and may be heard even in frosty weather. In warm days the bees begin to show signs of their active industry, and gnats and some other insects commence their

sports; the hedge-sparrow chirps his ineffectual song; and the lark enlivens the stubble-fields with his brilliant notes.

"As soon as the earth is softened," says Aikin, "moles go to work in throwing up their hillocks. Under some of the largest, a little below the surface of the ground, they make their nests of moss, in which four or five young are found at a time. These animals feed on worms, beetles, and the roots of plants. They do much mischief in gardens, by loosening and devouring flower-roots; and in the fields, by rendering the surface of the soil unequal by their hillocks, which obstruct the scythe in mowing. They are also accused of piercing the sides of dams and canals, and letting out the water. The strong muscles of their fore-feet, together with their hand-like form, admirably fit this animal for swimming; and it has lately been observed, that in this way, moles pass from the shore to the little islands in some of the Scotch lochs."

The Portfolio.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

God's workmen are men of a peculiar caste. They are strong, by being weak; wise, by being fools. And their training He takes into His own hand. When He has a work to be done, He prepares the man to do it: and one of the great elements in the training is, to teach him to be *willing* to be nothing. The work is to glorify not the worm, but Jehovah; and the worm *must* cease to glory. "The platform," as one well said, "must be cleared of man, before God can show Himself."

God is choosing the weak things of the world to confound the wisdom of the wise. We live at a time when the weakest and humblest effort is blest. Therefore, let us be up and doing, and quit ourselves like men. We want to get hold of God; and then, worms as we are, we shall become ourselves almighty. It was no figure of speech, but a plain fact, which Paul uttered, when he said, "I can do *all* things, through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The time is short, very short. Not a moment is to be lost in seeking to win souls to Christ. Let us arise, "strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man." Thus shall we be fitted for God's service.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

What a blessing is a true friend! One who is more than the companion of our youth and leisure-hours; who cheers and amuses us, and sweetens to us the enjoyments of life: a man who loves us, who pities our faults, hates and reproves our sin, does not flatter our vanity; who is not afraid of our displeasure, but is afraid of our falling into snares and temptations, and yielding to evil; who looks upon us as children of God, and heirs of heaven; and who looks upon our friendship as a blessing and fellowship for eternity, and not merely for time. Such a friend would be a friend indeed; faithfulness is in his heart, his word, his look, his prayer with and for us; faithful in prosperity and adversity, in good report and evil report; jealousy, envy, malice could never take up their abode in such hearts: and this fellowship would not be interrupted by death, but continue even throughout the endless ages of heaven. Such a friend had David in Jonathan; and such a Friend may we all have. One who knows us, and loves us, though He hates our sin; who seeks our peace and blessedness; who regards our good works with delight, encouraging us with His approving smile; who remains faithful, though we deny Him; a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who layeth down His life for His friends.

Memorials of the Departed.

Ann Trippitt died at Killinghall, in the Ripon Circuit, August 10th, 1858, in her sixty-ninth year. For nearly thirty years she meekly adorned the

Gospel of her Saviour in connexion with the Wesleyan Society. She was first thoroughly awakened to a painful sense of her condition under a sermon at Stainley, from, "Remember therefore whence thou art fallen, and repent," &c. Up to this time she had expected salvation by her own righteousness; but now she distinctly felt that Christ alone could save her. She received the simple teaching in that text, "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved;" and shortly afterwards found peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Now she could joyously testify that "there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." A few years afterwards, the happy death of an amiable son, in his sixteenth year, led her to seek and to secure the blessing of entire sanctification. From a variety of causes, hers was a rugged path; her trials were of no ordinary description; yet by incessant prayer, and the perusal of Divine truth, her mind was delightfully sustained and comforted.

Mary Fish, daughter of Edward and Hannah Wilkinson, was born in Leeds, September 9th, 1820. Being blessed with that richest earthly boon, a pious mother, her youthful mind was early impressed with the necessity of an interest in Christ. In addition to maternal precept and example, our departed sister enjoyed the privilege of Sabbath-school instruction; to which she was deeply indebted for those clear understanding views of Bible-truths, which, in subsequent years, gave stability to her Christian character, and unwavering trust in God under every adversity. At the age of nineteen she was led, through the instrumentality of a faithful Class-Leader, to consecrate herself to the service of God. In 1842 she was united in marriage to her now bereaved companion; who, in all his labours, both as a Local and Itinerant Preacher, found in her a judicious counsellor, and a devoted wife; one willing to submit to any sacrifice, or relinquish any enjoyment, if in so doing she could contribute to the good of others, but especially to the furtherance of the cause of God. A wider field of usefulness having opened up to her husband in America, the long cherished desire of his heart to be devoted exclusively to the work of God could now, with her concurrence, be realized. Many and strong were the ties which bound her to the land of her nativity; kind brothers, and affectionate sisters; a widowed father, whose declining years she had fondly hoped to soothe and cheer; and a mother's grave, around which clustered life's earliest and fondest memories,—all must be relinquished. Great as was the sacrifice, it was cheerfully made; and with unwavering trust in God she gave the parting hand to her husband, who was obliged to precede her several months, in order to secure his admission into the Canadian Conference. After the necessary arrangements had been made, she committed herself and two little ones to Divine protection, and embarked for America; feeling, as she afterwards remarked to a friend, that she "would rather share a crust and cup of cold water with the chosen partner of her life in his labours for Christ, than partake of earth's richest luxuries apart from him." Being the only female passenger on board, and suffering much from a tempestuous voyage, "wearisome days and nights were allotted her;" yet she murmured not; and even when a watery grave seemed inevitable, her heart's submissive language was, "Thy will be done." As her health began to decline, the thought of leaving her family alone to contend with the ills of life caused her many a heartfelt struggle; but grace at length triumphed. The last words she distinctly uttered were, "Angels —wait—to—welcome!" After speech failed, she opened her eyes, and fixed a look of plainest recognition on some object beyond the limits of mortal vision; then waving her hand repeatedly, as if to say, "I come," closed them for ever on earth, March 27th, 1859. The ladies of the Methodist Society in Picton testified their affectionate regard for their departed sister, by erecting a beautiful marble slab to mark her last earthly resting-place.

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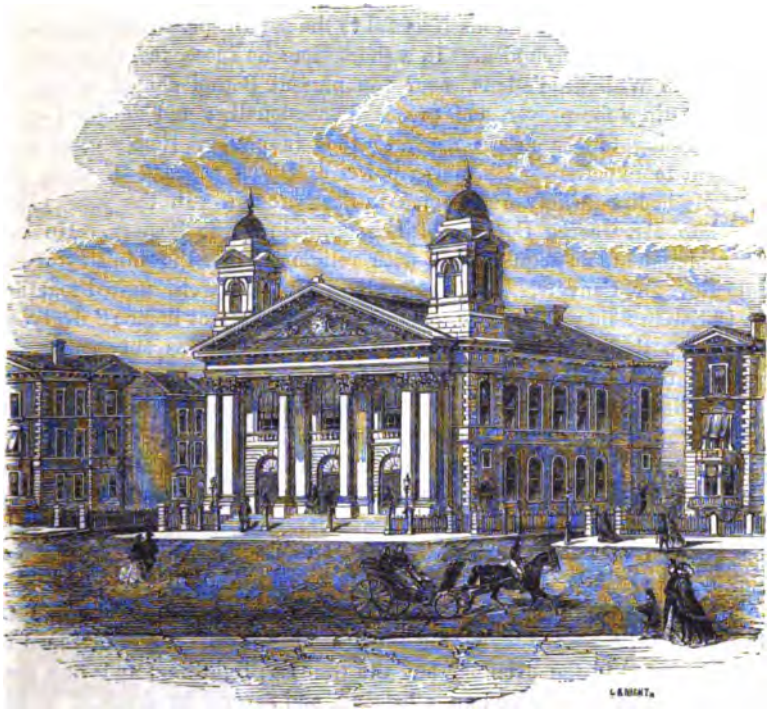


New Chapel, Falsgrave-Road, Scarborough.

METHODISM IN SCARBOROUGH.*

THE first Methodist in Scarborough, of whom any account can be traced, was a pious female of the name of Bozman, who regularly went to meet in class at Robin Hood's Bay, a distance of fourteen miles, along one of the most unpleasant roads in the kingdom. Like her lowly Master, she frequently took her pious journeys on an ass; and was often ridiculed by the spectators. In the year 1756, the late Mr. Thomas Brown came to Scarborough, from Sunderland; where he had been a member of the Methodist Society and a Local Preacher for several years. He felt the loss of those spiritual helps which he derived from Christian communion, and which he had so long enjoyed at Sunderland; whilst his pious soul was daily grieved to witness the prevalence of open wickedness, and no exertion made to arrest its course. The Methodists were at that time unknown in Scarborough. Such a sect had only been heard of as existing at a distance, and as being everywhere spoken against.

* Most of the statements in this paper respecting the early history of "Methodism in Scarborough," are taken from a paper by the Rev. J. B. Holroyd, inserted in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine," for 1826.

Mr. Brown determined to follow the first openings of Divine Providence, and to attempt to render himself useful to the souls of perishing sinners, by whom he was surrounded. In a short time he succeeded in procuring a room in Whitehead's-lane, near the present Bethel chapel, where he held meetings for prayer, and preached occasionally; and the Lord gave His blessing to the means used, so that in a short time several were brought to experience the saving power of Divine grace. Of these the first Methodist Society was formed in Scarborough. In the year 1760, the late Mr. George Cousins, of London, joined the Society. He had been brought to an acquaintance with religion, under the ministry of the late Rev. Dr. Conyers. At this time, the few that were united together in Christian fellowship had to "endure a great fight at home;" everyone thinking, that by oppressing the Methodists, he was supporting the religion of the country.

The first visit of John Wesley to Scarborough, took place in 1759. In his Journal, under date Tuesday, July 10th, he says: "We took horse" (from Robin Hood's Bay) "at half an hour past three, and rode over the huge mountains to Scarborough. I began to preach near the main street at seven. The congregation was large, and some of them wild enough; but in a short time all were quiet and still; nor did I hear one unkind word when I had done."

Mr. Wesley writes:—"1761. June 26th.—I had a pleasant ride to Scarborough, the wind tempering the heat of the sun. I had designed to preach abroad in the evening, but the thunder, lightning, and rain prevented. However, I stood on a balcony, and several hundreds of people stood below, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, would not stir till I concluded."

Again, he says: "Wednesday, April 18th, 1764.—About one I preached at Snainton, eight or nine miles beyond Pickering, to a small, but deeply serious, congregation. When I came to Scarborough, though the wind was very high and very sharp, the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad; and all, but a few noisy children, behaved remarkably well. Thursday.—The room was filled at five, and the congregation this evening was larger than the last. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two! The Society increased fourfold: most of them alive to God, and many filled with love; and all of them enjoy great quietness, instead of noise and tumult, since God put it into the heart of an honest Magistrate to still the madness of the people."

In 1766 and 1770 Mr. Wesley again visited Scarborough, and preached.

The members of the Methodist Society, however, did not meet with the same consideration as their Founder. They were often severely persecuted. Up to 1760, their persecutors had chiefly consisted of the lowest classes of the people; but as their numbers continued to increase, some of the leading persons of the town determined to treat these praying people as disturbers of the peace, and engaged the Captain of the pressgang (whose men had often disturbed the Methodists in their meetings) to apprehend

the principal members of the Society, and send them to recruit his Majesty's navy; and Mr. Brown, Mr. Cousins, Mr. ———, and Mr. Hague, were all sent on board the tender, then lying in the Roads to receive pressed men, and were to have sailed the next day. But He who sitteth in the heavens, caused a strong wind from the south-east to blow for several days, which baffled the intention of their enemies, and afforded their friends time to interfere for their release. While on board they were exposed to the rudest insults; but they had learned of Him who has said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." While these sufferers for righteousness' sake were musing on the best means of effecting their release, it was suggested to Mr. Brown's mind to write to General Lambton, then Member of Parliament for the city of Durham, of which Mr. Brown was a freeman. He stated to the General the circumstances in which himself and his companions were placed; when, with that promptitude which formed a prominent feature in the General's character, he laid their case before the proper authorities, and an order was immediately sent for their release. The General also wrote to the Captain of the pressgang concerning the conduct of his men in disturbing the Methodist meetings, and told him that, if he heard of a repetition of such conduct, he should report it where it would produce an effect not to his advantage. On receiving the General's letter, the Captain came and asked Mr. Brown's pardon, and promised to restrain his men from disturbing the Methodists in future; nor did they from that time attend the meetings for any mischievous purpose. But though the pressgang ceased to disturb them, the rabble of the town were not at all restrained by the civil authorities; for one Sabbath-day Mr. Hague waited on the chief Magistrate to request that he would direct a constable to attend, in order to keep the peace, as both their lives and property were in imminent danger; Mr. B—— having on the preceding Sabbath received a severe wound in the head; and had it not been for the generous conduct of his employer, Mr. Bland, one of the Society of Friends, who exposed his own life to rescue his servant, it is doubtful whether he would have escaped alive. The Magistrate treated the request with contempt, and sarcastically replied, "Do you not know that I never transact business on the Sabbath-day? If you have anything to say to me, you must come to-morrow."

Finding that their application to the Magistrate failed, they applied the more earnestly by prayer to God, who, while the tempter was raging without, made bare His arm, so that many were brought to the enjoyment of pardoning mercy, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; among whom were some of their most furious persecutors, who became a shield to those whom the civil power refused to defend.

As the Lord continued to prosper His work, the room in Whitehead's-lane became too small, and a larger one was procured, opposite to the place where the old chapel stood, and which held about two hundred and fifty people. Having comfortably fitted up this second room,

Mr. Brown, who had frequently been in Mr. Wesley's company, at Sunderland, wrote to him, requesting him to send them a Preacher to Scarborough. The prayer of this petition was attended to, and a Preacher was sent of the name of Alwood. But no sooner was his arrival known, than the rioters determined, that if they forbore to persecute their Methodist neighbours, they would not tolerate a stranger who came to expose their vices; and, on the first evening that Mr. Alwood was to preach, they mustered all their forces, and soon after he had ascended the pulpit, began to destroy everything before them, declaring they would not leave one stone upon another if the Preacher was not immediately dismissed. These proceedings so terrified Mr. Alwood, who perhaps did not possess the courage of a John Nelson, that he made his escape through a window, and immediately left the town. This appears to have been the last desperate effort of the Scarborough mob; for, a short time after, the town was visited by the Preachers of the York Circuit.

In the year 1772, the Society erected a new chapel, which would seat six hundred people. In that year Mr. Wesley preached in, what he calls, "the shell of the new house." From this period, until Mr. Wesley's death, he made frequent visits to Scarborough. Of some of them, the following are the records in his Journal:—

"1774. Monday, 4th of July.—At six, I preached to a numerous congregation in the new house at Scarborough. It is plain; and yet is one of the neatest and most elegant preaching-houses in England. Now let the people walk worthy of their calling, and there will be a good work in this place."

"1776. Monday, 24th of June.—I went on to Scarborough. I think the preaching-house here is the most elegant of any square room which we have in England; and we had as elegant a congregation: but they were as attentive as if they had been Kingswood colliers."

Mr. Wesley made visits to Scarborough in the years 1777, 1779, 1781, 1786, and 1788.

"1784. 19th of June.—In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Scarborough. Sunday, 20th.—The new Vicar showed plainly why he refused those who desired the liberty for me to preach in his church. A keener sermon I never heard. So all I have done to persuade the people to attend the church is overturned at once! And all who preach thus will drive the Methodists from the church, in spite of all that I can do. I preached in the evening on 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3, and God mightily confirmed His word, applying it to the hearts of many of the hearers."

"1790. Tuesday, June 22d.—I crossed over to Scarborough" (from Malton). "The congregation in the evening was unusually small, being not yet recovered from the blessed fruits of the election. This was the hottest day we have had this year: and, about one in the afternoon, the thunder, which had long lain at a distance, came near, with thick flashes of lightning, and impetuous rain. The thunder continued in one roll for an hour and a quarter. I never heard the like before, since my return from America."

Scarborough was first constituted a Circuit in the year 1770, with the Revds. Thomas Lee and Thomas Carlill, as Ministers; and in 1771 it was incorporated with a neighbouring Circuit.

In the year 1775, it was again made the head of a Circuit, which included what are now the Bridlington, Malton, and Pickering Circuits: the first Preachers appointed to that extensive field of evangelical labour were, Mr. Benjamin Rhodes, and Mr. James Hudson.

The Divine blessing still attended the ministry of the word in Scarborough, so that the chapel became too small for the increasing congregations; and in the year 1813, another chapel was erected on the site of the former. It held about one thousand three hundred people. Even then, the congregation was distinguished for regularity of attendance and punctuality; features which still distinguish, we are happy to say, the Methodists of Scarborough to the present day.

The Methodist Society went on steadily progressing until, in 1839, it was determined to erect a new and larger chapel, in a more convenient part of the town. The extensive property then known as the Blacksmith's Arms Hotel, with its appurtenances, situate in Queen-street, being for sale, was purchased, affording a most eligible site for the building; and on the 13th of December in that year, the foundation-stone of the Centenary chapel was laid by Henry Fowler, Esq. The chapel was opened on the 11th of September, 1840. In 1843, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, of Scarborough, (widow of Mr. Fras. Clark,) built, at her own expense, and presented to the Society, a small chapel, at Falsgrave; and, in 1847, another small chapel was built, by private subscription, in George-street, Castle-road. The next event worthy of record, is the laying of the foundation-stone of the new chapel, Falsgrave-road, on Friday, November 16th, 1860.

The excessive crowding that so frequently occurs in Queen-street chapel, and the numerous applications for sittings during the last three years, which the trustees were unable to meet, have long rendered necessary the provision of further accommodation for the congregations wishful to worship with the Methodists. Accordingly, a few months previously, a meeting was called by the Superintendent Minister, of persons friendly to the project; an earnest effort was made; the commencement of a building-fund was begun; and a piece of ground having been purchased in Falsgrave-walk, plans and estimates were procured, and the erection of the building commenced.

The Rev. Samuel Tindall, began the services connected with the ceremonial of laying the stone, by giving out the hymn on the 666th page of the Wesleyan Hymn-Book:—

> "Thou, who hast in Sion laid
> The true Foundation-stone," &c.

The Rev. S. Lord read the 29th chapter of the first Book of Chronicles, and the Revs. Dr. Evans and S. Wilkinson engaged in prayer. The weather, which had been stormy and wet, became fine and pleasant at this stage of the proceedings; the sun shone out with a cheering brightness, which,

no doubt, many present would pray might be prophetic of the smile of God on the work they were then devoting to His service.

A large bottle, properly sealed, was deposited by Mr. G. Ireland under the stone, the contents of which were as follows:—A copy of the placard announcing the services of the day; a list of the principal subscribers; the stations of Conference; the Circuit plan; a copy of each of the Scarborough papers, namely, the "Scarborough Gazette," the "Scarborough Mercury," and the "Scarborough Times;" a copy of the Cliff-Bridge Company's accounts for the past year; the accounts of the Bath Company; a copy of the Burgess Roll of the Borough; a list of the names of the Mayor and Corporation; a copy of the hymns sung on the occasion; one of the tickets issued for the tea-meeting; various coins of the realm; a document containing the names of the architect and contractors for the work, and another document of which the following is a copy:—

"The foundation-stone of this Chapel was laid by Henry Fowler, Esq., Friday, November 16th, 1860. Samuel Tindall, Samuel Wilkinson, Samuel Lord, Ministers of the Circuit; William Smith, Supernumerary. The following are the names of the Trustees:—Messrs. H. Fowler, George Ireland, Robert Hawson, John Rodham, George Dale Smith, Thomas Boss Walker, Thomas C. Tranmar, Thomas Watson, Foster Maw, William Leadlay, William Robson, G. Porrett, Joseph Maitland Ware, Thomas Kirkness, Ambrose Gibson, Benjamin Smith, William Fowler, George Walker Gee, John Fowler Sedman, Richard Spink, Henry Stephenson, Robert Swift, Samuel Bailey, Charles Fearn, Hawson Herbert, Richard S. Lord, Richard Kirby Frankish, Frank Mitchell. The estimated cost of the Chapel, including the site, is £5,500; towards which near £3,000 have been subscribed. The number of church-members in Scarborough is 1,000, and in the entire circuit, 2,007."

The Rev. S. Tindall having handed to Henry Fowler, Esq., an elegant silver trowel, bearing a suitable inscription, that gentleman then proceeded, with the assistance of the masons, to adjust the corner-stone: this done, he pronounced the stone to be duly laid, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." He then addressed the large concourse of people assembled on the ground.

In the latter part of the afternoon, a public tea-meeting was held in the vestries of Queen-street chapel, to which about 800 persons sat down, including the workmen then engaged on the new building. This was the largest tea-meeting ever known in Scarborough. After tea, the company adjourned to the chapel above, where they were addressed by several Ministers and friends.

The chapel, of which our woodcut gives a true representation, is now nearly completed. The plans were furnished by Mr. W. B. Stewart, of Scarborough. They were selected by the Committee from about thirty competing designs, sent in, in answer to the advertisements issued. There is little doubt but the building will be one of the best and most comfortable in the town. It is built in an Italian style, and has a frontage of 76 by 100 feet deep (including portico and circular end); it will contain 1,260 sittings, of which 260 are to be free; the front and two sides are of Whitby stone, of the best quality. The body of the chapel is reached

from the road by a broad and easy flight of ten steps, 36 feet long; a portico the height of the building, with Corinthian columns and antæ, and enclosed at each end by a tower, affording ample shelter to the five principal doorways that open under the portico. In addition to the portico along the front, there is a tower, 19 feet square, at each of the two front corners, carried up about 50 feet above the main building. The gallery stairs are carried up in the towers, and are both spacious and easy; there are also stairs carried down in the towers, from the body of the chapel to the large vestry below, for the convenience of reaching the same from the chapel without going outside the building. The basement is divided into one large vestry, 60 feet by 40 feet, and five smaller ones; the average height is about 12 feet 6 inches. There are also the necessary conveniences adjoining the large vestry, in case it should be used as a school, as well as space for heating-apparatus and fuel. The pews in the body of the chapel are so arranged that every one faces the pulpit, and have low sloping backs.

On a review of Methodism in Scarborough, we may well say, "What hath God wrought!" Other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. May we prove ourselves the genuine followers of those who so "nobly for their Master stood;" and at last join those of them who are now before the throne, ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb!

THE PROTESTANT DUKE.

About the year 1680, the Protestant religion appeared to be surrounded by more dangers than had ever threatened its existence since the stormy days of Queen Mary. The Scotch Covenanters were being persecuted with merciless severity; the King was a suspected Papist, depending on the bounty of France; and the English people were driven to such an extremity of frenzy, that they not only permitted, but they approved of, the most horrible series of judicial murders on record in the history of fanaticism. So great did the dangers which threatened the Established Church appear to all zealous Protestants, that a species of panic pervaded the nation, and false witnesses, who gave evidence of Romish plots which had never existed, readily gained the too credulous ear of the people. The near prospect of a Popish successor to the Crown, in the person of the Duke of York, induced the Commons to pass the famous Exclusion Bill, which was only prevented from becoming law by the eloquence of the Marquis of Halifax, and the fixed determination of King Charles.

The people knew not where to look for a Protestant heir to the throne. In their difficulty, the intriguing Earl of Shaftesbury induced one of the King's natural children, James, Duke of Monmouth, to entertain ideas of proving his legitimacy, and gaining the Crown by the suffrage of the people. Monmouth was a Protestant; he was handsome, affable, and engaging; in fact, every way fitted to be a popular favourite; but his character was weak, and his intellect contemptible. Monmouth, instigated by Shaftesbury, began to view the sceptre of England as already

within his reach; and as he was impulsive and indiscreet, and the Duke of York jealous and obstinate, the two soon quarrelled violently, and Charles sent his brother to Edinburgh, as Viceroy of Scotland, and exiled Monmouth to the Netherlands.

The Duke of York having soon afterwards returned to London, Monmouth ventured back also, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by the people, who now looked to him as their only shield and hope. Again were the rivals exiled, and again they returned under the same circumstances as before; and now Monmouth commenced that stormy career to the end of which he was regarded as the "darling of the people," and "the Protestant Duke."

Having been received in London with every demonstration of joy, he set out with an equipage scarcely less than royal, on a progress through the kingdom: in Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire, he was treated like a King or heir-apparent; all the Whig nobility and gentry of the counties through which he passed, attended him along his road at the head of their tenantry. Wherever his cavalcade halted, he dined in public, so that the populace might see their favourite. At Liverpool he even ventured to touch for the King's evil, and bore the royal arms on his carriage without the cross-bar, which denoted his illegitimate descent. He entered into all country diversions, and athletic exercises; and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself on foot. Wherever he appeared, the bells rang out a merry peal; bonfires were lit, volleys of fire-arms discharged, while the populace shouted tumultuously after him, "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!"

The Duke was mixed up in the intrigues of the Rye-House Plot, and the misfortunes of Russell, Sidney, and Shaftesbury; but he received a pardon from the King, his father, and once more retired to Holland.

The quiet accession of James II. seemed to blast the hopes which the "Protestant hero" had once entertained; and, indeed, he himself, never active except as the tool of others, and never busy of his own accord, was now so contented in his splendid exile at the Court of William of Orange, that the diadem of the British Empire seemed to have lost all its former charms. But there were other banished Englishmen, of ruined and desperate fortunes, who had all to gain, and nothing to lose in any enterprise they might undertake, and they were now only waiting till they should gain the name and influence of Monmouth to complete their plans for an invasion of England. Among these desperadoes was the infamous Ford; Lord Grey; the astute plotter Ferguson Ayloffe, an uncompromising hater of Popery; and Rumbold, an old soldier of the Commonwealth, and an English yeoman of the true breed. In close alliance with these Englishmen were many exiled Scots, who remembered, with bitter hatred, the cruelties of Graham of Claverhouse, Archbishop Sharpe, and of James himself, when Viceroy of Scotland.

Conspicuous among the Scots were Sir Patrick Hume, Sir John Cochrane, and Fletcher, of Saltoun: they were prepared with a leader in the great Duke of Argyle, who had narrowly escaped the axe, by flight, and who

possessed unbounded influence in the west of Scotland. Monmouth would not at first give his assent to the schemes of the conspirators, but at last agreed to join them, and a plan of operations was drawn up. Argyle was to land with a small force in the western Highlands, raise the great clan of Campbell, and march on Edinburgh; while Monmouth engaged to make a descent on England, and co-operate with the Scotch as circumstances might dictate. After having effected a landing according to appointment, Argyle raised part of his clansmen, formed them into something resembling an army, and commenced operations. But he was constantly thwarted by his subordinates, Hume and Cochrane; and the royal troops, superior in discipline and numbers, speedily dispersed the luckless expedition. Argyle himself, after a short pursuit, was taken, and beheaded. From the moment he was freed from his unworthy associates, his lofty and pious spirit became plainly manifested; he behaved before his judges with dignified firmness, and on the fatal scaffold, having professed his belief in the religion of his fathers, and his certain hope of heaven, died as became a hero and a Christian, and the descendant of M'Callum More.

Six days before Argyle's capture, Monmouth landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire. The country-people flocked in crowds to his standard, and he was soon surrounded by a tumultuary herd of followers; but he had very little money, and but few arms for his recruits, and so the greater part of them armed themselves with iron-pointed stakes, and scythes fixed on the end of poles. The farmers furnished him with horses for his cavalry, and after some delay he commenced his march. But as yet none of the gentry or nobility had come to his camp, and already the Lords-lieutenants of the neighbouring counties were calling out the militia, and arming for King James. From Lyme, Monmouth marched through various towns and villages to Taunton, where he was reinforced, and joyously welcomed; but still none of the Whig Lords, whose aid he had expected, made their appearance. On leaving Taunton, the insurgents set out for Bristol; but not thinking an assault practicable, they turned towards Bath, continually harassed by the militia, under the Dukes of Beaufort and Albemarle. Utterly ignorant of the whereabouts of the regular troops under the Earl of Feversham, who was now in pursuit of him, Monmouth got to Bridgewater, where he learned that the royal army was encamped, not far from the town, on the field of Sedgemoor. A night-attack was decided on, and the unhappy Monmouth marched from his quarters, without beat of drum, about midnight. The surprise was badly planned, and the Royalists, having had time to prepare, made dreadful havoc of their undisciplined adversaries as soon as daylight began to disperse the mists which hung about the dreary moor. Monmouth himself, who seems to have been haunted by a dread of being taken alive, was hurried off the field by Lord Grey before the fate of the battle was decided; but the unfortunate enthusiasts, who had sacrificed themselves to his ambition, still showed a bold front, and fought most bravely with their scythes and

forks long after their leader had abandoned them. In the end, however, they were surrounded by the Royal troops; they broke and fled in all directions, and a terrible massacre ensued, which was succeeded by the still more sanguinary horrors of the "Jeffreys' campaign," and the murders perpetrated during the "bloody assizes." Two days after the battle, Grey was taken, disguised as a peasant; and the next evening the pursuers tracked the wretched Monmouth to his last hiding-place. After a close search, they dragged out of a dry ditch a gaunt, half-starved, figure, just alive, which was all that remained of the once-brilliant Duke of Monmouth, "the Protestant hero," and the fond hope of half the nation. Utterly prostrated both in mind and body, he wrote, soon after his capture, a most imploring and abject letter to the King, which, it is needless to say, was of no avail. After having been brought to London, Monmouth was, at his own earnest entreaty, admitted to an audience by James; in an agony of despair he clung to his uncle's knees, and begged his life in piteous accents; but the King was unmoved, amply verifying Marlborough's character of him, "hard as marble." And now Monmouth collected his shattered faculties, and prepared to die with the dignity of one who had taken the sacred title of King upon him, and had been the avowed champion of Protestantism. He was led to the scaffold on the 15th of July, 1685. All the available room about Tower-Hill was crowded with spectators, and fears were entertained of a desperate attempt at a rescue; but so strong a guard was stationed around the place of execution, that the behaviour of the vast multitude was orderly and subdued. The Duke's last moments were disturbed by the pertinacious exhortations and reflections of the Bishops who attended him, and who, though possibly well-meaning, acted with great harshness to the erring victim. Though refusing to give his assent to the doctrine of passive obedience which they endeavoured to force upon him, he professed his sincere repentance, and his belief in the Protestant faith. Having given the headsman some money, and cautioned him to be careful, he laid his head calmly on the block; but the wretched executioner, terrified by the prevalent notion of the sanctity of royal blood, and the words Monmouth had said to him, struck one or two trembling blows, which only mangled the unhappy sufferer, and threw down the axe in horror, amidst the frenzied execrations of the vast crowd beneath: brought to himself by the threats of the Sheriffs, he again took up the axe, and severed the head from the bleeding trunk in a few more strokes.

Thus miserably perished, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, James, Duke of Monmouth; once the gayest and most admired in the most brilliant courts of Europe; once the head of a powerful party, the idol, and the recognised leader of the Protestants of this country. He was led astray by evil counsel, and his own unrestrained ambition; and having advanced a claim founded on falsehood, he met with a horrible and untimely end. From his sad and eventful history we may learn the lesson that the greatest natural gifts, if not directed by prudence, and controlled by piety and religion,—if sullied by unlawful ambition, and

not combined with honesty of purpose,—will only ensure ruin and disgrace, instead of honour and happiness.

Uxbridge. F. T. P.

THE WIFE AND FAMILY LIFE OF LUTHER.

(*Concluded from page* 43.)

This happy home, where husband and wife were so closely united in love and harmony, rich in the heritage of children trained in the fear of God, was soon to be broken up. In 1544, Luther's health failed sensibly, and he expressed a longing desire to cease to work and live. His wish had a speedy fulfilment; and where he was born, thither he went up to die. A mission of importance called him to Eisleben; and his symptoms of illness increased. It was an anxious time for Katharine in spite of his continued attempts to soothe her in his letters. In one epistle he exhorts her to read St. John, and adds, "You afflict yourself just as if God were not all-powerful, and not able to raise up new Dr. Martins by dozens, should the old Dr. Martin be drowned in the Salle, or perish in any other way. There is One who takes care of me in His own manner, better than you or all the angels could ever do. He sits by the side of the Almighty Father. Tranquillize yourself, then." A few days after this letter was written, he grew rapidly worse, and sunk rapidly. He died in the full assurance of hope, thus expressing himself: "O my heavenly Father, eternal, merciful God, Thou hast revealed to me Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; Him I have preached, Him I have confessed, Him I love and worship as my dearest Saviour and Deliverer, whom the ungodly persecute and blaspheme, receive my poor soul. O heavenly Father, although I must quit this body, and am hurried away from this life, yet I certainly know that I shall abide eternally with Thee, and that none can pluck me out of Thy hand." Then he thrice repeated these words:—"Into Thy hand I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth;" (Psalm xxxi. 5;) and also these words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) He was buried at Wittenberg, with great honour.

And now Katharine was left a widow, the sole guardian of three sons and one daughter. In his last hours, her illustrious husband spoke of her in highest terms, and left her all his property, in full confidence that she would act justly towards their children. The Elector of Saxony, and other noble personages, came liberally forward with promises of a regular income for her support, and the education of her children: and but for the breaking out of war, Katharine would have been comfortably provided for. Unfortunately her landed property, lying near the seat of war, brought her in but little, and her husband's friends failing to fulfil their promises, Katharine, as a widow, was poor and desolate indeed.

Not only was she in pecuniary difficulties, she had to leave Wittenberg, fearing that the conqueror, Charles V., to whom her faithful friend, the Elector, had been compelled to surrender himself, would be unfriendly to the family of the great Reformer, against whose faith he waged war. Probably there was no need to fear, as on seeing Luther's grave, he observed, "I war not with the dead; let this place be respected." After many wanderings they returned to Wittenberg. Katharine's seven years of widowhood were sorrowful

indeed. She had to borrow money on her estate, and to sell her silver plate, and to let apartments to students. In 1552, she met with an accident, from which she did not recover. She died firm in faith, exhorting her children, and praying for the prosperity of the true church. She was then fifty-three years of age. She was buried with great honour; and a tombstone, with her effigy sculptured on it, is yet to be seen in the parish church at Torgau. Their three sons, although not greatly distinguished, filled honourable positions, and married into good families. Margaret married a noble and excellent man, and had nine children.

TWO RAINBOW THOUGHTS.

1. GOD sets His bow in the clouds, and, when He looks at it, remembers His covenant with man. And so do the merits of Christ form a rainbow of mercy round the throne of God. He looks upon it, and "remembers" what Jesus has done, and the blessings He has bought for sinners. He "remembers" the accepted sacrifice, and His own unfailing promise. He "remembers" His "everlasting covenant," and thus, ever "delighting in mercy," He is "ready to pardon" all who seek forgiveness through His Son. "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

2. It is a phenomenon we do not see every day. Two things are needful to form a rainbow: the storm of rain, and the shining of the sun rays. And so it is with some rare joys felt by the Christian. There are special consolations felt only at particular times. To produce them there must be the storm of sorrow or affliction, and the sun rays of God's favour smiling brightly at the same time. These two, meeting together, produce *rainbow* joys, as precious as they are rare.

I. E. P.

THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

MATTHEW VI. 26.

(*Concluded from page* 41.)

THE process of forming this lower world, and the system connected with it, develops various degrees, so to speak, of creating wisdom and love. From the lifeless and insignificant sand-grain, or the living blade of grass, up to man, there is an ascending series of existences, each above the other in endowments and value. But in the human creature, being rises to its meridian point; all the various forms of life combine and culminate. Man's exalted powers outreach mere animal life and sensation in their most elevated and delicate forms. They far surpass the powers of instinct, whatever that mysterious and all but unerring faculty may be. They comprehend a rational soul, with all the attributes of thought and reflection; the deep affections of a thoroughly emotional nature; and an existence immortal as the existence of Him who liveth for ever and ever. He can read off from the face of the glittering heavens, or from the crest of the sunburnt earth, the radiant characters which set forth the Lord's wondrous perfections, and declare His eternal power and Godhead. He can survey the actual existence of creation in her most extended sweeps; He can sanctify the various scenes of nature and of life to moral uses; and, above all, he can render to the Creator of all things a voluntary adoration, and an acceptable service.

These splendid powers are denied to the fowls of the air, and the lower creatures of earth. The only subjects which engage their attention are those pressed upon them by present material necessities. The glowing scenery of nature is thrown around them in vain; it arouses no thought, awakens no reflection, kindles no power of comparison. The past, even in their own individual history, is a

perfect emptiness; they cannot read its annals, or call up its reminiscences; and the future is no apocalypse. It is unradiated by light from the analogies which observation and experience furnish to man, and by which, in his case, its gloom is somewhat broken. Their eye cannot look through the telescope of God's own revelation; eternity is beyond the range of their feeble vision. Spiritual themes and moral actions, which furnish to us such inexhaustible sources of thought, they cannot perceive or understand. And even the highest species, those which approach nearest to intellectual character, seem perfectly incurious about the wondrous causes at work in producing the various scenes and events around them.*

How sovereign, then, is the supremacy of man's nature over the beasts of the earth and the fowls of heaven! Well did the Psalmist, in his devout midnight contemplations, exclaim, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!" Thou "hast set Thy glory above the heavens." (Psalm viii. 1, 4—9.) "Are ye not much better than they?"

The argument, then, proceeds upon the principle, that God's interest in His creatures, and His care for their welfare, are proportioned to their dignity and importance in the scale of being. And this is in perfect harmony with the instincts and propensities of our own nature. Do we not feel a greater interest in any living thing than in a lump of lifeless matter? Have we not profounder reverence for life in its higher, than in its lower, forms? Do we not sympathize more strongly with creature-life than with plant-life? and with rational than with sentient existences? Do not all the intensities of the soul gush out towards man, and that because he is the highest type of being, the most glorious of all "things that have life?" Now, if *we* instinctively do this, then, reasoning from ourselves up to Him whose offspring we are, and who made us thus to feel, we might naturally conclude that He regards His creatures in proportion to the nobility of their several natures, and their importance in that scale of existences which He has formed. "And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" (Jonah iv. 11.) Here the irrational creature, through all its tribes, is not overlooked in the amnesty of mercy to the guilty city; but the human creature, even in its infant state, claims the first and highest place in Divine regard. The "*much cattle*" are spared for the *infants'* sake.

Now apply all this to the case before us. The "fowls of the air" are inferior creatures. They have no intellectual powers; no knowledge of their Creator and Benefactor; they know not the design of their own existence; they are creatures of a day, and will soon perish for ever. "Are ye not much better than they?" You have intellect, moral power, and immortality. You range in thought over all the works of God. You rise

* This whole subject is eloquently illustrated and argued by the Rev. Richard Watson, in his discourse on "Man magnified by the Divine Regard."—*Works*, vol. ii., pp. 67—73.

in holy aspirations to high communings with the ever-blessed Trinity. You will outlive the dissolution of all things. They might all perish in a night, like Jonah's gourd, and the world be no worse for it. Were they to sink in a moment into the yawning gulf of annihilation, never again to emerge into life, the glory of eternity would not be shrouded in sackcloth, or dimmed in the smallest degree. But "ye are of more value than many sparrows;" yea, than "the cattle upon a thousand hills." You are more "precious in the sight of the Lord" than the entire terraqueous globe, or all sidereal worlds. God has created you in His own image; made the world and all things in it for your sake,—for "all are yours." He has redeemed you with the precious blood of His beloved Son,—a sacrifice greater than the immolation of a created universe,—and He waits to receive from your conversion and salvation a revenue of glory in the everlasting world. You are a transcript of Himself: you take a higher position in the scale of being, and are a far more important link in the chain of the living universe, than all the fowls of the air. You are destined to fill a nobler place in the future world, and to shine as the sun in the kingdom of your Father. If, then, God care for and feed the inferior creatures of His great family, will He not much more provide for you who are so much better than they?

"You, on whom He favours showers;
You, possest of nobler powers;
You, of Reason's powers possest;
You, with Will and Memory blest;
You, with finer sense endued;
Creatures capable of God?"

"Will He not much more feed you, O ye of little faith?"

But our Lord's reasoning goes a step farther, and reminds us that we are in a very much better position to supply our own wants than the fowls of the air, and therefore we ought not to be anxious about temporal supplies.

The feathered tribes are, indeed, provided for in a manner suited to their several natures and different capacities. The Lord of all does not supply their need without effort on their part. Food does not, like the vital air which they breathe, fly to them on the wings of the morning, and find them lazily sitting upon the perch, or idly basking in the nest. Their own powers are called into operation in search of food. "The young lions *seek* their meat from God;" and the birds fly from their place to find the crumbs and the corn on which they feed. "That Thou givest them *they gather*." The common Parent puts them in circumstances favourable for obtaining sustenance and shelter; and by following their unerring instincts, by the exertion of that sagacity and strength which they receive from God, they gather, in little quantities, their daily supplies.

But their instinct, wonderful as it is, cannot compare with the intellect of man. It is a very inferior power. It has no inventive or improving faculty. Its range is limited; its foresight is scanty; it can do very little for their provision. "They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns." They have no fields; they gather no harvests; they possess no storehouse, where they might lay up provision against the blasts and snows of coming time. Yea, could you give them all these,—fertile fields, teeming harvests, spacious granaries, —what would they all avail? They have no skill to invent implements of agriculture for breaking up the fallow ground; when the time of sowing arrived, they could not cast in the seed; and the golden harvest would wave in all its teeming plenty, and rot in the fields instead of being gathered into barns, or housed for the future. How dependent is their position! They are, indeed, the veriest

creatures of Providence; pensioners on the Divine bounty; unable, with one or two slight exceptions, to make suitable provision for the future.

How different from all this are your circumstances and ability! The whole earth is put into your hand; given as your heritage; as food for your sustenance. "The chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills," are yours. (Deut. xxxiii. 15.) Cursed as is the earth, even unto the production of briers, and thorns, and noxious weeds, after their kind, you are not compelled, like the fowls of heaven, to content yourself with its spontaneous produce. God "teacheth you more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh you wiser than the fowls of heaven." (Job xxxv. 11.) You can "plough all day to sow;" you can "open and break the clods of the ground." When you have "made plain the face thereof," you can "cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin." Over the wide-spreading acres, you can "cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed barley, and the rye, in their place. For" your "God doth instruct" you "to discretion, and doth teach" you. (Isai xxviii. 24—26.) You can "sow fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase." (Psalm cvii. 37.) Before the inventions of human skill, and the ever-plyed energy of human industry, the earth puts forth her increase in the most sterile places, and barrenness is "turned into a fruitful field." When "the harvest of the earth is ripe," it rots not in the field. The "sickle is thrust into the standing corn," wherewith "the mower filleth his hand, and the reaper his bosom." The "barns are filled with plenty." The bread-corn flies from the husk under the stroke of the threshing-instrument. The "sound of the grinding is heard;" the meal is put into the kneading-trough: the "bread cometh forth from the oven;" man "eateth, and is satisfied." "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." (Isai. xxviii. 29.)

By a thousand expedients, all lawful and proper, you can anticipate almost every need, provide for every want. No other creature in the world has your power of providence and forethought. And if the fowls of the air, who can exercise no pre-vision, anticipate no necessity, and put forth no effort to raise from the earth the food which they require, are so blithe and free from care,* ought not you to be much more so? But with so large an heritage of goodness, and ennobled with powers which can turn all nature to advantage, making her minister, like a loving handmaid, to your needs, will not ye cast to the winds all distressing anxiety about your food, or your future? If, in such circumstances of apparent helplessness, the feathered tribes are amply supplied with convenient food, is it unreasonable to expect that He who has made you capable of using suitable means for securing support, will, by His blessing, render the use of those means effectual? "Can it be supposed," says an old writer, "that a great King, who has plenty of all things, and makes abundant provision for all his household,—who takes care, not only of the meanest and unworthiest of his servants, but also of his beasts and fowls,—should yet suffer to starve, or to want needful things, his son and heir, for whom he designs his kingdom? And this is the very case here: God is the great King over all the earth; all things that are in the earth are His; and the care of His providence extends

* "That little fellow," said Luther, when he saw a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him!"

to the vilest and most worthless of His creatures. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens (which were unclean birds) when they cry. Can it be supposed, then, that He will starve His children? Can it be imagined that He will deny means to prolong this temporal life—so long as it shall be for their good to have it prolonged—to those for whom, when this life is over, He hath prepared a kingdom, and glory, and immortality in heaven? 'Your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?'"

O doubting and feeble disciple of Jesus, art thou tempted to indulge this over-care about food, and raiment, and futurity? Think of the fowls of the air, and learn a lesson of cheerful trust in thy heavenly Father's providence. They have no resources, yet see how happy they are! No anxious thought disturbs their little breasts. Whether perched on the twig of the hedgerow, or the branch of a tree, or skimming the air in joyous flights, their brisk movements and cheery notes all tell of light-heartedness and freedom from care. And are they not fed as plentifully and regularly as thyself? Do they not fly from the bush, and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Thy "heavenly Father feedeth them," and will He not feed thee? Where is the father who cares for his fowls, and would starve his children? "Are ye not much better than they?"

THE NAME OF JESUS.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

"Unto you which believe He is precious."

Jesus! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet:
But, O! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed.

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE LEOPARD.

Many of the animals belonging to the cat tribe are handsome; but perhaps none more than

"The lively, shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste."

In his native haunts, his movements are described as being in the highest degree easy and graceful, while his agility in bounding among rocks, and springing up trees, is quite amazing.

The spotted leopard seems widely distributed over Africa and Asia, and though the markings differ in different localities, it may be regarded as essentially a single species. By the Arabs of Syria, Arabia, and Nubia, this creature is called *Nimr* or *el Nimr*, which signifies the "spotted," or "varied." There is little doubt but this is the *Namer* of the Jews, and the *Panthera* of the ancients.

In the Bible, the leopard is frequently alluded to. From its fierceness, it is often associated with the lion; and, from the same character, emphasis is given to the description of the blessedness of the coming time by the declaration that even "the leopard shall lie down with the kid." There are allusions to its lying in wait near towns, and beside the public ways, to surprise unwary travellers, as well as to the acuteness of the animal, and to its spots. Solomon speaks of "the mountains of the leopards," and just as Lebanon was

thus famed in the days of the wisest of men, so is it now. Burckhardt tells us that the moulahs of the Heish, a part of the Lebanon range, abound with these creatures, and that their skins are much sought after by the Arab-Sheiks, as saddle-cloths. In the East, to this day, as in the Scriptural topography of Pales-

tine, several names occur, which being formed from the name of the leopard, *Nimr*, appear to intimate that the localities indicated were the peculiar haunts of these animals. It is even not unlikely, that "the mighty hunter," Nimrod, derived his name from this animal. In the prophets Hosea and Habakkuk, the leopard is alluded to; and in the last of the prophets, the vision of St. John, on Patmos, the beast which rose up out of the sea "was like unto a leopard." (Rev. xiii. 2.)

The leopard has the habit of scratching the trunks of trees; an action common to most of the species of the feline race, and which may be daily witnessed in houses where cats, not having been corrected in their kittenhood, have been allowed to scratch the legs of the chairs and tables. The traveller may often judge of the presence of a leopard in his neighbourhood by finding these incisions to be freshly made. Mr. Darwin was shown, on the banks of the Uruguay, in South America, certain trees selected by the jaguar for this purpose; the bark on these was worn smooth, and on each side there were deep scratches, or grooves, nearly a yard in length. The natives say that in this way these animals sharpen their claws; but is is clear that it must have quite an opposite effect.

At the Cape there is a variety of the leopard more slender in the body, and differing from that in North Africa and Syria in the forms of the spots. This species preys chiefly on such of the antelopes as he can master, on baboons, and the curious *pachyderm*, or *das*, a species of the same genus as the coney of Scripture. It is not uncommon in the Cape Colony, and very frequently puts the farmer on the alert at night, who knows, by the low, half-smothered growl in the neighbourhood of his outhouses, that this elegant spotted savage is near him, and looks for an opportunity of pouncing on his sheep. Thomas Pringle, in his "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa," mentions his having frequently heard the leopard's voice on such occasions. Major Denham relates that the panthers of Mandara, in Central Africa, are as insidious as they are cruel. They have been known to watch a child for hours, when near the protection of huts or people. They will spring on a grown person, when carrying a burden; but make their attack always from behind. The flesh of a child, or a young kid, they devour; but only suck the blood of any full-grown animal which may fall a prey to their ferocity. Although this fine cat has a considerable awe of man, and usually tries to avoid him, yet, as he is a very active and furious animal, when brought to bay he becomes a formidable antagonist. Mr. Pringle gives more than one instance of such attacks, and their danger. He relates that two African colonists, when returning to their farm from hunting antelopes, gave chase to a leopard, which they had roused in a mountain ravine. They here tried among the

> "matted wood to tear
> The skulking panther from his hidden lair,"

and succeeded in forcing the beast to try to escape by clambering up a precipice. Being hotly pressed, and wounded by a ball, the leopard turned on his pursuers with frantic ferocity, and with one spring pulled the man who had fired at him to the ground, wounding his shoulder, and tearing his cheek severely at the same time. The companion of the farmer, in these lamentable circumstances, tried to shoot the leopard through the head, but unfortunately missed his aim. On this the leopard abandoned his prostrate victim, and pounced on his second antagonist with such rapidity, that before the Boor could draw his knife, the savage beast had struck him on the face with his claws, and, for the time, effectually blinded him. Notwithstanding this the hunter grappled with the leopard, and, while struggling, they both fell down a steep bank. The man who was first attacked, hastily reloaded his gun, and rushed forward to save his friend. The leopard, however, had seized his second victim by the throat, and mangled him in such a manner that death was inevitable; and the comrade, although himself severely wounded, had only the melancholy satisfaction of killing the ferocious cat, which was already nearly exhausted with the loss of blood from the wounds he had received.

Narratives.

DEATH IN SLEEP.*

You must all have heard of that sudden and awful calamity which lately filled Edinburgh with gloom, and which was God's voice speaking in a striking way to the whole community. "The lion hath roared, who will not fear?" When, bending his shaggy neck, with his mouth laid close to the ground, and eyes on fire, the king of the forest gives forth his roar; that voice, as it rolls along the ground, and reverberates from the mountains, is followed by the deepest silence. All other creatures are struck dumb with terror, and such is the stillness, that a withered leaf might be heard dropping from a tree. Now, when God speaketh, —and never spake He to my ear in providence as He has spoken now,—who should not attend, and fear, and learn the solemn lesson?

We were all surprised and shocked, on going into church on Sabbath morning, to be told that a house had fallen, between John Knox's house and the North Bridge, on the north side of the High-street; and that a number of people were killed: buried in the ruins. I could not go then, but I went at the close of the service in the afternoon; and here was that spacious, lofty, noble street, crowded with people, thick as swarming bees. Knowing some of the officers of police, I got through the dense throng on to the pavement opposite where this house had been, and there saw a most frightful and shocking spectacle. The whole front wall had fallen, leaving the east and west gables standing, and the north wall. The workmen had already dug out some twelve or fourteen dead bodies, and it was not considered safe for them to work any longer. They had begun at two o'clock in the morning, and now it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and they were afraid to work longer: first, because darkness was coming on; and second, because the storm was rising. The wind was soon blowing "great guns," as they say; and many expected every moment that the enormous pile of building, eighty feet high, would topple over, and bury in death those who were attempting to rescue any who might still be living; and there was little hope of life now, since all were found dead who had been dug out after six o'clock in the morning, and it was now past four in the afternoon. How touching and impressive was the scene before me! It was an awful thing to see, in the fading light of day, and on the walls, four, five, six stories high, the dresses hanging which had been thrown off by the inhabitants before they retired to rest; and the building sunk, that carried men, women, and children—sleeping, waking, sinning, praying, however they were engaged—down into one grave, in an instant of time. In consequence of the floors giving way, and carrying the doors with them, the wardrobes stood exposed on the walls; and it was a horrid thing to look up there and see three or four gowns shaking, and moving, and waving ghastly-like in the wind of night, and think that, right down below, those that had put them off some hours before, in perfect health, were now lying, begrimed, and mangled, and blackened corpses. I was struck with a staff that was hanging high up on the rent wall, and which its owner had hung there, little thinking that that staff was never to be in his hands again! It appeared to me to say that life's journey was ended, and that the pilgrim had laid by his staff. Would to God we knew that that man's pilgrimage had ended in the rest that remaineth for the people of God! Looking-glasses, where woman had admired her beauty and attired herself, hung here and there on the shattered walls, flickering in the evening twilight. Two dumb clocks, still fixed on the ruins, about sixty feet high, told the hour the catastrophe had happened. They seemed emblems of their owners, who lay below, and in whom death had stopped life's pendulum. The finger of one pointed to half-past, that of the other to five-and-twenty minutes past,

* The Substance of a Speech delivered by Thomas Guthrie, D.D., at Cupar-Angus, two days after the calamity to which it refers had taken place.

one; the fatal moment when the crash came, and the mighty mass, seven stories high, sunk to the ground as if it had been rocked by an earthquake.

Next day, as early as possible, I returned to the scene of the calamity. It was a hideous spectacle. The three walls, though rent and shaken to their foundations, and severely tried by the storm that roared and raved all Sunday night, were still standing. The clothes of the dead still hung on them; bright tinned vessels were glancing in the light; children's playthings were there; cupboards, with the crockery-ware neatly arranged, stood gaping open; kettles sat on cold grates, where the fires continued to burn for hours after the hands that kindled them were cold and stiff in death; and, besides these, there were many other indications showing that the people—as shall be at the Lord's coming, and like those before the flood—never dreamed of the calamity, and had made all the arrangements for "to-morrow." Having seen the building, I was asked to go and see the bodies; and went, not to gratify a vulgar curiosity, but for the sake of its salutary impressions. I have seen many dead,—I have seen no fewer than forty dead bodies laid out in a dissecting room, and a very shocking sight it was,—but then they had each died a "fair strae death;" with forms wasted, their faces pale, and their features pinched, they bore the usual marks of death upon them. But of all the sights I ever saw, the most ghastly and most affecting was those twenty corpses in the Police-Office, laid out on the floor in their night-dresses: two children in each other's arms; husband and wife laid side by side; the dead babe resting on a dead mother's bosom; old age and infancy; youth and manhood in its prime,—all stiff and cold. These, dug out of the ruins of their homes,—some of them ten, twelve, or fourteen feet below that mass of rubbish,—bore evidence that death in not a few instances was the work of a moment. Some, with a few moments for prayer, had been suffocated. There was one woman whose face bore all the evidence of a slow and very painful death; but the sight, although horrible to behold, was accompanied by this consolation, that that poor sufferer, in her dying moments, may have prayed for the mercy she needed; and He, who denied it not to the dying thief, may have heard her cry. Another, ere she was swallowed up, had forecast what was to happen. I have seen countenances of the damned in paintings intended to represent the horrors of hell; but her face, in its expression more terrible than these, I shall never forget. She seemed to have waked from sleep to see the gulf on which she stood, and that in another moment she would be in eternity. The eyes, the mouth, the whole face had assumed an expression of unutterable horror; and when that horror was on her, death instantaneous fixed the features; forming a ghastly spectacle! There was a wife lying beside her husband, a powerfully built man, in full flesh and form, a perfect athlète in appearance. There he lay as if he still slumbered, and might have sat up to ask what all this was about. He had no mark of pain or any suffering on his face; and stretched beside him—as they had lain living and lain loving, in one couch together—was his poor, cold, dead wife; and so sudden had been her death, that she yet lay with her arm bent, and her hand resting on her cheek. She had died without time to utter a cry, stir a limb, or move a finger. Happy for her, I thought, if these poor limbs had bent that night at the throne of grace, if these mute lips had poured forth earnest prayers for mercy! It was an affecting, and likewise a very instructive, sight. I have heard many a sermon on death, but never one so solemn as that which came from the dumb and livid lips of the corpses round me. It seemed as if the very voice of God was saying, "Be ye also ready!" "Make your calling and election sure!" "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation!"

You think, no doubt, you will rise to-morrow. There are those I now address who have their work planned for another day; they have this place to go to, and that person to see. They are calculating on the morrow. Nevertheless I would betray my trust, and be false to your souls, if I were to leave the place in which I am standing without reminding you that you may never see

to-morrow. I appeal to you, therefore, I implore you to seek the Saviour. Seek Him now. Don't wait: don't wait till to-morrow. Happy those whom death shall find this night upon their knees!—who, before they lie down to rest, shall bend in prostrate, earnest prayer to God, seeking mercy at His gracious hand!

Having left the cell of the dead, I went next to that of the living: of those who had been dug up alive from the ruins. There I saw a poor child, that seemed to have been ill-nursed and cared for. She had been taken out of seven feet of rubbish, after lying three hours below it. She lay on a bed asleep, looking almost like the dead that I had left; and I did not disturb her. On the floor of the same cell, well covered with blankets, snug, and very comfortable-like, lay two pretty little girls, sharp and intelligent. I asked one of them, "Had you any warning?" "O yes, Sir," she replied; "my mother heard a noise like a great crack, and she rose, and said the house was falling." "And what happened then?" O, you see, Sir, she heard no more of it, and she came to bed beside me." I then asked, "How long did you lie in bed before the roof and the building fell?" She said, "Perhaps, Sir, I was ten minutes in my bed, when the roof came in, and fell upon us, and I went down—down—down—till I remembered no more about it." There she was, as it were, one brought up from the grave; plucked from the jaws of death by brave, bold men, on whom every moment of that fearful night the tottering ruins threatened to fall, and bury them in the grave with those they sought to save. By torchlight and gas-light, did these rough, kind, and stout-hearted men dig, through the hours of night, among that rubbish, till they reached this child and her little sister. They found them like two corpses. No sign of life there! They were begrimed and black; the mouth and nostrils filled with lime and dust. Still, if means were used, they might live! As you have seen a man shake his watch when it stops, and set it agoing again, they shook these children; these corpse-like bodies: the doctor having his finger on the wrist. The pulse begins to beat: there is life there yet! and so using all the appliances of skill and kindness, they cleared the dust and the lime out of their mouths and nostrils, and administering stimulants, recalled them to life: and there I saw these two little creatures thus, in God's good providence, plucked from the jaws of death.

That infant was right about the length of time which elapsed between the warning and the catastrophe. I see in the newspapers that other parties also speak of ten minutes given to flee. How much turned on these ten minutes! Some, taking the warning, fled; and are still living: ten minutes saved them! Some, neglecting it, went to bed, and are dead! ten minutes ruined them! Ten minutes may do the same with you! The lives of those in that building turned on the use of ten minutes; and so may your salvation. Ten minutes' prayer may save a man; the thief didn't pray so long: but ten minutes' neglect of prayer may damn a man for ever! Take warning; flee to the cross; throw your arms around it; cry, "Save me, Lord Jesus, I perish!" and go to heaven. Neglect the warning; reject salvation; and you go down to hell.

There was one family, of the name of Baxter, living on the fourth story, none of the members of which perished. The head of this house was a flesher; and many of these men in our large towns are hard put to it to get through with their work on Saturday night, and get home by Sunday morning. It was the Sabbath when he reached his home. His wife and children were gone to bed. She rose and made him some supper, and after that returned to bed; but just as she was falling asleep, she heard a tremendous crack and rumble as of stones, and from a superstitious feeling, cried out, "There's a warning!" He laughed at her fears; but ere the laughter was ended, from the next room, where a grown-up daughter slept with other three, there came a piercing cry, "O! father, father! mother, mother!" He sprung to the door, burst it open; and fancy his astonishment and horror, when he saw the bed, on which his four daughters lay, split in two. The sinking of the room had already begun! With energy and promptness, he pulled the inmates out of the apartment, and

rousing the whole of his family, hurried them to the door; wife and nine children. She, with a woman's modesty, wanted to dress before rushing out; but, with the decision of one who knew how precious was every instant, he pushed her before him. Away ran the children, the wife, and her husband, fleeing for their lives. It happened that the stair belonging to the falling tenement communicated with a landing in a house that stood; they made for that. The family reached it, and stood there in safety; but ere the father, who brought up the rear, had himself stepped on the landing, the house was bending to its fall. There lay a gulf between him and them, a horrid chasm that was yawning wider and wider. Summoning up all his energy, a bold, prompt man, he made one bound, and cleared it; and by that leap saved his life. He lives. And so soon as he had got across, what was the first thing he did?—what we shall do in the day of judgment. And what is that? When you and I rise from our graves, if we are God's people, we will begin to count and see if our children are all there,—this son, that daughter,—if all are there, that we may go up to our blessed Saviour, and say, "Here am I, and the children that Thou hast given me." Baxter had had nine children, and but eight stood there. One was amissing. God forbid that on the great day, and by the right hand of the throne, alas! there should be one of our children missing! If one of you has an unconverted son or daughter who is going to ruin, and to the bad, O, pray for them now; that, before the chasm grow wider, they may leap, get across it, and be saved. He began, as I have said, to count, and there was one awanting; and just as a Christian father or mother will think more, and pray more, and plead more with, and be more anxious about, an ill-doing, than about a well-doing, child; so this father and mother forgot almost everything else in their anxiety about the missing lamb. Had it been overlooked, lost in the wild confusion, left to perish? No, thank God! Jane was found awanting; yet, by God's mercy, saved. The young creature, suddenly wakened out of sleep, amid the tremendous excitement of the midnight danger, the roar of the falling building, the air dark and choking with a cloud of dust, the confusion, the cries, the screams, the groans of the perishing, had rushed to the bottom of the stairs, where a benevolent gentleman found her weeping, and took her to his own home. The lost was found. Next morning she was restored to her parents' happy arms. Ours be the deeper joy of one day saying over every now careless and ungodly child, "This my son, my daughter, that was dead, is alive again; that was lost, is found!" Pray for that!

How many great and solemn lessons should this circumstance teach us! Look at that of the warning! The doors hadn't been working aright for months. One man states that the door of his room, in opening and shutting, had so pressed upon the floor that the mark of it was worn into the wood to the fourth of an inch: they had warning in this. There were cracks in the roof; they had warning in this: the floors were sinking; they had warning in this: the plaster was peeling off; they had warning in this: the pillars were swaying off the plumb; they had warning in this: warnings many that the house was tumbling, and about to come down. Well, I was just thinking how many warnings men have, and yet they live just as careless and as reckless. The hair turns grey, and drops off the head; the teeth fall, and leave empty jaws; the light and power of vision fail from the eyes; man's step and breath grow short; he finds it difficult to climb a hill; he cannot do the work of brain or hand he once did; the keepers of the house are trembling,—all these prognosticate that this frail, clay tabernacle is sinking to its fall. "Ah!" you say, as I have heard many do, "well, I wonder how on earth these people did not take warning!" But how on earth, I ask, does many a man not take warning that he is dying, and should make ready for the inevitable hour when he shall go to the bar of judgment, and have sentence pronounced on him, not for time, but for eternity? Now, would it not be a grand and blessed thing if God by my voice here this night were to warn any of you? How I would have rejoiced to have plucked one of these children from the ruins!

But were it not even a better joy to rescue some sinful souls out of the wreck and ruins of a fallen world; bringing them to Christ, that they might be saved for ever! My friends, go home this night to take the warning. Put it not away. Don't say, "It's all very well for others, but it don't apply to me; I shall see to-morrow—next week—another year—many other years!" You don't know that; and suppose you did, if you see to-morrow in your present state of sin, I tell you there is far less likelihood of your being saved then, than there is now—to-night. See these people, dead, buried in an instant among that mass of rubbish; and take timely warning. Delay not a moment. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with" all "thy might."

Live for God; live for Jesus: live not only for your own salvation, but for others' good; for dying souls! How nobly did the men of Edinburgh turn out to work all night long to save the perishing; those who lay bruised and buried in the ruins! "Ah!" you say, "so would I, had I been there! No more than they would I have lain in bed, composed myself to sleep, clung to my pillow, spared any exertion to help my fellow-creatures in their hour of need! The cries of the wounded, and mangled, and buried in my ear, I would have worked with these hands till they were covered with blood!" Well, there are at your door, perhaps in your family, certainly among your acquaintances, those who, living careless and in sin, it is as much your duty to try, and try instantly, to save. They lie buried in the ruins of the Fall. Unless they are dug out, received into the arms of Christ, renewed and revived by His Spirit, they must by and by—may to morrow, nay, may this night—be for ever lost. For our own good or that of others, there is no time to waste. The Judge is at the door. The voice of Christ, as of old, is sounding loud in the ears of a drowsy world. Watch, therefore, lest, coming suddenly, He find you sleeping. When I stood in the fading light of Sabbath even by that shattered pile, and saw the staff hanging on the riven wall, which was to be no more needed; and women's robes waving in the wind, which were to be no more worn; and mirrors glittering in the last lights of day, which should no more reflect the living face; and the fires quenched on their lofty hearths; and the clocks that stood still, each with silent finger pointing to the hour of doom; and when I thought of the dead who lay below, summoned at the midnight hour so suddenly and unexpectedly into the presence of God, the wind as it moaned among these ghastly ruins, not only seemed to mourn over the dead, but to fashion its voice into the words of this solemn warning,—"BE YE ALSO READY: FOR YE KNOW NEITHER THE DAY NOR THE HOUR WHEREIN THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER: CROMWELL: KIDDERMINSTER.

WE confess to a peculiar regard for Richard Baxter. In many of his views and proceedings he has been severely criticised; but we love him for all that. The great God, whose wisdom is revealed in nature's variety, has displayed the same attribute in the domain of mind, and thus leads it, by a law of its own constitution, to different opinions respecting a thousand various subjects. With high moral principle leading to the performance of what appeared present duty, the very contradiction of many of his opinions and practices only intensifies our affection, and leads us to regard him as one of ourselves,—as one of a large family struggling along a probationary course, with imperfect knowledge and deteriorated mental powers, to a world full of sanctified intellect, and cloudless truth. We consider him as one of the noblest and bravest among the mighty ones of that stirring period of English history in which he lived.

We love his writings, too, notwithstanding their antiquated style, and regard it as one of the worst, among the many, signs of the times, that books like Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," should be considered as "dry" by our rising youth; and the "Reformed Pastor" be so generally neglected by our rising ministry. The poetry and mere sentimentality so much sought for in the pulpit and on the platform in this feverish age, will inevitably produce, if continued, weakness of intellect and feebleness of action. But it will not last. The effervescence produced by the providers of "light literature" will subside, and leave the general mind craving for truth as unfolded in its nature and relationships by the too much neglected, but glorious, school of Baxter.

Still he is a mystery. It is difficult to conceive how he accomplished so much. Other men have worked hard and well, and the pulpit and the press have furnished the results of their doings; but Baxter, with his diseased body, and amid the extraordinary circumstances of his times, with his abounding labours dims their glory. He seemed to be always preaching, and reading, and publishing huge folios. The impression made on the mind of the writer of this paper in his boyish days, by the record of Baxter's reading, still remains. There is, indeed, an awfulness about it which makes modern reading appear trifling. Will our youthful readers just carefully ponder over the following extract, and then ask themselves what they are doing to accumulate knowledge:—

"I have looked over Hutton, Vives, Erasmus, Scaliger, Salmasius, Causaubon, and many other critical grammars, and all Grater's critical volumes. I have read almost all the physics and metaphysics I could hear of. I have wasted much of my time among loads of historians, theologians, and antiquarians. I despise none of their learning; all truth is useful. Mathematics, which I have least of, I find pretty and manlike sport; but if I had no other kind of knowledge than these, whatever my understanding is worth, what a dreaming dotard should I be! I have higher thoughts of the schoolmen than Erasmus and our grammarians had. I much value the method and sobriety of Aquinas, the subtlety of Scotus and Ockham, the plainness of Durandus, the solidity of Arminensis, the profundity of Bradwardine, the excellent acuteness of many of their followers; of Aureolus, Capreolus, Bannes, Alvarez, Zumel, &c.; of Mayro, Lychetus, Trombeta, Faber, Menrisse, Rada, &c.; of Ruiz, Pennates, Saurez, Vasquez, &c.; of Hortado, of Albertinus, of Lud-a-Dola, and many others. But how loth I should be to take such sauce for my food, and such recreations for my business! The jingling of too much false philosophy among them often drowns the music of Aaron's bells. I feel myself better in Herbert's 'Temple.'"

The course of such a man, in such an age, must be invested with a character of special interest. He was a principal element in the aggregate of causes unfolding a new chapter in the volume of God's designs. Led by a Divine hand, he travelled from Kidderminster to Gloucester, and afterwards settled for a time at Coventry, when its every-day life differed materially from what it is at present. Destitute of wealth, and of any of those arts which fascinate the worldly and the gay, he reposed, with all the power of his great mind and noble heart, on God, and undertook preaching to the garrison simply for lodgings and food. There were great men in Coventry then; upwards of thirty godly Pastors were among his audience, who had fled from the ruthless soldiery who pestered every county. Richard Vines, Anthony Burgess, George Abbott, Cradock, and others, whose names are representatives of intellectual and spiritual power, were among them. Here, amid the gathering storm-clouds, he felt secure, and enjoyed the supporting influence of his large-souled companions.

About this period the celebrated Westminster Assembly sat by order of Parliament, and was composed of two persons from every county. Wide as the poles apart in their opinions, they constituted a marvellous assemblage of opposite intellectual forces. But all assemblages were marvellous then, and instinct with life and vigour. It was never expected that they would agree, and was probably in-

tended rather to enlist in the popular cause the people represented by them. Clarendon and Milton have both given accounts of this Assembly, but that of Baxter is more impartial and reliable, as being the production of one who, regardless of self and consequences, applied to every thing, what he regarded as, the rigid principles of the word of God. His cold logic he employed in cautiously presenting both the good and evil points among the Erastians, Independents, Baptists, and half a hundred more sects into which the church was divided; and in his writings, during these tempestuous times, is contained a rich fund of instructive, entertaining, and pious information, well calculated in this age of light reading to arouse the mental powers, and invigorate the emotions of the heart,—

"Learn thou, O young man,
God hath appointed the reward
Of study. 'Tis a well of living waters,
Whose inexhaustible bounties all might drink,
But few dig deep enough."

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

A SERMON, founded on this text, which lately appeared in the pages of a contemporary, having been read to a little congregation, one of the hearers afterwards narrated to the Chaplain the following circumstance. The names and dates authenticating the narrative have been supplied to the Editor of *The Sunday at Home*, in which it is inserted.

Old Mr. —— rented the farm belonging to the grounds of the Marquis of ——, and at the Christmas eve of 18—, himself and a servant-maid were the only persons in the house. That evening two men came to the door, and asked for employment. Mr. —— replied, "Nay, my lads, you're not seeking for work at Christmas eve; you're wanting a glass of my cider;" and he sent his maid into the cellar to draw some for them. One of the men had entered the house, and the other, holding a gun in his hand, remained outside. The former touched with the old gentleman's kindness, stepped back, and said to the other, "Don't."

He replied, "I will: it was you that put me up to it; and if you oppose it, I'll kill you."

Upon this, they both entered. One of them fired, and shot the farmer as he sat in his arm-chair. The servant ran out of the house, and the men pursued, caught her, and cast her into a well. She held to the top by her hands, and they cut off her fingers, and thus forced her to drop to the bottom. They then proceeded to plunder the house.

When the nefarious deed was discovered, great excitement, of course, prevailed throughout the district. My informant was one among the crowds who went to the place and beheld the revolting scenes which it presented. Great efforts were made to find out the guilty parties, but for several weeks no clue seemed to offer itself. At length, two young men of the neighbourhood, not in the habit of attending any place of public worship, were observed to enter the small Wesleyan chapel, at the adjacent village, during the Sunday-evening service. The Preacher announced for his text the words, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and during the sermon these two young men rose up and left the chapel. This circumstance attracted notice, and for the first time suspicion was directed to them. They were apprehended next day, and ultimately confessed to the deed; relating the details of the murder as given above. Their statements were confirmed by the plunder being found secreted in the places which they had indicated.

Through the influence of the Marquis of ——, they were not executed at the assize town, but were conveyed to the locality where the deed had been committed, and underwent the penalty of the law on an eminence commanding a view of the spot.

FOOLISH THINGS CONFOUNDING THE WISE.

A HALF-WIT, in a parish of Dumfriesshire, who did not converse or reply to questions, was wont often to mutter, "I'll sing you a song when I dee." This, his rhyme for many years, had attracted attention; and when the solemn hour came, which was to unfold and enlighten the hampered mind of the poor imbecile, his village became curious to hear if he would sing his long-promised song, and they heard it!—

"There's Three in One, and One in Three,
And the middle's the One that hath saved me."

Poor Tom! The Divine Teacher can penetrate where man is excluded. He was going to behold in glory the One that had saved him. It is said that the parish Minister, who had never held up that middle One to his flock, was of the number of those assembled to hear the idiot's death-song; and if so, surely his heart must have smitten him at such an unlooked for strain.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. III.

——— "Alas,
Profoundest silence reigns where roll'd the voice
Of business on the fitful wind. No more
The crowded mart, the echoing street, where flow'd
The human stream along,—so swiftly sped
To pale oblivion's gulf! The grave has closed
Upon thy myriads, Lydford;—nought remains
Of thee and thine, but that frail lonely pile,
Sole relic of thy ancient glory, where,
Proud floating o'er the battlements, thy sons
Once gave the banner to the breeze."

"CAN you tell us," said I, to a kind-looking Dartmoor yeoman, "is it possible to find a way across to Lydford without going all around by the high-road?" "To be sure it is," said he; "and, if you please, I will take my little mare and show you." All were agreed, and off we started. Lydford, be it known, though now a poor, little, lone hamlet on the western border of the moor, about seven miles from Tavistock, was once the centre of commanding influence, and of somewhat dreadful power. It had seen the face of Julius Cæsar, they say, during his second visit to Britain. The fame of its wealth, at a later period, brought up the Danes from the coast. And under the Saxon heptarchy it was rich, and therefore must have been respectable and important. It was a borough in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and could boast of its forty burgesses, eight of whom had the privilege of residence within the walls. Two Parliaments, under Edward the First, were honoured with the presence of representatives from Lydford; and in 1267, St. Patrick was allowed the honour of patronizing its three days' fair and festival. The secret of its power, however, was the Stannary Court, once held within that stern old castle, which, with its deep dark dungeons for the punishment of transgressors against the Stannary laws, was described by an Act of Parliament, in 1512, as "one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm." The Stannary Parliaments were, in olden time, held on the summit of Crockern Tor, near the heart of the neighbouring moor. The granite-table and seats which had weathered the storms of unnumbered winters, fell victims to human wilfulness not very long ago; and but few years have passed since there were memories which retained a vivid impression of the scene at the wild meeting-place when, for the last time, the commission was opened, and the jurors sworn, and the court adjourned to the old Stannary town. Lydford fortress had not improved much, nor had its internal transactions become much more gentle in King James's time. William Browne, the Tavistock poet, contemporary with Shakespeare and Spenser, and worthy too of being classed with them, has charmed many a soul with the music of his "Britannia's Pastorals," but he amuses and horrifies one, by turns, in his minor-piece on "Lydford law." He visited the castle to see a friend who was un-

fortunately a captive within its walls, and thus records his impressions.

"I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But since I found the reason such
As it deserves no laughter.

"They have a castle on a hill:
I took it for an old windmill,
The vanes blown off by weather:
To be therein one night, 'tis guess'd
'Twere better to be stoned and press'd,
Or hang'd; now choose you whether.

* * * * * * *

"At six o'clock, I came away,
And pray'd for those that had to stay
Within a place so arrant:
Wide and far, the winds so roar,
By God's grace I'll come there no more
Unless by some Tyn warrant."

I wanted to see all that was left of this notable keep; a heavy old mass upon its high mound, looking down upon the valley, half proud and half plaintive in its decay. Especially would I have a peep into the court-room, where the ghost of Judge Jeffreys, they say, goes about at times in the shape of a black pig; but then there was the romantic valley of the Lyd. My eye was longing to follow the wild wizard stream down through that deep-wooded glen, and to feast itself upon the lights and shades, the retiring beauties and the darkling grandeurs, which are to be found at Lydford bridge, and within the sound of her waterfalls. Now, then, we are on our way. The happy quartette arranged in the same way precisely as when we started in the morning. Our guide had led out his mare, got into the saddle, tucked a big brown-holland umbrella under his arm, by way of defence against a moorland shower, and then plying his heels in quick alternation, right and left, on the somewhat bulging flanks of his shaggy nag, he jogged away ahead of us, in the double capacity of advanced guard, and guiding genius. We were soon on the open moor; and ere long all wheel-tracks, hoof-marks, and trace of human footsteps were lost, to our eyes at least. There was nothing but the broken, wavy stretch of furze and heath, crossed and recrossed, and interspersed with little black, marshy gullies, and pits, and ridges, and heaps of broken granite, or loose fragments of spar. What a scene for gig travel! Never but once besides in my life have I known the like, and that was when a half-mad speculator drove me in his "trap" over one of his projected lines of railway, across the rugged undulations of what the Northerns call a "moss." I have read of old moss-troopers, and their wild scampers, but never was moss-trooper more wilful than my little new road-maker. Indeed men who will drive at any rate, or in any style, or on any day, sacred or profane, for mere profit, never vary much from age to age. They may dress differently, and alter a little in their business fashions, but whether they be moss-troopers or railway speculators, they will be reckless of other people's lives, so that their own "line" pays. And after all, it may be a question whether to encounter the souls of despoiled and murdered households on the moors would involve a darker fate in the judgment, than to be witnessed against by slaughtered crowds of Sabbath-excursionists. But to return to our big brown-holland umbrella: it kept its horizontal position throughout; and served as our compass-needle, or leading ensign of the caravan, in the desert. Whither that went, we went; and when that turned, we turned. It may be supposed that it was not to be followed without the experience of strange vicissitudes and unusual varieties in the style of travel. Now, we seemed to be on the billows; now, we had the rickets; and now were called to a practical acquaintance with the doctrine of collateral vibrations. Ugh! What, what is that? Why the wheel is down to the axle in the bog! Up again! Bravo, both horse and driver! But where now? Merely into the bed of a stream and out again, with a thump which seems to re-set everything that had been dislocated, and to disjoint everything that wanted rest. Away again! The poor gig labours and staggers with many a creak and croak, like a crazy little ship in a gale, giving forth a peculiarly emphatic utterance now and then, somewhat like the grunt with which a Chinese porter cheers himself under his burden. At length we found ourselves on the top of the height. We were on the summit of Black Down.

What a glorious panorama of heathy swells, and mountain karns, and peaks, and distant woods and fields! Now we were safely out on the high road, and congratulated one another on our successful venture across the wild. Just below us were the green copses and darkling woods of Lydford, offering us delicious shade, and there was the old tower with its mysterious and fearful memories. Anticipation had already caught the music of the falling waters and whispering foliage; and, for my part, I could even now see the first gleams of those visions of ancient law and chivalry which press on the spiritual vision of all believing pilgrims to Lydford Castle. Here, however, my companion in the rear seat, or what a sailor would call the stern of our little vessel, seemed all at once to change the current of her thoughts; and unaccountably entered on doctrinal divinity. I have somewhere heard the story of a Nonconformist, resident in Oxford, who once conducted a somewhat popular Minister of his denomination to a point in the neighbourhood from which the eye is regaled with a commanding view of the glorious old city. He brought the divine to the particular spot, and called on him to turn and look, expecting, of course, that what had so often refreshed his own sight would now afford an unexpected pleasure to his refined companion. But, no: he suddenly found his own soul squared into theological shape, like a bundle of hay under hydraulic pressure, by the well-set professional mechanism of the theologian's thoughts. "I don't know," was the cold response to his amiable effort, "I don't know, Sir, whether it be so with you, but for my part, I have never yet met with a good definition of justification by faith." The disappointed man might have replied, if it had been possible for an Oxonian Dissenter to hit upon such a reply, "Then, Sir, you never read that sum of all that is clear and powerful on the subject, John Wesley's sermon on 'Justification by Faith.'" But as it was, the poor man was left in blank wonderment; unable for a moment to see the process by which the popular Minister had brought himself to an inward review of a divinity theme, when he ought to be opening his soul to pleasant and inspiriting impressions from without. To such minds, however, the doctrine of justification would naturally claim the pre-eminence at every sight of the place where that doctrine has met with such curious vicissitudes of fortune. But however this may be, I was in danger of falling into something like the Oxonian's blank wonderment, while, within sight of Lydford, my lady theologue perseveringly talked of high doctrine, and seemed disposed to follow certain lofty spirits who are said to have

> "sat apart, retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
> Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

My attention was suddenly diverted, however, by a movement on the part of our notable guide, the big brown-holland umbrella; it turned, and struck again across the heath towards the valley of the Lyd. My friend, notwithstanding the prospect of another jolting, continued her discourse. She had mentioned the name of a Plymouth brother, who had amused himself without edifying the church, by propounding a new theory of light. "He might be a great philosopher;" she thought he was: "but after all his doctrine was his strength. In unfolding this he was most at home. Indeed I assure you," she remarked, "he gave out a powerful Gospel, and"——her sentence was never finished; for there came from beneath us a crack, a crack, and a crash; and in another moment she and I found ourselves still side by side, but under a sad reverse of fortune. Our double-bodied gig had bravely borne its troubles so far; and might perhaps have survived the entire journey, had it been performed on the Queen's highway; but when the redoubtable umbrella pointed once more over the barren slope, the poor thing's spirits sank, and the bonds of its constitution gave way; for gigs, even double-bodied gigs, as well as empires, have a limit to their endurance of taxation. But let me be more particular. The snug rear seat in which but now my abstracted friend and myself had begun to indulge ourselves,—she in high doctrine, and I in

dreams about Lydford law, though its old attachments had outlived the worst perils of Black Down,—now proved faithless to its family connexions; and, by a very rude backward movement, deposited its pair of occupants, both theologue and dreamer, upon the open road in painful humiliation; while it tenderly clung to us in our altered condition; and, as if its sympathy would be best shown by conforming to our circumstances, it rather provokingly kept us company with its wrong side up. I soon found reason to believe that mine was the most painful share in the consequences of the overthrow; and it took some minutes to rally my powers for an attempt at restoration from the dust. At my first upward glance it was evident that my theological companion was on the alert; her tall, straight figure was rising majestically above me, and with outstretched arms, like some grand spirit of the hills, she was uttering a voice in a way which, during the strange confusion of the moment, I took to be other than mortal. It was neither shout nor shriek, neither whine nor wail, nor psalm, nor song, such as my ear had ever been used to. One thing was clear, both her outer and inner man had risen superior to their fall; but whether her tones were those of distress or triumph, gratitude or prayer, one could not divine. My first glance around me ranged over a curious scene of mischief. The driver and his lady were still on their seat; and he still flourished his whip, as if he thought the motive power were still at his command. But, alas! they had really foundered on the heath: their seat was now resting snugly between two clumps of furze; and the horse was far in advance, flying over the moor with the two fore-wheels behind him. Where then was the big brown-holland umbrella? Ah, it was true to its mission; it never swerved from its level; it was horizontal at starting, and it was horizontal still. Our guide cast back over the left shoulder one half glance upon the scattered débris, and the unfortunately-broken quartette, but never ceased his jogging. On, and on, he went; not now in advance, but in pursuit of our frantic horse. We were left to our fate, alone and helpless on the top of Black Down. The sun was setting, my coat was in tatters, and, with a bruised limb, I had, like a mopish crane, to balance myself on one leg, and look for better times. The spell was accomplished; my thirdly was come, the last disaster of the day, but not the least.

Battle-Bridge. X.

The Months of the Year.

MARCH.

"Sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram;
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strewed as he went."

SPENSER.

This month was the first of the year among the ancients; and not without reason, for they had the sanction of a Divine command in this respect. The period of the vernal equinox was prescribed to the Israelites for the commencement of their sacred year, and all the great festivals ordained by their law were regulated by it. Their civil year began in September, and is still considered to begin at that time by the Jewish people.

The Romans named this, the third month of our year, in honour of Mars, the god of war; perhaps from the fierce and blustering winds generally prevalent at its commencement. These winds are often piercingly cold, coming in from the east for many days together; and frequent and loud are the complaints made against the severity of the weather. But trying as the season may be to aged persons and invalids, it is essentially necessary in such a climate as ours, that after the snow, and rain, and thaws of February, the superabundant moisture of the earth should be dried up, and the soil prepared for ploughing, and sowing, and receiving, with due effect, the warm sunshine and spring showers. So much, indeed does the value of the future

harvest depend on dry weather at this season of the year, that the proverb is not inappropriate,—"A bushel of March dust is worth a King's ransom." And as to the terrors of an east wind, which many persons in perfect health are fearful of exposing themselves to, we may borrow the remark, that "the oftener we meet it firmly, the less it will shake us, and the more smiles we shall have from the fair months that follow."

The Portfolio.

LIFE, A WHEEL.

A WHEEL has often been used as an illustration of Providence. Not only have Christians used this comparison, it is found also in classical history; both Romans and Greeks were used to compare the works of God in providence to a wheel. The following is a striking story:—

A certain King, being taken prisoner, was bound in chains, and dragged along at the chariot-wheels of his conqueror. As he went along, he kept looking at the wheel, and shedding tears; looking at the wheel again, and lifting up his eyes, and smiling. The conqueror turned, and said, "Wherefore art thou looking at this wheel?" He said, "I was thinking, such is the lot of man; just now I was here, now I am there; but soon I may be here again at the top of the wheel, and thou mayest be grinding the dust."

Thus it is with life. At times we are in lowly circumstances, and know not where to get our bread; the wheel revolves, and we are brought into ease and comfort. Again we are brought low through affliction and temptation; the wheel moves round, and we are rejoicing in hope, and giving thanks for deliverance. Take courage, then.

"The darkest day,
Wait till to-morrow, may have pass'd away."

There is an axle in the wheel, which never turns round; the axle is the point upon which all the machinery revolves. A sweet and strengthening thought for a Christian. God's love is unchangeable, fixed and sure. It is the axle of the wheel, the exterior part may revolve, but the centre stands fixed.

When the wheel moves very rapidly, nothing but the exterior circle is seen. Take Providence as a whole, see one round ring of everlasting love, lose sight of all the little parts that are within the circle, and rest in the assurance that all things are *working together* harmoniously in God's wisdom, love, and power.

THE SCENE OF THE PARABLES.

THE SHEEP, AND THE GOATS, AND THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

IN Palestine, we are told—to quote the substance of a few sentences from the account of a recent traveller—there is a sight often to be seen in the near neighbourhood of Jerusalem, that of the shepherds leading over the hills their flocks of sheep and goats; the white sheep and the black goats intermingled on the mountain-side, yet, by their colour, at once distinguishable from each other. The shepherds, we know, abode with their flocks, at the time of the Gospel history, at least within a few miles of Jerusalem: it is possible that such a flock may have wandered up the sides of the Mount of Olives, and suggested to Him who was sitting there with His disciples, over against the temple, the scene of the Shepherd of mankind, dividing the parts of that vast flock, each from each; the sheep on His right hand, the goats on His left. It was probably on the same Mount of Olives, while conversing with the excommunicated blind man, that our Lord uttered, in the hearing of the Pharisees, another parable; that which is now before us,—the parable of the Good Shepherd. The sheepfold on the slope of the hill, the wicket-gate, the keeper of the gate, the sheep, as in all southern countries, following, not preceding, the shepherd, whose voice they hear, may have been present to His sight then, as in the later parable; and thus it may have been the same outward scene which suggested the

image of the mild and beneficent Guardian, and of the stern and awful Judge of the human race.*

FRIENDS AND FOES.

During the Peninsular War, an officer of artillery had just served a gun, with admirable precision, against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Commander-in-chief rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way, "Well aimed, Captain; but no more. They are our own 99th!" This sad blunder has been repeated too often in the armies of the Saviour. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the church, which might have battered down the citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren!

BUNYAN'S WIT.

Bunyan had a ready wit as well as an eloquent tongue, and could silence a vain pretender by sarcasm with as much ease as he refuted an errorist by strong arguments. Towards the close of Bunyan's imprisonment, a Quaker called upon him, hoping to make a convert of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He thus addressed him.

"Friend John, I am come to thee with a message from the Lord, and after having searched for thee in half the prisons in England, I am glad that I have found thee at last."

"If the Lord sent you," sarcastically returned Bunyan, "you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail these twelve years past."

THE STARS WITNESSING FOR GOD.

During the melancholy time of the Revolution in France, foolish men tried to forget God; and for some time the churches were closed, and in many cases destroyed.

"I am going to order your old church-tower to be destroyed," said an unbelieving revolutionist one day to a pious peasant. "I wish you to have nothing left to remind you of your old superstitions."

The peasant replied by pointing to the heavens.

"You will be obliged," said he, "to leave us the stars, which are far older, and are seen from a far greater distance, than your old church-tower. If the church is destroyed, the sun, and moon, and stars will never cease to speak to us of God."

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." (Psal. xix. 1—4.)

TRUST GOD.

"I could write down twenty cases," says a pious man, "when I wished God had done otherwise than He did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God, he must follow hard after Him, he must determine not to let Him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces; to sit where He pleases, to be what He would have us be, and this as long as He pleases."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

It is said of an Indian, that whenever he got into a bad place in the swamp, where the ground was too soft for safety, he put up a stake to mark the place. Thus he not only avoided the danger himself, but kept others from falling into the same snare. Might not every Christian learn a lesson from this rude son of the forest, not only to guard against his own false steps, but, as he prays, "Lead us not into temptation," to be careful to remove temptation out of his brother's path?

* See Professor Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, chap. viii., p. 415.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. Gallop was born at Blagdon, in Somersetshire, May 14th, 1782. From her youth she feared God. In 1806 she joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. She was very anxious to enjoy a clear sense of the Lord's pardoning love, and she wrestled hard, with "crying and tears," for the unspeakable gift, depending alone upon the merits of her gracious Saviour for its bestowment. In the midst of her sorrow and struggle, she was taken seriously ill; and so helpless, that, with the exception of lifting her hands, she was unable to move; but her extremity was the Lord's set time to favour her. In that trying moment, she had given to her the desire of her heart. There is no evidence that she ever lost that precious

"sense of sin forgiven;"

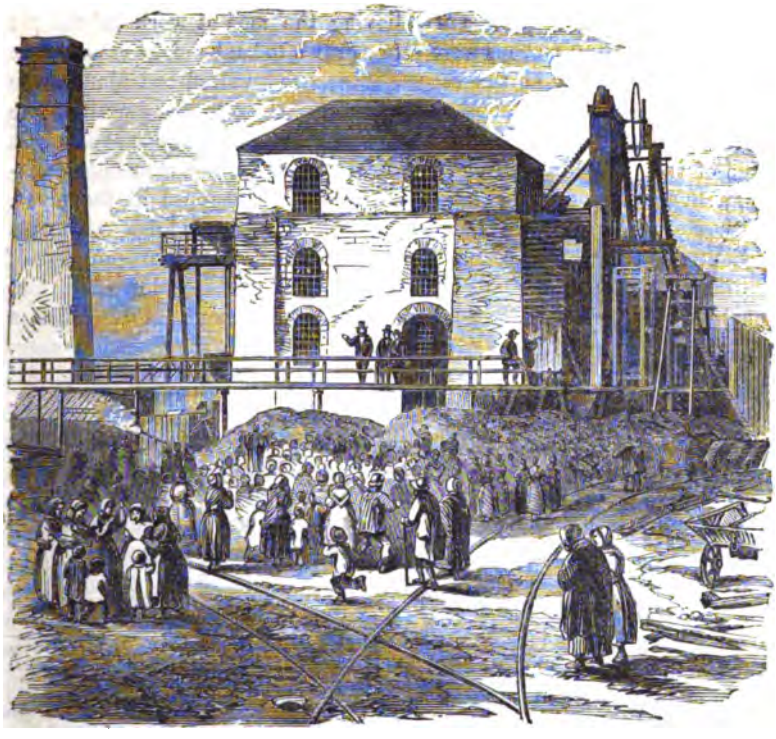
rather, it was hers steadily to "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Realizing a present salvation in a present Saviour, she both felt and exemplified that Scriptural declaration, "But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Her fidelity to the church of her choice was exemplary: she joined it, espoused it, and firmly stood by it, and that under circumstances of open contempt, and violent persecution, manifested and carried on by the "higher powers" of the neighbourhood, as well as by men of the "baser sort." For the last few years of her life she had to endure much bodily weakness, infirmity, and pain; but her love to the house of the Lord was unabated. She attended it to the last; was a devout hearer of the Gospel, both on the Sabbath and week-day evenings. The children of the good woman, rising up, call her blessed. Nothing would satisfy her but their conversion to God: she pleaded for that, and often took them aside to be with her in that pleading. She was heard in this also: she "saw the grace of God" in them, and was glad. On her seventy-seventh birthday, Mrs. Gallop was taken suddenly ill. She had sufficient strength to say, "if her days were labour, they were not sorrow." Shortly after she became speechless; her countenance was lighted up with the radiancy of a heavenly smile; and when asked, "if she was happy, to hold up her hand," she instantly lifted it up. She was seized on Saturday, the 14th day of May, 1859, and on the following Tuesday this "old disciple" quietly "fell asleep in Jesus."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Cart, Ann,	Syston,	Leicester,	33	May 24th, 1859.
Cart, Elizabeth,	Syston,	Leicester,	52	May 31st, 1857.
Cart, Elizabeth,	Syston,	Leicester,	14	Dec. 28th, 1857.
Cart, Margaret,	Syston,	Leicester,	64	Nov. 1st, 1861.
Cart, Robert Berridge,	Syston,	Leicester,	29	Sept. 27th, 1861.
Chapple, Isabella,	Clawton,	Holsworthy,	61	Nov. 19th, 1861.
Eakholme, Mrs. E.,	Rotherham,	Rotherham,	35	Dec. 6th, 1861.
Flockton, Mrs. Sarah,	Harthill,	Worksop,	53	Oct. 4th, 1861.
Healds, Mary J.,	Ollerton,	Worksop,	14	June 18th, 1861.
Hobby, Thomas,	Gladestry,	Kington,	56	Oct. 17th, 1861.
Maer, Edward,	Shaldon,	Teignmouth,	82	Nov. 17th, 1861.
Sidsaph, Robert,	Worksop,	Worksop,	20	Nov. 26th, 1861.
Thompson, Mrs. H.,	Worksop,	Worksop,	69	Dec. 2d, 1861.

ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



THE HARTLEY CATASTROPHE.

In nothing, perhaps, has nature been more bountiful to Britain than in the valuable gift of coal. The "black diamonds" are the source and secret of our national wealth. Coal has put into play furnace, forge, and factory; and without it this island of ours could scarcely be what it is, in fact,—the busy workshop of the world. While England possesses coal, she is strong in the sinews of commerce, and in the sinews of war. In this age of steam-navigation, that nation will undoubtedly possess the richest mercantile marine, and the most formidable navy, which can command most coal.

This valuable mineral is not brought from its subterranean bed without much toil and great danger. The life of the collier, like that of the soldier, has its great perils. Earth, air, fire, and water, "the four elements" as they were called by the ancients, are the enemies which may bury him, poison him, wrap him in a shroud of flame, or drown him any day! The coal-fields of the North of England,—Wallsend, Heaton-Main, Burradon, Hartley,—like the battle-fields of the world, have their long list of "killed and wounded."

Hartley New Pit, the sad scene of the most appalling of colliery accidents, is situated in the County of Northumberland, between North

Shields and Blyth. It was ten o'clock on Thursday morning, January 16th, 1862, when the process of relieving the men at work in the pit was begun. Sixteen persons were safely drawn to bank; eight others were on their upward way in the cage, leaving one hundred and ninety-nine men and boys still in the depths of the mine. Close to the mouth of the shaft stands the engine-house, from which projected the massive iron beam of the pumping-machinery. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a huge piece of iron, weighing twenty tons, snapped at the pivot, and was precipitated down the open shaft. In its rapid descent it soon encountered the "brattice," (a wooden partition which, for purposes of ventilation, divides the shaft for a considerable distance down into two equal sections,) which it knocked to pieces in a moment. Flying like a thunderbolt hurled from an Almighty hand, it struck the ascending cage, and brought after it a shower of boards and planks from the shattered "brattice," and from the lining of the shaft. Five of the men in the cage were killed; three, after hanging for hours in the dark and dismal shaft, between life and death, were saved, as if by miracle. But the most dreadful result was that the mass of material, torn from its place by the fatal beam, blocked up the way of egress from the pit, and effectually imprisoned one hundred and ninety-nine miners in a living tomb!

Hartley New Pit consists of three "seams," or strata, of coal. In descending the shaft, the "High-main seam" is first reached; several fathoms lower down is the "Yard seam;" and at the bottom of the shaft, about a hundred fathoms from the surface, is the "Low-main seam," where the men were at work at the time of the accident. Had they continued long there, they would have been inevitably drowned; as upon the cessation of the pumps, these lower workings were inundated with water, at the rate of one thousand five hundred gallons a minute. From this peril they escaped by a wire-rope ladder through an air staple, which led from the Low-main to the Yard seam. Alas! they fled only from one enemy to another more insidious, and not less fatal! Had there been a similar way of communication between the Yard-seam, and the High-main, the imprisoned miners could have made good their escape; but, unhappily, no such outlet existed, and they found, to their horror, that the only way of egress through the shaft was effectually blocked up!

From the 16th of January, to the 22d, strenuous efforts were put forth, under the most competent supervision that the eminent mining skill of the neighbourhood could supply, to reach and rescue the entombed colliers. Valiant men, at the risk of their own lives, descended the dangerous shaft, and, while water poured down upon them, and falls of stones, and earth, and boards endangered their persons and obstructed their progress, wrought vigorously for the removal of the obstructing *débris*. Meanwhile the most agonizing excitement prevailed amongst the wives and other relatives of the unfortunate captives. Some of them, undeterred by the cold wind blowing from the German Ocean, or by occasional showers of sleet and snow, spent the livelong day, and sometimes the livelong night, at the mouth of the pit. The colliery district round

Newcastle was distressingly agitated; whilst tens of thousands of people poured towards the sad scene of the disaster. Busy London read with breathless anxiety and suspense the successive telegrams from the North. Suffering Manchester forgot its own privations in the overshadowing presence of this huge disaster. The Royal Mourner at Osborne, amid the griefs of her suddenly-made widowhood, wrote and telegraphed, more than once, her sympathy for the poor people at Hartley, "for whom her heart bled."

Hope for the safety of the prisoners in the mine was not extinguished in the breasts of those who were working unflaggingly for their deliverance until the fifth day after the accident, when, alas! an escape of the irrespirable gas, known as "choke-damp," from the Yard seam into the shaft, told too surely what must have been their melancholy doom. Next day, when the pit was partially ventilated by the erection of a temporary canvas "brattice," the worst fears of those who had ceased to hope were realized. Two adventurous men succeeded in exploring the chamber of horrors, and half-fainting from the effects of noxious vapours, and pallid through the ghastly spectacle they had witnessed, returned with the appalling intelligence, "THE MEN ARE DEAD! THEY ARE ALL DEAD!" There they lay, poor fellows, in rows; some of them reclining, as if "sleeping off a hard day's work;" others, in a sitting posture, leaning against the wall of coal; sons with their heads on their fathers' shoulders; and brothers stretched by the side of brothers.

Of the large number in the mine, not one has escaped from that ghastly sepulchre to tell the dismal story of the terrible imprisonment, and lingering death. Hence we know but little of what passed below. We know that the men made their way from the lower into the middle workings, for in the latter their bodies were found; we know that they attempted to escape through the "furnace-drift," for there saws and axes were lying, with their marks upon the obstructing beams; we know that they did not perish from starvation, for horse-corn from the bins was found in the pockets of some; we know that they thought about their wives and children, for upon a tin-can is the affecting record scratched: "*Friday—My dear Sarah, I leave you;*" we know that they sought mercy, for upon another can are discernable the words: "*Mercy, O God!*" and a still fuller memorandum in pencil has been discovered in the time-book of Amours, the overman, in his own handwriting, as follows:—"Friday afternoon, at half-past one, Edward Armstrong, Thomas Gledston, John Hardy, Thomas Bell, and others, took extremely ill. We had also a prayer-meeting at a quarter to two, when Tibbs, Henry Sharp, J. Campbell, Henry Gibson, and William Palmer [sentence incomplete]. *Tibbs exhorted to us again,* [underlined by the writer,] and Sharp also." We know further, that some of the number survived until Sunday, for on that day the last "jowlings," or signal-noises, were heard by the men working in the shaft; we know that all perished from the poisonous gas: we know all this, but we know no more. How they met their end; how some were, doubtless, cheered by the hopes of the Gospel, and others

were paralysed with despair; what were their feelings while they helplessly perished, almost within hail of wives and children, brothers and sisters; and what were their forebodings in immediate prospect of giving their account to God, can now never be known in time.

The majority of the deceased pitmen, it is to be feared, were but ill prepared for meeting their Judge. Some of them, it may be hoped, found mercy at the last, as they cried to God, like Jonah, "out of the belly of hell." It is pleasing to know that they were not without religious instructers to exhort them, and pray with them, down in the bowels of the earth. Some of the men were converted, and were members of the various Methodist communities. Campbell, who is named in the overman's book in connexion with the prayer-meeting, was a thoroughly good man, and a Wesleyan. Others belonged to different offshoots of the parent Methodist Body. Sharp, who exhorted, was a "Primitive." To the same community belonged Watson, who was in the cage when it was struck, and whose perils, piety, and heroism in the shaft, where he sang the praises of God amid wreck and ruin with his dying companion, form a remarkable episode in the dark story of the Hartley catastrophe.

The English public, with characteristic benevolence, has contributed nobly to the relief of the widows and orphans, and other dependents of the slain, — numbering in all four hundred and seven persons. The Government is instituting inquiries as to the necessity of two shafts for the safe working of each mine. These acts are commendable; but a still more important end is accomplished in spreading Christian holiness amongst the mining population; that whether the poor collier die peaceably on his bed, or violently in the dark and dangerous mine, he may be prepared for heaven. For this important object Methodism has been labouring zealously, and not in vain, ever since the day that John Wesley entered Newcastle,—"the Kingswood of the North," as he called it,—a stranger, and lifted up the standard of the Cross to "a gaping and staring" multitude of twelve or fifteen hundred persons. Much has been accomplished. Colliery and Pit-row have generally their chapel and Sunday-school. Still, it must be admitted that large numbers of this important class of our working-population are under the influence of ignorance, irreligion, and vice. Until these are saved, the mission of Christianity—call it Methodism, or any other name—will not be accomplished. T. M'C.

THE METHODISTS BECKONED FORWARD.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL JACKSON.

"'Courage,' your Captain cries."

CHRISTIANS are commanded to "strive together," and it is very desirable that, in this great struggle between Christ and Satan, the Methodists should move on side by side with the Church of England;

According to "the Book of Common Prayer," at every "confirmation,"

the presiding Bishop asks the candidates for that rite, then standing before him, the following question:—"Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your baptism; ratifying and confirming the same in your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe, and to do, all those things, which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you." It is further ordained by authority, that to this solemn question, when so proposed to candidates, "*Every one shall audibly answer*, I do." The custom of proposing such a question to Christian youth generally, has not only been derived from a very high ecclesiastical antiquity, but is also in perfect accordance with the word of God, and with the nature of man. Such a practice has not hitherto been generally adopted by the Methodists. But, perhaps, they might advantageously undertake, in their own way, some religious examination of their young people.

1. We hope the Methodists will not only religiously examine their young people, but do this, like the church, with a special reference to their *will* and purpose in future life. It is assumed that candidates for confirmation have been instructed, yet the Bishop asks them, not what they know, but whether or not, "by the grace of God, they will evermore endeavour" to lead a holy life. Hitherto, when we have examined scholars, even in "Scripture history" and "Theology," it has been chiefly with a reference to their intellectual acquirements. Provided they could answer the questions put to them readily and with correctness, they have been rewarded, and dismissed with honour. Yet Mr. Wesley has affirmed that "opinion is not religion;" that even "right opinion" may be as "distant from religion as the east is from the west;" since "there may be a right opinion of God, without either love, or one right temper, toward Him." St. Paul speaks of a man having "all knowledge," and yet being without "love." This mode of expression clearly assumes that these two things are essentially distinct from each other. Knowledge relates to the understanding; love belongs to the will: for, as Mr. Wesley observes, "our affections are only the will exerting itself in various ways." Jesus teaches that the first and great commandment in the law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and adds, the second is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." He further observes, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." When this subject is fully considered, it will be seen that all the parts of a holy life grow out of these principles; as the leaves, the blossoms, and the fruits of a tree from its root. The "least of all seeds" can become a "tree," and a simple act of the will may grow into a perfect love to God and man. We earnestly hope, therefore, that when the Methodists determine to question their young people, it will be an examination worthy of the character of a Christian church; being not merely intellectual, but moral and religious, and especially intended to ascertain the state of the will; for, assuredly, until a human being *choose* and *purpose* to keep the commandments of God, he has no

religion; for, in that case, even the seed from which it springs has not been planted in the soil of his heart.

2. The Bishop's question, proposed to candidates for the rite of confirmation, is intended to gain the will, through an appeal to the *conscience*. He asks the young people, "in the presence of God," whether or not they feel "bound" to believe and do what others have undertaken for them. Unreasonable promises might have been made, which they were under no obligation to perform. An appeal is made to conscience, and that judge is left to decide, whether they are so "bound" or not. Conscience belongs to human nature, and is found in every child of Adam. It is liable indeed to certain mistakes, but it distinguishes between right and wrong; and, on certain primary and obvious points of morality and religion, it gives no uncertain sound. Not merely those young persons who have been religiously brought up, but others who have been comparatively neglected, by its teaching, know that rebellion against God is a sin, and that man's duty is to submit to his Maker. In the Bishop's question, a holy life is made to rest on the basis on which God Himself has placed it. Human beings are "bound" to submit to Christ, because conscience has decided that course to be right. Methodists cannot do better than imitate this example. Never attempt to coax young people into religion, by offering, together with it, some temporal advantage. All such things in their minds are associated with merely human wisdom and authority, and that they soon learn to despise. On the subject of submission to Christ, simply ask them whether or not this be "right in the sight of God?" Conscience at once confronts them with the "Judge of all the earth;" and very likely, with Saul of Tarsus, they will fall at His feet, and say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" A holy life is indeed altogether contrary to the inclinations of apostate human nature, but, the Apostles, "by manifestation of the truth," commended themselves to "every man's conscience in the sight of God," and succeeded in bringing many sinners to repentance.

3. The question proposed to candidates for confirmation is plainly intended to elicit an avowal of their purposes respecting future life. It is true young people are fickle creatures, whose minds may possibly change with their circumstances, and to this course objections may be made. Solomon has said, "better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay." But since there is obviously but one moral course for thoughtful people to take, the sooner it is entered upon the better. Replies, while under a religious examination, cannot with propriety be written down and committed to memory. Young people, when questioned on so solemn a subject, should answer according to truth. The right to say, "Yes," involves the power to say, "No." There is much evil in a splendid deception. An attempt will sometimes be made to evade the difficulty, by putting off the reply to a more "convenient season." But when God says of the Jewish nation, "I hid Me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart," it is intimated, that all delay in the work of repentance is the mingled result of

human misconduct and Divine displeasure. It is simply a descent from bad to worse. A wise examiner will, therefore, press for an immediate decision. When a promise of submission to Christ is given, he will further request some guarantee for its fulfilment. This may be called rudeness. But since God has confirmed His promise "by an oath," there can be no impropriety, when a sinner has given a promise, in asking also for his security. Although we have received from a youth a promise of submission to Christ, should he continue in exactly his former circumstances, there is reason to doubt its fulfilment. When afterwards he goes at once to a Wesleyan Class-Meeting, and joins the Society, he becomes connected with religious people, has the great subject placed before him vividly, and in perpetuity, and it is likely his avowed purpose will be carried out into practical effect. It is quite proper that the religious promises of young people should be accompanied by all the guarantees which can be obtained. Persons acquainted with the history of commerce, know the overwhelming miseries people have brought upon themselves by trusting to mere promises, when they ought to have taken securities. From the beginning the Church of England has received promises of a holy life in baptism, and these were renewed at the time of confirmation. But these promises were seldom connected even with the most ordinary guarantees, and what was the actual result? This huge system of credit proved rotten at its foundation. The religion and morals of the nation became thoroughly corrupt, and Methodism was necessary to bring about a better state of things. When the promises of young people are guaranteed, as they easily may and ought always to be, there is no solid reason for doubting their fidelity. On the sad and memorable night when Jesus was apprehended, Peter said to Him, "I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death." "Likewise also said all the disciples." Yet that same night, and but a short time after these avowals, it is stated, that "all the disciples forsook Him and fled." At that time the promises of these men appeared to be but of little worth. Yet had they been very sincerely made, and a guarantee for their fulfilment was involved, in the fact of the men having been long known as the disciples of Christ. Accordingly, their drooping courage rallied again: they rose to the dignity of Christian heroes. By their labours the Gospel went out in all the earth. They finally sealed the truth with their blood. All that has been said of Christ is fully applicable to religious promises made by the present generation of young people in Methodism. "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory." The Wesleyan right to preach the Gospel to adult sinners was once fiercely contested; but that battle was fought and won by the early Methodists. The right religiously to examine all our young people is still in dispute, and involves a victory we must achieve for ourselves. What churches have done for ages, with impunity, as matter of mere form and ceremony, will provoke hostility, when attempted by "Christianity in earnest." Methodism is thought to be an advantage to persons

of mature years, and especially to the sick, and the dying; but not to the young, who have all the world before them. This notion extensively prevails. Cowards will scarcely encounter this form of public opinion. If modern Methodists are Christian heroes, they will set it at defiance. Examine the young, while attending to missions to the old. "Preach the Gospel to every creature." "Be ye therefore very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses," and in the Gospel of Christ, "that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left."

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLICAN.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
"And loving favour rather than silver and gold." (Prov. xxii. 1.)

So runs the couplet of the wise King, whose wisdom was much fed upon in the city of Jericho, the history of which yielded some notable illustrations of this particular saying: as, for instance, those two coming so close together,—Rahab and Achan. Although the first of these has an ill name, yet she stands far above the greedy son of Carmi, who cared less for his name and conscience than for grand clothes and money, to get which he broke through the hedge of God's commandment. The family of the trespassing Israelite was cut off from among his people; while the woman of Jericho, by believing all that was made known to her of the true God, and acting up to her faith fully, though in a clumsy, lying, Canaanitish fashion,—never having known that truth was preferable to falsehood, except when it paid better,—Rahab became the honoured mother of mighty kings, and the ancestor of Christ the Lord; and the epithet which will always cleave to her, is no more a record of her past sin, than a memorial of her triumph, by God's grace, over the evil of which she escaped all but the name.

Another famous woman stands connected, strangely enough, with the history of Jericho. Many hundred years after the old city fell, the revenues of a new City of Palms which had risen in great beauty and wealth, were poured, with other wages of iniquity, by the befooled Antony, into the adulterous lap of the famed Egyptian queen. Rahab is plainly called a harlot; but history is far too courteous to give to the superb and beautiful Cleopatra the name she deserved.

Herod, surnamed "The Great," loved the City of Palms, and raised many a princely building amongst its date-groves, and flowery gardens; and there, in his own royal palace, beneath the solemn mountains of Benjamin, and in sight of the deep, dark water, which lies so still and heavy over ruined Sodom, Herod the Great writhed horribly in the grip of greater Death, and passed away, followed by the clamour of a nation's curse.

No, Solomon the wise said not, "A great name—" but, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Not the name which the babe receives, and the man may belie; but the name given in acknowledgment of a good life, when all one's kinsfolk and neighbours stand by and say, "His name shall be called Good:" and so the distich runs on to its proper end, "and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

There was a man in Jericho, some thirty years after Herod's death, whose parents gave him a good name,

which he lived to make like "a jewel of gold in a swine's snout." He was called "Innocent;" or, in the language of the place and time, "Zacchæus." He is mentioned first in connexion with the greatest event that had happened even on that theatre of wonders: far greater than that which left the old fenced city a heap, or when Hiel, the resolute Bethelite, built a new Jericho, and registered the date on his children's graves.

At the time of the great overthrow, with the strange leaguer of marching, horn-blowing priests, and shouting people, one name left its deathless record all along the banks of Jordan. And still, more than fourteen hundred years later, the memory of that name was fresh; for the old river running down from Gennesareth to the Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab, from which the giant sun sprang lustily to run his daily race, and that westward rampart of hills, with flowery slope, and dark defile, and solemn gorge, — all were monumental of Joshua, the Ephraimite.

And now, one bearing the same name,—called after the Greek manner, "Jesus,"—came up from Jordan with a great following, but not of men armed for the battle. It was a medley throng flocking after Jesus; many curious to see His power, many sick ones eager to feel it; and many were Jew pilgrims going their yearly journey to keep the passover at Jerusalem.

A calm majesty of power dwelt in Him whose name was "Saviour;" as, turning from the gliding Jordan, walking beneath the balsam groves of the plain, and looking beyond the city to the steep pass darkening into the bosom of the hills, through which lay His path up to Jerusalem for the last time, He ever spoke of a kingdom—a dominion of more than mortal might—which He would surely and universally set up. Yet how meek, how tender, how bountiful was this Joshua! Those dark-eyed nuralings, willingly leaving their mother's bosom for His embrace, felt it as His hand caressed them, His blessing crowned them. The healed ones felt His power mastering their sickness, His kingly love yoking their hearts; and the blind at Jericho's gate knew the might of Jesus, and saw "The Light of the World." And the man named Zacchæus felt towards the Nazarene as he had never felt before; and the feeling deepened; and much came of it.

How suddenly is this man introduced. We know his name, his calling, and his fortune; but there is not a word about his birth or breeding, of how he passed his childhood, and showed early cleverness in money-craft, and so came at last to be chief publican in Jericho, and a rich man. And why should curiosity seek to know the past in such a case? Why ask for the annals of the dead? Now, when Zacchæus first begins to live, most fitly does his history begin to be told.

Yet, in the short description given of this tax-gatherer, as he was when he and Jesus first came together, there is more told than at first appears. In some instances, if you know a man's calling, you may get near the mark in guessing his moral character. Certainly so here.

The vicious mode of tax-farming, on which the whole publican system went, made it, at least, a very hard matter for a publican to be an honest man. Few, if any, were suspected of ever striving against the difficulty; and thus "publican," meant much that was bad; the very furthest opposite of the good, decorous, worshipful Pharisee. The badness of the publican was made the harder to be borne by reason of its being guarded and backed by law; and the ill-doer was, of course, hated the worse because none dare resist him. Here is a portrait drawn by a master. St. Chrysostom, in his third homily on Penitence, calls the publican, "a common evil of

human nature, unjust by law, a robber whom none can accuse, a thief removed beyond all hazard of impeachments, an ill that can hardly be shunned, a wolf of sheep endued with reason, a brute in human form." Elsewhere the indignant father pronounces, "the publican and blasphemer to be the firstfruits of all wickedness."

The Jews would feel special disgust at such an officer, for the tax which he was the instrument of extorting, was a tribute to a foreign power, whose dominion was their disgrace, and whose idolatrous legions defiled their holy land. The publicans, at the head of whose order, in Jericho, Zacchæus stood, were not the original farmers of the taxes, but their agents who did the collecting work, under a pledge to make their town or district yield a certain sum. So long as the superiors got this amount regularly, they cared nothing that their agents, in the process of squeezing, tightened the pressure a little beyond the right point, for their own private advantage.

The revenues of Jericho were, no doubt, very considerable; derived largely from the balsam which was plentifully produced in the neighbourhood, and upon which, as upon other commodities sold, a tax was levied. In proportion to the richness of the district and market, would be the importance of the chief publican. Zacchæus was, therefore, a man who could assume much dignity, and patronize or plague, as the humour took him, the meaner publicans who did his dirty work.

In some cases, eminence lowers a man. The higher he gets, the more wofully he tumbles. With such, the greatest success is the worst failure. It was plainly to the filling of his purse that Zacchæus was chief among the publicans; but it was no less to the damage of his character.

But tender charity, hoping all things, will plead that a man might be a publican without being a rogue; and truth must answer, yes; just as, perchance, a man might possibly touch pitch and not be defiled. But if one has a strong liking for cleanliness, he will hardly run the risk; and it will be strange indeed if he cannot light upon some calling wherein pitch is not used. Men are always to be found who, for increased wages, will readily do unhealthy work. Poor girls, rather than starve, or do worse, will poison themselves in colouring leaves and flowers wherewith others, more fortunate, may make themselves look fine and foolish; for they *must* reason thus,—the poison takes longer to kill than hunger. There are some horrible diseases peculiar to certain trades; yet there is no lack of workpeople to risk them. Does all this seem strange? It ought to seem far stranger that men—multitudes—should be eagerly ready to do evil that money may come; and stranger yet that men, "who profess and call themselves Christians," should be found engaged in callings or modes of dealing to which, not without reason, a bad fame always belongs.

"Before my conversion," said a good man to me, "I was a horse-dealer; but I gave up the business, for I found I couldn't keep that and my religion too." You say, the man was weak, and his principles frail, if he could not bear up against the trickery and lies of the trade. Perhaps you are right, good friend. You are robust and hearty; but you will hardly choose the fever-wards of a hospital for your morning walk. You knelt down this morning, and prayed, Jesus teaching you, "Lead *us not* into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Thus closes the choicest morning hymn of modern times:—

> "And help us this, and every day,
> To live more nearly as we pray."

No doubt the witlings of Jericho had their evident, and withal bitter, jest at the expense of Zacchæus,—the

man Innocent by name, and a publican by trade,—for he would be but little loved. This also makes against him. He knew that no one could meddle with the odious tax, without getting the hatred of his countrymen; and his being a publican showed that he esteemed the gain of money, however gotten, rather to be chosen than a good name or loving favour. The sensitiveness of a man's heart must have become very dull, before he could brave the infamy of such a choice.

Do you know one who affects a sublime contempt of the good opinion of others? It is much to be feared that he has already lost, or is in process of losing, or intends to do something which will make him lose, that good opinion. Beware of this defiant boaster, lest, under cover of the flaunting display of honesty, he pick your pocket.

Men might jeer, and blame, and hate to their heart's content; Zacchæus got rich. But though the strings of his money-bags were drawn tight, there was a bad savour belonging to some of the money that could not be tied in. Many people declared that it was a sore offence to them; and, no doubt, spite made the worst of it; just as spite does now-a-days, when it points to a man of piety and wealth giving an excellent address to a ragged-school, and has the bad taste to remind people that the good man's name is in great gold letters over one tenth of the gin-shops in London.

What a comfort to know that there is One, whose all-watching eye, rates everything at precisely its true value! The entries in His book of remembrance check the ledger in the counting-house. Those entries are very full, very particular; noting, not only amounts, but the principles and motives which have had to do therewith. It must be a great satisfaction to the devout pawnbroker to know that he gets full credit *there* for all the brotherly-kindness and charity which keep him from taking advantage of his neighbour's poverty and misfortune.

(*To be continued.*)

FRETFULNESS.

"It's the fretting horse that sweats," said the coach-driver. Up hill and down, over the smooth hard sand, and over stone and through ruts, it was all the same to the steady greys. But the young black champed his bit, and pranced over the ground. The foam lay in streaks under his haunches, and on his chest. After an hour's drive, he was more fit for the stall than the harness.

It is quite as true of men as of horses, that "the fretting one sweats."

In our common toils occur many little annoyances which we wish were out of the way. Some pin loose, some article mislaid, when we are in instant need of it, disturbs the mind. It loses its balance by the vexation, and foams and complains till its fit place is a solitary bed. Others, better disciplined, take these things as a matter of course: they let nothing worry them. If a pin is lost, while peevishness is fretting, they have a new one made, and are off. If a tool is missing, they have the calm eye which will find in five minutes that which eludes the fretful for half a day.

Give a composed patient man oversight of labourers, or a patient woman charge of a large household. That patience oils every wheel; things run smoothly, and run well; while an irritable, fretful mind, with twice the help and half the cares, will keep all in a foam from January to December.

With some, fretfulness becomes a habit. Even those professing the virtues of piety are sometimes the victims of this chronic plague.

Nothing contents them. Surrounded by bounties that are enough to gladden into a grateful repose, they have no eye for mercies. At the much and the little they carp alike. If a pin is lost, or a servant beyond call, they complain as loudly as over a year's rheumatism. There is no joy of harvest if half a hundred of hay spoil. The journey is tedious if the sun shines, dull and gloomy if it does not. The servant is absolutely vicious and good for nothing, who once a week errs, or is late or slow.

There are several reasons why such a disposition should be overcome, especially by the children of God.

It is foolish. Nothing is gained, but much is always lost, by losing one's patience and equanimity of mind. When difficulties beset, or trifles annoy, we overcome them only by a cool head and a firm hand, while fretfulness increases every annoyance.

It is hurtful to others. They perhaps are already sufficiently reproved by a glance at the results of their carelessness, or have erred by accident when honestly endeavouring to do well. It is a cruelty which debases and hardens them, at such a time to be obliged to endure an undeserved or severe reproach. It is sinful. We are less than the least of the mercies we enjoy. If truly grateful, whatever our estate, we shall find occasion for praise. Seldom, never indeed, do we suffer or endure so much that we do not deserve far more. To repine, chafe, fret, complain, is therefore wicked. It is to stand before God, holding in our hands the manifold blessings He has in wise mercy given, and say, like proud beggars, "Lord, is this all? Why did you not give me more? or, why did you give me a tarnished good?"

O, this fretfulness! It destroys the comeliness of piety, wastes its strength, robs it of commendation; let us then cease from it, as unbecoming the household of faith; as being really what it is,—a sin.

SYMPATHY OF THE POOR FOR THE QUEEN.

In the number of the *Book and its Missions*, for February, the following testimony of the Bible-women, respecting the sympathy shown by the poor for our widowed Queen, will interest our readers.

Covent Garden.—Many, many tears shed.

Bedford New Town.—Even the people who lived in a kitchen drew down their blinds at the time of the funeral, and down to the rag-shops, shutters were up all the week. All who could at all afford to do so, came in some mourning to the Mothers' Meetings, if it were only a black ribbon or a cap-front.

St. Giles's.—The poor expressed deep sympathy for the Queen. The strong feeling seemed to be how was it with the dear departed Prince; and as nothing was found in the newspapers, one asked of another the question, "What was known about Prince Albert's trust in Jesus?"

Bluegate Fields.—The Bible-women heard two shoeless boys talking about something very earnestly, and one exclaimed, "I suppose you think, because she is a Queen, she can't feel; but she can for all that." Another Bible-woman spoke of an answer given by a poor woman to a similar sentiment: "She can feel even though she is a Queen. What can her riches do to bind up her broken heart?"

At the extreme East-end of London, every shop was partly closed. Many were shut as on Sunday, and a baker deemed it necessary to apologize for selling his loaves.

May-Fair.—A woman who has become "a new creature," from attending our Mothers' Meeting, has

a very thoughtless and infidel husband, as many of the gentlemen's servants are, in that direction. The Bible-woman visiting her; the conversation was heard by her husband; the subject being the death in the palace. A remark was made, "God knocks at the door of everybody's heart, by this blow." "How," said he; "what did you say, mistress?" She answered, "Yes; at *everybody's* heart. There's not a town or a village, or a hamlet, where this news will not go; and it is a death that has spoken to all the land. God speaks when a little child dies in a crowded alley; perhaps its parents are wicked, or very poor, even they may be glad that it is gone; yet its death has, may be, spoken to some heart in another alley,—some neighbour who nursed it or knew it; but Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, dead and buried in his prime, who will not hear *that* loud voice, 'Be ye also ready?'"

The poor mothers continue to dwell upon the grief in the palace. It seems as though it had brought together high and low in an unexampled manner. They say they feel they can pray for the Queen as if she were nearer to them than ever before.

THE WHITE ANTS.

In our own safe island-home, we are free from many of the inconveniences suffered by people in other lands and climes. No beast of prey prowls in our woods; no poisonous reptile crawls into our homes; no insect like that scourge in many a warmer climate, the white ant, works its mischief. It may, perhaps, induce some additional gratitude to the Giver of all good, frequently to recall to our recollection some of these immunities.

Happily, in this country, we only know by report the terrible energy of these *termites*, or white ants.

Wood, timber of all kinds, with one or two exceptions, is the object they seek to attack. And so unrelenting is their perseverance, so incredible are their numbers, that all the wood-work of a house disappears before them in the course of a night or two; though individually they are about the size of the common red ant of our woods. They have an aversion to the light, and invariably work under cover: hence, in attacking a tree, a post, a rafter, or a table, they eat out the interior, leaving the thinnest possible layer of the outer wood remaining. It frequently happens that, after their depredations have been committed, no indication of the work appears to the eye, but the least touch suffices to bring down the apparently solid structure, like a house of cards, amidst a cloud of blinding dust. If, however, as in the case of the supporting posts of a house, any incumbent weight has to be sustained, they have the instinct to guard against the crash which would involve themselves in ruin, by gradually filling up the hollowed posts with a sort of mortar, leaving only a slender way for their own travel; thus the posts are changed from wood to stone, and retain their solidity.

Forbes in his "Oriental Memoirs," (vol. i., p. 362,) has recorded a curious but by no means unusual example of the ravages of the termites. Having had an occasion to shut up an apartment, he observed, on returning after a few weeks, a number of the well-known covered ways leading across the room to certain engravings hung in frames. The glasses appeared to be uncommonly dull, and the frames covered with dust. "On attempting," says he, "to wipe it off, I was astonished to find the glasses fixed to the wall, not suspended in frames as I left them, but completely surrounded by an incrustation cemented by the white ants, who had actually eaten up the deal frames and backboards, and the greater part of the paper, and left the glasses upheld by the incrus-

tation, or covered way, which they had formed during their depredations."

Smeathman tells of a pipe of old Madeira wine having been tapped and entirely lost by a band of these insects, who had taken a fancy to the oak staves of the cask. And Sir E. Tennant appears to have fared no better; for he complains that, in Ceylon, he had a case of wine filled, in the course of two days, with almost solid clay, and only discovered the presence of the white ants by the bursting of the corks.

They find their way into bureaux and cabinets, and greedily devour all papers and parchments therein; "a shelf of books will be tunnelled into a gallery, if it happen to be in their line of march." Hence, as Humboldt observes, throughout the equinoctial regions of America,—and the same is true in similar climates of the Old World, indeed, in all, where very special precautions are not taken against it,—it is infinitely rare to find any records much more than half a century old.

But though the exercise of their instinct brings these little insects into collision with man, and so far they act as his enemies, abundantly making up in pertinacity and consociation what they lack in individual force,—we shall greatly misunderstand their mission if we look at it only in this aspect. As an example of mean agents performing great deeds, we must see them far from the haunts of man, engaged as the scavengers of the forest-wilds of the tropics; the removers of fallen trees, of huge giants of the woods, commissioned to get rid of those enormous bulks of timber, which, having stood in stately grandeur and rich life for a thousand years, have at length yielded to death. Not long does the vast mass lie cumbering the soil beneath: the termites attack it, enter its substance from the ground, and in the course of a few weeks succeed in so emptying it, as to leave it a mere deceptive shell, on which if you step, to use the comparison of Smeathman, "you might as well tread upon a cloud."

We presume that, in the following description of a scene in Brazil, we may understand the insects of which we are now speaking, though the traveller calls them "ants:"—

"A number of tall, prostrate trees were lying about, upon which large columns of ants, of all kinds, moved busily to and fro. In penetrating into the depths of the primeval forest, one sees evidence at every step that these minute creatures are the destroyers of the colossal trees, whose strength braves all the attacks of storm and wind. A striking instance is this of how small are often the means which the Creator employs to produce the mightiest results; for what greater disproportion can be imagined than between an ant and one of these giants of the forest? No sooner is a tree attacked by them than it is doomed; its size and strength are of no avail; and frequently these little insects will destroy it in such a manner that the bark alone remains, and all the woody fibres crumble away, until the tall tree falls at length to the ground with a tremendous crash, a prey to the united and persevering attacks of millions and millions of the ants. Besides these proofs of the destructive power of these insects, the forests along the Estrada exhibit evidence of their skill in the pyramidical ant-hills, similar to those we had seen on the coast of the province of Rio de Janeiro. We also observed large trunks of trees pierced with deep holes, having the appearance of filigree on a grand scale. This, too, was probably the work of these destructive insects."

LOOKING AT YOURSELF.

It is a well-known fact in astronomy, that the planets are kept in their

courses by the agency of two opposing influences, which are termed the *centrifugal* and *centripetal* forces. If the earth, for example, were to follow the impulse of the latter alone, it would immediately fall into the sun; while, if it only obeyed the former, it would fly off into space. It is in the perfect balance of these two forces that our planet is kept whirling in its sphere, and that all the worlds roll on so smoothly in the distant tracks of creation.

The orbit of the Christian is, in some respects, a similar one. His life is controlled both by centrifugal and centripetal forces. The one tends to draw that life inward, to cultivate a condition of solitude and self-retirement; the other goes outward, in activities extrinsic to its own. The safety of the Christian rests in the harmonious adjustment of these opposing tendencies. There is danger in both directions. Once the peril was in the too great development of the centripetal forces of the human mind; now the peril lies in the too great expansion of the active and centrifugal ones.

Especially in the rush and whirl of the busy age in which we live, there is danger that the vitality of individual holiness may be exhausted by that inward decay which comes through the want of an increase of piety proportioned to the increase of activity. Meditation and exertion, faith and works, inward communion with God, and outward exertions in His service, must co-exist, or they cannot healthily exist at all. Mere outward activity can never sustain itself, while worship and self-communion, like faith without works, are "dead." We cannot, then, each and all of us, too keenly feel that a still and secret life of faith and prayer must vitalize all holy living; that, like the nervous fluid which animates and gives energy to the body, the influence of meditation and intimate soul-communion with God must flow through all duty, and animate all life. There must be periods when the spirit turns in upon itself; when it questions and reviews, and scrutinizes; when the solemn truths of revelation are applied with searching and faithful self-examination to the sore places of the heart. If the Christian shrinks from such a duty, he has danger to apprehend that its faithful performance is all the more needful. A faithful physician does not shrink from probing a gun-shot wound to the bottom, because disease has unduly augmented its sensitiveness. On the contrary, the very tenderness and shrinking reluctance of the patient is a symptom which indicates all the more clearly the need of a thorough examination of the parts, and the immediate extraction of the foreign body which has caused the wound, and now inflames and irritates it. So should we be faithful in the use of the Gospel probe. So should we draw near to God continually, that He may "heal our sickness," and give us inward strength and wisdom for a healthy and well-ordered outward life.

"GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE."

EVERYBODY that has visited Chester, must have seen "God's Providence House," in Water-gate Street; one of those curious gable-fronted, timber houses, for which Chester is so remarkable.

Tradition avers that this house was the only one in the city that escaped the plague which ravaged the city during the seventeenth century. In gratitude for that deliverance, the owner of the house is said to have carved upon the front, these words:—

1652. GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE. 1652.

I remember, says a writer in "Notes and Queries," being much struck with this quaint and interest-

ing, but decayed old mansion, when I first visited Chester, in 1851. As I read the beautiful motto carved on the cross-beam, it occurred to me that it was possibly derived from some old version of the sixteenth Psalm, verse six: "The Lord Himself is the portion of mine inheritance. . . Thou shalt maintain my lot." But the poor old house no longer affords a bright picture of the providence of God, as doubtless it once did in its palmy days; it can no longer take up the next verse, and say, "The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage:" it now looks sordid and degraded, uncared for, and gloomy; in a word, *disinherited;* and affords us a striking emblem of God's ancient people Israel, in their present forlorn and outcast state. Yet it was once a stately mansion; and the armorial bearings of its original owner are still to be seen carved on one of its beams. "So passes the glory of the world!" "*Ichabod! The Glory is departed!*" This might be its motto and inscription now.

The motto on that old house is the one assumed by the Boyle family.

In Bishop Burnet's sermon, preached January 7th, 1691, at the funeral of the Hon. Robert B——, he says, "I will say nothing of the stem from which he sprang; that watered garden, watered with the blessing and dew of heaven, as well as fed with the best portions of this life; that has produced so many noble plants, and has stocked the most families in these kingdoms, of any in our age; which has so signally felt the effects of their humble and Christian motto, 'GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MY INHERITANCE.'"

PARTING.

How mean ye thus by weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And cannot therefore part;
Nor time, nor place, can sever
The bonds which us have bound;
In Christ abide for ever,
All who in Him are found.

As though to part for ever
We press each other's hands,
And yet no power can sever
Our love's eternal bands;
We look quite broken-hearted,
And sob our last farewell,
And yet can not be parted,
For both in Jesus dwell.

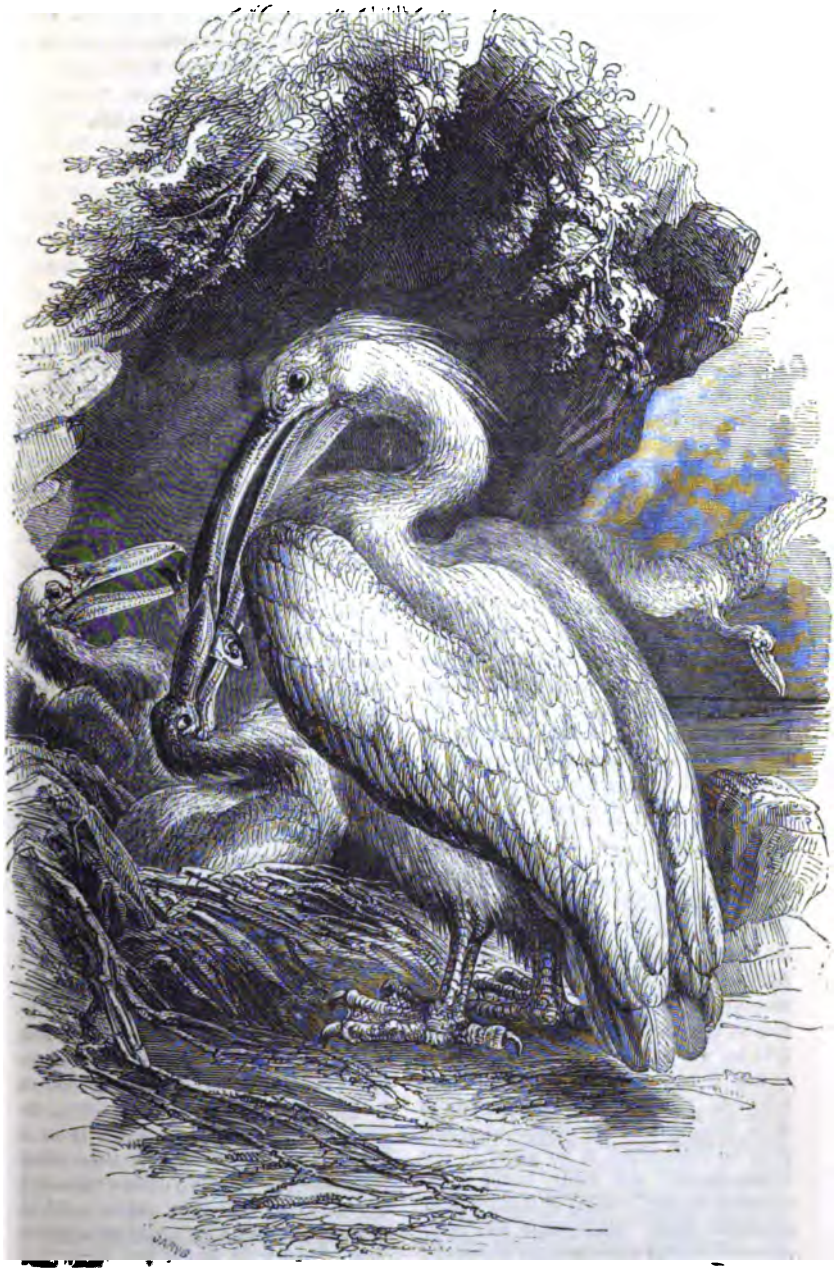
Then let us cease from weeping,
And moderate our woe,
We both are in Christ's keeping,
With whom we always go;
Both under His protection,
Both led by His dear hand,
Both in the same direction
To the same Fatherland.

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE PELICAN.

THE pelican is an aquatic bird. It is of the form and somewhat of the colour of the swan. The sacred writers often allude to it. Its Hebrew name signifies literally, "the vomiter," derived from the word to vomit.

The origin of this bird's name is curious. It lives chiefly on shell-fish. These, it was supposed, it swallowed whole, and when, by the heat of the stomach, they were opened, it picked out the fish and discharged the shell. This, says Bochart, is so generally attested by writers of antiquity, that it cannot be called in question; and then cites a great number of authorities in its support. But it is more than doubtful, notwithstanding such statements, whether the pelican takes the shell-fish into its stomach in the first instance. It is far more probable that it deposits these in the bag or pouch under its lower chap. This pouch serves not only as a repository for food, but also as a net to catch it. In feeding its young the pelican squeezes the contents of its pouch into their mouths, by strongly compressing it upon its breast with its bill,—an action which may well justify the propriety of the name given to it by the ancient Hebrews.



And from the same habit it is not unlikely the tradition arose that this bird, in feeding her young, pierced her own breast, and nourished them with her blood.

The Psalmist describes the pelican as a bird of the wilderness. "I am like a pelican of the wilderness." (Psalm cii. 6.)

This bird is no stranger to the most

desert and inhospitable regions. Though a water-bird, Damer, the Arabian naturalist, states that the pelican, just like the duck the traveller Bruce sprang in the burning wilderness, does not always remain in the water, but sometimes retires from it to a great distance. Indeed its monstrous pouch, which, according to some naturalists, is capable of receiving thrice the size of a man's head, seems to be given to it for this very reason, that it might not want food for itself and its young ones, when at a distance from the water.

The afflicted Psalmist, in comparing himself to a pelican, seems to refer not so much to the plaintive voice of these birds as to their lonely situation in the wilderness. One of the first effects of deep sorrow is the desire of solitude; and on this occasion, David, oppressed with grief, wearied of society, and longed for perfect seclusion.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. IV.

"The poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings,—have been kind
To such as needed kindness; for this single cause,
That we have all of us a human heart."

"Never so bad but it might be worse," said I to the other members of the broken quartette, as they looked at one another in silent bewilderment. It was bad enough to be so unceremoniously set down amidst the scattered fragments of our travelling machine, and left to anticipate an interview with the shadows of nightfall on the lone top of Black Down; to say nothing of my despoiled garments, and a somewhat disabled limb. But things might have been worse. One's bones might have been broken, and we might have been wrecked on the pathless moor, far away from help or all means of deliverance. It was soon found, indeed, that our trouble, bad as we felt it to be, was set off by a great advantage, in that it had come upon us by the open road-side. Though it was not pleasant to be thrown down as objects of public pity, we could afford to be pitied in our circumstances; and really learnt to be thankful for pity, coming as it did in such agreeable forms. Misfortunes like ours, occurring on the more crowded thoroughfares of fashionable or business life, have not unfrequently brought out many a passing grin at the expense of their victims. But we were far away from the polite world. There were no eyes upon us but those of an uncultured turf-cutter, and one or two healthy-looking Devonian waggoners. The first friendly arrival was that of the turf-cutter, who, with hearty promptitude, pulled up, and ran across the moor to aid in capturing our poor panic-stricken horse, leaving his own quiet beast, and his load of peat, to bear us company during the interval of suspense, and to cheer us as a pledge of further help on his return. He was scarcely gone before our Devonian examples of rustic chivalry—the two generous waggoners—came along with their team. There was no attempt at wordy condolence. Many words, they seemed to believe, were not in their line, and would be of no use to us. Mere words are but wind. No: better to think of the "good Samaritan," and "go and do likewise." They for once found themselves in circumstances sufficiently like those of that unselfish traveller on the Jerusalem road, to warrant an effort at conformity to his spirit and manner. There was a case of distress on that wayside, and there was one on this. In each case the distress was known. And now, to the honour of our Devonian wayfarers, it shall be said, in each case there was genuine pity; in each, the pity was practical; and in each, those who pitied tendered help, promptly, graciously, and to the utmost of their means. "Out with your horses, Jim," cried one, to the other, "and we'll do our best to get the ladies down to the village." And it was no sooner said than it would have been done: but no, my good fellows, we will take the will for the deed: you shall be spared the sacrifice for which your kind

hearts are ready, while we will give you the honour which belongs to true nobility of temper and purpose. Just then there came along a gentleman on horseback, travelling towards the town; and he cheerfully undertook to arrange for our safe and comfortable return to Tavistock, as early as possible, promising that the gathered fragments of our wrecked equipage, and our vagrant horse, should soon follow in the rear. We call this last friend a gentleman, to distinguish his social standing or rank. In name and occupation, influence and property, he was somewhat of a higher class; and let it be remembered that such distinctions must always live. Indeed, when society has reached its best and holiest state, the doctrine of social equality will be finally consigned to the limbo of impracticable whims. The position of a gentleman will never belong to any but the few; yet anybody and everybody may successfully aspire to the true gentleman's spirit, temper, and manners. And I shall always cherish the memory of our first friends on Black Down,—the turf-cutter, and the waggoners,—as fine examples of these gentle virtues. They had neither the name nor the circumstances of gentlemen. To such distinctions they had no claim; and they were happy without them: but they were gentlemen nevertheless. The grace was theirs without the position. And what they were, the poorest and most laborious of our population may be. Why not? There must be hard hands, but there need be no hard hearts. The world cannot do without spinners and metal-workers either; but why should not those who fulfil the heavier tasks of life be agreeable in their spirit and address, while they are honoured for their work's sake? Kind thoughts and feelings ought to be as easy to the operatives of manufacturing towns, as they were to our three Devonian peasants. Good manners and unselfish courtesy, should not be more difficult to the privileged masses who sharpen their wits and feed on fair wages within the centres of skilful labour, than to those who tug on the soil, or toil beneath the surface for a very limited pittance, and upon hard fare. And yet, I have rarely seen, among working men, in towns of the highest trade pretensions, any specimens of native politeness to compare with our good Samaritans of Black Down. "How do you account for that?" somebody asks: "do you mean to say that your southern labourers were more intelligent than our northern artisans?" No: they were less so, according to the most popular statistic returns. "What then? does intelligence go for nothing in this case? do not people become polite just as their intelligence grows?" Certainly not, if one is to judge from facts. That it ought to be so, one must admit; but the truth is, that the mass gets hardened and materialized in the pursuit of scientific knowledge; and becoming proud of their progress, they not only slight the study of agreeable manners, but even affect a sort of rudeness, as most suitable to their intelligent manhood. No: mere general intelligence, never of necessity promotes a genial temper; nor will all the ingenuities and refinements of high-pressure trade ever, of themselves, put a polish on people's behaviour, or endow them with the charms of pleasant speech. There are business centres in which the sharpest practice is kept up in true barbaric style. Where, then, is the secret of that gentleness of heart and unvarnished politeness which so become human nature under all its possible circumstances? Where? Why in Christianity. Not in the mere profession of it; for there are many who make a pious profession, and yet speak and act as if hard looks, curt replies, harsh judgments, and uncouth, or even cruel, manners, were the most proper and dignified expressions of true godliness. Indeed human nature is so disposed to be perverse and rigid, that, in some instances, those who are under the holiest influence find it needful devoutly to study the duty of showing the open and undisguised face of their religion, in order to fix a correct impression of its truly amiable character on the minds of their neighbours. He who is really a Christian at heart, will sincerely try to live in obedience to the Apostolic precept, "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification." (Rom. xv. 2.) This is to be truly polite. This is, in fact, to hit

the secret of being a true gentleman more certainly, as a powerful preacher has shown, than did the high-bred Lord Chesterfield himself. All who keep their consciences alive to the claims of practical piety, by a devotional use of Wesley's sermons, will remember the page in which he says, "To sum up all in one word: If you would please men, please God! let truth and love possess your whole soul. Let them be the springs of all your affections, passions, tempers; the rule of all your thoughts. Let them inspire all your discourse, continually seasoned with that salt, and 'meet to minister grace to the hearers.' Let all your actions be wrought in love." But I must not forget the upshot of our breakdown. Our spirited turf-cutter was at length seen coming up from the valley of the Lyd, mounted on our runaway mare, in lagging companionship with that other "little mare," whose ensign was the big brown-holland umbrella. That ensign had kept to its horizontal bearing up to the moment when we saw it leaving us amidst the bewilderments of our fall; and at its re-appearance, it seemed never to have shifted an inch, it was horizontal still. And now it struck us, that nothing would be better than to leave the imperturbable big brown-holland umbrella in charge of our broken property, while we found our way to the nearest human habitation, to wait for the promised means of regaining our home. So it was arranged. Slowly, and at times painfully, the silent quartette crept down the hill, and found at last a snug and hospitable resting-place in the cottage of as hearty and generous a couple as ever graced the unpretending life of an English way-side. Their venerable Keltic intonations marked them as thorough Cornish folks; and the honour of their race was fully sustained in the style of their hospitality. This was abundant and full, garnished by little delicate accommodations to the apparent taste of each and all who had the comfort of sharing it. Those who, among the many arts of which they are masters, readily exercise that of estimating people's character at a glance, or that of catching the deepest insight into things while they are lightly skimming their surface, have pronounced the Cornish to be narrow and mean in their spirit and action; others, however, who are less clever and more slow, cling to the old-fashioned notion, that men's character cannot be justly drawn unless all their peculiar circumstances are fairly looked at and weighed; and, judging on this principle, their decision is that the Cornish will bear comparison at least with most of their neighbours. It is true that they are thrifty and cautious in the use of money even for holy purposes; but the reason for this is to be found not in the stinginess of their spirit, but, in the fact that what they earn, they earn hardly; and that during their best times, their earnings are small. What would appear little to others, is much to them; so that such contributions as some people most easily afford, would cost great sacrifices on their part. One of their faults may be, that their benevolent action is not always well regulated; though in this they are by no means alone: other classes, which aspire to the highest style of liberality, in too many instances, fling their blessings far and wide; while next-door claims, or those of home itself, are but poorly met, if met at all. The Cornish have one or two virtues however: they are frugal themselves in order to sustain that standard of liberality which they have reached; while the social and religious institutions which they have reared and kept up, have been reared and kept up with little show, and without entailing burdens upon posterity. It has never been the fashion among them, I believe, for one generation to provide itself with religious accommodations on credit, and for another to inherit the honour of paying the costs. But, at all events, if our kind host and hostess at Mary-Tavy were to be taken as average specimens of their race, the Cornish people cannot be niggards. They entertained us, poor castaway strangers, in a manner every way worthy of times when saints were used to "entertain angels." Verily our peace came upon that house. It was in Mary-Tavy, I said: it stood, however, on the mountain-slope overlooking the village which bore that name. The name was given, doubtless, at a time when it was thought befitting that the lovely dell where a modest virgin river gave holy responses to

whisperings from the reverent hills, and received the nearer homage of those pensile beauties which graced its course, should be devoted to the memory of her who was called "blessed among women." Mary ought to have a shrine, it was believed, on the spot where Tavy, in her descent from the wilderness, met the first assemblage of those softer charms which seem to prepare her for peaceful communion with the south. Well, one must hope that many of the poor souls who held that belief found at last some higher lesson from Him who came "into the world that they which see not might see;" and that they had the final joy of knowing that "the beauties of holiness" are given, not by Mary, but by "Jesus, the Son of God;" "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." Mary-Tavy is still a sacred nook, to me at least. Do you want to feel the deepest hush of nature, or to come under the spell of her most delicate shadows and richest lights, or to enjoy her happiest associations of colours and forms? then, go down that deep green lane: feast your eyes upon the rich texture of its flanking adornments; the wild but graceful and lovely entanglement of ferns and honeysuckles; milfoil, with its pretty corymbs; cream-coloured spikes of navelwort; stonecrops, in beautiful varieties,—white, rosy, and yellow; golden crowfoot, star-thistle, and luxuriant foxglove: look up and catch the first sight of the old tower, as it peeps over the quiet foliage, which hides the church and the dwellings that nestle around it; and, with your soul open to all spiritual influences, silently watch the play of the sunbeams on cottage flower-plots, and leafy hollows; or the changing hues of yonder over-topping moorland heights. Who that has tasted thy mingling solitude and freshness can forget thee, sweet Mary-Tavy! But now, our car is at the door; the shades of evening are upon us; we are off on our return to Tavistock: and, see! the windings of our homeward way, along the valley by the course of the river, is brightly marked by a meandering thread of mist; as if Providence had spun for us a silvery clue to a hospitable abode; and had made it serve also as a visible pledge and earnest of a good night's rest. So I took it, and so it proved. Safe and balmy were the slumbers of that night.

Battle-Bridge. X.

Anecdotes.

A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the North American lake district, as a God-fearing man; an honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats; smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire! on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here! see the smoke bursting out." Passengers and crew, men and women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship; John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire. Clouds of smoke arose. The Captain cried out, through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Ay, ay, Sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Ay, ay, Sir!" "How does she head?" "South-east by east, Sir." "Head her south-east, and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the Captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, Sir!" "Can you hold on

five minutes longer, John!" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set; with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God. S. J. R.

MISCHIEVOUS DEXTERITY.

One of the sons of the late Dr. Lawson, of Selkirk, who afterwards became a highly-esteemed Christian Minister, was a very tricky boy, perhaps mischievous in his tricks. Near the manse lived an old henwife, of crabbed temper, and rather ungodly in her mode of living. She and the boy had quarrelled; and the result was, that he took a quiet opportunity to kill one of her hens. She went immediately to Dr. Lawson, and charged his son with the deed. She was believed; and, as it was not denied, punishment was inflicted. He was ordered to abide in the house; and to make the sentence more severe, his father took him into the study, and commanded him to sit there with him. The son was restless, and frequently eyed the door. At last, he saw his father drowned in thought, and quietly slipped out. He went directly to the henwife's, and killed another hen, returning immediately and taking his place in the library, his father having never missed him. The henwife speedily made her appearance, and charged the slaughter again upon him. Dr. Lawson, however, waxed angry; declared her to be a false accuser, as the boy had been closeted with him all the time; adding, "Besides, this convinces me that you had just as little ground for your first accusation. I therefore acquit him of both, and he may go out now." The woman went off in high dudgeon, and the prisoner in high glee.

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER: CROMWELL: KIDDERMINSTER.

(*Continued from page* 89.)

One of the most refreshing chapters in the history of Baxter is that which exhibits him in relation to Cromwell and his army. He evidently misunderstood the real principles involved in that civil war which was so fearfully agitating every county in England: still we enjoy his earnest convictions, and his unsophisticated simplicity. After the battle of Naseby, by the invitation of Cromwell, he consented to labour among his soldiers, after having refused one of his Generals. With his characteristic simplicity, he wrote: "We that lived quietly in Coventry kept to our old principles, and thought all others had done so too. Except a very few inconsiderable persons, we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament; we believed that the war was only to save the Parliament and kingdom from Papists and delinquents, and to remove the dividers, that the King might again return to his Parliament; and that no changes might be made in religion, but by the laws which had his free consent." In heart a Royalist, he expected to be received as the friend of Oliver, be admitted to his counsels, and regarded as a source of infallible wisdom, as well as of religious consolation. Still his pure soul was fired with lofty ambition to do good even at personal risk and cost. But he little understood the man with whom he had to do. Cromwell doubtless was a despot; but so was everybody then; and Baxter himself would have established his beloved Presbyterianism if he could; and every one of the innumerable existing sects would have done the same. While Cromwell appreciated the thoroughness of his character, it was his exquisite shrewdness which led him to keep the clever disputant aloof. He had neither time nor inclination for discussion. *Doing* was pleasant to him. While Baxter was bringing all his learning to settle half a point respecting the Divine right of Kings, he would settle the question by a

pitch battle. While Baxter was disputing with all the powers of logic, and the seriousness of an earnestly religious soul, about independency, the use of the surplice, and kneeling at prayer; he would dash through the whole with a tornado impetuosity which would scatter all such matters to the winds. Baxter as little understood the character of the army, as he did that of their leader. Never in any country, or in any age, had such an army appeared before. The majority of them knew comparatively little of fighting as a science, but the principles of liberty were dearer to them than life. Among them were men who read everything, and disputed about everything. "They were better Christians than soldiers; wiser in faith than in fighting; and could believe a victory sooner than contrive it: yet were they as wise as the little time and experience they had could make them." (Sprigg's "*Anglia Rediviva:* England's Recovery; or the History of the Army under the Conduct of Sir Thomas Fairfax," p. 324.) Fifty different sects, earnest and impetuous, confronted their Minister. How they gloried in a good round argument with him! They were all devoted to their Leader, and were ready to follow whithersoever he might lead. Baxter preached, wrote, argued, prayed; but his efforts were like attempting to arrest the mountain-torrent, or to stay the mighty outpourings of a volcano. "Civil and ecclesiastical oppression had goaded many to distraction, and the hope and love of liberty inspired that heroic ardour which nothing could subdue. Authority had lost all its weight; and truth, stripped of all its adventitious ornament and recommendation, seemed clothed with irresistible charms. The period of darkness and the reign of terror were regarded to have passed away; and the dawn of peace, liberty, and religion, all over the world, was supposed to have commenced. The tempest that had been so long collecting, at length burst with tremendous fury; but, though for a time it scattered dismay and desolation all around, it fully cleared the political and religious atmosphere, and rendered it capable of being breathed by free men and Christians."

Everything connected with that great transition-age, is full of deepest interest. Two circumstances are on record which furnish material both for thought and amusement, as illustrating the fearlessness of Baxter, the shrewdness of Cromwell, and the character of his army. Baxter was quartered at Agmondesham, in Buckinghamshire; where a public meeting was instituted for conference, by some earnest sectaries of Chesham, for the purpose of propagating their own peculiar opinions. All parties were earnest then. No coldness characterized any one of the innumerable differing parties. Right or wrong, opinions were held with the unyielding grasp of resolute conviction. Baxter's record is instructive, entertaining, and suggestive:—"They were determined to meet with their leader, one Mr. Bramble, in the church. The public talking-day came, and no little excitement was caused. Bethels, troopers, and other sectarian soldiers, must be there to confirm the Chesham men, and make them believe the army was for them. I thought it my duty to be there, and I took divers sober officers with me, to let the sectaries see that more of the army were against than for them. I took the reading-desk, and Pitchford's soldiers took the gallery. And there I found a crowded congregation of poor, well-meaning, simple people, who came in the simplicity of their hearts to be deceived. Then did the leader of the Chesham men begin, and afterwards Pitchford's soldiers let in; and I alone disputed against them from morning till night; for I knew their trick. I knew that if I had gone out first, they would have prated what boasting words they listed when I was gone, and made the people believe they had baffled me, or got the best; therefore I stayed it out till they first rose and went away."

On one occasion, Cromwell himself well-knowing the nobleness of his heart, sent for Baxter, desiring doubtless to attach him to his interests. Lord Broghill, Lambert, and Thurlow were there. Cromwell delivered a long address on the mysteries of Divine Providence in the change of government, and other matters; and "when he had wearied us," writes Baxter, "by talking for nearly an hour, talking very slowly, I told him it was too great a condescension to acquaint me so

fully with all these matters, which were above me; but I told him we took our ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil, to the land; and humbly craved his patience that I might ask him how England had forfeited that blessing, and to whom the forfeiture was made?" For four or five hours the debate continued, and throughout the frankness and sincerity of the Preacher appears. In two or three days he stands again before the bluff and wary Cromwell, now surrounded by the whole of his Privy Council. "We had another tedious speech of his, and I told him a little of my judgment. Then two of the company spun out a great deal more time to such like tedious, but more ignorant, speeches; and then some four or five hours being spent, I told him, that if he would be at the trouble to read it, I would tell him more of my mind in writing in two sheets, than in that way of speaking in two days. I told him that I had a paper by me on the subject, written for a friend, which, if he would peruse it, he would know my sense. He received the paper afterwards, but I don't believe he ever read it; for I saw that what he learned must be from himself, being more disposed to speak for many hours than to listen for one, and little heeding what another said when he had spoken himself."

Now, just here let our younger readers make an effort to transport themselves in their thinkings and feelings from all the associations of modern times, backwards into the midst of that period when the great Richard Baxter lived; when their loved island, now the happy abode of peace and religion, rocked in a great and terrible crisis. The armies of the Royalists and of the Parliament confronted each other in deadly conflict; and no sense of security dwelt in any bosom. To defend principles then was not like preaching, lecturing, and speechifying amid the applauding audiences of the nineteenth century. Purely to do good did our hero follow Cromwell. How disinterested and touching is his language: "Give me only food, and carry me from place to place, and I will stay and preach among you, and move godless hearts." Here we glory in Baxter. He ever aimed to do what he considered duty. The sword's flash, and the cannon's roar, had no intimidating power over him. He accounted not his life dear unto him. But he had his weaknesses: who has not? It is refreshing to listen to him as he finds fault with Cromwell for delighting to have his own way; but Baxter himself liked this too. Frequently we condemn in others the very failing most conspicuous in ourselves. The strong-willed man will deal severely with strong will in another. This, perhaps, is a common frailty. So Baxter misunderstood the great leader of the parliamentary army. Still he persevered; shrinking from no duty, knowing no fear. His whole nature, body, soul, and spirit, was in his mission; and, conscientiously and unwearyedly, he followed the army to Langport, Bridgewater, Bristol, and other places; when, probably at the very period when danger was near, disease smote him, and laid him aside from his arduous but welcome toil.

It is one of the mysteries of an all-wise Providence, capable of copious illustration, that ardent heroes in time's spiritual conflicts are often laid aside in the very midst of their apparent prosperity and usefulness. Man's keenest vision cannot rise to the contemplation of all the reasons of the Divine procedure; but the *fact* of God's government of the world furnishes a basis, strong and immovable, on which to rest the reason and the heart; and were knowledge of the tangled web of affairs in that eventful age possessed by him equal to that possessed by God, to whom all actual and possible events are present, it might appear that Baxter was laid aside at the very period when the greatest dangers were beginning to environ him, and when his own mind was in a prepared state to improve the season of retirement for the eternal benefit of unborn thousands. God's ways are not our ways, and those events deemed untoward in the life of mortals, frequently prove the seeds of fruit which ultimately exhibits the Divine glory. Disease is part of that system of instrumentality by which the wonder-working God seeks to accomplish His moral and spiritual purposes; and it evinces, to the thoughtful mind, His wisdom and beneficence as much as health does with its unnumbered enjoyments.

The man of God, with head and heart active in the Divine service, suddenly removed from the field of conflict, when great principles are being contended and mighty interests are at stake, will, in his solitude and pain, help on the glorious strife. Now borne down with weakness and suffering, Baxter wrote his "Aphorisms of Justification," over which hosts of readers have bent with delighted interest; and his "Saints' Everlasting Rest," which has lifted many a way-worn pilgrim above time's tempests to contemplate that endless Sabbath of repose which remains for the children of God.

"God doth not need
Either man's works, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.
His state is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

(*To be continued.*)

Christian Missions.

THE DYING NAMAQUA.

Christian Missionaries are often cheered in their arduous work by the most pleasing evidences that their labours are "not in vain in the Lord." The Gospel which they preach, frequently comes with saving power to the hearts of the people, and those who were once "sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death," are seen walking in the light of life. Many a poor wandering African has thus been brought into the fold of Christ, lived in the fear and favour of God, and died in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. From a long list of instances which have occurred under my own notice, the following appears worthy of record:—

Gert Links was one of the earliest native converts at Lily-Fountain, on Khamies-Berg, in Little Namaqualand, South Africa. By his upright Christian deportment, and general excellencies of character, he endeared himself to all who knew him; and he enjoyed the special confidence and esteem of the Rev. Messrs. Shaw, Edwards, Jackson, and Bailie,—the Wesleyan Missionaries who successively laboured on that interesting Station. When I visited the respective Mission Stations in Namaqualand, in the year 1853, I saw old Gert for the first time, and I was much struck with his personal appearance, and devout manner in the house of God. He was a man of considerable mental ability, and superior, in many respects, to most of his brethren of the Hottentot race. I shall never forget the earnestness of his prayers, and the energy and power with which he spoke at a meeting of the natives which I attended. His theme was, the advantages of the Gospel, as exhibited in the improvement of himself and the tribe to which he belonged, since the Missionaries came among them; and the picture which he drew of the contrast between their former heathen state, and their subsequent condition after they had received the Gospel, both in reference to this world and the world to come, was most affecting.

In the year 1860, this old disciple began to sink beneath the weight of years and numerous infirmities. He was confined to his hut for a length of time, during which he was frequently visited by the Rev. J. A. Bailie, the Missionary then in charge of the Station. Mr. Bailie always found him trusting in the merits of the Redeemer, and calmly awaiting his final change. When Gert Links felt that his end was approaching, he sent for the Missionary, stating that he had something to say to him before he died. Mr. Bailie hastened to the hut of the dying Namaqua, which was about four miles distant from the Mission-house. On reaching the place, poor old Gert said he was glad to see his beloved teacher once more; but he was almost too late, as his speech had nearly left him. His friends then raised him up, and supported him on his mat in a sitting posture; when he proceeded to relate, in a faint but distinct tone of voice, his views and feelings with regard to a future state of being. In his own native language he expressed himself

in substance as follows:—"I have, at this moment, *a particular impression of the immortality of the soul;* for my body is already half dead: I have lost the use of both legs and of one arm, and if my soul were not immortal it would be half dead also: but, instead of that, I am constantly thinking of God and of heaven, and I can think with great ease and freedom. I have also *a special conviction that the Bible is God's Book;* and its truths are constantly running through my mind, and afford me great comfort in my affliction. I wish to say further, that *I see now more clearly than ever that the Missionaries are not common men;* but they are the servants of God, sent to us to declare His word." The dying saint now looked round upon the many friends who had assembled to hear his last words, and addressing them particularly, he said, with all the earnestness that his failing strength would admit, "Pay great attention to the word of your teachers, and remember that they speak to you in the name of the Lord." Being weary, he said, "I have done." He was then laid down again; and, in about an hour afterwards, his redeemed spirit departed, in the full assurance of faith, to be for ever with the Lord.

Such a life, and such a death, may serve to show us what the Gospel can do for the poor heathen; that the power and influence of true religion are the same all the world over; and that it is no vain thing to support the cause of Christian Missions, either at home or abroad.

Sunny Bank. W. M.

Methodism in former Days.

LETTER BY MRS. FLETCHER.

[*To the Editor of the "Christian Miscellany."*

THE following original letter from the eminent Mary Fletcher to the excellent Sarah Crosby, especially the reference to a popular Preacher, will interest your numerous readers. D.]

"*Madeley, May 3d,* 1804.

"MY dear friend's agreeable and profitable letter brought into my heart an earnest prayer for you all. It seems to me, both sister Tripp, and you, and I, are kept, as to our bodies, in the hollow of His hand: many complaints marking death upon us, and yet, behold we live. I do not remember Mr. Dobson, but felt for him, poor thing. Pray who did brother Mather marry? By the child's name, I should think she was one of the daughters of that Mr. Marriott we know, —the baker. Poor dear brother Dickenson and his partner, I both rejoice and mourn over; they are seldom off my mind. O how sweetly is he kept in the furnace. His message did my soul good. How faithful is God! Yes, this long and sore affliction shall work out for him such a weight of glory as he would not have ever known but for it; and such glory shall be brought to God by his martyrdom, as they shall both in eternity rejoice over. If, in the body, my kindest love attends them both; if not, I hold her before the throne, and know well the taste of her cup. Glory be to Him, who shall shortly wipe all tears from our eyes. Poor sister Harding I well remember, and love, and am sorry for her; but it is a time of trial, whatever may be the end. Trade is very low here also; and taxes, poor-rates, very heavy; that one on paper, causes us to have very bad sold here. You ask what I think of Mr. Brocas's book. Why truly I do not know what to think: it seems to me, if he had printed the preface and the last part, and left out the middle, it would have been better: but some think otherwise. The Mr. Ward he names, I will tell you something of. About five years ago, I think, we had a remarkable awakening among young men. A part fell off, and some have remained to this day. One of these, was Valentine Ward, a young collier; he was powerfully wrought upon, and having saved about ten or fifteen guineas, he thought it was an idol to him, and told his mother, who was married to a bad man, to take and spend it. She

was unwilling, till he said, 'Mother, if you will not take that money, I will give it away; for I cannot rest with it in my box.' He soon became a Local Preacher; and as our people have a peculiar desire for a prophet of their own country, he was much followed, and really very useful. Three years ago, our round wanted another Preacher; he supplied the place: and has since travelled in Wales, and is much liked. I hope and trust he will not leave his simplicity by being popular; but there is a danger. He is about twenty-two years of age.

"I am,

"Affectionately yours in the Lord,

"M. FLETCHER."

Narratives.

THE STONE IN A TIN CAN.

"WHAT was the matter in your house last night, Lizzy? I never heard such a strange noise in all my life. My William and I sat and listened, and tried to think what it could be; but all to no purpose. What was it? Nothing very bad, I should think, as you seem so ready to laugh."

"Well, Mary, I can't help laughing, although I have enough to made me sad. But sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Stay, Lizzy, I don't want to be meddlesome. If last night's noise had anything to do with unpleasant family matters, I shall not say another word: let it drop. One can't help saying, however, that I look at you almost as if you were a sister. We were married just at the same time, you know; and came here to live next door to each other on the very same day, wasn't it? And then you have heard our voices, and we have heard yours, so long, through the single-brick wall between our rooms, that, as William and I sometimes say, we are like one family. So I do feel sorry that you have anything to make you sad; and that odd noise last night did frighten me. I could not tell what to make of it."

"Never mind, Mary, I'll tell you what it was. But first you must have the story of my marriage. You know I used to be in the burnishing-room at Bright and Co's. Plate Works, when you were at Pointing's Pen-Manufactory. We often crossed each other, I remember, at dinner-time, as we turned the corner of the street. 'Twas in the Works that I first met with Tom. He had to come into our room now and then, and began to notice me. And 'tis pleasant, you know, to have a few kind words; they help us through hard work and long hours, and freshen and comfort a body, like drops of nice scent on one's handkerchief in a hot room."

"Ah, I see, Lizzy; Tom treated you with drops of scent, I reckon, as well as kind words."

"Well, yes; but that was not all. I don't know that I should have been taken up so much with his words or his scent; but he had a way of helping one at a pinch, and would sometimes show me how to do a particular bit of work in best style, and with least labour. I am sure I never thought that a young man could be ready to do so many little good turns for anybody that he didn't love from his heart. The end of it was, that I got to like him very much, and at last we were married. But, ah! Mary, married life has had many trials for me. I shall always love Tom, though he has not been all he promised to be. Poor fellow! he got into bad company, and took up with their way of thinking; and then I was told that I must keep my place at the Works, and help to maintain the house. What could I do? I had to go to the old place every day, wife as I was; while Tom soon learnt to stay away from his shop one or two days a week at first, and by and by just the whole week at a time, spending all his own gettings in frolics. 'Twas of no use to complain; for 'Where's the fun of marying a *good hand*,' he would say, 'if a fellow can't get his pennyworth out of her earnings, and enjoy himself a bit now and then?' And O, Mary, it was hard to hear Tom say as he did once or twice when he came home the worse for

drinking; and I had to tell him that I could not go to work much longer. It was hard to hear him say, 'What did I marry you for? wasn't it that you might keep a body?'"

"I am very sorry to hear of your trouble, Lizzy, and to know that Tom belongs to that lot."

"That lot! what lot, Mary?"

"Why, I'm told that lots of young men in some of the Works are getting up to this trick. They look out for clever girls who have good wages, and are likely to have steady employment, and marry them for nothing in the world but to live upon their earnings, poor things! My William tells me that many, many do that where he works; and, to make it worse, they get married very young, sometimes even before their apprenticeship is out. Isn't it too bad? What misery they are making for themselves, and for the silly girls they make slaves of! What sort of homes can *they* be, where the husband works half the week that he may spend the other in drinking and smoking away the little money he gets; while his wife has to toil every day in the factory to keep a bit of bread in the cupboard, and to pay the rent of their neglected and cheerless rooms? But I am hindering you in your story."

"Well, I was going to say, that I went to the factory as long as it was any way decent; but when I was likely soon to be a mother, I told Tom that I couldn't and wouldn't go any longer. 'And more than that,' said I; 'if I am spared to nurse a baby, I will nurse it at home, and do my best to take care of the house, while you do your part in picking up the needful. But if you have the heart as a father and husband to idle away your time, and leave your wife and child in want, I must take the chance of it.' Tom looked sulky enough at this, and got very cross with me. My dear little Willy was born at last; and then his father began to stay out, and I was often left alone, not knowing sometimes what to do for a morsel of food. Things went worse and worse between us; and, I am sure, I don't know what it is to come to. O, Mary! I was just broken-hearted last week; and when Tom came home one evening, I couldn't help saying sharp things to him, and asking him what was to become of me and my little dear, and what would become of him if he didn't mind his home better than he had done. 'Do you hear, Tom?' said I to him, as he sat looking stupid over the bit of fire. 'Hear?' says he: 'yes, I hear fast enough. Your tongue goes at a great rate; but it is only like a stone in a tin can!' O, Mary! that cut me to the quick; and I thought to myself, I'll make you feel what a stone in a tin can means. So the next night, (that's the night you heard the rattle,) I got things ready, a tin can and a stone in it; and, as he was eating his supper, I got behind him, and began to rattle the stone in the can, and to shake it about at his ears. 'There,' cried I, 'there, Tom! that's a stone in a tin can! that's a stone in a tin can!' He kept on with his supper a bit, but I kept on with my rattle; and then up he would jump and threaten me, and then he sat down again. But I kept on, 'That's a stone in a tin can, Tom!' and at last off he went, and left his supper behind. My temper was up, Mary, and I didn't care what I did. But next morning, I confess, when I was more quiet, it looked to me rather cruel, after all; and I almost wish I hadn't done it. But what can one do? Don't you think he deserved to have the stone in a tin can?"

"As to what he deserves, Lizzy, it isn't for me to say. But if we all had what we deserve, some of us would be in a sad plight: at all events, something far worse than the stone in a tin can would fall to my lot. However, to be plain with you, Lizzy, I don't think that married folks ought to be trying to pay one another off just as one thinks the other deserves. That will never do, depend upon it. You say you love Tom, with all his faults. Of course, you do: well, then, I read in the blessed Book that 'charity,' or love, (for they are one and the same,) 'suffereth long, and is kind.' Love keeps hoping for the best, when those we love seem to be at their worst. Yes, love bears all things; and, though every other thing gives way, love keeps on. And, if that is the case between one neighbour and another, I am sure it ought to be so between man

and wife, for they are no longer two, but one flesh. Now, don't fall out with me; but do you think you had much love for Tom when you were trying to spoil his bit of supper with your noisy tongue and the stone in a tin can together?"

"Ah, 'tis very easy to talk, Mary; and it may be easy enough, for anything I know, to be always showing your love when you see that you are loved in return. All very pleasant for you, Mary, with such a man as your William. And then you talk about the blessed Book. Why, that Book, I remember, shows two sides to the story. Doesn't it say 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them?' It's all very well to talk to me about love, and all very nice for you with such a husband as you've got. But what would you do if William turned bitter?"

"Well, my dear Lizzy, I would try what love could do. Love would be a deal better than the stone in a tin can. My belief, is, that love is the best cure, I was going to say,—but really it is the *only* cure for home bitterness. Yes, quiet, gentle, painstaking love is sure to have its way in the long run. You and I call ourselves Christians, you know; and perhaps we should think ourselves insulted if anybody told us we were not Christians. You will recollect that rule, however, I dare say, which Christian people have to keep: 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' Now, if you and I are to keep that rule in our dealings with one another, I am sure it ought to be kept between husband and wife. You say that the word of God shows two sides to this story. Well, you should have given both sides, then, to be fair. What you spoke of about the husband is side by side with something about the wife: 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord.' And in another place we are told that to show this gentle, submissive kind of temper is the best way to deal with a husband, even when, as you say, he turns bitter: 'Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives.' Depend upon it, Lizzy, love is the best remedy; love is sure to win at last; and you'll not find it very hard to keep yourself down a bit, and to sweeten your tongue, as one may say, for the good of a husband to whom you have really given your heart. Let true love have fair play, Lizzy, and you'll never want to use the stone in a tin can."

"I almost wish you had a man like Tom to deal with for a little while, Mary. What would all your fine talk about love come to, I wonder?"

"I should not be afraid of the trial, I hope, Lizzy; although you must not think, from what I say, that true love always finds it easy to keep right, or that a happy couple can never find any trial in one another. The best of us have our weaknesses; and, love as we may, there is always some little thing turning up to try our patience, and to show us that while in this world we shall have to bear and forbear with our best friends. But still, 'tis as I said, love will always find a way to keep straight with its own."

(*To be continued.*)

The Monitor.

"YOU DARE TOUCH THOSE APPLES AGAIN!"

Not far from the Bletchley Station, on the London and North-Western Railway, there is a little cottage, standing out in the pathway; the old lady who lives in it, is very infirm, cannot get to the chapel as she used, but often delights the Wesleyan Minister when he calls, as he sits by her little fireplace, and listens to her cheerful, uncomplaining conversation.

The other day, this pious old Methodist was talking about her youthful days, and said: "You know, Sir, my grandmother used to go to church, and when the time came round to take the Sacrament, she would read an old book a little before and a little after the Communion Sunday.

"One day, I came from school to my grandmother's, and went up stairs. On the shelf lay the old book; so I said, 'Here's Granny's book, I'll see what that

says.' It fell open in the middle, and I read about the death of Jesus; how they crowned Him with thorns, thrust nails into His hands and feet, and pierced His side. The story affected me deeply, and althongh I didn't know anything about Him, yet I cried bitterly, and said, 'O, what serve Jesus so!' I went down stairs, and holding my face away from my grandmother, opened the door, and went out lest she should see that I had been crying.

"After that, I used to go up stairs, and read, always in the middle, grandmother's 'Companion to the Altar,' about what they did to Jesus, and cry bitterly over the story of His sufferings. One day, I came down stairs as usual, when grandmother turned upon me, and said, 'What's that girl doing up stairs so often! She's always going up stairs, and we shan't have an apple left. She goes up to the apple-garret, that's it, I know: you dare touch those apples again!'

"I never touched the apples, Sir, and Granny never knew that I had been reading her old book; but I never touched that again either."

Parents! be certain before you charge your children with wrong. Be just, and generous; who knows the consequences of injustice to a child.

The Months of the Year.

APRIL.

"Next came fresh April full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick fluds:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which the earth brings forth."

SPENSER.

THE character of this month has ever been that of fickleness: it has its soft balmy days, when the brightness of the sunshine is tempered by a dewy mist that sweetly blends earth and sky, and adds new beauty to the tender green of the one, and the celestial blue of the other; but it has also its days of wintry rigour, and of chilling showers, which appear doubly unpleasant by the contrast. Amidst these alternations of weather, vegetation advances; and the bursting of buds and opening of flowers fully establish for this month its right to the name of April; a term derived from the Latin verb *aperire*, "to open."

Memorials of the Departed.

MARGARETTA JANE CENTINELLA, daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Wilson, was born, as one of her Christian names was intended to indicate, in the Centenary year of Methodism. From infancy she was remarkable for a sweet, serious disposition. The solemnity and earnestness with which she urged her infantile petitions, proved that she was at a very tender age the subject of Divine influence. When between four and five years old she commenced reading daily a portion of holy Writ. When about twelve years of age, she attended some special services held by Mr. Campbell, general Irish Missionary, who at that time visited Newtownlimavaddy, where her father was then stationed. On her return from one of these meetings, she said to her mother, "Mamma, Mr. C—— sung to-night, 'Arise, my soul, arise.' I joined in all the verses till he came to the last, but I had to stop there. O!" said she, bursting into tears, "I wish I could sing that verse." "Go to your room, my dear," said her mother, "and plead with your heavenly Father, that He may make the lines you speak of, your happy experience." She retired immediately, and after a considerable time spent in prayer returned, her face radiant with joy, as

she exclaimed, "I can sing the last verse now;" commencing with a clear, sweet voice, "My God is reconciled," &c. She then urged a younger sister to come to Jesus. Afterwards she went to the servant, told her what God had done for her soul, and asked leave to pray with her. While thus engaged, the power of God descended, and the girl cried aloud, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The dear child continued to plead on her behalf, till she was enabled by faith to behold the Lamb of God; and, as long as that servant continued in the house, she gave evidence of the reality of the change wrought in her heart by the Divine Spirit. Thus early did this young disciple recommend the Saviour she had found to all around her. And during the remainder of her short life, she was always ready to advance by her efforts the Redeemer's kingdom. Her engaging manners, candid temper, and loving heart, rendered her a universal favourite. She threw her whole heart into any work in which she was engaged. Nor did she forget to solicit the Divine blessing on her feeble efforts. It was not, therefore, surprising that, as a Missionary collector, Tract-distributer, and Sunday-school Teacher, she was generally successful. Although apparently possessed of a very healthy constitution, yet, while absent from home, the seeds of that disease were sown which terminated her mortal career. Her parents on her return were alarmed at the change in her appearance; but fondly hoped that care and attention would establish her health. She appeared to recover; and, save a short cough, every other alarming symptom disappeared. But, in the autumn of the following year, measles entered the family. She, in common with the rest of the children, caught the infection. Disease was now developed in one of her lungs. From the beginning there was a strong impression on the mind of the dear sufferer that the sickness would be unto death. During the fourteen months that she was afflicted, she was a pattern of patience, meekness, and submission. Wearisome days and sleepless nights were appointed to her, but she often said in the morning, "When my pain is greatest, I feel such sweet portions of Scripture applied to my soul, that my happiness exceeds my agony." She reposed sweetly under the shade of the Cross, and felt that the Divine banner over her was love. She often spoke of her approaching dissolution. To an aged Minister who visited her, she said she had not the slightest fear of death. On his remarking it was well for her; that many of God's children were in bondage from that fear, she appeared astonished, and said, "I do not consider this as a particular blessing. All that love God may enjoy it. I look on it as the privilege of all." A friend remarking it was a mercy that she had given her heart early to God, "Ah!" said she, "but I did not always live to Him as I should. It is hard while here below to keep the heart still above." Her limbs beginning to swell, she pointed this out to her weeping mother, and said, "Mamma, it is nearly over." Shortly after, she asked her to repeat a verse of the hymn beginning with, "Shrinking from the cold hand of death," &c.; and on the fly-leaf of her Bible, after her decease, was found written,—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through."

Often as her weakness increased, did she express her feelings in the language of our hymns. One of her favourite verses was this:—

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day."

The day before she died, she said to her mother, "Mamma, talk to me of Jesus every moment that I can listen to you. I will not be long with you now." Observing her weep, she exclaimed, with the utmost tenderness, "Why grieve, mamma, we will not be long separated;" adding, "I should like to take you with me, only for the children." The salvation of her brothers and sisters was with her a subject of earnest solicitude and prayer. Weeping, she remarked, "O, I cannot bear the thought of one of them being shut out of heaven." On the last night of her life she tenderly embraced them

before they retired to rest, telling them how she loved them. On her mother proposing that she should take an opiate, as usual, to induce rest, "Not to-night, dear mamma," said she; "not to-night. I wish to have the clear use of my faculties, and to be able to gaze at you to the last." She suffered much, but apparent to all present,—

"Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies,
Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom,
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!"

She murmured, "Happy, happy. Praise Him, praise Him." After lying silent for some time, meditating on that cheering passage in the book of Job,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another,"—she cried, with holy rapture, "I shall see:" and then added, "I myself: I myself." She looked at her mother, and said, "Mamma, I am ready to be dressed." Her mother at first did not apprehend her. She saw this, and added, "It is the pure, the white, the spotless robe, I speak of. I am going to get it on." Looking up, heaven seemed open to her earnest gaze, and celestial joy illumined her pallid features, as she exclaimed, "It is glorious! It is splendid! It is brilliant!" Continuing to look upwards, she said, "There will be no sin there; there will be no sin there." Asking for a drink, she found she could not swallow it. Motioning it away, she remarked, "I shall soon drink of the water of life." Looking round her at the weeping group who surrounded her bed, she missed her father. He had knelt down to commend her soul to God. On his coming to the bed, she said, "I do love papa, but Jesus more than all; Jesus more than all." Her breath now became shorter: suddenly, opening her beautiful eyes, she exclaimed distinctly, and with much emphasis, "Now, mamma, I am dying, dying, dying." It was a solemn moment. Her mother, controlling her emotion, bent over her. She turned on her a look of the deepest affection, pressed her hand on one side, her father's on the other, gently closed her eyes, and, in a moment, triumphantly exchanged mortality for life, at Newry, on the morning of November 5th, 1857, aged eighteen years.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Coates, Eliza,	Aldwark,	Easingwold,	18	Feb. 10th, 1862.
Darnbrough, Mary,	Hampsthwaite,	Ripon,	76	Nov. 19th, 1861.
Gollings, Ambrose R.,	New Fletton,	Peterborough,	23	Dec. 2d, 1861.
Hailston, Mrs. E.,	Stillington,	Easingwold,	42	Jan. 30th, 1862.
Hargreaves, Alice,	Wigglesworth,	Settle,	81	Nov. 21st, 1861.
Jaques, Elizabeth,	Topcliffe,	Ripon,	68	Dec. 6th, 1861.
Jubb, W., Esq.,	Herringthorpe,	Rotherham,	75	Jan. 3d, 1862.
Kendall, Sarah,	Thornton,	Bradford, South,	64	July 10th, 1861.
Lyon, David,	Montego-Bay,	Montego-Bay,	34	Dec. 31st, 1861.
Mortimer, Ephraim,	Morley,	Birstal,	52	Dec. 25th, 1861.
Murray, James,	Montego-Bay,	Montego-Bay,	71	Dec. 13th, 1861.
Nicolson, Mr. J.,	Bramley,	Rotherham,	71	Jan. 4th, 1862.
Riding, Dinah,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	72	Dec. 27th, 1861.
Robinson, Mrs. T.,	Masbrough,	Rotherham,	89	Nov. 21st, 1861.
Scarth, Benjamin,	Morley,	Birstal,	17	Dec. 26th, 1861.
Stringer, Mr. G.,	Dalton Brook,	Rotherham,	70	Dec. 30th, 1861.

ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

(*Kitto's Tomb.*)

JOHN KITTO, D.D.

John Kitto was born at Plymouth, December 4th, 1804. His father was a jobbing mason, and a miserable drunkard; and what he earned he spent at the alehouse. His mother went out to char, and often toiled seventeen hours a day to get food for her children. When John was four years old, he was taken by his maternal grandmother, with whom he spent six happy years. This aged relative was poor, and her home was a garret; but she was kind, and many a time pinched herself to buy him bread and butter. His grandmother had four books; a Family Bible and a Prayer-book, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Gulliver's Travels;" the two last John read with eagerness, and then began to borrow books of everybody within reach. At eight years old reading was a passion, and every penny that came into his hands soon found its way to Mrs. Barnicle, who sold books of travels, and tales of witches.

In 1815 his grandmother's home was broken up, and John became an out-door apprentice to a barber. After a few months, spent in learning to shave, he was taken by his father to earn his bread as a mason's labourer. John was sickly and feeble from his birth; and was now spare of flesh, and a dwarf as to stature. He was not cut out for the hard work of carrying heavy loads of brick and mortar up steep ladders; and from such service he was soon released.

On the 13th of February, 1817, John's father was repairing the roof of a house in Plymouth; John had carried up a load of slates; but in stepping from the top of the ladder to the roof he lost his footing, and fell down, five and thirty feet, into the court below. For a week he was insensible; for four months he kept his bed; and it was eight months before he regained the little strength he had before he fell.

But in the fall young Kitto lost the sense of hearing. After several days of stupor, the lad came to himself to find that he was deaf. All means were tried, and all alike failed; and to the end of life, he was deaf even to the crash of thunder, and the roar of cannon.

John seemed now worse off than ever, but his ingenuity sought out several ways of earning an honest penny. He went at low water, and groped in the mud for marine stores; bits of iron and rope were picked up, and his sales would sometimes count up to fourpence a week. One day, however, as he was wading barefoot in the black mire, he trod upon the sharp edge of a broken bottle, and was laid up for some weeks from the wound. He now turned painter. With a fourpenny box of colours and twopenny worth of paper, he began to paint trees, and birds, and human heads. These he placed in the window, and then did as most people beginning business do,—waited for customers. His weekly takings averaged twopence-halfpenny. When his capital had so increased as to warrant the step, he took a stall in Plymouth Fair, and the enterprise answered. He sold his own paintings; and though his returns were small, his profits were large, and he grew richer every month. Labels in the windows of the low part of the town had seemed to him capable of improvement, both as to spelling and writing; and he wrote out neat and correct forms of window-advertisements, and carried them about for sale in the offending neighbourhoods.

The pence or shillings scraped together in this way, were spent on books. Some were bought, and others hired at a circulating library; and after a day of ingenious industry and hard fare, John retired to his bedroom,—seven feet by four, well-ventilated and not water-proof,—and there he devoured the books he had been lucky enough to lay hands upon, reading often until long after midnight.

On the 15th of November, 1819, young Kitto was sent to the Plymouth workhouse. Times were bad. The father grew worse. Bread was scarce in that home. The little that John earned would not have found him in food two days out of seven; and he went about ragged, hungry, and barefoot. To save the lad from starvation, he was taken by guile, and safely lodged in the workhouse, and set to learn to make list shoes.

On the 12th of August, 1820, John began to keep a Journal, inscribing it to the memory of his good grandmother, and selecting as a motto for the title-page the familiar words —

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The Journal is a curious record. He notes his progress in shoe-making, and has an eloquent paragraph on the trial of Queen Caroline; he records his grandmother's death, and glides on into an essay on immortality and heaven: on one page is a critical estimate of Napoleon Buonaparte, written on the occasion of his death; and on another page the lad tells how he was wrongfully accused of cutting off the tip of a cat's tail. There is also a "morning prayer," written out at length, and filling three pages of letter-press. That a deaf pauper in a workhouse should compose such a prayer is a marvel. The material and style would have done him no discredit at any period of his after-life. The boy adds as a postscript, "The above is not all that I pray for, but only a brief view of the principal heads."

On the 8th of November, 1821, he was apprenticed to John Bowden, a shoemaker; and from working on list, John was now to work on leather. He was proud to be an apprentice, and went to his new master in high spirits. But Bowden proved a brute. Seventeen hours a day he bound the lad to his work, and cuffed and kicked the deaf pauper without mercy; now slapping his face, and then throwing a shoe at his head. This tyranny preyed upon Kitto's mind, until he was so maddened by his miseries, as to attempt suicide. Twice he tried, and twice he failed. At length, he appealed to the Magistrates, by whose sanction he had been indentured; and he wrote with so much power and ease that those gentlemen were astonished. They cancelled the engagement with Bowden, and Kitto was sent back to the workhouse.

On the 17th of July, 1823, he was appointed Sub-Librarian of the Public Library at Plymouth. His duties were light; he lived with Mr. Burnard, the Master of the workhouse; and contrived to secure eight hours a day for reading and writing.

In 1824, Kitto removed to Exeter. Mr Groves, a dentist living in that city, had heard of the deaf lad, and offered to instruct him in his profession, and to give him a salary in at the bargain. It was at this period that his religious character was formed, and fruit began to be seen. In the workhouse he received the spirit of bondage, and now he rejoiced in the Spirit of adoption.

In 1825, Kitto published a volume of "Essays and Letters," a duodecimo, of 210 pages, and patronised by 400 subscribers. The book is remarkable for its references and quotations, and shows, that whilst his reading had been miscellaneous, he had so read as to be able to reproduce it when occasion served. Much of his reading had been done at book-stalls, and at booksellers' windows; and nearly all the rest had been in borrowed books. The lad never possessed many books of his own. When he read, it was with the feeling that he might never see the book again; and he read to purpose, and made the thoughts of others his own for life. Many a man would know more of what he had read if he had fewer books on his shelves.

In July 1825, Kitto found his way to the Church Missionary College, in Islington. His purpose was to learn the art of printing, and then to take service and work the press at some Mission station. He still used up the odds and ends of time, and usually read as he walked to and from the

printing-office. The London book-stalls filled him with joy and wonder, and he reckoned it a high privilege to stand at one of these and read during the greater part of the dinner-hour. He gave himself unto intercessory prayer, and drew up a list of subjects on which to dwell; three for the Sabbath, and two for every other day of the week. This would give variety to his closet exercises, and bring within the scope of his intercessions some objects that might otherwise have been forgotten.

On the 20th of June, 1827, Kitto sailed for Malta, to join the Missionary staff on that island, as a printer. It would seem that the understanding between him and the Committee was not perfect. He imagined that when his day's work was done, his time was his own to use as he pleased; and he accordingly read and studied up to a late hour of the night. They surmised that such labours must unfit him, to some extent, for their service by day. It was not in either to yield; and, after a correspondence stretching over some months, Kitto embarked for England, January 12th, 1829.

During his residence in Islington and Malta, his former friend, Mr. Groves, had given up business, and prepared to sail as a Missionary to the East. He met Kitto in London in May, and invited him to join the Mission party, as tutor to his two sons. The offer was accepted.

On the 12th of June, 1829, Kitto and his companions sailed for St. Petersburg. From thence they journeyed by way of Moscow, Astracan, and Teflis; over the Araxes into Persia, and then two months more of journeyings—often "in perils of robbers"—brought them to Bagdad, on the 6th of December. In this city Kitto resided two years and nine months. In March, 1831, the plague showed itself in Bagdad; and in three months two-thirds of the inhabitants perished. The number of deaths, daily, sometimes reached 500. Mrs. Groves was amongst the victims. When "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" had done its worst, then came "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." The city was besieged and bombarded, and by shot, and shell, and famine, the survivers of the plague fell thickly. After five months' confinement to the Mission-house, Kitto ventured out, and his first errand was characteristic,—"to get myself a book or two from Major Taylor's library."

On the 19th of September, 1832, Kitto left Bagdad for England, coming home by way of Teheran, Erzeroum, Trebizond, and Constantinople. He had for his travelling companion from Tabreez Mr. Shepherd, who, after a residence of some years in Persia, was returning to London, to marry and go into business. His health failed, and he died within sight of Dover Castle. Shepherd had, on his deathbed, charged Kitto with various love-tokens and last words to the lady whom he was returning to wed. The commission was faithfully executed; messages and presents from the man she had loved and lost were delivered to the lady by Kitto; and the end was that, in due time, she became the wife of "the friend of the bridegroom," and the mother of ten children. In Annabella Fenwick, John Kitto found a woman who did him good, and not evil, all the days of his life.

It was in June, 1833, that he landed in England. His travels in the East, his residence in Bagdad, and his acquaintance with Sir John M'Neill, had helped him to a mass of material bearing upon the illustration of the Holy Scriptures. He heard nothing, but saw everything; and what he saw, he secured by writing. Few days passed but his faculty of observation brought home something to add to his treasury of facts. The daily habit of reading with care, and at length, the word of God, had made him familiar with the sacred text; and what he saw, he knew how to use. By instinct, he seemed at once to associate the illustration with the text; and during the two or three years he spent in the East, he was fitting himself for the labours of the twenty-one years that still remained to him.

Kitto had now to live by his pen; and on the 10th of August, 1833, he appears as "The Deaf Traveller" in Knight's "Penny Magazine," which then commanded a million readers. In addition to writing papers for this serial, he soon undertook, in part, the charge of preparing the "Penny Cyclopædia;" and his salary was fixed at £18 a month.

But Kitto did not find his right place or work until he began to work upon the "Pictorial Bible," in 1835. In editing this he found fit use for the material he had long been gathering; and to his devout mind the illustration of Scripture was a labour of love. The "Pictorial Bible" was published in monthly parts, and completed in May, 1838. During the three years Kitto was at work upon it, he was paid £250 a year; and when the last number came out, the publisher made him a present of a sum of money which seemed to him a small fortune.

He then wrote "Uncle Oliver's Travels in Persia," in two volumes; and next a "Pictorial History of Palestine." As soon as this was out of hand, he commenced the "Christian Traveller;" a periodical in which it was his purpose to give the history and progress of Christian Missions in heathen lands. The Magazine was fairly launched, when the publisher failed. This untoward fact threw Kitto out of work. He, with his wife and four children, lived awhile on his savings, then upon his books, and lastly upon credit; but when he found employment for his pen, his debts were paid to the uttermost farthing.

His next great work was the editorship of the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," which was finished July 13th, 1845. It was whilst this enterprise was in progress, that he received the diploma of Doctor in Divinity, from the University of Giessen; the first English layman honoured with a theological title. Amongst Kitto's papers were found this diploma, and the indenture that bound him to Bowden, the shoemaker!

Between 1845 and 1849, he wrote "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem;" the "Court and People of Persia;" the "Tahtar Tribes;" and "The Tabernacle and its Furniture." Besides these works, he prepared a new edition of the "Pictorial Bible," in four volumes, imperial octavo. The whole was carefully revised, and new material was furnished equal to one-third of the whole work, and comprising some thousands of new notes or illustrations. His labour on this standard edition stretched over between two and three years, and he received £600.

In December, 1849, the first volume of "Daily Bible Illustrations" appeared. He worked from four in the morning to nine at night, and made it a rule to produce each day a "Daily Illustration." Those who know what brain-work is, will judge that no man could long work at that rate. Like many others who live by their pen, Dr. Kitto would have done more if he had done less. In January, 1854, the last of the eight volumes of this useful work was published.

It was amidst much pain and weakness that he completed the "Daily Bible Illustrations." On the day after, he was stricken with paralysis. No sooner was his pen laid down, than he was seized with the malady that brought life to a close. He seemed to rally, and it was thought that two years of rest from work, and care, would restore him to authorship. £1,800 was subscribed; and on the 9th of August, Dr. Kitto, with his wife and seven of the children, left England, and settled at Cannstadt, in Wurtemberg. On the 21st of September his youngest child died; and on the 12th of October his first-born followed her little brother to the land of rest. Under these bereavements the invalid felt like a man, and bowed like a saint. It seemed as if these afflictions were necessary to give the finishing touches to a character already mellowed by sanctified tribulation. He grew worse; his mind was kept in peace, and in patience he possessed his soul. The end came, but he was ready. His work was done. Rest had been prescribed; and on the 25th of November, 1854, he entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. His body sleeps, with his two children, in the cemetery of Cannstadt. We give an engraving of the monument, erected by the publisher of the "Daily Bible Illustrations," which marks the spot where lies the dust of a man of whom Plymouth ought to be proud, and from whose life every youth may take lessons.

(*To be concluded.*)

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLICAN.
No. II.

Now the life of Zacchæus truly begins; and here is the record of the first quickening: "And he sought to see Jesus who He was."

Within the strait lists of that short sentence there is room enough for much doctrine-fighting. How came the publican to seek Jesus? Was he drawn by the grace of God to wish for the sight? And if so, was the impulse or attraction of such kind that he could not choose but come to search after the Lord? Here is question enough to set a whole synod by the ears. Here is the gauge for which stout battle has been done many a time. Such encounters had their manifest advantage; yet one cannot help thinking, sometimes, that if some of these doughty theologians who faced each other so boldly, and fought so hard, had stood back to back, and dealt as weighty blows on the evil around them, they would have won a better reward.

May we not hinder much of God's good work in ourselves, and despise or overlook it in others, by means of our strict doctrinal definitions, the artificial parcellings of our systematic theology? Start not, most orthodox reader! No snakelet of venomous heresy lies coiled beneath the question. Such definitions and system are of great, of essential importance, and are to be guarded and revered as the land-

marks and monuments, which our great fathers built of the stones they brought up out of the parted floods of their suffering, and persecution, and toil. But there must always be a working of the infinite Spirit of grace, which refuses to be pent in by the technical enclosure of any system. After all the real successes achieved by patient and intelligent induction, signalling to a thousand points warning of the coming storm, yet God's great mystery of tempest denies its secret to all research; and evermore "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

There is a work of the good Spirit searching the unchanged heart, hiding away seeds of life in its dark, cold ground, striving to bend and turn its motives, or fixing sharp goads for its restive desires to kick against; yet all so subtle in the manner of it, so secret, so patiently retiring and waiting, as to baffle the keenest scrutiny, and making it impossible for the closest watcher to say of it, "Lo here," or "lo there!"

In describing the order of change which takes place in a man passing from death unto life, we can only deal confidently with those parts which are palpable to our awkward handling. But these do not mark the entire process, but only certain great stages of it, at which, however various elsewhere, the histories of all saved souls meet in exact uniformity. Thus, the point in this order on which we are able to set our first defined doctrine, —that of repentance—is, in truth, a great crisis, and not a sudden and altogether new beginning. It results from a grand work going before: a work as much too grand for us to comprehend, as its method and progress have been too mysterious for us to apprehend or follow.

In very many cases of conversion,—and how many meanings we crowd altogether into that one word,—the actual crisis takes place suddenly, and with swift demonstration of power. But surely no one could affirm that his own conversion, both as to preparation and accomplishment, was a sharp convulsion, upturning all at once the whole structure of his spiritual being, which had till then remained wholly undisturbed. Is the whole history of such a change comprised within the experience of one great moral paroxysm? The convert who has grown to manhood amidst the darkest and most savage heathenism, knowing nothing of purity until he heard the Gospel, will, as he becomes more and more familiar with the workings of Divine grace, find in his regenerate nature an almost new faculty of memory, or rather of recollection, bringing out, in their true character, facts which memory had hidden away, and discovering throughout all his past experience influences, which he now knows came from the same source as the power that has renewed his heart.

We then, as workers together with Him, have this most helpful trust, that in the worst heart the Holy Spirit has been long and patiently working: and though there is no outward result, yet we may reckon that within there are hidden and forgotten principles of good, which will rise at the friendly invocation of our zeal; and we shall carry on our siege before that heart, with the supreme advantage of having friends within.

When, therefore, we read that Zacchæus "sought to see Jesus who He was," we can neither affirm that grace had nothing to do with his curiosity, nor point out precisely what part it really performed. The man might well be curious to see this famous worker of wonders; and the publican would surely feel drawn to the Rabbi who neither scorned or shunned his despised caste; but who had among His most select followers, a publican

whom He had called from the very collecting-booth into His company.

Hence, Zacchæus would much like to see the notorious Galilean, and know more about Him. Up to this point of preparation, the patient working of the Spirit of grace,—ever crossed and withstood by the fraud and trickery, the cruelty and wrong of the publican business,—to this point the Good Spirit had led him. But what is there to mark the success of the gracious work? Nay, what is this point to which the man has come? What preparation has been made for the entrance of the Holy One? Try as you will, you cannot make this publican's state of heart fit exactly into any measured space, which you have marked out in your systematic theory of salvation.

Did Zacchæus *mean* anything more than curiosity? You cannot affirm that he did; and, if not, was not this enough for the Almighty Spirit to use, for the great object of bringing the sinner and the Saviour together. Not a sin is displaced; no filthiness has been swept out; no garniture of righteousness has been hung up; but,—and here is the grand thing,—with all the gathered sin, the undisturbed pollution, the uncovered nakedness of guilt, the door is unbarred and open. There is no unwillingness to know Jesus who He is. It is enough. Here will the Lord enter, where He will be entertained as a Saviour; while He passes by the beautiful shrine of the Pharisee's piety; for its dazzling whiteness does not attract Him; and He seeks not admission where the ample stores of manufactured righteousness leave no room for mercy.

But now, in seeking to see Jesus, Zacchæus makes a discovery by the way, which all most assuredly must make who start on the same quest. He finds himself to be his own chief hindrance. The greatness of his desire is balked by the littleness of his stature. In the thick crowd which accompanies Christ, there are none who love the little publican well enough to make way for him.

This double hindrance—the small stature, and the huddled crowd—has always yielded abundant material for much excellent preaching and reflection, of which good Bishop Hall ministers a most savoury and wholesome provision thus: "Fain would Zacchæus see Jesus; but he could not. It were strange if a man should not find some let in good desires: somewhat will be still in the way betwixt us and Christ. Here are two hindrances met; the one internal, the other external; the stature of the man, the press of the multitude, the greatness of the press, the smallness of the stature. . . . . The crowd hides Christ from Zacchæus. Alas! how common a thing it is, by the interposition of the throng of the world, to be kept from the sight of our Jesus! Here, a carnal fashionist says, 'Away with this austere scrupulousness; let me do as the most:' the throng keeps this man from Christ. There a superstitious misbeliever says, 'What tell you me of a handful of reformed? The whole world is ours:' this man is kept from Christ by the throng. The covetous mammonist says, 'Let them that have leisure be devout; my employments are many, my affairs great:' this man cannot see Christ for the throng.

"There is no perfect view of Christ but in a holy secession. The Spouse found not her beloved till she was past the company: then she found Him, whom her soul loved. Whoso never seeks Christ but in the crowd, shall never find comfort in finding Him. The benefit of our public view must be enjoyed in retiredness. If in a press we see a man's face, that is all: when we have him alone, every limb may be viewed. O, Saviour, I would be loth not to see Thee in Thine assemblies; but I would be more loth not to see Thee in my closet."

There is another notable case of the

seeking after Jesus being hindered by the throng. Four friends, whose friendship was worth having, for their faith was practical, carried a palsied man to Jesus, but could not get at Him for the crowd. Here also earnest desire overcomes its difficulties by getting above them, and rather than miss the blessing, will climb for it. Now, in either case, had there been less earnestness, there would not have been so great effort. Zacchæus will see Jesus somehow; and, as the people will not make way for him, he will so place himself that they cannot stay his looking.

Would you know more of Christ? He passes by. Is not the time convenient? Will you reason thus unreasonably? The set time has not come, or my way would be clearer. A thousand difficulties now withstand me. Will you wait, then, till the dense crowd thins off? Take care lest you wait until He is gone.

And yet another question. Are there none now-a-days who surround Christ, so as to hinder the seekers from finding Him,—not gaping wonderers, but professed admirers, followers, ay, teachers? I ask not this, good reader, to set you looking about for such, but to help you to search yourself.

When those mothers brought their most precious treasures to be made more priceless by the blessing of Jesus, "the disciples rebuked those that brought them." How often is the Saviour's blessing hindered by His own disciples! Does my Christianity reveal Christ or hide Him? Is my following of Him of such kind as to entice others to seek after Him, or, at least, not to prevent them? In His company we must either help or hinder those who seek Him.

I wonder whether there are any now shut up in their homes of sin, who once came out to look for Jesus, but my presence, my profession thwarted them, so that they gave up the search. If so, the fact will not serve as an excuse to make their case the better; but it will be a heavy condemnation to make mine the worse.

MY CLASS:

OR, THE CALL AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

It is now nearly ten years ago since a new chapel was built in the town of B——, in Lancashire, and in a part of the town which had been very much neglected. Being a worshipper there, I felt an impression that there was a call of duty to endeavour to bring some of the people under the sound of the Word. With this view, I was led to go among the aged poor, many of whom resided a short distance from the chapel. I met with several aged females who were living in ignorance of God, and were utterly regardless of the means of grace. In a short time a few were induced to meet me once a week in the vestry, for the purpose of reading to them the Scriptures, and giving a little exhortation on the portion read. Some could not read at all; these were taught to read, and speedily the number increased.

It was not long before a religious awakening began among them; they sought counsel in reference to their personal salvation, and some were speedily made partakers of that blessing. On this becoming known to the Superintendent of the Circuit, he expressed a wish that the meeting should be formed into a regular Class-Meeting, and that all who felt a desire "to flee from the wrath to come," should have the privilege of membership. Thus, contrary to my expectation, a class was formed, and I was induced to become a Leader.

This class being composed principally of old persons, as may be expected, nine years have removed a goodly number of them into another world; and the purpose of this paper is to give a brief account of what I have seen of their living and dying, that it may be a means of encouragement to others who have a desire to

benefit the church, and to endeavour to bring sinners to Christ.

The first who died was ELLEN NELSON, a widow, who was eighty years of age before she knew anything of Christ or of the way of salvation. She was one of the first to manifest a concern for her soul, and at one of the meetings for Scripture reading, while we were engaged in prayer, she found peace with God. The blessing of conscious pardon was imparted so clearly, that she at once sprung to her feet, and clasping her hands exclaimed, "I did not think it was like *this!* O what joy, my soul *is* happy;" and then gave vent to a burst of praise and thanksgiving to God. She retained this great blessing, and walked consistently, for three years, when through extreme age and feebleness she could no longer meet with us. On being visited she was ever found calmly trusting in her Saviour; and in a short time she passed away in great peace, in the eighty-third year of her age.

CATHERINE LONGWORTH was another who joined the meeting. She had been a person of violent temper, but she had not attended long before a visible change was very apparent. Her heart was softened, and the outward character underwent a great change: "Old things passed away;" and, by the power of Divine grace, "all things became new." She proved the power of religion to transform the whole life; and this salvation was her constant boast. She, too, was soon removed hence. Her end was peace.

ANN HORNBY, a very poor widow, in her ninetieth year, who lived in Union-buildings, was induced to come; she could not read, but was very desirous to learn, that she might be able to understand the Scriptures. A large-type copy of the Psalms was procured, on loan, from the Bible Society. By great diligence and perseverance, at length she could make out the meaning of a great part of this portion of God's Word. It became her daily work to ponder over this precious treasure; indeed, it was her delight; and often at the meeting she would quote the passages which she had mastered, and which were truly made spirit and life to her soul. In her was strikingly exemplified Charles Wesley's lines—

"No matter how dull The scholar whom He
Takes into His school, And gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion Of teaching He hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith."

By slow degrees the darkness of her mind was chased away by the light of truth, and she began to apprehend the nature of faith. She would say, "I begin to feel that my feet are set on the Rock, but I pray that my footsteps may not slip; I am so *feared of slipping*." At length her views of the nature of religion and Divine things became clear and satisfactory, and at the last meeting she was able to attend, she spoke her experience in a manner which attested her strong confidence in God. "I feel my feet are safely fixed upon the Rock;" and, lifting up her hands, exclaimed, "Yes, the Rock which is higher than I." She endured but a few weeks of confinement to her room, enjoyed great peace, and departed in hope of the glory of God, in the ninety-third year of her age.

NANCY KAY was a person, who, in early life had known the power of religion, but had through many years backslidden both in heart and life, and was living in utter neglect of God; she was, however, persuaded to attend the meeting. She came for some months, and appeared to be in earnest, but could not obtain any sensible comfort to her mind; she lamented bitterly the hardness of her heart, which was as if impenetrable. While in this state, she was seized with serious illness, which confined her to her bed, and from which she never recovered: her anxiety and distress became extreme.

Prayer was offered up to God on her behalf, and she at length obtained a clear sense of the pardoning mercy of God, and soon afterwards departed, expressing solemn words of warning to those around her, not to trifle with the Spirit as she had done.

SARAH KAY, of Burnden, was also a member of this meeting. She was living in a state of indifference to good things; but she at length yielded to repeated solicitations to cast in her lot with God's people. She soon became in great earnest for salvation, and sought the Lord with much resolution of spirit; and one day, when alone in her house, and upon her knees pleading with God, He graciously revealed His mercy to her soul, and she arose full of joy through believing. She walked daily in the light of His countenance, giving sure evidence of the blessed change. In less than nine months after, it pleased the Lord suddenly to remove her hence. At the meeting the day before her death, she spoke in such a manner of the operation of Divine grace upon her heart as greatly to affect all present. She engaged in prayer, and with great power and earnestness pleaded for that purity of heart which makes meet for heaven. Next morning, when doing about her house, she was seized with apoplexy, and in a brief period slept in death.

"Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmix'd, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in Paradise."

MARY TOOTAL was seventy years of age when she united herself to this meeting. Although she was a moral woman, she was ignorant of the way to the kingdom. In her there was great insensibility and darkness of mind to comprehend the nature of religion; but being brought among a number of persons about her own age, and observing their religious earnestness, she soon felt convinced that hers was not a safe state either for living or dying. She continued to attend both public and social means of grace, and her mind was gradually drawn to Christ. Although there was no distinct period in which she was conscious of a blessed change, she gave convincing proofs of its reality by her humble and devoted life. She would sometimes say, "I *know* the Lord *has* blessed me: I cannot tell you *when* nor *how*, but I *feel* it in my heart, and it *is* good." She was called to pass through severe and protracted suffering, but the dreary valley was illumined by the presence of her Lord; no murmur escaped her lips, but she patiently suffered the will of God till she passed away triumphing in Jesus, in the seventy-sixth year of her age.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRIAL OF JOSEPH ALLEINE.

JOSEPH ALLEINE was one of the two thousand ministers who left their benefices and homes in 1662. He has left in his own handwriting an account of his trial at Taunton Castle, before Sir Robert Foster, then Lord Chief Justice of England. The original manuscript is preserved in Dr. William's library, London. It is as follows:—

Clerke.—Thou are here indicted by the name of Joseph Alleine, ffor that on the 17th day of May, 1663, thou with twentie others, to the jurours unknowne, did by fforce of armes, unlawfully, routously, riotously, and seditiously, assemble and segregate yourselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereigne lorde the King, and to the great terrour of his subjects, and the evill example of all others.

What saist thou, Joseph Alleine, guilty or not guilty?

Alleine.—My lorde, before I plead to this indictment, I desire to know upon what account I now stand as a prisoner here, ffor I have bin indicted ffor this very thing at the sessions, and was acquitted

by my countrey, and yet (I know not by what law) returned to prison againe.

Judge.—Iff there were any such indictment, or proceeding, it would appeare. Where is any such thing to be found?

Note.—That my lorde had, in court, long before this, called ffor a coppy of Alleine's indictment at the sessions, and upon reading of it was very angrie with the clerke, and said it was erroneous *in omnibus*, and fined him, and blamed the justices about Alleine's indictment, who put it off from one to another, and none would owne it; and moreover was hearde to say, as it was thought in Alleine's case, that "iff he were a divell he should have justice."

Alleine.—My lorde, I endeavoured ffor a coppy of the indictment and could not obtaine it, but I shall be ready to prove before your lordship by the oathes of the grand jury, that I was acquitted; and I beseech your lordship, as you are counsell ffor the prisoner, to declare whether a man may be indicted ffor that of which he hath bin acquitted.

Judge.—Iff a man be acquitted ffor a fact committed yesterday and commit the same againe to-morrow, shall he expect any benefit by pleading his being acquitted ffor the former offence?

Alleine.—My lorde, that is not the case; ffor this indictment was ffor the very same day, and is ffor the very same thing, ffor which I was acquitted at the sessions.

Judge.—That does not appeare.

Alleine.—My lorde, I have offered to prove it by the oathes of the grand jury, iff you would accept it; and I beseech your lordship to call ffor the records of the session, and there you shall find the indictment recorded, and the ignoramus entered.

But this was angrily rejected.

Alleine.—I beseech your lordship to enquire of M. Hunt, who was judge of the sessions, and he will be able to informe your lordship that the bill was not found.

But this would not be granted neither; but he required Alleine to plead presently guilty or not guilty, or else he would forthwithe proceede to judgement againste him.

Alleine.—Iff I must plead to such an indictment, my answer is, that as ffor preaching and praying, which is the truth of the case, iff this be to be guilty, I am guilty; but ffor riotous, routous, and seditious assemblies, I abhor them from my heart, and am a loyall subject of his Majesty.

Judge.—This is the manner of you and your brethren, you go ffor to cast dirt upon the Government, as iff they were against preaching and praying. Sir, preaching and praying are good, but under pretence of these, you seduce the people, and gather proselytes, and it is againste your rogueish meetings that we are.

Alleine.—My lorde, I am humbly glad to heare your lordship declare that praying and preaching are not crimes.

Judge.—Sirrah! sirrah! what doe you goe for to catch me! I said not soe; but I tell you that it is not againste praying and preaching that we are, but againste doing it in such a manner, in private conventicles, in a seditious way. Iff you will pray, there is the house of prayer ffor you.

Alleine.—My lorde, I was expressly indicted ffor preaching and praying the last session.

Judge.—I cannot stand to heare you prate; plead guilty or not guilty.

Alleine.—Not guilty.

Clerke.—Then prepare ffor your answer to-morrow morning.

Thursday morning Alleine was sett againe to the fellon's bar, and they proceeded to his tryall.

Alleine.—My lorde, I make it my

request to your honour that I may have liberty to enter my traverse * to prosecute it the next assizes.

Judge.—That you shall, but then you must provide me sureties to prosecute it next assizes, and get good security, that you will be of the good behaviour in the meantime.

Alleine.—As ffor securities to prosecute my traverse, I shall be ready to give them; but ffor the good behaviour, I desire your lordship to excuse me; ffor I understand that it is not usuall in this case, and I beseech your lordship not to turne the water out of the constan course where it hath ever run.

Judge.—I must tell you that you are a fellow of such evill fame, and I have received such information of you, as are sufficient grounds ffor my requiring the good behaviour.

Alleine.—Your lordship hath noe eyes to see, nor eares to heare, but what is brought here before you, in the public judicature; and iff any will make it here appeare that I have broken the good behaviour, I shall be ready to give sureties.

Judge.—The grand-jury have found you guilty, and that is sufficient ffor me to require the good behaviour of you.

Alleine.—My lorde, that is not sufficient ground, because I have bin already acquitted of that, ffor which they have prosecuted me; and I beseech your lordship will not require the good behaviour of me ffor that of which I have bin already acquitted.

Judge.—Noe such matter.

Alleine.—My lorde, I doe here offer your lordship in the face of the Court, and avow it before my countrey, that I am ready to bring the grand-jury now, to prove it upon their oathes, that I was acquitted; which *this* grand-jury might not know.

Judge.—Sirrah! will you charge such worthy gentlemen that they did they know not what?

Alleine.—My lorde, I said not that they knew not my case at all, but that they might not know I had bin already acquitted of that ffor which they have now prosecuted me.

Judge.—I must have the good behaviour of you (*with much passion*).

Alleine.—My lorde, I have done nothing but what belonged to my duty as a minister.

Judge.—When were you made a minister?

Alleine.—Eight years since.

Judge.—By whom?

Alleine.—By the Presbytery.

Judge.—Who gave them power to ordaine?

Alleine.—My lorde, they have that power by virtue of their office, as they are ministers of Christ.

Judge.—Your ordination is nothing worth; you are noe minister.

Alleine.—My lorde, I hope you will not assert that which shall overthrow all the ministry of the whole Christian Protestant world, except here in England; ffor your lordship is not ignorant that they have noe other ordination than by the hands of the Presbytery, just as I have. And ffor my ordination I shall be ready to maintain it before any whom your lordship may appoint.

Judge.—You are noe minister of England, of the churche of England.

Alleine.—I will undertake to show that in the judgement of many, very many bishops and archbishops of the churche of England ordination by the Presbytery is valid.

Judge.—I cannot stand here to heare you prate in your self-confidence; you love to heare yourselfe talke. Will you give me security ffor your good behaviour or not?

Alleine.—Iff you will have securities ffor my good behaviour, I desire your lordship to explaine what you meane by this good behaviour.

Judge.—You fit to be a minister and not know what belongs to the good behaviour! How can you preach to

* Traverse,—to arrest judgment.

others and not know what that means?

Alleine.—My lorde, what is vulgally understood by the good behaviour I know, and in that sense I shall be ready to give securities ffor it; but iff your lordship by this intends to bind me from my duty, and that which belongs to my office as a minister, I cannot yeilde to it.

My lorde being very angrie, the jaylour pulled M. Alleine away; but he desired, as he was being pulled backe, that iff his lordship would not accept of his offers, he might put it upon present issue. But the clerke speaks softly to my lorde, in the hearing of a friend, that the evidence was yet very short, and soe his lordship was not ready to heare Alleine. Whereupon he called out a second and a third time, that he desired to have it put upon present tryall. Then my lorde spake to the clerke, "Let us then try it presently." So Alleine was put to the barre againe. The first witnesse was John Lake.

J. Lake.—Once since Christmas, I went to M. Alleine's house to see one that had formerly liv'd with me; and when I came, I hearde him preach in his family.

Judge.—Where there none but his own family?

J. Lake.—I know not who were there, but there were many families that did live with him under the same roofe.

Alleine.—My lorde, I desire that counsell may be hearde in my case.

Judge.—With all my hearte; where are your counsell?

Alleine.—I desire they may be called.

Judge.—Do you looke that I should call your counsell?

Alleine.—Noe, my lorde, I desire the cryer.

Cryer.—I warrant you have Bampfield.

Alleine.—Call M. Sidderson and M. Bampfield.

It must be noted that the day before, M. Bampfield, being seen in the Court, Sir Hugh Windham, foreman of the grand-jury, spake in M. B.'s hearing to the judge: "We are informed that here is a counsellour in the towne, that is come to plead ffor the ministers, who is an excommunicated person, a Nonconformist, &c., &c. I desire to know of your lordship, whether we shall present him or indict him?" Judge.—"Which you will, and God's blessing on your heartes."—This was thought to be done to affright M. Bampfield from appearing; and he not coming, in a cause wherein he was expected, (upon some weighty reasons,) it was said by some that they had frighted away Bampfield; but as soon as he came into the Court, the judge spake to him very angrily, "M. Bampfield, I must tell you, before you plead ffor another, I must tell you that you had need answer ffor yourselfe. You are here presented to me, ffor being a Nonconformist to the churche of the land, and an abettour of Nonconformists." M. Bampfield answered, "My lorde, to that charge I shall answer in due time and place."

Alleine.—I desire my first witnesse may be hearde againe, before my counsell. He was hearde, and afterwards another witnesse was called, by name George Tweagle.

Tweagle (*in a hurry*).—Upon the 17th day of May, I went to M. Alleine's house, and there I hearde the singing of a psalme, and that was alle.

Judge.—Were there none there but of his own family?

Tweagle (*pulleth at his front hair, in sign of reverence*).—Yes.

Judge.—How many doe you thinke?

Tweagle.—I thinke there might be twentie there.

Judge.—Were there not fortie there?

Tweagle.—I thinke there were.

Judge.—Were not sixtie there?

Tweagle (*looketh simple*).—I thinke there were sixtie.

Judge (*mildly*).—Come, come, old man, speake the truth and shame the

divell; never goe to helpe a lame dogge over a stile; were there not eightie there?

Tweagle (*in like mild manner*).—Sure, I thinke there might be eightie there.

Master Bampfield.—Upon the oathe you have taken did you see M. Alleine there?

Tweagle (*thundereth out*).—NOE. (*A pause.*)

Bampfield (*foolishly*).—Did you heare him there?

Tweagle.—I cannot swear I did, but I believe it was his voice.

Bampfield (*somewhat nervous*).—My lorde, it will come to this point in law, whether it can be rout, riot, or unlawful assembly, according to the indictment, there being noe appearance of any fforce, which the law determines to be necessary to every one of these; ffor a riot, I conceive, a riot is when three or more doe meet, and by fforce, ffor some unlawful act. A riot I conceive—a riot is when they meet and move towards it—an unlawful act by fforce.

Judge (*measuring M. Bampfield with his eye*).—You conceive and conceive, but all the countrey knows that M. Bampfield's conceptions are none of the wisest. A meeting to doe that which is not allowed by law, is an unlawful assembly.

Bampfield.—"My lorde, this is not my single opinion, but all the bookes that I can meet, doe make a force to be necessary to that which in law is called an unlawful assembly." My Lorde Cooke, Marrow, and many authors were now cited, and he repeated the evidence above mentioned to the jury, showing them that here was noe appearance of fforce, but only peaceable serving of God in instructing the family with others, and singing with them, and soe he should leave it upon their consciences whether they could find it according to the indictment, for an unlawful assembly.

Before the jury went out, the judge spake to them to this effect:—

Judge.—You have hearde what the witnesses have sworne; and though the evidence be not so full, I desire you to remember, that the grand-jury have, partly upon the evidence, and partly on their own knowledge, found him guilty, and they are upon their oathes as well as you.

Retirement of Jury.—While the jury were out, it was confidently thought in the Court that Alleine would be found "not guilty;" and the sheriffe said to a friend of Alleine's excusingly, "However shorte these witnesses are now, they swore more to the purpose yesterday."

Verdict.—The jury quickly brought in Alleine *Guilty*. M. Bampfield asked, "What! guilty according to the evidence of the indictment?" They answered "*Guilty of the indictment.*"

Clerke.—In the afternoon, Alleine being, sett to the barre, was asked by the clerke what he had to say why judgement should not be pronounced? M. Alleine said that he desired his counsell might be hearde.

M. Bampfield.—Then M. Bampfield urged the invalidity of the indictment, ffor that in every good indictment of the kind, three or more of the rioters ought to be named, ffor want of which this was essentially erroneous. Many more things he urged, but was, with much passion, overcome in all.

Clerke.—Then the clerke asked Alleine whether he had anything further to say.

Alleine.—My lorde, I am glad that it hath appeared before my countrey, that whatever I am charged with, I am guilty of nothing but doing my duty, all that did appeare by the evidence being, that I had sung a psalme, and instructed my family, (others being there,) and both in mine own house; and iff nothing that hath been urged will satisfy, I shall with all cheerfulnesse and thankfulnesse accept whatsoever sentence your lordship shall pronounce upon me, ffor so good and righteous a cause.

Judge.—Inasmuch as you are the bell-wether of a naughtie flocke and a ring-leader of evil men; and this countrey, and especially this place, are noted ffor these seditious meetings, by reason whereof the King and the Counsell are in many fears and new warres like to be hatched, and as you doe instead of repenting, aggravate your fault by your obstinate carriage, the judgement of the Court is that you be fined a hundred marks, and be in jayle till you have paid it, and given security ffor the good behaviour.

Alleine.—Glory be to God, that hath accounted me worthy to suffer ffor His Gospel! and soe he drew off the barre.

WISHES FOR A DYING HOUR.

O MEET me in the valley,
When heart and flesh shall fail;
And softly, safely lead me on
Until within the veil;
There faith shall turn to gladness,
To find myself with Thee,
And trembling hope still realize
Her full felicity.

Angels shall gather round me,
And joyous welcome give
To sinner brought from sinful earth,
With them to love and live.
But angels shall be silent,
While dearer spirits press,
To mingle with my gushing joy,
Their calmer happiness.

And gently shall they bear me,
Through that bright company,
Towards the brighter throne of Him
Who died to welcome me.
No farther guidance needing,
Together shall we bend,
And bless the grace which, loving once,
Hath loved unto the end.

O meet me in the valley,
When heart and flesh shall fail;
And softly, safely lead me on
Until within the veil;
And, Saviour, deal as kindly
With those I leave behind,
Till all shall in their heavenly home
As sweet a welcome find.

The Zoology of the Bible.

FOXES.

THERE is good reason to believe, and indeed it is now generally admitted, that where the words, "fox" and "foxes" are met with in Scripture, they refer to the animal called the jackal. It is true that the common fox, and also two other species of the same genus are found in Syria, yet the jackal still abounds in, by far, the largest number. And the Hebrew word *shaal* often translated "fox," differs but little in sound from *chacul*, or *chical*, as the Arabs call the somewhat fox-like animal, we term, in imitation of their name, the jackal.

There is every reason to believe that it was of this animal that we are told, (Judges xv. 4, 5,) "Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives." On this point Dr. Shaw remarks:* "As the jackals are creatures by far the most common and familiar, as well as the most numerous, of those countries, several of them feeding often together, so we may well perceive the great possibility there was for Samson to take, or cause to be taken, three hundred of them."

It is evidently to the jackal, that Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne refer in their narrative.† "We did not enter Gibeon because the sun was setting. As we crossed through the rich vineyards which skirt the hill upon which Gibeon stands, two foxes sprang out, and crossing our path, ran into the corn-fields. The thick leafy shade of the vine conceals them from view, while the fruit allures them; like the secret destroyers mentioned in the Song, (ii. 15,) "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." We saw

* *Travels in part of Barbary and the Levant*, p. 175.

† *Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews*, p. 203.

before us, also, the mixture of standing corn and vineyards, from one to the other of which the foxes ran when Samson set them loose."

When Nehemiah was rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem, Tobiah, the Ammonite, in derision, said, that "if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall;

(Neh. iv. 3;) while Jeremiah, in his "Lamentations," giving a proof of the desolation which had come over the mountain of Zion, says, "The foxes walk upon it." (v. 18.) No one can read the narratives of Eastern travellers, from the time of old Maundrell to Dr. Robinson, or Lieutenant Van de Velde, without seeing, on almost every page, the appositeness of these allusions. Our Saviour, when addressing the Scribe who came to Him, as the most striking example and instance of His want of earthly comforts, exclaimed, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." (Matt. viii. 20.) And to the crafty and wicked Herod He sent the message, "Go ye, and tell that fox;" (Luke xiii. 32;) while Ezekiel, denouncing woe on "the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing," exclaims, "O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts." (Ezek. xiii. 3, 4.) It is during the night that the jackal is particularly active, and at such times it prowls about in packs of from forty to one hundred individuals or more. Kotzebue remarks, that it is then much bolder than during the day. When hungry it enters churchyards, like the hyæna, and digs up recently buried bodies: that traveller says, that "its howl shakes the very soul;" while Admiral Beechey, in his "Travels on the Northern Coast of Africa," compares its crying to a gigantic musical concert. The prophet Jeremiah, in the judgment pronounced upon Babylon, alludes to the "wild beasts of the desert" dwelling there, (Jer. l. 39,) along with the "wild beasts of the islands;" the former word being *tsiim* or *ziim*, and the latter *ijim*, or *iim*, in the original, both of this and other passages so rendered by our translators. Dr. Shaw, who was so familiar with the habits of the different animals of the East, concludes that the latter were jackals, while the other creature was the *siyah-gush*, a small lynx-like cat, with black ears. That traveller has observed jackals and these animals associated together, while gnawing at carcasses which the lion is supposed to have fed upon the night before. In the East, both these animals, from being generally regarded as finders out of prey for "the king of the beasts," are often called the "lion's providers;" and by this name the jackal is often exhibited in travelling menageries. It is very unlikely, however, that there is any other foundation for such an intercourse between these two beasts than common report, any more than there is ground for believing that the vultures, associated with them sometimes on the same carcass, are also purveyors of provision for the lion. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." When David was in the wilderness of Judæa, hiding from his persecutors, he prophesied that his enemies would "fall by the sword," and that their bodies would "be a portion for foxes:" (Psal. lxiii. 10:) the word here translated "foxes," is *shualim*. The jackal still resorts to the very mountain-ranges where the persecuted King wandered so long, and so frequently observed the animals and scenery which surrounded him.

The Hindus of the lowest caste believe themselves to be of the same species with this animal. They are taught that through eternal transmigrations they shall never rise higher than jackals. Lord Glenelg, thus alludes to this miserable belief:—

"At Brahma's stern decree, as ages roll,
New shapes of clay await the immortal soul;
Darkling condemn'd in forms obscene to prowl,
And swell the midnight, melancholy howl!"

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER: CROMWELL: KIDDERMINSTER.

(*Concluded from page* 121.)

A NEW chapter now opens up in Baxter's history. During his affliction he had gained fresh spiritual power, and was better fitted for the hallowed toils, and the abounding prosperity, which now awaited him at Kidderminster. A series of occurrences led to his acceptance of the

pastorate of that place, at a stipend of £100 a year, and a house. The resident Clergyman was said to be a drunken and irreligious man, as were many of those in the neighbouring parishes. The people, too, were ungodly and profligate. Public affairs were progressing with fearful speed; and Charles, after the battle of Oxford, escaped beyond the Tweed, and cast himself upon the loyalty of the Scots. With the events which succeeded, every reader of history is acquainted; but the execution of the King led Baxter more freely to avow his sentiments. His loyalty never forsook him. While he acted with the army of the Parliament, his soul burned with indignation at its conduct when it assumed the sovereign power, and threatened the life of the King. The death of that ill-fated monarch he regarded less as the result of his own obstinacy and stupidity,—of which all parties were furnished with indisputable proofs,—or as a just retribution of these and many other evils of himself and family,—than as illustrations of the bad principles and wicked conduct of sectaries and agitators. With terrible energy did he launch his invectives against Cromwell and his party; but it is not our design to discuss their merits. The struggle which was at first for freedom on the one side, and for absolute power on the other, became at last a struggle for life on both sides. The final catastrophe, therefore, deeply as it is to be lamented, became inevitable. Charles, it is asserted, played with, and deceived, all parties; till at length he fell a sacrifice to his own insincerity.

While these tremendous scenes were transpiring, Baxter was thus removed from the turmoils of a camp to enjoy the felicity of a reformation great and glorious in the town of Kidderminster. In preaching, lecturing, and visiting; by daily, weekly, and monthly services; and by bringing various additional agencies to bear on the moral condition of the town, he effected a work as felicitous in results, as it was great in magnitude. There, where previously a tumultuous rabble had clamoured for his life; where Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and profligacy abounded; now might be seen a full sanctuary, thousands of converted sinners, crowds anxious to receive from him the word of life; and everywhere order, peace, prayer, and praise, amid the war of political elements, and the loud roar of cannon.

There is sound philosophy in the account he gives of the causes which conspired to this success. It is wise in dealing with large masses of men with a view to their moral or social elevation, to consider the various circumstances likely to favour or retard the object. Baxter did this, and as the result, ultimately, occupied a position of lofty religious influence, whence he could look round upon a wide spread garden, abounding with plants of the Lord's own right hand planting, and beautiful with His own communicated graces. He felt that in coming into the midst of a moral wilderness, and preaching to men rude and debased by sin in its worst forms, the Gospel evinced more power than when proclaimed to those who have lived long amid its blessings, and are familiar with its inspiring tones. A public discussion; faithful assistants; youthful training; the distribution of medicine among the poor, and refusing to meddle with tithes, were all considered helps to his success. He studied their dispositions and fancies, and aimed so to preach that they could both understand and approve. "Yet," says he, with characteristic shrewdness, "I always aimed to have something in every sermon a little above their comprehension, that they might still see their own ignorance, and be willing to keep in a learning state."

But the grand secret of Baxter's success was in his earnest and persevering eloquence and labours in the pulpit and among the people. His was eloquence of the highest order; consisting not in elegantly finished paragraphs, and recitation of sentimental poetry; but in a vivid apprehension and energetic delivery of all-important truth. It was the eloquence of a soul burning with intense devotion to God, and inspired with deepest compassion for man,—a soul on whom both worlds, heaven and hell, exerted their mighty influence, and spoke through his utterances everything tremendous in warning, and joyous in invitation and love. Impossible that such a man should labour in vain. Earnestness and perseverance

will succeed in any cause; how much more in that which has God for its Author, and His glory and the good of humanity as its object. The seed of truth scattered by the hand of God-sent men shall germinate and grow. Delayed, perhaps, by rude tempests, chilling storms, and biting frosts; but the fruit, in luxuriant clusters, will appear. Never fail, youthful Christian, in any cause, great and good, in which you may be engaged. Study, in the history of God's great ones, the inspiring principles of your conduct. In their labours, discouragements, reverses, victories, recognise and study your heroic examples:—

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

"Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

"Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky:

"And duly shall appear,
In beauty, verdure, strength;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length."

Wolverhampton. J. F. M.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. V.

——"The shores
Of Tavy lack not aught that may enchant
The eye of him, who, in the summer hour,
Delights to steer his bark where nature spreads
Her fairest pastures, and bestrews her flowers
With hand unsparing.

Nor let him as he glides where Tavy meets
The pastoral Tamar, pass unconscious on;
For almost hidden in embow'ring groves
That edge the rocky bank, the ancient house
Of Warleigh rises."

"How long will the tide flow," said I to the master of my chosen little "Water Witch," as he pushed off from Cargreen jetty, shipped his rudder, and arranged my seat at the helm. "Shall we have time to touch at Warleigh, and then to run up the Tavy as far as we can push the boat, so as to return comfortably with the ebb?" "O, yes, Sir; there's plenty of time; the tide won't turn till after five o'clock: plenty of time, Sir." Well, then, let us bear away for Warleigh. By the help of a kind breeze we soon crossed the tide-stream of the Tamar, and catching the current as it swept round Warleigh point into the channel of the Tavy, our boat was speedily carried into smooth water, and touched the strand under the shadows of Warleigh wood. The boatman was left in charge, to indulge himself in a few day-dreams; while I courted pleasant thoughts among the orchards, and clustered oaks, and elmy avenues which for so many generations have afforded guardianship and refreshment to the grand old family mansion. The venerable pile still bore many symbols of very ancient distinction, and they were borne with graceful dignity too, and with seeming pride, as if it gloried in its many victories over time and change, or, as if it really shared the feeling of those stately old veterans who continue to wear their antique decorations as silent proofs that they belong to eras and generations which history has been pleased to honour. Some of the stones in those walls had faced the breezes which used to play on the Tavy in the days of King Stephen. There were lordly old gables which had looked down on family groupings on the terrace, ever since the times of the two last Henries; while the mullioned windows seemed to answer the fitful light which glanced inquiringly on them through the deep foliage, by visionary reflections from past scenes of domestic life in Warleigh House; reflections which dimly showed the variations in the style of that life during the ancestral courses of the Foliots, the Gorges, the Bonvilles, the Coplestones, and the Bampfyldes. Alas! for human nature, one of the scenes in the

series of traditional visions which seemed to fall on my spiritual sense from the window of the old hall, appeared to be in clearer outline than the rest; and lingered before my fancy in a way peculiar to itself. It was a family picture of a household feud, and a fatal one too. A single bloody stain upon the reputation of a lineage seems to be more easily and more fondly remembered than the entire succession of its brightest virtues. At all events, crime gets emblazoned, while a thousand excellencies leave no record. Is it, that evil has the advantage of good in the power of burning memorials of itself into the mind of the world; or, is it, that man's memory is in deep sympathy with his heart, and betokens the bent of our affections by its readiness to receive bad impressions, and by the fond ease with which it keeps them? Somebody, perhaps, will take up my problems and solve them. In the meantime, let me go on with my story. It is a sad one; but I will tell it.

Not far from the spot where I landed, on the other side of the neck of land whose leafy beauties so lovingly shelter and guard old Warleigh House, and reached by a road which shares the peacefulness of elmy shades, and the hill-side charms and breezy music of romantic Warleigh Tor, there is the parish church of Tamerton Foliot; within whose walls the primitive barons of the manor used to pay their Sabbath vows; and where their dust now sleeps, under their monumental effigies. The time-worn sanctuary stands at the head of a placid creek, hallowing the pretty nook in which three valleys meet; and looking down from its verdurous knoll upon the village-homes which cluster beneath, as if in holy watchfulness over the spiritual interests of the "little flock." How often have my spirits been hushed, as I have watched the gathering of evening shadows around that tower! Near that tower, however, there was a spot on which, as I thought, the shadows used to mingle more darkly than on any other. It was under the wide branches of a venerable oak-tree. Ah! that tree; who could pass it without offering the tribute of a few admiring looks? Its first appearance would arrest the true lover of ancient beauty, or rather grandeur, for it was a grand old tree; and then there was an indefinable charm in its presence, to me at least, notwithstanding the spectral entanglements of light and darkness which to some eyes appeared to gather around it now and then. The question would naturally rise to one's lips, "Has it any particular name?" Yes, it is known as "the Coplestone Oak." For what reason? Well, the shadows thicken at the question; but the tale must be told. In the line of Coplestones of Warleigh, there lived during the reign of Queen Bess, a Coplestone, by the name of John. As the inheritor of that knightly distinction which belonged to his family, he would be known in his time, or ought to have been known, as John, "the White Spur." Now, this "White Spur," "had a young man to his godson,"—for I shall tell the story as a reverend chronicler heard it from living lips, and recorded it nearly two hundred years ago, — this "White Spur," then, alias John Coplestone, "had a young man to his godson, that had been abroad for his education; who, at his return home, hearing of the extravagancies of his godfather's conversation, expressed in some company his sorrowful resentment of it; which was not done so privately, but the report thereof was soon brought [as there be tale-bearers and whisperers, which separate very friends, enough everywhere] to his godfather's ears. This exceedingly enkindled the indignation of the old gentleman against his godson, and (as 'twas supposed) his natural son also; making him break out, saying, "Must boys observe and descant on the actions of men, and of their betters?" From henceforth he resolved, and sought all opportunities, to be revenged upon him. At length, they being both at Tamerton, their parish church, on a Lord's day, the young man observing by his countenance what he was partly informed of before, that his godfather was highly displeased at him, prudently withdrew betimes from the church, and resolved to keep himself away, out of his reach, until his indignation should be overpassed. The old gentleman seeing his revenge likely to be disappointed, sent the young man word, that his anger to him was now over, and he might return to his church

again. Accordingly the young man came, at the usual time; but, cautiously eyeing his godfather, he found the expression of the poet too true:—

"Deep graven in the heart the doom remain'd."

That his displeasure was not laid aside, but laid up in a deep revengeful mind. Whereupon, as soon as the duties of religion were over, he again hastened out of the church as soon as he could. Upon this his grandfather followed him, but not being able to overtake him, he threw his dagger after him, (the wearing whereof was the mode of those times,) and struck him through the reins of the back, so that he fell and died on the spot."

That spot was at the foot of an oak-tree, an oak-tree still alive, the self-same "Coplestone Oak," whose shadows have deepened even to this day. That fatal throw of the dagger cost the "White Spur," not his head, as most people think it ought to have done, but thirteen good Cornish manors, the price of his hardly-gained pardon; yet, as his family annalist says, "however this gentleman escaped the just penalty due to so vile a crime, from the laws of man; he did not, it seems, escape the revengeful hand of Providence, which was pleased, either in his son or grandson's days, (who is said to have been a hopeful young gentleman,) to blot his name quite out of that place!"

What a dismal story! and about so lovely a spot, too! Could there be nothing more pleasant found from among the annals of Warleigh? Perhaps there might be, if one could have permission and time to rummage among the damp and dusty papers in the old family cabinet; or make the dead speak in evidence from the graves of Tamerton; but it happens, as I have already intimated, that the stain of "blood guiltiness" keeps itself fresh on the surface, while the more delicate memorials of lovely tempers and holy deeds shrink beneath the sod, and seek rather to be dissolved with the sacred dust of those whose "fruit of righteousness was sown in peace." Not that the chief surviving tradition of a house is necessarily uninstructive, because it is dismal, and haunts a neighbourhood in grim loneliness; by no means. A wise and teachable soul may bring the darkest and wildest phantom under its command, and make it do something for its own living, in the way of giving lessons on the comparative claims of virtue and vice. Take, for instance, the example of my old friend, John Prince, he who has preserved for us the Coplestone legend. My old friend, I call him, though we never met face to face; at all events, I am not at all sure that I ever saw him; as he had ceased to countenance my neighbourhood nearly ninety years before my eyes were strong enough to look about me. It was my good fortune, however, to get hold of some thoughts of his about the "Worthies of Devon;" thoughts which he had carefully bottled before he gave up the culture of thought in the present world; and I enjoyed them so much, that my heart has ever since reckoned John Prince among its unseen friends. Well, as I was going to say, he was a fair example of that wisdom which makes a sad story serve a happy purpose. It seems as if he would rather have had something more agreeable to tell; but the tragedy of the Coplestone oak could not be allowed to pass without affording its tribute of good to posterity. "I take no delight," says he, "in reviving the infirmities of men, now well nigh buried in oblivion; yet, out of charity, the unfortunate occurrence which fell out in this place of Tamerton, may be worth the relating, to stand as a landmark to posterity, that all may beware how they give themselves up to the transports of a bloody malice and revenge, which in the end will hurry them into the bottomless gulf of woe and misery." Yes, and there are other things to be learnt over and above these, John Prince. The scene which the oak-tree witnessed was the fatal upshot of foregoing errors on the part of "White Spur." He was not suddenly found equal to the unnatural deed. His heart had gone through a course of preparation. Nor was he without his part, too, in making the victim ready. The family history of Warleigh during his earlier lordship might have furnished some of those signs of change which the domestic life of England was now beginning to put forth. A rage for foreign education was setting in. John Coplestone, forsooth, must follow the fashion. That was one of his first parental errors.

Who has not heard of an old proverb, "Wise men make fashions for fools to follow?" There is some truth in it. Wise men, for instance, originated the plan of affording young gentlemen the advantage of foreign travel after their home-sympathies had been properly matured, and their intellect and heart had been strengthened and furnished, as much as could be, for becoming intercourse with the world at large; while the fools, always ready for a new fashion, struck at the plan at once; but, as they often do when trying to follow wise men, they began at the wrong end. They would alienate the boy at starting, and send him abroad to begin where he ought to finish. The wise man's plan was to be adopted of course, but then it must be in the topsy-turvy style, like that of the mayor who, to be like other mayors, would have the statute-book before him for consultation, claiming at the same time the right of using it in his own way, that is upside down. Early education far away from all home-influences had its natural fruits in the case of young Coplestone. His character lost all the advantages of being formed amidst the gentle and hallowing play of those mutual affections which are peculiar to the parental abode; so that on his return from the scene of what was thought to be his complete preparation for all the duties of his position, he turned out to be as incapable of filial sympathy and veneration as his father was of bearing the consequences of his own ill-judged mode of training. Young "White Spur" was, perhaps, one of the first English examples of that irreverent flippancy, heartless conceit, and disrespectful bearing towards parents which growing numbers of young people now-a-day seem to think remarkably graceful; while "White Spur," senior, it may be, was far from being the last grey-haired man, who has felt the hardness of losing that decent homage to which, for so many ages, every father was believed to have a sacred right. But alas, for the man who would vindicate his parental right, by the murder of his erring child!

Battle-Bridge. X.

Anecdotes.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

GEORGE THE THIRD was very fond of children. Often in his walks both about Windsor and St. James's Park, he would stop when he saw an interesting child, and speak kindly and affectionately to it, give it some little toy or sweetmeat, and often a piece of money. One day observing a little lad about four years old, who seemed to have strayed away from its fellows, he addressed it, and finding it intelligent for its age, he took it by the hand, and led it towards the palace, the child nothing loth. He brought the little fellow into the Queen's apartment, and presented it to her, with, "Here, Queen, here is a very nice little boy, that I have picked up in my walk:" and then addressing the lad, "That is the Queen, my dear; bow to her." A chair was immediately brought, the little fellow was seated on it, and in a trice some sweetmeats and fruit were laid before him. Little master felt himself quite at home, ate freely, and endeavoured to answer every question that was put to him. And when he had well eaten, it was suggested that the child might be missed, and cause anxiety in the family, it would be best to restore him to his playground. Before he was removed from his chair, the King took out a new guinea, and placed it before him, saying, "Here, my dear, is a pretty thing that I will give you." The child looked at it for some time, and then with his finger pushed it away on the table, saying, "I won't have it;" and looked indifferently over the table. The King said, "Well, my dear, if you won't have this, what will you have? Come, tell me what you will have, and I will give it to you." There were several papers of a very important nature, then lying on the table, which had lately been brought into the royal apartment. The child looked earnestly at one, and said, "I will have that pretty picture," and put

his hand towards it. The King looked confounded, and hesitated. The Queen for a time was equally surprised; but the first broke silence, (the child having then his pretty picture in his hand, which was no other than a new bank-note for a very large amount!) and said, "He must have it; your Majesty's word is passed; your royal promise cannot be recalled." The King, with great good humour assented with, "Yes, yes; he shall have it." A faithful domestic was called, the child delivered to him, with the injunction to take him back to the park, find out his playmates, or nurse, and follow their directions till he should find the dwelling and parents of the child; nothing of either being known to His Majesty or his domestics. The servant was successful, delivered the child and his pretty picture to the astonished father and mother; returned, and gave such an account to the royal pair, as satisfied them, that, while his Majesty had "sworn to his own hurt," and would not "change," a wise Providence had directed the whole transaction. The story was well known in the royal family, but there is reason to think the family of the child was never mentioned; for I could learn no more of this singular story than the facts, the substance of which is now before the reader. I well know that George the Third feared God, and held his own word sacred. Nothing could induce him to change his purpose when he believed he was right. *Dr. Adam Clarke's Discourses*, vol. ii., pp. 160—162. *Edit.* 1829.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN.

MANY questions, says Dr. Vaughan, of Doncaster, more ingenious than profitable, have arisen respecting this Epistle. But into none of them, as to the author, and as to the person to whom it was addressed, shall we enter. We take it as we find it in the authentic and authenticated canon of Holy Scripture.

It is an Epistle, then, of *the Elder to the elect Lady and her children*. It is in the manner of St. John to speak of himself otherwise than by name. In his Gospel, when he has occasion to speak of himself, it is as *the disciple whom Jesus loved; that other disciple; the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things*. In his first Epistle there is no mention of the name of the writer. Here he describes himself as *the elder;* just as St. Peter, in his first Epistle, says, *The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ*. It was a lower title than his highest of all; but, in a mixed sense, as denoting partly his actual age, and partly his general ministerial character, by no means inappropriate even to an Apostle, and carrying with it a peculiar force, of humility and of tenderness, which perhaps no other title could have conveyed.

The elder to an elect (*select*, or *excellent*) *lady and her children. An elect lady.* Either of the two terms which we have thus rendered has been taken by some persons as a proper name. But we have already said that we should not dwell on a point so doubtful, we might also add, so trifling. Nor shall we allude further to another interpretation, which makes the expression denote, not a person, but a church or congregation. We just recur to the familiar words, in their obvious meaning, *The elder to the elect lady and her children, whom I love in truth; and not I only, but also all who know the truth*. The eminent character of the person addressed was a matter, St. John says, of general and thankful recognition amongst the Christian communities of the time. *For the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and* (*which*) *shall be with us for ever*. The ground of Christian love is the common possession of Christian truth. Christian love is not mere benevolence. It is not a merely natural feeling of good will towards all men. It is

founded on something; something certain, and something definite. And that "something" is *the truth;* Christ, who calls Himself the Truth; and the revelation of Christ, which embodies that truth. That truth, St. John adds, is a permanent possession. *It will be with us for ever.* Death itself will not rob us of it. Therefore is it that Christian love, or charity, also is indestructible. It is founded upon a rock. *Grace, mercy, and peace be* (or, *shall be*) *with you; grace*, spontaneous favour; *mercy*, kindness to the undeserving and the lost; *and peace*, comfort and repose of mind in the sense of that mercy; *from God the Father, and from Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love.* The last words may remind us of those in the opening of St. John's Gospel; *grace and truth came by Jesus Christ:* the gifts of God in Christ to those who believe are all given *in truth;* that is, in reality, and without vacillation or pretence; *and in love*, as their source and spring.

And now we reach the subject of the letter. *I am greatly rejoiced, because I have found some of thy children walking in truth, according as we received commandment from the Father.* It is a letter of congratulation to a Christian parent on the consistent conduct of some of her children who had lately come under the observation of the Apostle. Let us, he says, exchange an affectionate congratulation on such a cause of rejoicing. And let it call forth and increase in us a spirit of genuine love. *And now I beseech thee, lady, not as if I were writing thee a new command, but* only *that which we had from the first*, from the very days when Christ was amongst us on earth; *that we love one another.* And this love is not a matter of feeling only. Nor is it a thing by itself. It is a practical love of which the Apostle speaks; and it is only another side, as it were, of the love of God. *And that love is this, that we walk according to His commandments*, the commands of the Father. And what are these? Nothing new. *This is the commandment, even as ye heard from the first, that ye walk in it*, in the original command. Not a new command, he says; and yet the necessity of attention to it is not on that account the less urgent. There is great cause for it. *For many deceivers went out*, are gone forth, *into the world, who confess not Jesus Christ coming in flesh;* persons who deny the real incarnation of Christ; persons who deny the simple humanity of Christ, and talk of Him (as different schools of false doctrine did in those days) as a mere emanation, perhaps, from the Divinity; or else as having only seemed to do and to suffer, to be born and to die; thus, in either case, losing all hold upon plain tangible realities, and wandering into ideal and fantastic regions in which there is no resting-place for mind, or heart, or soul. Such were some of the early corruptions of the simplicity of the faith. *This*, St. John says, *is the deceiver and the antichrist.* This doctrine, which would rob us of the human nature of Christ; and with it of His sacrifice, and of His sympathy, and of His union with man; and with it of all sense of truthfulness and simplicity and reality in God's dealings with us for our redemption and salvation,—is indeed, by comparison with every other form of error, worthy to be called *the* deceiver of man, and *the* enemy of Christ.

And yet, he adds, however grievous, however fatal, this form of error has an attractive side. *Take heed*, therefore, *to yourselves*—to thyself and thine—*that ye may not lose the things which ye* once *wrought, but that ye may receive a full reward.* Do not forfeit, by turning aside now, the fruits of former service. *Everyone who transgresseth;* more exactly, *everyone who leads on*, or *goes forward*, instead of resting within the limits of the truth; everyone who thus errs, thus misleads, *and abideth not in the teaching of Christ, hath not God: he who abideth in that teaching hath both the Son and the Father.* To part with Christ, the true Christ, Christ as He is revealed to us in simplicity, is to part with God. Do not suppose that you can err, for example, about the true nature of your Saviour, and yet retain your God: it is only through Christ that you can come to God: it is in Christ that God is made known to you: therefore, if you lose Christ, you lose God also; and, if you retain Christ, you retain also the Father with Him.

And therefore you are called to decision, to plain speaking, and downright acting,

on a point so vital. *If anyone comes to you, and brings not this* true *teaching, receive him not into a house, and bid him not welcome: for he that biddeth him welcome partaketh in his evil deeds.* Be quite sure that doctrine will always react upon conduct. A man who is teaching a visionary, a delusive, a false Christ, is sinning as much against Christian practice as against Christian truth. Therefore take heed lest in admitting him to your company you be drawn on to imitate, as you certainly will be encouraging, an unchristian and a sinful life.

Though I might write many things to you, I do not wish to do so by means of paper and ink; but I hope to come to you, and to talk face to face, that our joy may be fulfilled; that we may enjoy to the full the happiness of a Christian converse. *The children of thine elect* (*select*, or *excellent*) *sister greet thee.*

The Household.

OUR DUTIES TO THE DOCTOR.

WHAT the duties of the doctor are, it is not our purpose to inquire. The duties we owe to the doctor are those on which we would have you to dwell. And for this purpose, we make an extract or two from a cheap and admirable little book, called, *Health: Five Lay Sermons to Working People.* By John Brown, M.D. Before, however, going to what is practical, read an incident which he relates:—

I shall never forget, he says, a proof I myself got twenty years ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when cholera first came here in 1832. It was in England, at Chatham; which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This fell disease comes on generally in the night; as the Bible says, "it walks in darkness;" and many a morning was I roused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims, for then is its hour and power. One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the huge hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might: they had too many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place; it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore, at the landing-place. They were all shouting for the doctor; the shrill cries of the women, and the deep voices of the men, coming across the water to me. We were near the shore, when I saw a big old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head bald: he said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was, he had me in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right, levelling every man or woman who stood in his way.

It was Big Joe carrying me to see his grandson, little Joe; and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better. He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night. He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy. I never can forget that night, and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve suffering, and how much Old Joe was in earnest about having the doctor.

Now, I want you to consider how important the doctor is to you. Nobody needs him so much as the poor and labouring man. He is often ill. He is exposed to hunger, and wet, and cold, and to fever, and to all the diseases of hard labour and poverty. His work is heavy, and his heart is often heavy too with misery of all kinds; his back weary with its burden; his hands and limbs often meeting with accidents; and you know if the poor man, if one of you, falls ill and takes fever, or breaks his leg, it is a far more serious thing than with a richer man. Your health and strength are all you have to depend on; they are your

stock-in-trade, your capital. Therefore, I shall ask you to remember *four things* about your duty to the doctor, so as to get the most good out of him, and do the most good to him too.

1. It is your duty to trust the doctor.

2. It is your duty to obey the doctor.

3. It is your duty to speak the truth to the doctor, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and,

4. It is your duty to reward the doctor.

And so now for the first. It is your duty to *trust* the doctor; that is, to believe in him. If you were in a ship, in a wild storm, and among dangerous rocks, and if you took a pilot on board, who knew all the coast, and all the breakers, and had a clear eye, a firm heart, and a practised hand, would you not let him have his own way? would you think of giving him your poor advice, or keep his hand from its work at the helm? You would not be such a fool, or so uncivil, or so mad. And yet many people do this very same sort of thing, just because they don't really trust their doctor; and a doctor is a pilot for your bodies, when they are in a storm and in distress. He takes the helm, and does his best to guide you through a fever; but he must have fair play; he must be trusted even in the dark. It is wonderful what cures the very sight of a doctor will work, if the patient believes in him; it is half the battle. His very face is as good as a medicine, and sometimes better, —and much pleasanter too.

One day a labouring man came to me with indigestion. He had a sour and sore stomach, and heartburn, and the water-brash, and wind, and colic, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food, and too much of it; and then, when its digestion gave him pain, he took a glass of raw whisky. I made him promise to give up his bad food and his worse whisky, and live on pease-brose and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription, as we call it, for some medicine, and said, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight, and you will be well." He did come back, hearty and hale: no colic, no sinking at the heart, a clean tongue, and a cool hand, and a firm step, and a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done; and having forgotten what it was, I said, "Let me see what I gave you." "O," says he, "I took it." "Yes," said I, "but the prescription." "*I took it*, as you bade me. I swallowed it." He had actually eaten the bit of paper, and been all that the better of it; but it would have done him little, at least less, good, had he not trusted me when I said he would be better, and attended to my rules.

So, take my word for it, and trust your doctor; it is his due, and it is for your own advantage. Now, our next duty is to *obey* the doctor. This you will think is simple enough. What use is there in calling him in, if we don't do what he bids us? and yet nothing is more common, partly from laziness and sheer stupidity, partly from conceit and suspiciousness, and partly, in the case of children, from false kindness and indulgence, than to disobey the doctor's orders. Many a child have I seen die from nothing but the mother's not liking to make her swallow a powder, or put on a blister; and, let me say, by the by, teach your children at once to obey you, and take the medicine. Many a life is lost from this, and remember you may make even Willie Winkie take his castor-oil in spite of his cries and teeth, *by holding his nose*, so that he must swallow.

Thirdly. *You should tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, to your doctor. He may be never so clever, and never so anxious, but he can no more know how to treat a case of illness without knowing all about it, than a miller can make meal without corn; and many a life have I seen lost from the patient or his friends concealing something that was true, or telling something that was false. The silliness of this is only equal to its sinfulness and its peril.

I remember, in connexion with that place where big Joe lived and died, a singular proof of the perversity of people in not telling the doctor the truth,—as you know people are apt to send for him in cholera when it is too late, when it is a death rather than a disease. But there is an early stage called premonitory, or warning, when medicines can avail.

I summoned all the people of that fishing village who were well, and told them this and asked them if they had any of the symptoms. They all denied having any, (this is a peculiar feature in that terrible disease, they are afraid to *let on* to themselves, or even the doctor, that they are "in for it,") though from their looks, and from their going away while I was speaking, I knew they were not telling the truth. Well, I said, "You must, at any rate, every one of you, take some of this," producing a bottle of medicine. I will not tell you what it was, as you should never take drugs at your own hands; but it is simple and cheap. I made every one take it; only one woman going away without taking any: she was the only one of all those *who died*.

Lastly. *It is your duty to reward* your doctor. There are four ways of rewarding your doctor. The first is, by giving him your money; the second is, by giving him your gratitude; the third is, by your doing his bidding; and the fourth is, by speaking well of him, giving him a good name, recommending him to others. Now, I know few, if any, of you can pay your doctor; and it is a great public blessing that in this country you will always get a good doctor willing to attend you for nothing, and this *is* a great blessing; but let me tell you,—I don't think I need tell you,—try and pay him, be it ever so little. It does you good as well as him; it keeps up your self-respect; it raises you in your own eye, in your neighbour's, and, what is best, in your God's eye; because it is doing what is right.

One word more: you should call your doctor early. It saves time; it saves suffering; it saves trouble; it saves life. If you saw a fire beginning in your house, you would put it out as fast as you could. You might perhaps be able to blow out with your breath what in an hour the fire-engine could make nothing of. So is it with disease and the doctor. A disease in the morning when beginning, is like the fire beginning; a dose of medicine, some simple thing, may put it out; when, if left alone, before night it may be raging hopelessly, like the fire if left alone, and leaving your body dead and in ruins in a few hours. So, call in the doctor soon; it saves him much trouble, and may save you your life.

And let me end by asking you to call in the Great Physician: to call Him instantly; to call Him in time: there is not a moment to lose. He is waiting to be called: He is standing at the door. But He must be *called*. He may be called too late.

Narratives.

THE STONE IN A TIN CAN.

(*Concluded from page* 125.)

"Do tell me, Mary, how you manage. Everybody would think that matters went easy enough with you. But if William and you find that all things can't be kept right at home without bringing yourselves to put up quietly with a cross turn now and then, there may be some hope of better times for a poor soul like me, if you will only put me in the way. Come now, Mary, let us in to a few of your secrets. You meet with a few odds here and there, it seems, like other people; and yet you make them all even. How do you do it?"

"My secret, Lizzy, is nothing but to keep my marriage vows in mind."

"Your marriage vows! what vows?"

"Why, the same as you made, Lizzy, when you married Tom. You surely recollect what you promised. Didn't you say, 'I will,' when the Parson solemnly asked you whether you would have Tom as your husband, to obey, and serve, love, honour, and keep him as long as you both shall live? and didn't you take his hand there in the presence of God, and say, 'I take thee to my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth?'"

"I declare, Mary, you might be a Parson yourself for that matter, you've got it

all so pat. For my part, I hardly know what the Parson said, and was glad enough when it was over. I do remember that, 'I will' was among the things I had to say; and that word 'obey,' I know, seemed to stick in my throat. I never could see why one should be made to say over such words. But then it was a matter of form that a body had to go through; and so I boggled through somehow, and there was an end of it."

"It grieves me to hear you speak in such a way about so serious a thing, Lizzy. You may be sure that God hears all that is said at such a time; and what is said in a trifling spirit is put down in His account against the trifler, to be heard of again when we are called at last to receive our due. Nothing, dear Lizzy, hurts me more than to hear people speak lightly of the marriage-service, and talk of it and treat it only as a matter of form. Ah, when I was married, how beautiful it sounded! It seemed gentleness itself speaking to one's heart, and yet it was so solemn. I am not ashamed to say that I loved my William before I gave him my hand in God's presence on our wedding-day, but I thought I never loved as I did when I heard him say those kind, touching words, 'I take thee for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.' And I am sure, though I rather shook when it came to my turn, yet it was more of a pleasant trembling than anything else, and never did I say anything more freely, and sincerely, and seriously, yes, and lovingly too, than when I repeated those words which seemed to write themselves warmly on my heart while I said them, 'to love, cherish, and to obey.' O, Lizzy, how can you forget such vows? From what you have said, I don't wonder at your home being disturbed by the rattle of a stone in a tin can. Worse things than that have followed thoughtless and prayerless weddings."

"Well, I am very sorry that I said anything to hurt your feelings, Mary. And as to the vows, I hope I shall be forgiven if I've not been so serious about them as I ought to be. Though, after all, there are always two to a bargain, you know; and if one party does not hold to it, why should the other? Why should I trouble myself about my promise, if Tom never keeps his? I have often told him lately, I don't believe he ever intended to do what he said he would. 'Love and cherish,' indeed! catch him at anything of that sort, if you can! I remember now how he fumbled about the ring, and how he stammered and stuttered in following the Parson, while he was working away on my poor finger, as if he were driving on the nut of a screw. I tell you what, Lizzy, I throw it up to him sometimes, 'Ah, Tom,' I say, 'didn't you think you had made sure of a good hand when you had screwed the ring on? You thought, I dare say, that you had fairly linked a *help-meet* that would help you to an easy life.' Love and cherish, indeed! all the loving and cherishing are to be on one side, I reckon!"

"Nay, Lizzy, you talk too fast. If you go on like that to Tom, I am sure you treat him with the stone in a tin can more ways than one. It isn't the way, Lizzy; you'll never be happy like this. I don't like to be laying down rules for one's neighbour; but, perhaps, you'll not take it amiss if I say a little about myself, and how William and I have got on. We began life together in the fear of God. I don't mean any gloomy or uncomfortable fear, but a cheerful, loving reverence for our heavenly Father. William and I both learnt to pray when we were young; and when we first became acquainted, each of us had a happy feeling of love for the Saviour. And, being of one mind in this, our love for each other was all the purer and deeper; and we agreed that we would, for Christ's sake, help one another to be good, knowing that we should be all the more sure of happiness together. William had heard me say that I would never marry a young man who expected to depend in any way on his wife's earnings at the factory; and he liked me all the better for it, he said, and should be ashamed of himself for letting the thought of such a thing stay on his mind for a moment. I wish every girl would have proper respect for herself, and be firm on this point: we should soon have a less number of lazy, worthless, fellows going about saying soft things, and getting poor young creatures to marry them for nothing in the world but to shift the burden of life

from off their own shoulders, and to make their silly victims tug and toil for their pleasure. No, William could never bear to think of such miserable cases. 'We will not be married, Mary,' he said, 'till there's a fair prospect of my earnings making you comfortable at home, as the little manager and queen of our cottage. Don't be afraid,' says he, ''twill not be long.' So by and by we were married. While I was home with my mother, I got into the way of dividing my bits of spare time between prayer and reading for the good of my soul, and needlework for the comfort of my body; and I managed to save, by making my own bonnets, and my mother's caps, besides a few plain things now and then in the dress way. So I don't find it hard now to help William in keeping our house; not by going to the factory, but by making many things for ourselves that other people pay smartly to have made for them. And William says, what with my staying at home to make the most of his wages, and what with my sewing, we live a deal better than many a man and wife who both go out to work, and with all their gettings never get a comfortable home. But, after all, the great secret of a happy house is in God's blessing. We began our married life with prayer, and have kept it up ever since: and, depend upon it, the husband and wife that pray together every day can't go far amiss. Their heavenly Father's answers to their prayers keep them in peace with Himself, and with each other. Let me advise you, dear Lizzy, to turn over a new leaf. Pray till you know that Christ loves you. Tell Tom that you have made up your mind to be a hearty Christian, and ask him kindly to be of the same mind. I have a notion, that if you began with a good turn, he would soon follow; for, with all his love for rambling and frolic, he is not given to hard drinking, nor is he a smoker; and I always have hopes for a man who keeps himself sober, and is too fond of pure breath and a sweet fireside to touch or taste tobacco. Try, Lizzy, and you'll find that a prayerful home is a peaceful one."

"Yes, I believe it, Mary, and I will try as you say. I'm sure it is a comfort to me that Tom's habits are not so bad as some fall into. I'll tell him about your advice, and I do hope we shall agree to keep it. Poor fellow, he heard your William praying this morning; for we can always hear, you know, when you are at prayer; and I saw the tears start in his eye. And, says he, 'Listen to that! Isn't that better music for married folks than a stone in a tin can?'"

The Months of the Year.

MAY.

"Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda, which, on either side,
Supported her like to their soveraine queene.
Lo! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravish't beene,
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in greene." SPENSER.

SUCH is the enthusiastic description of this month given by the poet Spenser in the time of Elizabeth, and such is the style of most of our older poets, who speak of this season as one of sunshine and of flowers, that ever led the footsteps of the joyous throng to dew-bespangled mead or flowering copse, in search of the early blossoms of May. Thus Herrick declares,—

'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May."

This was, in fact, the great rural festival of our forefathers. At the first peep of day on May morning, the youth of both sexes hastened to the fields, and gathered the blossoming branches, which, when still further adorned with wreaths of flowers, were to constitute the ornamental bowers at the entrance of their cottages. Their doors and lattices were all decorated with these garlands soon after sunrise, and the rest of the hours were passed in mirth and

village pastimes. In the verses of Herrick, on the May-day of England, (from which we have already quoted,) there occurs the following description of the appearance of the houses and streets on the May morning of his time.

"Come, my Corinna, come; and comming marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke,
Made green and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obay
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying."

These glowing descriptions of May are inapplicable to the early part of our month at the present time. To send our young people forth at early dawn to gather the blossoms of the sloe, (for the hawthorn is only just in full leaf, and does not venture forth its flowers,) and to invite them to brave the cold and often frosty air to collect the scanty products of our woods and fields *before sunrise*, would be to offer them a sorry pastime indeed, and one of which they might rue the effects on their health for the remainder of the season.

To what cause, then, are we to attribute the change which appears to have taken place? Were our forefathers so hardy a race as to account a season similar to the commencement of our May a fit period for their rural pleasures, and are we to suppose, that their description of the flowers and the sunshine is somewhat exaggerated in consequence of the difference of their feelings from ours, as well as of their propensity to copy the style of the southern poets? Or may we not rather believe, that the seasons themselves are changed since that time, so as to make the early descriptions of May thus unlike our own experience of the character of the month? The latter appears to be the true solution of the question; and when we remember that, owing to the alteration of the style, the first of May is twelve days earlier than it used to be, this gives another reason why we must not look for a realization of the poet's description.

The name of this month is derived from the goddess *Maia*, a divinity who was worshipped under many names by the Romans, but whose chief title was *Bona Dea*, or the "Good Goddess," as representing the *Earth*. Maia is the name given to the brightest star in the beautiful constellation of the *Pleiades*. The month of May is said to be called by the Anglo-Saxons *Trimilki*, "because in that moneth they began to milke their kine three times in the day."

The Portfolio.

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.

If there was no remedy, if you were past redemption, I would no more seek to waken you than I would one who slept to-night, and was to be hanged to-morrow. Poor wretch, let him sleep on and take his rest,—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

A boat was once seen sweeping along the rapid that hurries to the Falls of Niagara. To the horror of some that watched it from the shore, they saw one aboard; and also asleep. Such a time and place for sleeping! They ran; they shouted; they cried. The sleeper woke; and at one wild, rapid glance took in all his danger. Yet, what won't a man do for his life? To seize the oars, and pull the boat's head round to the shore, was the work of an instant. With death in the thunders of the cataract, roaring loud and louder, near and nearer in his ear, how he pulled! But unless God had sent down the eagle that sailed in the blue skies overhead to bear him away upon her wings, there was no hope. The water, sweeping onward with resistless power, shot him like an arrow to the brink. It was cruel to waken him. But, as nigh to destruction, near hell as that, you may be saved: plucked from the very edge of ruin—just when you are going over. Jesus can save at the utter-

most. He waits now to save; though how much longer He shall wait to hear from your lips the cry, "Save me," I know not. Beware! The patience of God is lasting, but not everlasting.—*Dr. Guthrie's Way of Life.*

HOW LONG SHALL I LIVE?

When Henry Martyn went out as a Missionary, he was told he could not live long.

"How long," said he to the physician, "do you suppose I shall live?"

"Seven years," was the reply.

"O, seven years," said the devoted man, "how much good may I accomplish if I live seven years!"

Memorials of the Departed.

Died at Harrogate, March 5th, 1857, Isabella Dawson. She was born at Kirkby-Malzeard, in the Bedale Circuit, January 13th, 1826. The child of holy parents, her mind was in early life imbued with holy influences. She loved the Sabbath-school and the house of God, to which she was regularly led; but her lively disposition was a hindrance to her conversion. Whilst she cherished a strong regard for the house and worship of God, for the day and people of God, she still would often say,—

"In search of empty joys below,
We toil with unavailing strife."

But on her behalf prayer was daily offered. At the age of twenty-two, she was thoroughly convinced of sin; in tears and penitence she sought salvation, and in the following week, while musing on the love of God, light Divine broke in upon her mind. Enabled by simple faith to repose in the Saviour, she called God Father by the Holy Spirit then given to her. The great change became evident. Religion imparted to her its unspeakable charms, and tinged with its own brightness and pure enjoyment her naturally cheerful nature. In the year of her conversion, she married in the Lord. Her union was conducive to her spiritual welfare. But the most endeared ties of earth were soon to be severed. In her last illness she suffered much. Her grasp of earth was loosed. Sweetly confiding in the Saviour, and sustained by His all-sufficient grace, to His keeping, she committed her beloved ones, and awaited her summons home. Her last words were, "All is right. Glory! glory."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bazin, Mary Magdalene.	Bath-st., City-rd.,	First London,	84	Feb. 20th, 1862.
Haworth, Senniah,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	26	Feb. 25th, 1862.
Husband, Joseph,	Ludcott Mine,	Liskeard,	57	Oct. 27th, 1861.
Jefferson, Mary,	66, Meadow-lane,	Leeds,	43	Dec. 21st, 1861.
Lund, James,	Micklefield,	Selby,	62	Dec. 5th, 1861.
Simpson, Ann,	Micklefield,	Selby,	59	Dec. 25th, 1861.
Spencer, Ann,	New Hall, Hey,	Bacup,	70	Feb. 13th, 1862.
Thompson, Mrs. E.,	Worksop,	Worksop,	22	Jan. 30th, 1862.
Walker, Mrs. C.,	Worksop,	Worksop,	67	Jan. 4th, 1862.
Welch, Mrs.,	Smarden,	Ashford,	52	March 3d, 1862.
Westbury, Grace,	Bicester,	Brackley,	88	Feb. 24th, 1862.
Whip, Mr. William,	Worksop,	Worksop,	78	Jan. 31st, 1862.
Widdowson, Mrs. H.,	Brampton,	Rotherham,	76	Jan. 31st, 1862.

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OLD ST. PAUL'S.

The present St. Paul's Cathedral is one of "the great sights" of London. If all visiters to the metropolis do not see its interior wonders, there are few of them who do not, at least, gaze with admiration upon its magnificent exterior; and this, notwithstanding the obstructions presented by surrounding buildings, and the distractions to all thoughtfulness, occasioned by the uproar of passing vehicles and jostling throngs in St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgate-hill. About a century and a half ago, an old man was in the habit of rising early every morning, ere the noise of the great Babel was aroused from its short slumbers to its deafening din, to have a look at this grandest temple of Protestantism. This mysterious-looking old man, sitting in his chariot and wrapped in his cloak, looked at wonderingly by the sauntering watchman, as he took his morning glance at the new cathedral, was none other than Sir Christopher Wren himself; who by this *chef-d'œuvre* of his architectural genius has immortalized his own name.

Old St. Paul's was inferior to the present building in architectural

grandeur; but it stood upon the same site at the top of Ludgate-hill. According to tradition, a heathen temple pre-occupied the same sacred spot; but nothing corroborative of this was discovered in the excavations made by Wren. More pleasing relics are said to have been found by him, indicating that a Christian church, the work of Roman colonists, once stood upon this venerable site in old *Londinium*.

The first St. Paul's Cathedral was founded in the year 610 by Sebert, King of the East Saxons. He was nephew to Ethelbert, King of Kent, and by his uncle's example and advice, mainly, he was induced to renounce heathenism, and embrace Christianity. Sebert showed his devotion to the new faith by making London, the metropolis of his kingdom of Essex, a Bishop's See, and by building, with the help of Ethelbert, a cathedral church for Milletus, its first Prelate. King Sebert also erected a *Minster* to the *West* of London, which has undergone many a change through rebuilding, alterations, and additions. This is now known, and has been known through long centuries of time to successive generations, as *Westminster* Abbey.

Old St. Paul's was not without its vicissitudes. During the troubles immediately preceding the Norman invasion, it was seized; but William the Conqueror restored its possessions, and guaranteed them in perpetuity by royal charter. These were very considerable, as it had been richly endowed by several Saxon Kings. Not long after the restoration of its property it was consumed by fire. The rebuilding of it was commenced by Bishop Mauris, towards the close of the eleventh century. The work was continued by his successor, Richard de Maurles, who devoted to this object the entire episcopal revenues of the diocese of London. Thus a new steeple was erected A.D. 1221, and a new choir added to the building in the year 1240. Sixteen years afterwards, Bishop Basset began the subterranean church of St. Faith. About two centuries after the rebuilding of the cathedral, the spire was struck by lightning; and, at the interval of another century, in Elizabeth's reign, the steeple was entirely destroyed, either by lightning or fire. In the year 1633, Laud, then Bishop of London, laid the foundation-stone of a new portico. This and other additions were made to the cathedral by the famous architect, Inigo Jones, at the expense of Charles I. The victorious Puritans of the Commonwealth, having swept away Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, seized the revenues and buildings belonging to St. Paul's; and in the exigencies of the Civil War had actually, at one time, horse-soldiers quartered in the nave of the church. This, however, was not the first time that the venerable cathedral was used for secular purposes; for in the times before the Reformation, it was the rendezvous where lawyers and clients transacted business. At each pillar might be seen a sergeant, with hood and coif, making notes upon his knee; whilst occasionally the gothic roof rang with the clamours of uproarious disputants! Soon after the Restoration, Wren was employed by Charles II. to renovate the old cathedral; but in a few months after he received this commission, the whole fabric was reduced to a heap of ruins by the great fire of 1666. Then the gifted

architect was left free to rear from the foundations, the present splendid edifice.

The Christianity taught in Old St. Paul's for the first nine hundred years of its existence, differed very widely from the Christianity taught by the great Apostle to whom it was dedicated. Milletus, the first Bishop of London, was a Roman Missionary, sent to England by Pope Gregory, in company with Justus, Paulinus, Rufinian, and others, to carry on the work of conversion, so successfully commenced by Augustine, in Kent. "What these men were," says Milton, "may be guessed by the stuff which they brought with them; vestments, and vessels for the altar, copes, reliques, and for Augustine, the Archbishop, a pall to say mass in!"

In the year 1376, a strange scene was witnessed in the old cathedral. There stood Wickliff, the learned and eloquent Reformer, cited to appear before an Ecclesiastical Court, at the head of which sat Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Courtney, the Bishop of London. By the side of Wickliff stood Henry Percy, Lord Marshal of England, and John of Gaunt, the Reformer's trusty and powerful friends. A fierce altercation took place in the presence of the crowd who filled the church, between the Bishop of London, who was an intemperate bigot, and the Duke of Lancaster; and which resulted in the breaking up of the Council in confusion, after hastily forbidding Wickliff to preach or write any more.

In little more than a century after this appearance of Wickliff in Old St. Paul's, the cathedral became a Protestant place of worship, and was cleared of beads, crucifixes, images, confessionals, holy-water, censers, and Latin masses! The word of God was the explosive power which, introduced into the building, brought this whole system down with a crash. Sir Christopher Wren, in pulling down the walls of Old St. Paul's, introduced a deal box, containing eighteen pounds of gunpowder, into the foundation of the great tower, and by applying a match, the whole mass was heaped into ruins. In the year 1540, by directions of the King, six Bibles of "the largest volume" were placed in the cathedral, and fastened with chains to as many pillars, that all who wished might read. One of these copies was placed in the crypt. Thither flocked "young men and maidens, old men and children" to listen to a tall strong man, named Porter, who read, in a pleasing and audible voice, the glorious, saving truths of the unfamiliar book. Bishop Bonner sent Porter to Newgate for the pretended crime of making tumults; but really for reading to the people the word of God. There he was hid in the lowest dungeon, fastened by his neck to the wall; and so laden with irons, that in eight days he was found dead! Porter's voice was silenced; but the Bible in the crypt, like Wren's gunpowder, did its work. Bonner was the last Romish Bishop of St. Paul's; and the hoary superstitions which its walls had witnessed for nearly a thousand years were exploded by the word of God!

A little to the north of the cathedral, and within the precincts of the churchyard, was the celebrated PAUL'S CROSS, famous in English ecclesiastical history, and sometimes called "the Thermopylæ of the Reformation." There Luther's books were publicly burned in the year 1521. Five years

later a huge fire blazed on the same spot, into which was flung numbers of Tyndale's New Testament. Those persons in whose possession the hated volume was found, were compelled to march three times round the fire with a faggot on their backs, and with their own hands had to fling the forbidden book into the flames. Superintending this process, there were present, bishops, abbots, and priors, in the livery of Rome; and at their head Wolsey, in robes of purple, with scarlet gloves, and shoes of gold. At the lapse of another four years, the Holy Scriptures were again burned by the same agents, on the same spot.

The preaching at Paul's Cross at the time of the Reformation excited great interest amongst the multitudes who assembled to hear it. The people crowded in front of the rostrum on which the preacher stood, sheltering themselves in rainy weather under the "shrouds" of the cathedral. The King, the Lord Mayor, and Aldermen of London, and other high personages, occasionally listened, in the covered galleries against the church walls, to "the new learning," as the Old Gospel was sometimes called. Rogers, the proto-martyr of the Marian persecution, preached his last sermon at Paul's Cross. This was, according to Fox, "a most godly and vehement sermon; avowing such doctrine as he and others had there taught in King Edward's days; exhorting the people to remain in the same, and to beware of all pestilent Popery, idolatry, and superstition." The accession of Mary interrupted for a few years the preaching of the Reformers. Only a week after Rogers's last sermon the pulpit at Paul's Cross was occupied by Gilbert Bourne, a renegade from Protestantism. His discourse consisted in a fulsome laudation of the restored Bishop Bonner, who was present at the head of a retinue of priests, and a virulent attack upon the character of the Reformation and the memory of the good King Edward VI. The Protestants who were present were so exasperated, that, notwithstanding the presence of the Lord Mayor, and other civic functionaries, they attacked the preacher with stones and dirt. Paul's Cross was finally destroyed, in a spirit of iconoclasm, by the Parliament of 1643, when the Puritans were in power.

When the St. Paul's Cathedral of the present shall, like its predecessor, become a thing of the past, it is impossible to predict; but of the future endurance of those Scriptures which are read daily in its chancel, and of that Gospel, which is preached sometimes to thousands beneath its magnificent dome, we are not left to conjecture. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

SUNSHINE.

Do you ever realize the blessedness of sunshine? The glad, free light of heaven streaming upon your pathway, flinging glory around and above you; kindling into life and loveliness woods and waters, mountains and valleys, the forest's interlacing foliage, and the starry wild flowers in a thousand nooks and glades? How radiant are all things in the flashing, golden light. How joyously the fleecy clouds float along in their silent,

peerless beauty, whilst torrents and streams flash back in rainbow-tints the gorgeous glory of the skies. Looking around on the bright and glowing landscape, you involuntarily exclaim, "The earth is full of Thy goodness."

There is a sunshine richer and more glorious than even this natural light,—*the sunshine of the heart!* the peace of God, filling, ruling, gladdening the spirit! In seasons of sorrow and conflict, it is the true and only comforter; in times of bereavement and calamity, the sure and only unerring light. It can brighten and beautify the otherwise cheerless home, and amidst poverty, and blight, and sadness, its possessor chants hopefully the wondrous song:—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

* * * * * * *

It was a dark and comfortless-looking abode; one of a long straggling row of cottages that constituted the narrow street on the outskirts of a busy town, on the banks of the Thames. The street itself was a low thoroughfare leading to the river, and bore an aspect of poverty and uncleanliness. Groups of squalid, half-clad children thronged the broken and uneven causeway, while the mothers, forlorn and haggard, lounged in the doorways, or gossiped over their miserable firesides. The men were mostly absent in the daytime, following their various occupations, chiefly on the river; and at night their hardly-earned gains were too often wasted at the public-house or "gin-palace;" leaving their wives and children in abject and hopeless destitution.

"Sunshine!"—there seemed little of it in the saddened, despairing, and, perchance, hardened hearts that thronged this little thoroughfare. And yet, as the golden light of day penetrates into many a hidden nook, and beautifies what else were unattractive and unsightly, so even here had the "Sun of Righteousness" arisen, and in one heart, at least, chased away the gloomy shadows of darkness and despair.

"If it be Ellen James ye're a seeking, Sir," said a rough voice in reply to the inquiry of the District Visiter, "her lives up two pair of stairs at the top of the street, jist opposite the lamp-post."

The young man proceeded in the direction indicated, but an involuntary feeling of disgust seemed to take possession of him, and for a few moments to overpower his better nature. The "District" was new to him; he was a stranger, but impelled by the love of Christ he had undertaken it; and this was his first visit. Besides, he had come from the "God-made country,"* and these wretched, stifling dwellings,—these besotted men and women, with their squalid, dirty children wallowing in the mud of the filthy street,—the polluted, reeking atmosphere,—all were in startling contrast to the hills he had left behind; in whose pleasant hollows, half

* "God made the country, but man made the town."—COWPER.

hidden by sheltering oaks and sycamores, was his own dear home; but one of the many cheerful cottages scattered over that breezy woodland.

But he had reached the dingy dwelling, and was ascending the dark and rickety staircase, groping his way, as best he could, in the dim uncertain light. At the top he paused, wondering for the moment how human beings could exist in such a spot, and thanking God for his own more favoured circumstances. He tapped at the first door visible, and, in reply to a feeble "Come in," entered the little apartment. There was sunshine there,—he felt it! Despite poverty and suffering, hunger and thirst, unmistakable want and disease, the *heart's sunshine* beamed forth from the pale thin face before him, making it radiant with the light of heaven. He stopped in involuntary surprise; for he had not thought of sunshine there! A faint flush overspread the wan countenance of the invalid, as divining his errand, she courteously bade him welcome. The room, though almost destitute of furniture, was scrupulously clean. A few geraniums stood in the little window, and a tiny rose-bush, the gift of a visiter, displayed its exquisite profusion of flowers. She sat in a low chair by the almost empty grate, and an open Bible was on another chair by her side. Her breathing was hurried and laborious, and it was too evident to our young friend, who was a medical student, that her days on earth were numbered. He took up the Bible, and sat down beside her.

"You seem very ill," he said; "are you here alone?"

"My mother lives with me," she replied; "but she has gone in search of work. We have done needlework for the shops all winter; but it is difficult to get, and she is very feeble. I do not complain; we have never long wanted bread; and, O Sir, Jesus makes it all up to me! He is my Friend; my Saviour!"

"I rejoice to hear it! Then your prospects are bright for eternity?"

"O, Sir, bright,—glorious! 'Whom having not seen' I 'love,' for He has loved me, and soon I shall 'see Him as He is.' And yet as I sit here,—I cannot lie down, Sir,—unable to do anything, and see my poor mother toiling for daily bread, I sometimes feel tempted to murmur, and to 'charge God foolishly;' though I know and feel assured that He 'doeth all things well,' and that these 'light afflictions' are meant to work out for me 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Truly He is merciful, to bear with my short-comings and infirmities."

"And your mother, is she a partaker of this blessedness?"

"Ah, Sir, that is my sore trial! If she did but know the Saviour! Daily, hourly, I pray for her. She will soon be left alone; and O, if she should not reach the 'better land!'" And the tears that rolled down her pallid cheeks showed how tender a chord had been touched in the daughter's heart.

"You must leave her in the hands of God," said her visiter, soothingly; "who knows but that your death may be her life?"

"God grant it!" she murmured, with clasped hands: "He can save; and He loves with an everlasting love."

After a few-well chosen words of counsel and encouragement, and a heartfelt prayer for help and blessing, our young visiter took his departure, pondering on the lessons taught him by this patient sufferer,—his momentary discouragement replaced by intense sympathy and interest. Truly hers was a glorious life already! What would it be in its ecstatic consummation above?

"Yes, he should visit her again." But that night the conflict terminated, and the glorified spirit of the lowly needlewoman stood before the throne singing the triumphant song,—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, ... to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!"

Woolwich. ADELINE.

MY CLASS:

OR, THE CALL AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

(*Concluded from page* 139.)

THE next who followed to the rest above was BETTY GALLAND. She also had arrived at an advanced age before she became concerned for her soul. She was a moral woman, but a perfect stranger to experimental religion. Her daughter had joined this meeting, and through her influence the mother was induced to come. From the very first she seemed as one fully conscious she had a great work to be done, and but little time left to do it. Her convictions of sin were very deep; and being a person of great energy of character, she sought the Lord with intense desire and determination. Day and night her prayer ceased not. One day, being alone in her cellar, while pleading with God, she found peace. In relating it to the class, she said, "I thought the cellar was filled with brightness; it lighted up every part of the room, making clear light all about me." The chains fell from her soul; her heart was free, and she was full of praise and gratitude to God.

"Happy is he who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains."

This happiness pre-eminently belonged to her: she never afterwards lost the consciousness of the favour of God: her faith in Him seemed at once to shoot up into marvellous power; it was never allowed to waver; and although suffering and want became her painful lot, having committed her soul into the hands of God, she felt, in the severest trials, she could leave all things else entirely to His will, and her "soul trusted in the Lord."

She, with her daughter's family, removed their residence into another part of the town, which proved to be in another township; this was taken advantage of by the Poor-Law Guardians, and her weekly allowance was withdrawn. Efforts were made to have it restored, but were unsuccessful. This was a calamity to the old woman, yet it seemed to cause her friends as much anxiety as herself, who alone had to bear the deprivation. On one, who felt a deep sympathy for her, expressing concern for the future, she cheerfully replied, "O, don't be concerned about me: what, does it not say, 'the Lord will provide?' I know He's good, and He'll never let me want. I know He will not." "The Lord" was her "Shepherd;" and she also said, "I shall not want." This strong confidence was sometimes put to a severe strain, yet it never gave way. It did come that "the fig-tree" did "not blossom," and there was no "fruit in the vines; the labour of the olive failed, and the fields yielded no meat; the flock" was "cut off from the fold, and there" was "no herd in the stalls," yet she could still say, "I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God

of my salvation." One day, the dinner-hour had passed, and the family had not tasted food; hunger seemed to be stalking near, and their looks betrayed to the old mother as if they would say, "Where is your faith *now*?" Perceiving this, she said to her daughter, "Don't fear, Mary; don't fear: put on the kettle, I *know* the Lord is good, and *He knows* we are in want; He'll never suffer us to starve: I know He will not." The kettle was put on the fire, and while in silence they were looking at each other, a man entered the door with a basket of provisions, sent by a person who resided a short distance from them, who, a little time before, had a sudden impression that this family was then in want of food, and could not rest till a messenger was sent with a supply. Betty could express no thanks but to the Lord: she at once desired all to kneel down, and "thank Him for it," before they were allowed to partake.

In the midst of similar trials and discomfort, she was always the cheerful Christian, seeking to encourage and help others on in their earthly pilgrimage. Full of kindness and sympathy for them, she seemed to forget her own cares and sorrows; always full of blessing, thankfulness, and praise to the God of all her mercies. One day in walking out a short distance into the country, she was met by one who knew her, and who, observing her feeble step and attenuated frame, began to express sympathy in his inquiries about her health. Not giving any reply to this, she fixed on him a look of inexpressible pleasure, and said, "O, Sir! I was just thinking what a beautiful world this is, and how good the Lord is: look at those trees, how beautiful they are; and these flowers, how sweet they are; and all this, you know, is sent for us to enjoy. O, how good the Lord is!" "The pure in heart shall see God." Here she saw His hand; her ear could also hear His voice, and promptly echoed to it in thankful song. Love was become the ruling power, and she could with Wesley sing,—

"O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:" &c.

Her love to God's house was remarkable. She would find entrance by one of the transept-doors of the chapel, full half, and often three quarters, of an hour before the time of service. On one of the free-seats, near the vestry door, she always took her accustomed place, apparently unconscious of everything else but holding communion with God; and long before many had entered the place, Betty had reached the upper sanctuary, and was commingling in the songs of the redeemed around the throne. Neither bodily weakness, extreme age, nor frost, nor snow, nor rain, were ever allowed to prevent her embracing this cherished privilege. Although one of the poorest of Christ's flock, she never omitted the weekly offering at the class. She did not look at this as *paying* for membership; it was a free spontaneous offering to God, and it was done to Him, and to Him *alone*. She looked upon this as belonging to God; and He must have His own. On one occasion the Leader, who well knew her case, said, "Betty, I know you cannot spare this *now*." She, with great feeling, replied, "I know I cannot; but I will go without a meal, rather than not give my penny. O! yes, my blessed Saviour: only think what He's done for me; and shall I not do *this* for Him?" In this she persevered to the last.

Her experience became very rich and happy; every grace seemed fully matured; and her relation of it, at our weekly meetings, was made very useful and encouraging to others. One day, as the Leader was speaking to the members, she addressed her, but it was not observed; she seemed to be wrapped in thought, her hands clasped, and her eyes closed. After a short interval, the solicitation to speak was repeated, which

caught her ear. She calmly said, "I am patiently waiting till my change comes. I am very near the gate, and I am expecting there will soon be a call for me, I feel it will not be long." And in this her anticipation was realized. In a few days she took her bed: her sufferings were short: Divine comfort and grace were sufficient. To the last she was calm, patient, and resigned; there was no fear. To one who visited her, she said, "I am waiting at the gate, and I have nothing to do but to enter in." At length the expected summons came, and she joyfully closed her pilgrimage in the ninety-first year of her age.

"The winter of trouble was past;
The storms of affliction were o'er;
Her struggle was ended at last,
And sorrow and death were no more."

There are others who have also, as well as those whose cases have been mentioned, at an advanced period of life been gathered into the fold of Christ; and have also departed leaving a pleasing assurance, by their dying testimony, that they also "sleep in Jesus." A goodly number of very aged persons are now found enrolled on the class-paper, whose names, I believe, are written in the book of life. These meet together once a week, and greatly enjoy this social means of grace: they are not easily prevented, however unpropitious the weather, from coming together to sing and to pray, and to tell of the Lord's goodness.

The object of this paper is not for display. It is believed there are very many, both men and women, of this class of persons among the poor, who might be brought under religious influence. The poor are the heritage of the church, and them "ye have always with you." But we must remember the good to be done is left to *individual effort*; and if we can go and seek these wanderers, relieve their temporal wants, and try to ameliorate their condition by acts of kindness, we may gain access to their hearts, and lead them to Christ, who will say of such labours at the great day of account, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

A NIGHT SCENE AT ARRABEH.*

ARRABEH is one of the best walled towns in Palestine; but is almost unknown to travellers, being out of the usual route. The houses all looked like small castles; they are square, and with parapets round their flat terraced roofs. We went direct to the residence of Mohammed Bek Abdul Hady, the Governor of the town. His house, like all Moslem town-houses, was divided into two distinct parts: the men occupying one part, called the divan; and the ladies living in the other, which is called the harem. . . . .

I found that all the ladies, and children, and servants, were to sleep in the same room with me! . . . . They made no change in their dress for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright-coloured clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood round me till I said "Good night:" they all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, I got into bed, and turned my face towards the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself for sleep, though I heard the women whispering together. When my head had rested about five minutes on the soft red-silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying, very gently, "*Ya habîbi!*" that is, "O beloved." But I would not answer directly; as I did not wish to be aroused unnecessarily. I waited a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and the voice said, "Miriam speak to us; speak Miriam, darling!" I could not resist

* *Domestic Life in Palestine.* By Mary Eliza Rogers. London: Bell and Daldy, 1862. Crown 8vo. Pp. 416.

any longer; so I turned round, and saw Helweh, Saleh Bek's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, "What is it, sweetness? what can I do for you?" She answered, "What did you do just now, when you knelt down, and covered your face with your hands?" I sat up, and said, very solemnly, "I spoke to God, Helweh!" "What did you say to Him," said Helweh. I replied, "I wish to sleep: God never sleeps. I have asked Him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep remembering that He never sleeps, and wake up remembering His presence. I am very weak, God is all-powerful; I have asked Him to strengthen me with His strength." By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on my bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learnt the Lord's Prayer by heart in Arabic, I repeated it to them, sentence by sentence, slowly. When I begun thus,—"Our Father, which art in heaven," Helweh directly said, "You told me your father was in London." I replied, "I have two fathers, Helweh. One in London, who does not know that I am here, and cannot know till I write and tell him; and a heavenly Father, who is with me always, who is here now, and sees and hears us. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil, if we listen to Him and obey Him."

For a moment there was perfect silence; they all looked startled, and as if they felt that they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, "What more did you say?" I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, "Give us day by day our daily bread," they said, "Cannot you make your bread yourself?" The passage, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," is particularly forcible in the Arabic language; and one of the elder women, who was rather severe and relentless-looking, on hearing it, said, "Are you obliged to say that every day?" as if she thought sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, "Are you a Moslem?" I answered, "I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, who is the One only God, the God of all, my Father, and your Father."

They asked me if I knew the Koran; and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, "Do you know that?" I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes, very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out, "The English girl is a true believer," and the impressionable Abyssinian slave-girls said, with one accord, "She is indeed an angel."

Moslems, both men and women, have the name of Allah constantly on their lips, but they do not appear to realize the presence and power of God, or to be conscious of spiritual communion with Him. Their common greetings are touching and beautiful words of prayer and thanksgiving, varied with poetic feeling and Oriental sentiment, to suit any occasions. But their greetings after all, seem to me only to express politeness, good-will, or affection, as the case may be. Even as the old English, "God be with you!" has lost its full significance; and more, it has even lost its sound, clipped as it is into a common-place "Good-bye."

The Moslem ejaculations before and after eating, and during the performance of ablutions, though beautiful and appropriate, are now merely like exclamations of self-congratulation, without reference to any superior or unseen power. And the regular daily prayers, so scrupulously said by men, though generally neglected by women, are reduced to ceremonial forms: while the words uttered are, in many instances, sublime and magnificent.

If this my notion be correct, it will explain why these women were

so startled, when in answer to Helweh's question, I said, simply and earnestly, "*I spoke to God;*" for that took them by surprise, and gave them the idea that the words were really heard. Whereas, if I had answered in commonplace language, such as, "I was saying my prayers;" or, "I was at my devotions;" probably they would not have been impressed in the same way; though they might have wondered that a Franji should pray at all to their God. One of the women remarked that no people except Moslems ever prayed to the one true God.

After talking to them some time, and answering, as clearly as I could, their earnest, shrewd, and childlike questions, I said, "Good night" once more. So they kissed me, and smoothed my pillow.....

When Helweh saw that I was awake in the morning, she called out to the boys to clear the doorway; and a group of women, shrouded in white sheets, (who had been waiting in the court outside,) entered. They were neighbours who had been paying visits of congratulation to the young mother whom I had seen on the previous night; and they had been invited "*to come to hear the English girl* speak to God."

My garments were examined very curiously, and I had very much more assistance than I required in making my toilette. When I was dressed, Helweh said, "Now Miriam, darling, will you speak to God, that the women, our neighbours, may hear?" So I knelt down, saying, "God, the one true God, is the Creator and Father of all; and those who seek Him truly shall surely find Him." Then I prayed in a few simple words, that He would keep us in continual remembrance of Him. That we might feel His presence, and that He would write His law in our hearts, and lead us to seek earnestly to understand and to obey His will concerning us. That we might be inspired to love Him more and more, with a trustful and reverential love, and live in harmony with all people.

After a pause, I said, "Will you say 'Amen' to that prayer?"

They hesitated, till Helweh exclaimed, "Amin, Amin!" and then the others echoed it.

.....With regret I took leave of my warm-hearted friends of the harem. They said, "Go in peace, and return to us again, O, Miriam, beloved."

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLICAN.

No. III.

HEROD Antipas sought to see Jesus, as he would have hired any conjuror, that he might be astonished by His performances. The Galilean mob flocked after Jesus, gaping with a double hunger; to stare at His miracles, and feed on His victuals. But those devout Greeks were seekers of another fashion, who came to Philip with their, "Sir, we would see Jesus." And this Publican is an inquirer of like sort; for he goes not to marvel at what Jesus may do, or to join in the greedy scramble for what Jesus may give, but to find out who Jesus is. He certainly has not faith, for he knows nothing to believe in; but he is willing to know, and thus so far ready to believe.

Indeed herein Zacchæus the publican has the advantage of Nicodemus the pharisee, though he also was an honest seeker, who used his own method of getting out of the crowd to see Jesus. But he had a great deal of knowledge to unlearn before he could begin to be wise unto salvation; and hence the Saviour's first lesson had almost upset him. Those beggars fare best with Jesus who go with empty wallets. Such a one was our publican.

Knowing the way which Jesus will take, Zacchæus runs on ahead to get before the crowd, and climbs a tree to get above them.

Had that sycamore—with a branch

just in reach of the little publican's hand—grown there for this very end? No doubt of it. Yet not for this only. It had its own part to fulfil in the world besides, even to perform, among the trees, the offices of a tree, and to serve its day as a sycamore, doing and yielding all that is required of a sycamore. But above all this, it had, as we use to say, a special mission; and when Zacchæus wanted an observatory from which to see Jesus, there it was, just at the right place, and where it had been getting itself ready for him for years past. Hence let all plain roadside sycamores learn that they may glorify God, albeit they are not mountain cedars; for, verily, it is a grand thing, for man or tree, to have helped one seeker to see Jesus. Moreover, let every seeker take heart in the assurance, that for him who honestly wishes to know Jesus, the best means to this end are always at hand.

Many times had Zacchæus passed that very tree, and found comfort beneath its broad shade. Perhaps, in his earlier days, he had eaten of its little, homely figs. Henceforth the sight of this tree will be to him a memorial of Jesus; just as you, who have heeded the call which Zacchæus was to hear, know of certain places and objects, which always help to remind you of Jesus, by reason of their having witnessed His great mercy to you.

We are too ready to judge of our circumstances only by their lowest value, prizing them according to the amount of earthly advantage which they furnish; whereas, every one, if we were wise in its use, would become a way to the better discovery of our Saviour. In everything we need grace: let us make everything a plea for seeking grace; so shall we learn to esteem our circumstances, not so much for the shelter and comfort found beneath them, as for the sight they give us of Jesus when we climb them.

Still, as it was not every sycamore that would have served the publican's turn, in the enterprise he had then in hand,—for Jesus "was to pass that way,"—so there are certain means by which we can reckon upon getting a specially good view of the Lord, and concerning which men can say confidently, "He will pass this way." The time is far better spent in betaking ourselves to these means at once, than in debating about the probability of being blessed elsewhere.

Now Zacchæus is in his place, and yonder comes the crowd towards him. He cannot be long ere he find Jesus, for the eyes of all the people show him the way; and he may well commend his own forethought, which has already gained for him all he desired. It will not be hearsay with him any more; for has he not now, with his own eyes, seen Jesus who He is? But what is his astonishment, when he becomes aware that he himself is found by the eyes of Him whom he sought. He came not for this. He sought to see Jesus, and Jesus sees *him*. He sought to see Jesus who He was; and Jesus already knows who *he* is, and calls him by name. What a surprise is here!

Those who know the Lord will not wonder at all this; for they declare that He is wont to deal thus with all seekers, and that His earnest love cannot abide to check itself at the limit of their desire. Of a truth, it would go hard with us, if we had to live on only so much grace as the measure of our scanty prayers would hold: but His way is "to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." And His love is so on the alert to bless, that, try as we may, we shall never get beforehand with Him, so as to prevent His saying, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." The starving runaway cannot get to the Father's door to beg a crumb of comfort, ere Love comes running out with a feast to meet him. The first light of hope in the seeker's soul

comes from the discovery that he himself has been sought.

A creeping criticism, which cannot climb out of the road-dust to see Jesus, will have it that some one told Him who and what sort of man he was that had climbed the tree to see Him. But this knowledge did not reach Jesus at secondhand. He who saw and knew Nathanael under the fig-tree, may well know Zacchæus in the sycamore.

You and I can scarcely wonder that He knows us. He has reason to know those who have cost Him so much. Yet His is not the vindictive memory of a creditor, begrudging the debt. The fittest emblem this world can furnish of His remembrance, is a mother's love, baptized with anguish. But even this fails. "Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands."

How can this be, great Saviour? I look on those holy palms, in their uplifted intercession, and see nothing there but the scars of the cruel nails. Now I understand it: my name, my sinful name is graven there with the nail-points of His sacrifice, and I can never see myself to be so much a sinner as there, where I see myself to be redeemed.

It was a great favour to be seen and accosted by Jesus in so open a manner. But this is only the beginning of His goodness, for when He speaks, He has something to say for the great advantage of those who hear. He does not wait for any change to make His way easier, but takes us in hand just as we are, and begins by calling us in our own name of "sinner." Such name might well stand at the head of an impeachment, or begin the Judge's sentence; but He to whom all judgment is committed, makes it the preface to His richest bounties, and calls the sinner only to invite him to be blessed.

Yet here, His invitation sounds like a command: "Zacchæus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." Those who are used to obey His commands always find that, in everyone, while He seems to require, He really gives; and that, in bidding the sinner do His will, He indeed bids Himself to the sinner's home.

In this short speech to the publican, the Lord utters almost as many lessons as words. Thus, to begin: "*Make haste.*" His bidding bides no delay. His "Now" is always the best time. Some rich fruits are so delicate, that, unless they be plucked just at the very time of ripeness, they begin thenceforward to lose their excellency. So is it with the offers of Jesus; and not only at the beginning of our intercourse with Him, but ever afterwards. As all His gifts are fitted and timed so as most effectually to meet our wants, we shall surely fare best when we meet His watchful readiness to bless, with a thankful promptness to receive.

And who are we that we should ever keep Him waiting, or balk His loving purpose by our unready disregard? Is it meet or comely that the Lord should tarry for our convenience? Seeing our jeopardy, and longing to be a Saviour to us, His love is peremptory; yet, as though there were nothing less important, how heedlessly have we heard His "Make haste;" how long a delay in our decision, not through much deliberation, but great carelessness.

"Make haste, *and come down.*" The tree has served its purpose. Zacchæus has gained much by climbing it, but he would lose more by staying there, when Jesus has called him to come down. It is quite possible to make too much of our sycamore, and to get so much satisfaction from the means we use, as not to care about stirring further. The climbing was a way to the seeing; but the seeing is also a way to something yet better. He who, refusing to

being greater sinners than we are,—to flatter and deceive ourselves with that! He drowns as surely who has his head beneath one inch of water, as he who, with a millstone hung round his neck, has sunk a hundred fathoms down. Let the strain of the tempest come, and the ship that has one bad link in her cable as certainly goes ashore, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks, as another that has twenty bad. It is, no doubt, by repeated strokes of the woodman's axe that the oak, bending slowly to fate, bows its proud head, and falls to the ground; and it is by long dropping that water hollows the hardest stone. But those who speak of great and little, of few or many, sins, seem to forget that man's ruin was the work of one moment, and of one sin. The weight of only one sin sank this great world into perdition.

THE POWER OF MONEY.

MONEY, no doubt, is a power; but a power of well-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick-bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a cloud of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not an accusing conscience; it will pay some debts, but not the least one of all your debts to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt,—the terrors that crown the brows of death. He stands as grim and terrible by the dying bed of wealth as by the pallet of the poorest beggar, whom pitiless riches has thrust from her door. And when death, seizing him by the throat, has flung the worldling on his back, and, lying on the edge of the grave, he finds "all is vanity" that he has toiled and sinned for, as his hold relaxes, and the world slips away from his grasp, and he falls back, shrieking, into a lost eternity, this voice comes sounding from the throne of God,—"Thy calf hath cast thee off."

RECONCILATION.

I HAVE seen the sun set on a troubled sea, where the billows burst in white foam on rocky headlands, and roared in thunders on the beach; and to-morrow the same sun set on the same sea, smooth as a glassy mirror. A change as great, and in as short a time, has passed on the soul of Jacob. Yesternight was spent in an agony of prayer; and this night he lays his head in sweet peace on its pillow. He has been pressed to Esau's bosom; the long estranged brothers have looked each other in the face; have embraced, have kissed each other, and wept together; and, buried in one grave Esau's wrongs and Jacob's crimes—being enemies, they were reconciled.

THE BELIEVER'S TRUST.

SAVIOUR, to my soul more dear,
For the conflict waged within;
Trusting Thee, I cast out fear,
Thou the victory wilt win.
I can wait till Thou shalt come,
I can bear all Thou wilt send;
Conflict is my pathway home,
But the road shall have an end.

What though Satan hem me round,
While a pilgrim here I go,
And my baffled feet confound,
Till the path they scarce may know!
What though he on wings pursue
Of the fiery Law to tell;
Bringing all my guilt to view,
Threatening me with death and hell!

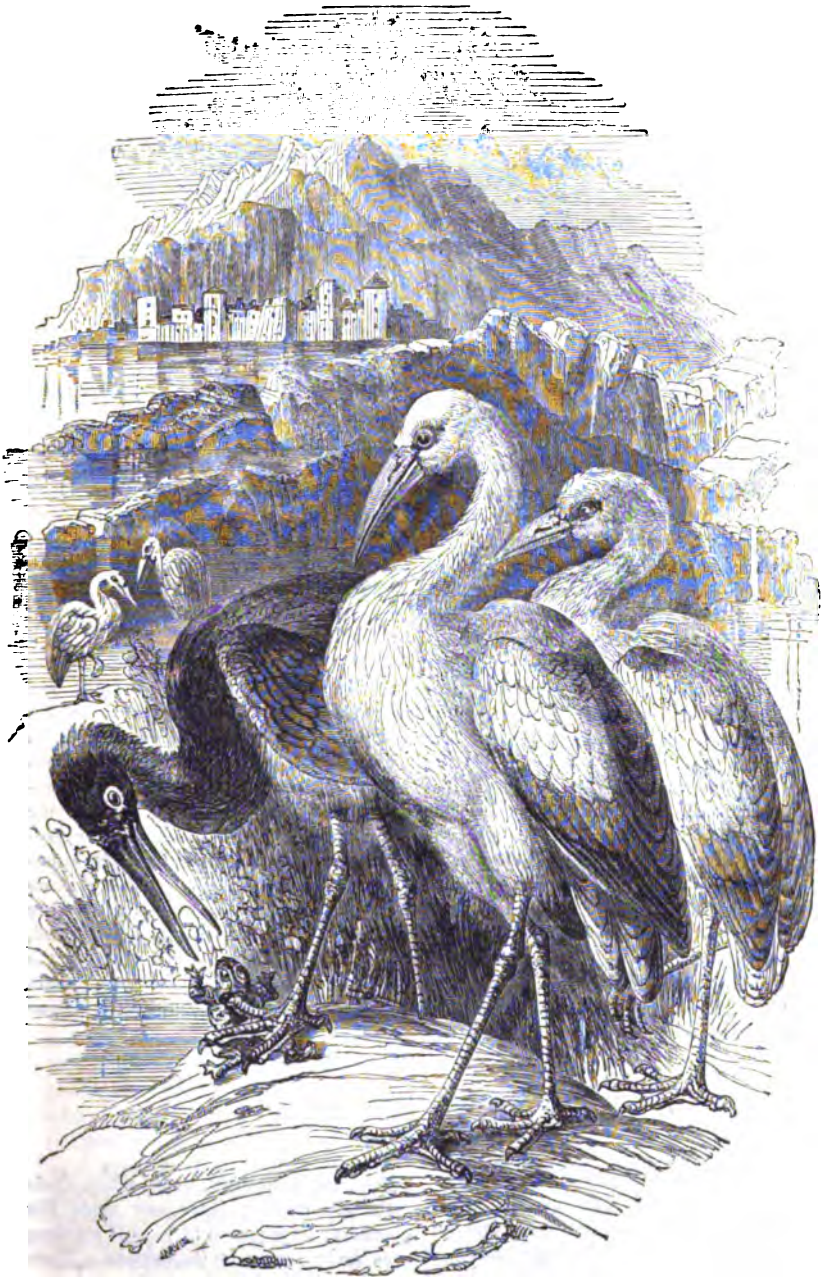
I shall reach the Promised Land;
Thither I approach to-day;
If I sometimes doubting stand,
One who loves me knows the way.
I can wait till He shall come,
I can bear all He will send;
Trials lead His children home,
And the road shall have an end!

The Zoology of the Bible.

STORKS.

In Egypt, says Rae Wilson,* the stork was held as the emblem of a dutiful child. The Hebrew name signifies "pious," or "benign." Storks feed on vermin, and are useful in destroying locusts. They build their nests upon the tops of houses in the country, and are under no kind of

* *Travels*, vol. ii.



fear, or apprehension, of being dislodged. No such act, indeed, is contemplated by the inmates of any dwelling to which they resort. There nests are formed of dry twigs of trees, and so large as to appear like small faggots. The noise of these birds is a sort of chatter; and when they join in chorus, the sound is similar to

that of a watchman's rattle. If their flight is high, and they are silent, and in regular order, it is a sign of approaching fine weather; if, on the contrary, they proceed in disorder, or return with cries, it announces wind. They perch not only on the roofs of houses, but on the tops of the highest trees; and shun the noise and bustle of towns; are familiar like sparrows, and their annual migration is similar to that of swallows, which has not escaped the observation of the prophet. They pay a visit about March, and arrive during the night; and in October they depart again, when they assemble together, and set out in a body.

Dr. Shaw saw the stork returning in such numbers near to, or over, the Holy Land, as could not but attract his notice when he was on the coast of that country. "I saw," he writes, "in the middle of April, 1722, (our ship then lying at anchor under Mount Carmel,) three flights of storks,—some of which were more open and scattered, with larger intervals between them; others were closer and more compact, as in the flights of crows and other birds,—each of which took up more than three hours in passing by us, extending itself, at the same time, more than half a mile in breadth. They were then leaving Egypt, (where the canals and ponds that are annually left by the Nile were become dry,) and directed themselves towards the north-east." The expression, "stork in *the heaven*," points out the *manner* in which this bird flies in its passage; whereas many birds come and go in a more private and concealed manner.

"Prodigious flights of storks were flying about, having very large outstretched wings. Their beaks and legs were of considerable length, and they flew together in a circular figure. Although ranked among unclean birds, they are supposed to be unrivalled among the feathered tribes for an affectionate and amiable disposition; they are exceedingly tame, and may be considered as domestic birds, and are further described as an emblem of filial affection.

'Because when age has seized, and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly.'"

It is curious to know that in Fez there is an hospital, to which funds have been bequeathed for the nursing of sick cranes and storks, and for burying them when dead. By the Jews, on the contrary, the stork is held in abhorrence, being classed by the Jewish Lawgiver among the unclean birds, probably because it feeds on serpents and other venemous animals, and rears its young with the same kind of food.

The stork's fondness for building her nest in the highest trees of the forest, and especially in the fir-tree, when it is equally suitable to her purpose, is referred to by the Psalmist in Psalm civ. 17. Jeremiah alludes to its "appointed" time of migration in chap. viii. 7; and by applying to it the words "in the heaven," he probably intends to express both the astonishing rapidity of its flight, when it starts for distant regions, and the amazing height to which it soars. It is, indeed, beyond almost any other, a bird "in the heaven," journeying on the very margin of ether, far above the range of the human eye.

Nature and Art.

THE AGE OF TREES.

THERE are trees older than the Advent of Him who brought our "life and immortality to light." The age known in some instances to have been attained by the cypress-tree, is 803 years; by the palm, 1,000; by the lime-tree, 1,100; by the oak, 1,500; by the cedar, 2,000.* Some of those very olive-trees, under whose shade the all-prevalent Intercessor made His oratory, are supposed to be still standing on the spot taken for Gethsemane. There are many things we might find it harder to credit than this. But what shall we say of that faithful companion of the tombs, the yew? There is a yew-tree at Hedsor, in the county of Buckingham,

* Loc H. Grindon.

supposed to be nearly 3,200 years old. More than this. Trees there are, with odd names we need not mention, which are believed to have reached a longevity of between four and five thousand years. And a celebrated naturalist* regards it as probable, that some of the locust-trees in the South-American forests, may have begun their existence in the days of Homer's song. What satires are these upon you and me! There are the trees, but where, O where are the planters? I confess, says an eloquent Preacher, that nothing reduces what self-conceit is left in me, more effectually, than looking at an aged elm, or oak, or yew. What a poor, frail, perishing creature, one seems by its side. Well might the patriarch Job have exclaimed, specially if he had the knowledge of these things, "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

* Von Martius.

WILD OATS.

We are more familiar with wild oats in a moral than in a botanical sense; yet in the latter it is an article of no small curiosity. For one thing, it has a self-inherent power of moving from one place to another. Let a *head* of it be laid down in a moistened state upon a table, and left there for the night, and next morning it will be found to have walked off. The locomotive power resides in the peculiar *awn* or spike, which sets the grain a-tumbling over and over, sideways. A very large and coarse kind of wild oats, brought many years ago from Otaheite, was found to have the ambulatory character in uncommon perfection. When ordinary oats are allowed by neglect to degenerate, they acquire this among other characteristics of wild oats.

Methodism in former Days.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Mrs. Fletcher to Mrs. Crosby.

[Mrs. Crosby died in Leeds, in 1804. For many years she expounded the word of God, like her friend Mrs. Fletcher, and with great success. So early as 1761, Mr. Wesley thus wrote to her: "Hitherto, I think you have not gone too far. You could not well do less. I appprehend all you can do more is, when you meet again, to tell them simply, 'You lay me under a great difficulty. The Methodists do not allow of women preachers; neither do I take upon me any such character; but I will just nakedly tell you what is in my heart.' This will, in a great measure, obviate the grand objection, and prepare for J. Hampson's coming. I do not see that you have broken any law. Go on calmly and steadily. If you have time, you may read to them the 'Notes' on any chapter before you speak a few words; or one of the most awakening sermons, as other women have done long ago." The following reference to Mrs. Crosby, by the excellent Mrs. Frances Pawson, will be interesting to your readers: "Her memory will be dear to me for ever: though dead she seems still talking to me, and a number of her sayings crowd on my remembrance. I hope never to be satisfied till the truths she used to enforce be fully written on my heart. Few excelled her in Christian simplicity. Mrs. Mortimer used to say, that she could descend to the capacity of a child, and then rise again to expatiate on the deep things of God, with those who had attained the highest state of grace. But in point of sympathy, she surpassed all I ever knew. She could so enter into the feelings and concerns of others, as to fulfil the precept, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' O how my soul has been blessed under her addresses to the throne of grace, when wrestling with God for the flock! She used to begin prayer with the simplicity of a little child, and then rise to the language of a mother in Israel. Thus she prayed with the Spirit, and with the understanding; and the triumph of her

death corresponded with the glory of her life." Mrs. Fletcher's praise is in all the churches. May these Letters be rendered a blessing to your readers. D.]

"*January 4th*, 1781.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Your kind letter being missent by mistake, only reached me on Saturday. Just then a brother from Birmingham had called on a visit: I therefore packed up the books directly, and sent them, with a line, to Mr. Benson, to whom I was then writing a letter. There is nothing in the parcel but two volumes for yourselves, and two for Mr. Downes, and a little parcel for David Dean. He applied in behalf of Rev. Gibson and John Coats, for whom I have sent him a trifle. He will, I believe, call on you for it. I am thankful dear sister Tripp is better; and as yet I do not see what you can do but wait on the Lord, till He further opens your way. I have now heard from Miss Ritchie, whose account is much the same as yours: if we are but in the order of God, it matters not where, nor what. His will makes our duty and delight; and we will stand still to see His salvation. So poor sister Charlesworth has escaped away. O how my heart does praise the Lord in behalf of those who, through faith and patience, already inherit the full promise; and, glory be to Him! who in a measure hath made even us meet to be partakers with them of that inheritance. These words have been much in my mind of late, 'The times of refreshing are coming from the presence of the Lord.' Some drops we have indeed, and my soul longs, pants, and waits in expectation of a shower, both in my own soul and others. A gentleman with me to-day, much given up to the study of the prophecies, observed on the remarkable signs of the times; the way which is, and has been for some time, made for the Protestants by the Emperor; the continual sinking of the priests in the eyes of the people, and many more circumstances than I can here have room to observe, and, which, in his late travels abroad he had been witness to. He expressed his belief that some grand prophecies were now on the eve of accomplishment, and that the church would soon have close and severe trials. I think there is much reason in what he says; but, for my own part, I see no prospect as near as I do that of eternity. All that stirs us up to watch and pray will do us good, and no harm. My soul is pained for Taylor. O how glad should I be to hear, by some striking judgment, that he was awakened and brought to God! I once had a promise for him, I think a few months ago, but indeed I can scarce hold it. I am truly thankful poor dear Maria is gone in peace. They wrote me an account of her death, as also of her finding the Lord. Before that Thursday night we had an uncommon storm of wind and lightning, but no thunder. Some chimneys here, at a grand house, fell down, and our house seemed to rock as a cradle; but I felt a sweet composure, and we three lay very quiet; and, glory be to God! not a brick fell. From London there is frightful accounts of it. One of our neighbours being on a journey that night, the thunder and lightning was so terrible they could hardly get the horses along that drew their carriage. It is very uncommon at this time of the year. It is a great mercy you live above the flood. I am daily thankful for His goodness to our house. Surely He hides us in the shadow of His hand. O let us praise Him more than ever! I have wrote to B—— to send this month. Taylor complains hard of the expense of the child's illness. I have told them, when I send the next ten guineas, besides what pays you for his quarter, there will be two guineas for his wife. I cannot send it any sooner. There is twenty pounds still owing in our bank here, which I suppose will fall on me. We have greatly enlarged that of the dole yet unpaid for. If anyone asks you, the books are sold at Eddrews, Shrewsbury, and Longman, Paternoster-row, London. Price 7*s.* a set. I have got some complaint in my right thumb, which makes it painful and very difficult to write so as to be read; indeed both hands are very feeble; but all is well. O the will of God! what sweet rest in that will. I suppose S. Tripp has taken care, by Will, to secure it from her relation should she be called, to leave it properly. The Lord orders all things well, but we should use all the prudent care we can. Sally is well, and much alive: she

joins in love to you both. I believe I told you my niece was married to a lad abroad: I trust a pious person. A gentleman, lately come over, says, "They have got the name of Methodists throughout the place." He gave me a good account. "I am, dear Friends,

"Yours affectionately,

"MARY FLETCHER."

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes.

AN INCIDENT IN A CORNISH MINE.

DEEP down in the shaft of a Cornish mine, two miners were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their work, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was as much as the man at the windlass could manage; and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Whilst they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long; so he took a couple of stones, one flat and the other sharp, to cut it shorter. He did cut it off the right length; but at the same moment it kindled, its flame reaching the combustibles which joined the train of gunpowder. And the two men were still below!

Both shouted vehemently to the man above at the windlass. Both sprang at the basket. But the windlass-man could not move the double weight.

Sudden and terrible death hung over them both; when one of them generously resigned himself. "Go aloft, Jack," said he, and sat down quietly. "In one minute I shall be in heaven."

The basket bounded upwards. The explosion followed instantly. Jack's face was blackened as he looked down. He was safe above ground: but what of the man who had saved him?

At length all was still. One by one they eagerly descended, dreading to find only the shattered remains of poor Will. But that God who sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths, that they should not hurt His servant Daniel in their den,—that God who walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning furnace, bringing the breath of life and refreshing with His presence, till they breathed in elemental fire as if it were the bracing air of heaven, and not a hair of their head was singed,—that God was with the miner in his living tomb; and, by His hand of Providence, He caused the rocks to form an arch over him, so that he was found alive, and scarcely injured.

WHAT BELONGS TO GOD, AND WHAT TO US.

AN American Preacher gives the following illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro Preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying God's commands.

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "whateber de good God tell me do in dis blessed book,"—holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-read Bible,—"dat I'm gwine *to do*. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' *troo* it belongs to God: jumpin' *at* it 'longs to *me*."

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the Preacher's hearers.

A FALSE NOTION OF HAPPINESS.

A LAUNDRESS who was employed in the family of a great man, said to him, with a sigh, "Only think, my lordship, how small a sum of money would make me happy." "How little, madam?" said he, "O, my lord, twenty pounds would make me perfectly happy." "Then I will send it you to-morrow, upon the understanding that the amount will make your happiness perfect." "I thank you, and assure you it will," said she, and took her departure. She was no sooner outside the door, than she thought she might as well have asked and received forty; so she stepped back, saying, "*Please make it forty.*" "Ah! I am released," said his lordship; "you have proved that twenty would not make you happy; nor would any other sum."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXX.

"Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I know thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed: and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine. His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury . . . . And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. xxv. 24—30.)

This servant was not punished for spending his master's money; for he returned him the talent which he gave him; but for not improving it as the other servants had done. He was an unprofitable servant, who brought no advantage to his master. And thus, it is plain, men judge of servants. He is a very wicked steward, who embezzles his master's goods; but he is an unprofitable servant that makes no improvement. As thus God will judge of us.

And when we consider how many talents we are entrusted with, it should make us tremble to think what little improvement we make of them. Everything that is improvable to the glory of God is a talent; and if we do not improve it to God's glory, and to do good in the world, it is a talent hid in a napkin, or buried in the earth.

Power must be allowed to be a talent, and a very improvable one; for every degree of power gives men great opportunities of doing good. Some men move in a high sphere, and can give laws to those below them. Their very example, their smiles or frowns, are laws; and can do more for reforming the world than the wisest instructions, the most convincing arguments, the most pathetic exhortations of other men.

Though few men have such power as this, yet most men have some degree of power. Every father and master of a family has. His authority reaches his children and servants; and were this but wisely improved, it would soon reform the world. But how few are there who improve this talent! who use their power to make those who are under their authority obedient to God, which is the true use and improvement of power.

Riches will be allowed to be another very improvable talent; for what good may not a rich man do, if he have a heart to do it? He may be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. And riches are a trust and a stewardship, of which we must give an account. To spend them upon our evil desires, in rioting, luxury, and wantonness, is to waste our Master's goods; and to keep them safe, without doing any good with them, is to hide them in the earth, as the unprofitable servant did his talent. And if we must be judged and condemned for not improving our talent, as our Saviour tells us, rich men ought to examine their accounts, and see what increase they have made of their talent; not how they have multiplied their gold and silver, but what good they have done with it.

Wisdom and knowledge, especially the knowledge of God and of religion, is a very improvable talent; for there is nothing whereby we can advance the glory of God, or do more good to men. To instruct the ignorant, to confirm the doubtful, to vindicate the being and providence of God, to shame and baffle atheism and infidelity, to expound the doctrines and laws of our Saviour, and rescue them from perverse glosses and comments; this makes the glory of God more visible to the world, and serves mankind in their greatest and dearest interests. It feeds their souls with knowledge and understanding, directs them in the way to heaven, and minds them to take care of their eternal state.

This is, indeed, the peculiar charge of the ministers of religion, who are stewards of the mysteries of God; and "it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

But it is a talent which those may have in great perfection who are not by office the guides of souls: and wherever it is, it must be improved and accounted for. We may many times do more service to God, and more good to men, by giving wise and wholesome instruction than by giving alms. This every man who knows enough to take care of his own soul can do in some measure; and this he must and ought to do as well as he can.—*Sherlock on Judgment, pp.* 288—291. *Edit.* 1760.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. VI.

"For God who made this teeming earth so full,
And made the proud dependent on the dull,
The strong upon the weak, thereby would show
One common bond should link us all below."

It is time I was off from Warleigh. "Now then, pull away with the tide, my man, let us make the most of our time; for neither time nor tide, you know, pays any respect to those who miss their opportunity." "Never fear, Sir," said my jolly boatman, "the 'Water-Witch' always wins, Sir; she knows how to run with the stream, when she has no breath upon her, as well as how to bear up against both wind and water; and that's more than can be said of everybody, Sir." Very true, thought I, and my mind was going off into speculations as to the probable number of human philosophers, or even Christian people, who, like the "Water-Witch," could behave themselves with equal consistency, whether in storm or calm, whether with the current or against it. My mental wanderings were checked, however, by a voice which reminded me that freaks of abstraction are not in keeping with the duties of the helm. "Steady, Sir! keep her head right for Maristow!" Maristow! who would not feel the charm of such a landmark? Happy is the man who finds a growing joy in the object by which his course is safely steered. There was the queenly mansion looking down from a bright green slope—

"On the blue margin of the tranquil flood,
——— with all its pomp of trees
Clustering above it."

Lovely Maristow! its romantic beauties seem never to lose their freshness through all changes of summer-tide and winter, light and shade, storm and calm; and yet I never looked at it without having my pleasure tinged a little with disagreeable feeling, on account of its association in my mind with queer vicissitudes of fortune. In old Saxon times it was known as Martinstow, an outlying post belonging to the neighbouring Plympton Priory; a right profitable station, producing fish, fowl, and kine enough to keep the brethren's more active powers in comfortable exercise; while it afforded a fragrant solitude, most favourable for rumination. Nor for many, many years after the reign of Henry the First, did its echoing woods fail to answer the daily chant and song of Augustinian Canons, who kept the ancient chapel in honour of St. Martin de Blackstane. Who or what this saint was, by-the-by, or how, when, or where he got his saintship, I never could find out to my satisfaction; although I have run in and out, and up and down, among the mysteries of the Romish Calendar, until I have been in danger of bewilderment, akin to that of the clueless wanderer through the Catacombs of Rome; or have found myself as close upon final despair as if I were searching into an Irish pedigree, or trying to make out the ecclesiastical lineage of Scotch Sectaries. It has occurred to me, however, that the landed rights of the saint were chartered by the First of our royal Henries; and that by the Eighth they were given to the winds. To the winds, did I say? No, not exactly so; there were too many people at that time on the look out for windfalls; at all events the winds did not get them; they happened to fall into the family lap of the Champernownes; they sold them to the Slannings: their representative, in 1789, was a Heywood, who owed the honour of two visits from George the Third, and his family, to the delicious charms of his domain. Alas, for such charms, however,

their claims stand no chance against those of gold. The delicious retreat was in the market again in 1798, and then it was bought by Sir Masseh Manasseh Lopes. What strange associations gather and float about one, as he tries to repeat the name, "Masseh Manasseh!" One seems to hear the shibboleth of a wandering shade from Old Jewry. And then, there is the chink of "*monish*," while the eye catches visions of fining-pots for the profitable melting of Jew and Gentile into one another, followed by curious scenes of easy forgetfulness, in which everything is forgotten but loans and compound interest upon loans. "Masseh Manasseh!" the very sound tells of mixture between Egyptian and Hebrew blood; of Syrian idolatries within sacred courts; of pride at Jerusalem, and humiliation at Babylon; of sinfulness at large, and repentance in prison. To find a Masseh on the banks of the Tavy, was to be disposed to believe that Manasseh never lost a liking for such things as the mountains and rams of Gilead, the oaks and bulls of Bashan, and the river-side refreshments of Jordan. Masseh Manasseh, and Lopes, too! who could look on the spot where all these names had purchased the fee-simple of a nest for themselves, without thinking that there must have been a subtile mingling of synagogue-life with the politics, the literature, and the blood of old Catholic Spain. Nor is it a little remarkable that one whose name was at once a memorial of Jewish idolatry, and a protest against it, should settle on a spot which, by changing its name from Martinstow to Maristow, had become permanently significant of idolatry among Christians. But stay, my attention is called for in another direction. "What can be the matter yonder, boatman?" "Well, Sir, the gentry here about have given their people a holiday, and they've got up a boat-race, and all sorts of games on the green by the river-side; and a merry time of it they seem to have." "Come then," said I, "let us run in and have a look at them." Our boat soon touched the beach beneath the little headland on which the principal group was gathered; and, under a pleasant salute from a band of horns, to whose music the woods were giving sweet responses, I walked up the slope, and mingled for a few moments with the cheerful crowd. It was a motley assemblage. There was the lord of Maristow and his family. There was the venerable master of Warleigh, sitting in quiet complacency among his neighbours. And there, moving about in happy fellowship, were red-coats and blue-jackets, weather-beaten boatmen and young navigators of the Tavy, river-side villagers in their proudest trim, spruce figures in livery, clod-hoppers in their Sunday-suits, ladies and their maids, dairy-lasses and comfortable specimens of female yeomanry. The sports were manly and healthful. Nor did the mirth break over the bounds of innocent freedom. Indeed, the whole affair appeared to me like a fine contrast to the maudlin, mawkish, soft, and sickly pleasures which too largely sway the masses, amidst the artificial lights and heats of town and city life. One was disposed to hope that the scene before him betokened a slight reaction in favour of those old-fashioned out-door recreations in which English people used to delight themselves, before our country fell under the curse of night dancing-saloons, popular readings, lecture-sweats, gin-palaces, and smoking-rooms. One thing struck me, however, as marking the difference between the *fête*, as some would call it, and a thorough old English merry-making. At one time a general holiday would be hailed as a season of mutual good-will among all classes; affording to prince and tradesman, lord and tenant, citizen and soldier, an opportunity of mingling freely in devotion to hearty enjoyment; but, in this case, the better-most folks seemed to confine themselves mostly to one small space, which was guarded by police from the intrusions of lower orders. "It looks queer," said I to my companion, as we pulled off on our way up the river, "it looks very queer to see policemen stuck up around that bit of a plot, where the gentry stand or sit, as if the ground were too holy for common feet. Now, in ordinary life, I should say every man in his own order, and every man in his place, and all honour to whom honour is due; but if I were enough of a lord to offer anything like a holiday-treat to my poorer neighbours, I would be man enough to trust them without a constable at my back; and, for one day at least, go

in and out among them as a friend." "Ah," said my captain of the "Water-Witch," "'tis all right with you, Sir; but then you see, Sir, our landed lords haven't all got enough of the old stuff in them to keep to the old way of doing things; they haven't pluck enough to bear up against a stiff breeze; they must go with the wind; and the wind blows now only just when and how the great swelling towns like to whistle." "What do you mean, boatman? I don't exactly see your bearing."

"Well, Sir, what I mean is this; in many of the great towns they've lived so fast, and have got up the steam so high, for pushing trade and the like of that, that the glue which holds the many sorts of people together, when things are as they ought to be, gets melted away, and then there must be police to keep them from wild fits and starts, and to see that they do not grate one against another. And a good thing it is too, I dare say; and the best thing that could be done, taking things as they are; for when the hearts of folks are not generally sound enough to touch each other gently, and fit in and cling together for one another's good, they had better be looked after pretty sharply by those who know how to do it."

"Why really, boatman, you seem to know something about town-life, and have studied it a little I should think."

"Well, as to study, Sir, I never did much in that line, I reckon; although I have been in a brown study sometimes, when the 'Water-Witch' has been lying idle, and no gentleman like yourself, Sir, was coming along to give a poor fellow a good turn. But about town-life, I can't say that I myself have seen much of it; nor in that have I been much the loser, you will think, but I go by hearsay. We hear a great deal of all sorts, Sir, as we ply up and down; and from what I can learn from those who seem to know all about the matter, the men who have got the money in the great manufacturing and trading-places, are giving the 'hands' who helped them to get it, a wide berth, as we say; that is, they are working themselves off far away from their work-people; setting up their houses out of town; and showing, by their way of living, that they don't intend to be very near akin to the crowds who are left behind. I don't know whether I can make you understand what I mean, Sir. 'Tis scarcely in my way to talk about such matters."

"Yes, boatman, I see your meaning; and I have sometimes feared that your notions are correct. It has seemed to me that, in too many instances, the employers who have risen into wealth and power, and whose presence, and sympathy, and example, might have some daily influence for good over the masses, are passing out, farther and farther from the centre of business-action and toil, leaving the huddled multitudes to seethe in the great pots of social corruption. But, then, you know, they say in self-defence, and we must hear every man before we condemn him, what is to be done? Are those who have gathered capital by the sweat of their brow never to enjoy the fruit of their labour? Are they for ever to deny themselves the benefit and pleasure of fresh air and rural quietness; when they have the means at command? Must they too stay and seethe in the pot?"

"Well really, Sir, it looks like a hard thing for them, after all; although if they do go and leave the poorer folks altogether in the pot, as you say, there is need enough of police to watch the pot, and keep it from boiling over and damaging things. Nor can anybody wonder, if the rich gentry get away as far as they can."

"Very true, my man, but still it is rather sad to see the working of that discontented and restless spirit which drives people away from the spot in which, after all, they have the deepest interest, and in which their life-task has been successfully wrought; that spirit which keeps them in the uncomfortable and worse than useless position of employers, who are neither resident nor non-resident among the people whom Providence has thrown under their charge. A man may long for rest, and pine for quietness in a country-life; if so, let him know when he has enough to secure the desired enjoyment, and retire to it; leaving those who are prepared for business-action to try their hand, and take their turn. It is the ceaseless grasping and groping after more, that keeps employers uneasy in themselves, and unfits them for the joyous duty of wise and large-hearted attention to the

true welfare and comfort of the operative classes. I should like to see some tokens of return to the fashion of times, when, though rich citizens and merchants might have their country retreats, they were still known, somehow, as residents among their people; when their town mansions seemed to shelter the work-people's homes, and to do them honour too; while those by whose labour they gathered their capital learnt to be cheerful under the feeling that masters and men were fellow towns-folk, and had kindred hearts, as well as united interests. But enough of that, you and I have fairly talked ourselves into the mists of town-life; let us breathe a bit, and enjoy this lovely river. Now then, away she goes! Well done, little 'Water-Witch!'"

Battle-Bridge. X.

The Monitor.

SKILL IN WINNING SOULS.

A PROUD, passionate man once moved into the neighbourhood of a devoted Minister, and began a career of sin which grieved the good, and increased the corruption of the wicked. His avowed purpose to insult any religious person who should presume to address him kept the Minister from calling upon him at once, but did not prevent him from prayerfully watching for an opportunity.

This came sooner than he expected. The wicked blasphemer was stricken down by severe sickness. "I will see him," said the Minister.

"If you do he will insult you," said the friend who had informed him of the man's sickness.

"I will see him nevertheless, and look to God for guidance and blessing," replied the Minister.

Accordingly he called, and was shown into a parlour, where he found the sick man lying on an old sofa. With great kindness he asked after his health, and received curt, almost uncivil, replies. Then, without saying one word of his own respecting religion, he opened his Bible, and said,—

"If you please, I will read to you?"

Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to read the words of Jesus, in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, after which he offered a short, simple prayer, bade the man farewell, and left.

The next day he called again, read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, prayed, and left as before. This was repeated several days. Kindness, appropriate selections from the word of God, prayer, in which the Minister carefully *classed himself with the sick man as needing mercy*, and secret prayer for God's blessing, were the only weapons employed. Now mark the result!

After two weeks the sick man broke down, grasped the Minister's hands, wept, confessed himself a sinner, and said he was a wonder to himself.

"It is of God," replied the Minister. "I have not spoken a word. God has spoken. He has done this."

"Yes," said the man, "I see it now. If you had spoken a single word of your own to me when first you came, or for some time after, I would not have borne it. Weak as I was, I should have tried to turn you out of my house. I was astonished at your daring to come to me. You took me by surprise. I could not be angry when you asked with such kind voice after my health. You read me those beautiful words. I knew they were not your own words, but God's own words; and I was silent. You shut the book, and I thought you would begin to reproach me, and tell me what a sinful wretch I was, and then would be my time to speak; but I looked up and saw you on your knees, and heard you praying for me, and then, without another word, you were gone."

It is enough to add, that this Anak among sinners was soon after converted, and after a short time of devotedness to Jesus, passed through the gate and grave of death, crying, "Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

That this sinner was as a brand pulled out of the burning, by the skill as well as by the fidelity of the Minister, is placed

beyond all doubt by the testimony of the man himself. Faithfulness alone would not have succeeded, but faithfulness joined to skill did the work. Let the worker for souls study this fact carefully, as illustrating the best method of dealing with the impenitent. Perhaps it may give him light on the cause of his own lack of success. He has, it may be, a desire to do good, he labours with sinners patiently, he utters truth in their ears, he depends on the Spirit for success, but he has no evidences of his success. Why? He lacks skill, tact, wisdom. He is not wise to win souls. He needs to study human nature more closely. Give him skill in addition to his present qualities, and he would "slay his thousands" for the Lord.

THE DRY STREAM.

"JOHN," said Isaac to his brother, "do you know that the brook has dried up?"

"No, I do not know any such thing."

"It is dry."

"I saw it running not an hour ago."

"It was dry this morning. I was going to cross over on the fence, but there was no water in the bed of the stream above or below the fence. I heard father say the brook never failed,"

"I know it has not failed."

"That comes very near to saying you don't believe what I say."

The brothers went on disputing till they got very angry. At first, one was sure that the other was mistaken. When they became angry, one was sure that the other had asserted an untruth.

Now, the fact was, that both had spoken the truth. When the stream was low, there was a gravel bank by the fence mentioned by Isaac, through which the water percolated without appearing on the surface. John had seen the water flowing as usual in its channel some twenty rods below the fence.

Men often dispute about things in regard to which they really do not differ. We look at the subject from different points of view. Before you decide that a man is wrong, because he differs from you, see from what point he views the matter.

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER: CHARLES II.: JUDGE JEFFREYS.

IT is interesting to view the good Richard Baxter at Kidderminster, during the period of the Commonwealth. His church numbered about six hundred communicants, and with unwearying earnestness he laboured to distribute the bread of life to the multitudes that weekly flocked to his public service. His pen, too, was ever going. Lifting our eyes from the page on which we are now writing, we count twenty octavo volumes of his practical works alone; but he wrote, perhaps, six times that number, on all possible subjects. Now it was he issued his "Call to the Unconverted," his books on "Crucifying the World," on "Saving Faith," on "Church Government," the "Holy Commonwealth," and many others. In these works are the utterances of strong sense, permeated by the Spirit of the living God; and so deeply convinced are we of their value, that we could rejoice in seeing them the subjects of week-evening discourse in connexion with every Nonconformist church of our day.

Cromwell now occupied that position which has made him, with some, one of God's greatest heroes; with others, one of God's greatest curses; and with many more, an inexplicable perplexity. He, however, let Baxter alone in his Kidderminster glory. The boldness, conscientiousness, and deep religiousness of the Preacher's character, are seen in the extraordinary sermon he preached before the Protector. Some time afterwards he wrote: "If, after so many others, I may speak my opinion of him, I think that having been a prodigal in his youth, and afterwards changed to a zealous religionist, he meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscientious in the chief course of his life, till prosperity and success corrupted him." Here, perhaps, Baxter, like

many other good people, took his opinion of character from mere report rather than from certain knowledge. At any rate, no proof has been adduced of Cromwell's profligacy, and amid all his extravagances he publicly maintained justice, morality, and what he deemed to be for the interest of religion. During that period religion flourished more than many are now willing to admit. There is suggestive significance in Baxter's own language: "I do not believe that England ever had so able and faithful a ministry, since it was a nation, as it hath at this day. O! how many congregations are now plainly and frequently taught, that lived then in great obscurity. How graciously hath God prospered the studies of many young men that were little children in the beginning of the late troubles, so that they now cloud the most of their seniors." Great minds, from thousands of pulpits, poured great truths into heads and hearts strong and eager to receive them. God was nerving those glorious men for the great trial which awaited so many on the memorable St. Bartholomew's Day of 1662.

Without entering into the details of a scheme which Baxter promoted, at this early period, for propagating the Gospel among the American Indians, and which showed him to be, in this respect, far in advance of his age, we next find him as Chaplain to the restored King. England's Monarch had been received with acclamations, to account for which is no purpose of this paper. Baxter preached once before the King, and with Drs. Wallis, Manton, and others, had an audience of His Majesty, and with great simplicity and conscientious fidelity, laid before him a list of their grievances, and the Monarch's duty. The reply of Charles was gracious, and apparently conciliatory. It is, perhaps, impossible to say whether he really desired agreement between the opposite parties, and was prevented by the high Episcopalians; or whether he simply aimed to keep both parties quiet till, secure on his throne, he might safely extend the iron sceptre. However, this led to various conferences between the Bishops and the Pastors of liberty. The King issued a "Declaration," which admitted and promised some of the points contended, but which were evidently never intended to be practically conceded. Baxter, in his upright soul, rejoiced in the prospect of "Royalty with Liberty;" and by intercourse with the Lord Chancellor and leading personages of the day, as well as by means of his ever-active pen, sought to promote union. The Royal party resorted to a scheme by which it was supposed Baxter might be quieted. It is recorded that when the thrilling eloquence of Whitefield filled the land, it was asked by the King, "What can be done to keep Whitefield quiet?" "Please your Majesty," replied the Prime Minister, "Make him a Bishop." Baxter, in the midst of the excitement prevailing, was offered a Bishopric, and the noble letter written by him to the Lord Chancellor, reveals the character of his own intellect and heart, and of the requirements of the party of progress to which he belonged.

The celebrated Savoy Conference now commenced, and the two parties aimed to settle their differences. It was the last attempt to reconcile Churchmen and Dissenters in which the Court and the authorities in the Church took an active part. The principal Bishops of the Church were there: Drs. Frewen, Sheldon, Morley, Sanderson, Cosin, Hinchman, Walton, Laney, King, Stern, and Gauden. On the other side were Drs. Reynolds, Spurstow, Lightfoot, Wallis, Manton, Bates, Jacomb; with Messrs. Baxter, Clark, Cooper, Rawlinson, and Case. The two leading disputants, according to Burnet, were Gunning for conformity, and Baxter on the other side. These two spent much time in argument, to the diversion of the town, which regarded them as a couple of intellectual and religious fencers engaged in disputes that could never be brought to an end, or have any good effect.

Arrived now at the forty-sixth year of Baxter's life, events thicken. Clouds gather. Thunder is heard in the distance. High-Church schemes succeed. Persecution, like a wild demon, cruel but cunning, approaches with hideous visage. Baxter had been deprived of his position at Kidderminster; but, after his refusal of a Bishopric, petitioned to be restored. The King and Clarendon professed to be favourable, but were defeated by Sir

Ralph Clare, and Morton, Bishop of Worcester. For twelve months now the good and heroic Baxter preached in London, and listening thousands received from him the bread of life; while unholy power, and foul-mouthed slander, sought to crush him. In England there were illustrious hosts of God's greatest heroes, who toiled hard on the high places of danger to leave an heritage of liberty and piety to their children. Let no young man fear being designated a Puritan by the Latitudinarians of these modern times.

(*To be continued.*)

The Months of the Year.

JUNE.

"And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough irons mote right well appeare.
Upon a crab he rode, that him did bare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward-yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face."
SPENSER.

COLERIDGE well describes the characteristic of this month, when he terms it "the *leafy* month of June." However forward the season may happen to be, it is not before the commencement of June that we see the trees in their full and rich clothing. The frosty nights in May frequently check their advance; but about this time their foliage becomes fully developed, and they stand before us in all the freshness of renewed youth. June is in our climate the most delightful month in the year: the heat is not excessive, but only sufficient to render our morning and evening rambles full of enjoyment. All that the old poets say of May becomes applicable at the beginning of June. Now, indeed, we may go forth at early dawn and gather hawthorn-blossoms, or tread the dewy mead, and explore the green and shaded lane with impunity: the various productions of the hedges and fields everywhere invite our notice; flowers are scattered in gay profusion about our path, and all the scenes of nature are calculated to please.

The Portfolio.

DECISION.

Two years ago a man was called to decide between preserving his life, and parting with the gains of his lifetime. A gold-digger, he stood on the deck of a ship that, coming from Australian shores had—as some all but reach heaven—all but reached her harbour in safety. The exiles had been coasting along their native shores; and to-morrow, husbands would embrace their wives, children their parents, and not a few realize the bright dream of returning to pass the evening of their days in happiness amid the loved scenes of their youth: but, as the proverb runs, "There is much between the cup and the lip." Night came louring down; and with the night a storm that wrecked ship, and hopes, and fortunes, all together. The dawning light but revealed a scene of horror,—death staring them in the face. The sea, lashed into fury, ran mountains high; no boat could live in her. One chance still remained. Pale women, weeping children, feeble and timid men, must die; but a stout, brave swimmer, with trust in God, and disencumbered of all impediments, might reach the shore, where hundreds stood ready to dash into the boiling surf, and, seizing, save him. One man was

observed to go below; he bound around his waist a heavy belt, filled with gold, the hard gains of his life, and returned to the deck. One after another, he saw his fellow-passengers leap overboard. After a brief but terrible struggle, head after head went down; sunk by the gold they had fought hard to gain, and were loth to lose. Slowly he was seen to unbuckle his belt. His hopes had been bound up in it. It was to buy him land, and ease, and respect,—the reward of long years of hard and weary exile. What hardships he had endured for it! The sweat of his brow, the hopes of day and the dreams of night were there. If he parts with it, he is a beggar; but then if he keeps it, he dies. He poised it in his hand; balanced it for a while; took a long, sad look at it; and then, with one strong, desperate effort, flung it far out into the roaring sea. Wise man! It sinks with a sullen plunge, and now he follows it,—not to sink, but, disencumbered of its weight, to swim; to beat the billows manfully; and, riding on the foaming surge, to reach the shore. Well done, brave gold-digger! Ay, well done, and well chosen; but if "a man," as the devil said, who for once spoke God's truth, "will give all that he hath for his life," how much more should he give all he hath for his soul? Better to part with gold than with God; to bear the heaviest cross, than miss a heavenly crown.—*Dr. Guthrie's "Way of Life."*

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

He who is open, without levity; generous, without waste; secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; bold, without insolence; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical,—is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

MAN'S GREAT WANT.

No men in the world want help like them that want the Gospel. Of all distresses, want of the Gospel cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was; a man may want peace, and yet be happy, as David was; a man may want children, and yet be happy, as Job was; a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Micaiah was: but he that wants the Gospel, wants everything that should do him good. A throne, without the Gospel, is but the devil's dungeon; wealth, without the Gospel, is fuel for hell; advancement, without the Gospel, is but going high to have the greater fall. What do men need that want the Gospel?

They want Jesus Christ, for He is revealed only by the Gospel. He is all in all, and where He is wanting there can be no good. Hunger cannot truly be satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a hungry man do that hath no bread? Thirst cannot be quenched without that living spring, which is Jesus Christ; and what shall a thirsty soul do without water? A captive, as we are all, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Christ Jesus; and what shall the prisoner do without his ransom? Fools, as we are all, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ; without Him, we perish in our folly. All building without Him is on the sand, which will surely fall. All working without Him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without Him have wings, and will fly away. A dungeon with Christ is a throne, and a throne without Christ is a hell. Nothing so ill but Christ will compensate. All mercies without Christ are bitter, and every cup is sweet that is seasoned but with a drop of His blood. He truly is the love and delight of the sons of men; without whom they must perish eternally, for there is no other name given unto them whereby they may be saved. He is the Way; men without Him are Cains, wanderers and vagabonds: He is the Truth; men without Him are liars, like the devil, who was so of old: He is the Life; men without Him are dead, dead in trespasses and sins: He is the Light; men without Him are in darkness, and they go they know not whither: He is the Vine; those that are not grafted in Him are withered branches, prepared for the fire: He is the Rock; men not built on Him are carried away with a flood: He is the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Author and the Ender, the Founder and the Finisher of

our salvation: he that hath not Him, hath neither beginning of good, nor shall have an end of misery. O, blessed Jesus, how much better were it not to be, than to be without Thee! Never to be born, than to die out of Thee! A thousand hells come short of this,—eternally to want Jesus, as men do that want the Gospel.—*Owen.*

EAGERNESS TO SAVE LIFE.

I ONLY wish I saw people as eager to be saved from hell, as I once saw a man to be saved from drowning. It was at yonder ferry. Procrastination, the ruin of souls, was almost his death. The time was up; the bell was rung; the gangway withdrawn; the boat in motion; when, after too many delays, he came running along the pier, and, deaf to the cries of warning, took a bold and desperate spring to catch our bulwark. He caught it, but lost his hold; fell backwards; and went down instantly, engulfed in the roaring sea. Sucked out by the receding wave, he rose to the surface a good way off; and though it was a blessed sight to see his head emerge from the water, every eye was still anxiously fixed on him. He floated on his back, but could not swim; and therefore must soon perish. And he had perished; but that then one, bearing a life-buoy aloft in his hand, came rushing down the pier at the top of his speed. Anxiety was now wound up to the highest pitch. Shall he save him? He stops; and with the spray of the stormy sea flying in his face, takes aim; now he bends like a bow; and then, rising to the spring, with herculean arm he sends the life-buoy spinning through the air, away over the waves, to the drowning man. What a moment of suspense for him; for us, the onlookers! Well thrown by man, and well directed by a watchful Providence, it fell right over his sinking head. With what joy he caught it! How he laid hold of it! Never lover embraced lover with such eager, happy arms. I saw him holding on, pulled from a watery grave; though, would God, that poor sinners, that every man ready to perish, laid hold as eagerly of eternal life! I gave God thanks that he was saved! He might have been damned if he had been drowned. Besides I rejoiced to think, how happy that night his wife and children to have him safe at home; and how bright the home which held a living father, rather than a widow stunned with grief, and children weeping by a cold, livid corpse.—*Dr. Guthrie's "Way of Life."*

Memorials of the Departed.

MARY PARR died at Wheatley, in the Retford Circuit, in the autumn of 1857. Before her conversion she was a very steady girl, and was greatly prized as a domestic servant. She was awakened under the preaching of the Wesleyan-Methodists at Hayton, and, with several others, joined the Society early in 1852. With her whole heart she sought, and, therefore, soon found, the pearl of great price. Her Leader at Hayton, Mr. George Smith, gratefully testifies, that from the time of her beginning to meet in his class, she adorned her profession; ever manifesting great jealousy over her own soul, lest she should become careless about the things belonging to her peace; giving diligence in the use of the means of grace, and furnishing an example of regular attendance at her Class-meeting, where her statement of experience was always satisfactory, scriptural, and expressive of continual peace and prosperity; and taking care, continually, to discharge the duties of the station in which the Providence of God had placed her. It was her daily concern to avoid everything, in word and in deed, that might dishonour the cause of her Saviour; and to do everything in her power to promote His glory. Her motto was, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Her end was peace.

MARY, the wife of Mr. John HOLGATE, of Askham-Richard, in the Tadcaster Circuit, was the daughter of William and Ann Kay, of Marston. Her father was

a devoted Christian for sixty-five years, and his house was the occasional home of the Wesleyan Preachers. Mary retained serious impressions from the training of early youth, and at the age of thirty, was made the subject of spiritual religion. Hers was a joyous and consistent walk. She maintained an active piety; spent much time and labour in raising contributions for Christian missions; and, through a well-supplied Missionary basket, was enabled to present a considerable sum from year to year to the Lord's treasury. In doing and receiving good her happy life glided away, and God blessed her with an eminently peaceful end. "How do you feel?" said a friend to her. "I feel happy" was her prompt reply.

"Not a cloud doth arise
To darken the skies."

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His Name."

"Must I pray for you to get better?" said her husband to her. "Better, no! I have my feet in Jordan. I am half way over the river." "Sing," she said,—

"What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!"

"O I am happy; going in full sail to glory; the port is in view." The last word she was heard to articulate was, "glory;" and when she could only whisper, she whispered, "glory:" her lips moved to within a few seconds of her death, and the word was still, "glory, glory." She died January 20th, 1858, aged sixty.

FEBRUARY 26th, 1858. Died, after a short illness, MR. JOHN LEVICK, at Wiseton, in the Retford Circuit. His first serious impressions (writes one of the friends of his youth, Mr. George Smith) were received during his apprenticeship at Retford, in 1827, under a funeral sermon, preached at the Baptist chapel; which place of worship he for some time continued to attend, very regularly. After a while, persuaded that his comfort and usefulness would be promoted by the change, he connected himself with the Wesleyans, and continued a member of that Society to the end of his days. He was diligent in the use of the means of grace, and much given to prayer in secret for the blessing of God upon them: cheerful and active in the various services, and zealous in the cause of Christ; though, of late years, the distance of his residence from the sanctuary, prevented his doing all he otherwise would have been glad to do. He fell asleep in Jesus; and surviving friends say, as they think of his departure,—

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And dying find my latest foe
Under my feet at last."

DIED on the 2d of September, 1858, FANNY, the beloved wife of Mr. David W. IRWIN, of Portadown, aged thirty-one years. She obtained converting grace when about eighteen years of age, and was shortly afterwards greatly quickened in her Christian course by the sudden death of a brother, to whom she was ardently attached. She was distinguished by a naturally lively disposition and warm affections, which, sanctified by grace, led her to be highly esteemed by those who knew her as a pleasing and profitable companion, and a faithful friend. Few could be found who more intensely loved their immediate connexions, or whose love was more fondly returned; while to the poor her sympathy and aid were largely and constantly extended. Her interest in the cause of God was unchanging, and her attachment to Ministers and others engaged in its promotion, strong; and to them her cheerful hospitality was uniformly afforded. As a wife and mother she was exemplary: "looking well to the ways of her household." Her death was sudden, her recovery being confidently expected to the last. But although her testimony on this account lacked the fulness which it would doubtless otherwise have possessed, it was unmistakably expressive of her continued enjoyment of peace through believing; and enables her surviving and sorrowing friends to rest assured that while to her "to live" was "Christ," "to die is gain."

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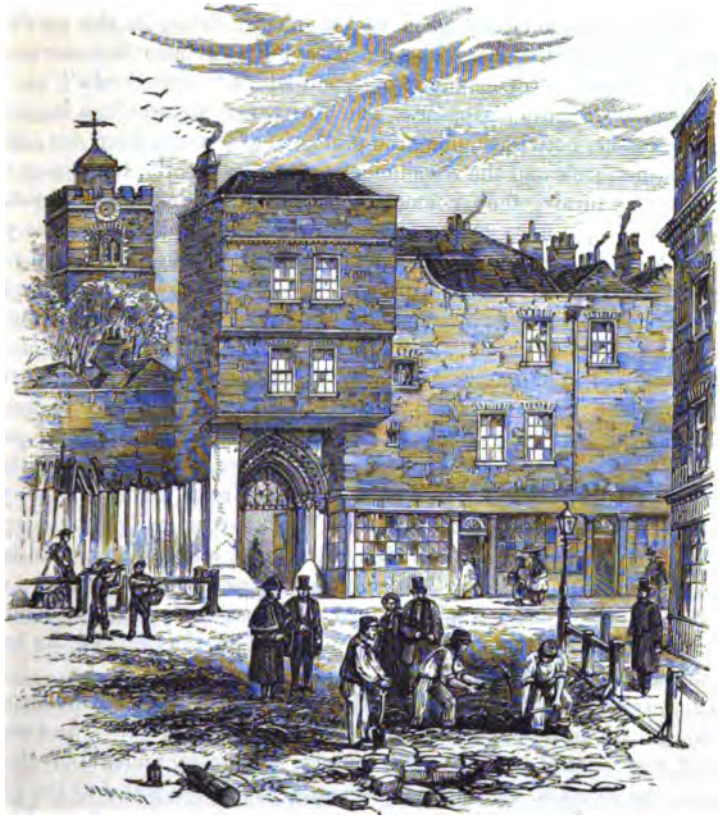

(*The supposed Site of Rogers's Martyrdom.*)

SMITHFIELD.

Country Reader, you have heard of Smithfield and its martyrs many a time. If you wish to visit this celebrated spot, you will find it in the very centre of the great metropolis. A few minutes' walk from St. Paul's Cathedral, or from the General Post-Office, will take you to the place so famous in the history of the Protestant Reformation in England There it is, an open space, a sort of irregular "square," surrounded with buildings, and intersected by a thoroughfare connecting Long-lane with Snow-hill, and along which much of the traffic between Finsbury and Holborn rattles and pours. On either side of this road the space is occupied by the cattle-pens, which have survived the removal of the market some years ago. With the same wooden furniture has Smithfield been supplied for many centuries past. More than two hundred years ago, Milton, in giving his views on "the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church," said of the mercenary Minister: "His sheep ofttimes sit the while to as little purpose of benefiting, as *the sheep in their pens at Smithfield.*" Well, the pens are there still, although their bleating

and lowing occupants are gone to Copenhagen-fields, in the northern suburb of the metropolis. The old decaying structures themselves, on which "roughs" occasionally lounge, and which "street Arabs" use for gymnasia, are soon to disappear. The progress of metropolitan improvement threatens, notwithstanding the protest of a Christian Peer, the patron of Ragged-schools and the friend of the poor man's child, to close up this City *lung*, by turning the far-famed Smithfield into a dead-meat market!

City reader, *you* have many a time passed through Smithfield, or, as you call it, *West* Smithfield; in contradistinction to the other Smithfield near the Tower. Let me take you, City reader, back to the reign of Henry II., some seven hundred years ago. You can scarcely recognise your native London. Listen to an old chronicler of that age: "Without one of the gates, is a *smooth* or *smethe field*, both in name and deed; where, every Friday, unless it be a solemn bidden holiday, is a notable show of horses to be sold. Earls, barons, knights, and citizens repair thither to see, or to buy. There may you of pleasure see amblers pacing it delicately; there you may see trotters fit for men of arms, sitting more hardily; there you may have young horses not yet broken." Fat swine, milch kine, implements of husbandry, &c., were also exposed for sale in the smooth field. "*Field*" indeed! Ah! the hedgerows and green sward are gone; and what used to be a pleasant suburb of old, compassable, manageable London, is now miles from the nearest green field, and in the heart of the heart of the wide-spreading metropolis.

On the south side of Smithfield is the entrance-gate to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. The former, which was founded in the twelfth century, by Rahere, minstrel of Henry II., is the oldest of our medical hospitals, and is celebrated as the place where Harvey, in 1619, first lectured on the circulation of the blood. The church, which, with other objects of interest, contains Rahere's tomb, was originally part of an ancient Priory which stood upon this site. To a Methodist it possesses some interest, inasmuch as its pulpit was frequently open to Mr. Wesley, when the other London churches were closed against him. To the Priory Henry II. granted the privilege of holding a fair at Bartholomew-tide. This was the notorious Bartholomew-fair, which was gradually extended from three days to a fortnight, and became a sort of saturnalia, producing a fearful amount of sin and demoralization. The nuisance grew to such a height, that last century the whole rabble of mountebanks and play-actors were swept out of Smithfield by the Corporation of London.

In the middle ages, Smithfield was the rendezvous where the youth of the City exercised themselves in leaping, shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising their shields. Tournaments, too, to which were gathered the chivalry and beauty of the Norman aristocracy, were sometimes held there, in the presence, and under the patronage, of royalty. But by none of the particulars we have named shall the memory of Smithfield be perpetuated. As suggestive of the persecuting spirit of the Romish Church, and of the heroic martyrdom of Protestant confessors, will it be longest remembered by the Christianity of England.

There were some persons committed to the flames in Smithfield before Mary ascended the throne, by her father Henry VIII. This despotic monarch put both Papists and Protestants to death; the former for not acknowledging the royal supremacy, and the latter for denying the doctrine of the Real Presence. The offence of the Popish sufferers, it will be seen, was political, or politico-religious; the offence of the Protestant martyrs was purely theological. They died in contending "for the faith once delivered to the saints." In the last group of martyrs under Henry, consisting of three persons, was Anne Askew; a woman of education and beauty, who was turned out of doors by her husband for reading the Scriptures. When Bishop Bonner, at the close of a five-hours' examination, told her that she should be burnt, she replied: "I have searched all the Scriptures, yet could I never find, that either Christ or His Apostles put any creature to death." After having been nearly starved in prison, she was put upon the rack, and afterwards carried to Smithfield in a chair, her bones being dislocated by torture; and, whilst the flames that inwrapped her shed their lurid light on the darkened scene, (for it was night,) her spirit ascended triumphantly to heaven.

The number put to death in Henry's reign was small when compared with the number who suffered under the short and sanguinary reign of his daughter, Mary. No fewer than two hundred and eighty-four persons were burned for alleged heresy, during the five years in which this persecuting Queen sat upon the throne. Of these a large proportion were committed to the flames in Smithfield. The first who suffered under her was John Rogers, the editor, and one of the translators, of the "Matthew Bible;" the first authorized English version of the Scriptures. It was on a dreary winter's morning when the proto-martyr of the Marian persecution was conducted from his dungeon in Newgate to the stake in Smithfield. The neighbourhood in the short route was familiar to him. Close by was the church of St. Sepulchre, of which he had been Vicar. Not far off was old St. Paul's, in which he had held a prebendal stall. Near to the Cathedral, and next door to Bishop Bonner's palace, at the corner of Paternoster-row and Ave Maria-lane, was the house in which he had resided with his wife and children. Thousands of spectators, amongst whom were many to whom he had ministered the Word of Life, thronged the way; and, in spite of the guards by whom he was surrounded, mingled with their sighs of sorrow, shouts of joy and thanksgiving to God for the grace by which His servant was sustained. Count Noailles, the French Ambassador, a thorough Papist himself, after witnessing the scene, said, "It seemed as if he had been led to a wedding." At the stake his cheerfulness and constancy were astonishing. He exhorted the immense crowd of spectators, so far as he was permitted to speak to them, to remain true to the faith which he had taught, and which many of them had embraced. After passing his hands through the flames, he lifted them towards heaven, and held them in that position until consciousness failed, and his spirit took its flight to where Jesus stood to receive him at the right hand of God.

It is scarcely creditable to the City of London, that no monument of any kind, not even a solitary stone, marks the spot where so many martyrs nobly perished. Gloucester has done itself honour in erecting a monument to Hooper, its martyr-bishop. Why should not London, so renowned for its Protestantism, pay a similar tribute of admiration to the memory of men to whom it is so greatly indebted for its privileges and liberties? The Fish-hill monument commemorates the burning of London itself, of which the Papists were falsely accused. Does not the burning of men of whom the world was not worthy, with which Romanism is justly chargeable, awaken memories which might more appropriately be perpetuated in marble or in granite? The very spot were the stakes were reared, a few paces in front of the entrance-gate of St. Bartholomew's Church, has long been pointed to by tradition. In the year 1849, the pavement was removed from this spot, and some three feet below the surface a quantity of ashes, with a few charred bones, were discovered; thus corroborating the correctness of the tradition. Why then, while the metropolis has its monuments to kings, statesmen, warriors, and philanthropists, is the place so eventful in the religious history of England left unmarked and unhonoured? It is provoking to think that while the spot at the foot of Highgate-hill, where Dick Whittington, so celebrated in nursery literature, sat and listened to Bow bells, has its memorial-stone and inscription, Smithfield, the Thermopylæ of the English Reformation, is ungraced by monumental pile, and unmarked by memorial record! But "the noble army of martyrs" who fell there, perished not in vain, and are not forgotten. Milton's appeal to the Almighty in reference to the slaughtered Waldenses has been answered in relation to the blood and ashes sown in Smithfield:—

> "That from these may grow
> A hundred fold, who, having learn'd Thy way,
> Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

T. M'C.

YANNE, THE NESTORIAN CAPTIVE.

Among the mountains of Koordistan, the eastern border of the Turkish Empire, where the Nestorian Christians have for centuries sought to shelter themselves from the Moslem Koords, lived a Nestorian girl, whose name is Yanne. The rude mud-hut in which she was born, gave no promise of producing anything lovely; and yet a more beautiful girl than Yanne could hardly be found in the entire East. As she grew up, she developed unusual powers of mind. The usual lot of the women of her country, is to tend the goats, or to till the land; she, however, longed for a higher sphere.

Hearing of a school for girls, opened by the Protestant Missionaries, in Oormiah, Persia, she made the long journey thither, amid many perils, to gratify her thirst for knowledge. She was admitted into the school, and won the admiration of all for her beauty, and the respect and love of

all for her diligence in study, and her interest in all the religious exercises of the school.

After remaining in Oormiah for some time, and having made unusual attainments for that land, she returned to her native village. Here a severe trial awaited her. An unnatural and cruel parent imbittered her life with taunts and reproaches, compelled her to the severest drudgery, and finally, in a fit of rage, drove her with blows from the house.

In making her way to a neighbouring village, Yanne was met and seized by a party of marauding Koords. She struggled to escape from them in vain. They placed her on a horse, but twice she threw herself from it to the ground; but all to no purpose, for she was borne in triumph by her captors to their camp.

Their chieftain, named Chelliby Aga, was one of those powerful Koords, rich in tents and flocks, who live like the Bedouin Arabs, roaming from place to place to find pasturage for their flocks, or plunder for their predatory hordes.

Yanne, in the Koordish tent, was deemed a rare prize. The eyes of those wild, half-naked rovers were dazzled with her beauty. The son of the chief was smitten by her charms, and he begged permission of his father to marry her. As Chelliby Aga was looking for a suitable wife for his son, he willingly consented. Pity for Yanne, or regard for her feelings, was, of course, unthought of. A Moolah, or Mohammedan priest, was called, and the alternative offered her of instant death or marriage. Soon the music of the marriage-feast, and the shouts of the revellers, drowned her cries and protestations.

The bridegroom doted over his unwilling bride, and made every effort to prevent her escape. His heart was in captivity to her. Yanne loathed such love, and longed for freedom. She regarded her forced union as creating no bonds binding upon her conscience. Twice she succeeded in escaping from the camp, but was overtaken in her flight, and severely beaten.

In addition to her other trials, every attempt was made to induce her to change her religion. The Mohammedan women of the camp thought themselves insulted and contaminated by the presence of a Christian among them. A Moolah held a drawn sword over her head to compel her to repeat the Moslem creed, but she steadily refused to renounce her religion. "You may kill me," she said, "but you cannot make me a Mohammedan." A religious book she had with her when she was seized, was taken away. She was whipped several times for refusing to work on the Sabbath.

She found means to send word respecting her unhappy state to the Missionaries in Oormiah, and begged them to aid her in effecting her escape. They sympathized deeply with her, but owing to the power of Chelliby Aga, they could attempt nothing against him in the region where he was then staying. They sent word to other Missionaries, in Mosul, to enlist their sympathies, and secure their aid for her should an opportunity happen.

Several weary months of captivity thus passed over Yanne, her bondage daily growing heavier, when the changing season compelled Chelliby Aga

to remove with his tribe from the mountainous districts towards the rich plains on the banks of the Tigris, where the pasturage was abundant for the flocks. This change brought them within two days' journey of the city of Mosul.

Yanne's friends, who were on the watch there, when they heard of this, felt that the time had come to make an effort for her rescue. One of the Missionaries, Dr. H——, determined to go himself to the camp, taking with him a very shrewd native of the country, a Protestant, named Eremiah, who had been to Oormiah, and had seen Yanne there.

(*To be concluded.*)

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLICAN.
No. IV.

When Joshua led the Lord's hosts against Jericho, and the whole city was given up to ruin, there was one marked house, into which no spoiler's foot might enter; but all its inmates dwelt in sanctuary, while the fierce tempest of sack and slaughter rose wildly around them, yet beat upon that house in vain.

Now, the greater Joshua, of the pedigree of her to whom that favoured dwelling belonged, comes up into Jericho, and in all the city finds one marked house. No line of scarlet thread bound in the window distinguishes it from other homes; but Jesus knows it for the abode of one of the most disreputable and hated men in Jericho. He is furthermore aware that this man has already set out for the purpose of seeing Him. It must not be that any seeker should be left to think himself unsought by Him, who will take this notable occasion of showing once more that He has come to seek the lost. Into this house, then, will the Saviour enter, but not without its master's knowledge; for it is the condition of the host, and not the comfort of the house, that determines Jesus to tarry here.

There was, no doubt, good entertainment to be had at this rich man's home; but the Bread of Life is all for the feeding of others; and the Lord is conscious of an abject poverty cursing that house, which all the growing gold of the publican's coffers cannot relieve, and for that poverty's sake will He sojourn there.

In old Jericho, when Joshua came, the mark of mercy was in the window of a harlot. In the modern city, when Jesus—Rahab's descendant—came, the mark is on the house of a publican. Evermore "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

"To-day," says Jesus, "I *must* abide at thy house." Out of what a fathomless depth of love is that *I must* spoken! It is the utterance of Him who "humbled Himself," so as to assume as a necessity, the doing, the bearing, of all that was required of the world's Saviour. He *fated* Himself hereto; and when any part of that work was to be done, any of that burden to be lifted, He knew of no freedom from the doing or bearing, but addressed Himself to it with an unquestioning *I must*. It is upon this sure rock that each helpless lost one is invited to trust. Jesus' invitations leave no room for misgiving. He challenges faith by unreservedly committing Himself to the salvation of sinners. All He has, all He is, is pledged to this end.

But although the Saviour thus yokes Himself with the necessity of saving, He cannot impose upon any man the necessity of being saved. Thus He often meets with refusal. He

would bless the Samaritan village by His presence; but it will not receive Him. He would shelter the children of Jerusalem beneath His fostering love; but they would not. He stands with His patient knocking even at the door that is always barred against Him. In the case of our publican, Christ's merciful *I must* meets with a ready *Amen*.

Yet, what a surprise for Zacchæus to have Jesus for a Guest! But his astonishment would have overwhelmed him, could he have known then, all we know now. That the Great Teacher should interrupt His journey to commune with such a man, was marvellous indeed. But what a journey is this which is so delayed! "The Lamb" is going to the sacrifice. The Redeemer is on His way to the Cross. It is His last visit to Jericho, as He goes up to Jerusalem to suffer. With the awful weight of a world's doom settling upon Him, can He pause to heed the interests of one man, and that man a publican? A multitude which no man can number has been set a singing with boundless joy, by the self-same marvel of the Saviour's recollection. This is the discovery which makes the weeping heart to brighten with the dawn of happy love. The world's Saviour is mine,—my very own. In the great throng He singles out me, and comes —the world-redeeming, world-saving Jesus!—in all His fulness to save *me*.

Zacchæus may well be astonished, that he is to talk, at his own table, with Him, whom he thought it fortune enough, even by climbing, to see.

The Lord will deal thus by all who heed Him. He will go home with them. And a man has not fully yielded to His call, who has not run to open his house-door for Him to enter.

There is no light so good for showing a man's true character as the light of his own hearth. Abroad, the pressure of many influences constrains him: at home he shows his real self. What, then, must we say of those whose religion is known by everybody better than by their own families? Surely they are but like other actors, who wear brave clothes, and speak fine words, and get loud applause in public, and come home to be, in garb and speech, even as their neighbours.

When Jesus is transfigured for us, from the Christ about whom we have heard and read, into the Saviour whom we know and feel to be our own, He would not have us tarry on the high level of our ecstasy, to build tabernacles of demonstrative but withal impractical enjoyment. He will rather come down with us, not taking us out of the world, but saving us in it; and first and chiefly in our own peculiar little home-world, where we live, and love, and care, and hope, and toil, and suffer, and lay up our treasures.

What a change now comes to pass at home! Not a grand making ready for His entertainment; for, as we have seen before, the only preparation He requires is an honestly-opened door. His presence makes the change. Only let Him enter. With Jesus in the house, you live with a more abundant life. Your love, where it has been closest and warmest, has now a greater power to bless, in being hallowed by Him. Your cares, in the loving help of which each becomes the occasion, are stumbling-blocks no more, but rather stepping-stones, along which lies your way to the other side, where the eternal home awaits you. No more can your hopes be quenched in mortal failure; but each one, passing upwards through earthly things, brightens with the nearing glories of a certain heaven. Every part of your daily toil, even the meanest and the commonest, is lifted into dignity, by being done unto the Lord, while all is purged from evil principle and wrong motive. In sorrow and suffering, ask Jairus, of Capernaum, or the sisters at Bethany,

what it means to have Jesus in the house. By His presence, all the precious things of home acquire a heavenly value, and your treasures are laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

My Saviour, though Thou art now in highest glory, Thou hast not raised Thyself out of Thy lowliest condescension, but still dost seek entrance into my poor home. It is a shameful thing that the urgent knocking of Thine *I must*, should be kept waiting by my sluggishness. Graciously stoop even lower yet. Enter into my heart, and my home will be sure of Thee.

"Welcome, great Guest; this house, mine heart,
Shall all be Thine:
I will resign
Mine interest in every part:
Only be pleased to use it as Thine own
For ever, and inhabit it alone:
There's room enough; and, if the furniture
Were answerably fitted, I am sure
Thou wouldst be well content to stay,
And, by Thy light,
Possess my sight
With sense of an eternal day.

"But whilst Thou dost Thyself absent,
It is not grown
Noisome alone,
But all to pieces torn and rent.
The windows all are stopt, or broken so,
That no light without wind can through go.
The roof's uncover'd, and the wall's decay'd,
The door's slung off the hooks, the floor's unlay'd;
Yea, the foundation rotten is:
And everywhere
It doth appear
All that remains is far amiss.

"But if Thou wilt return again,
And dwell in me,
Lord, Thou shalt see
What care I'll take to entertain
Thee, though not like Thyself, yet in such sort
As Thou wilt like, and I shall thank Thee for 't.
Lord, let Thy blessed Spirit keep possession,
And all things will be well; at least, confession
Shall tell Thee what's amiss in me,
And then Thou shalt
Or mend the fault,
Or take the blame of all on Thee."*

SOME CONTROVERSIES ILLUSTRATED.

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillelah; down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Ooh, Nicholas!" said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"

"Truth did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure, if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convanient, I could not have helped myself!"

Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many mooted points for which they have done fierce fight are so infinitesimally small, that I would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infallibly decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical according to the explanation given by the Scotchman, who said:—

"Why, ye see, metaphysics is when twa men are talking thegither, and the ane of them dinna ken what *he is*

* Francis Quarles. "*School of the Heart.*"

talking aboot, and the ither canna understand him."

Dr. Chalmers once got into a controversy with another distinguished divine about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said,—

"I have no time to say more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract, called 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'"

"Why," exclaimed his astonished opponent, "that is my own tract! I published it myself!"

That man was surely wise who prefaced every debate with, "Gentlemen, define your terms."

During the Peninsular war, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way: "Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are our own 30th!"

This sad blunder has been repeated too often in the armies of Jesus. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely devilries enough in the world to shoot at without firing into each other.

HANS SACHS, THE SHOEMAKER AND POET.

(*Concluded from page* 175.)

FIVE years were spent by Hans in the pleasant wanderings referred to in our last number, in the course of which he visited all parts of Germany. Everywhere he found Societies of the gentle art of song, and, wherever he met with them, he attended their meetings, listened to their compositions, and sang his own; and his songs were so good, and the singer so very young, that he was universally praised and loved; for he was modest and humble-minded, diligent in his work, and of God-fearing, honourable behaviour. He never gave himself up to drinking, or gambling, or any other vice; but lived a pure and blameless life. He strove, too, to recover those who had strayed into the ways of sin, as we see by his much-admired "Conversation between Virtue and Vice." His first composition was a hymn of praise to God.

On arriving at the age of two-and-twenty, Hans Sachs returned home to Nuremberg, at the urgent request of his father, much improved in his craft, and especially rich in his knowledge of the world, and of the human heart.

He was soon raised to be both master shoemaker and master singer in his native place.

In 1519, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, he brought home his bride, named Kunigunda Kreutzer, from Wendelstein, with whom he lived long in contentment and happiness. They dwelt first in a suburb, and afterwards within the city bounds. In a lane called the Mehlgägolein, beside the Hospital churchyard, stands an old house, which still is called Hans Sachsen's house. There he lived a peaceful, quiet life, with few striking events to mark its course, enjoying many blessings, and working industriously at his trade. He had, however, some bitter cups to drink; but these he took with patience and submission, trusting that, though bitter, they would prove wholesome medicine to his soul. The seven children that blessed his marriage, two sons and five daughters, were all taken before him to another world; but the heaviest blow that fell upon him was the death of his faithful wife, whom he lost in his sixty-sixth year. That he might not pass the remainder of his days in solitude, the hearty old man, after the interval of a year and a half, married a second wife, Barbara Harscher; with whom, being again blessed in his

choice, he dwelt in peace and love for the remainder of his days.

Now, what number of pieces, long and short, do you suppose, our honest shoemaker composed during his life? He can scarcely have made more pairs of shoes, industrious and skilful as he was at his work; for when, in the evening of his days, he counted over his various writings, he found them to be no less than six thousand and forty-eight! While his hands were busy, shaping and stitching shoe-leather, his mind was occupied with one poem after another; so that, when his day's work was ended, he had only to sit down and write them off. And what pleasing, what striking compositions they were! They rendered him famous both with his contemporaries and with posterity. In the building where the Singing Club held its meetings was a large board, hung against the wall on every occasion of their assembling together, upon which, in token of the highest honour and esteem, the features of our honest Hans Sachs were faithfully represented. And this portrait continued to be hung up on each singing-day in Nuremberg for many long years after his death; until, indeed, the complete dissolution of the Meistersänger's Society.

Sachs composed many excellent, purely spiritual, songs. For example:—

"Why troubled, why cast down, my heart,
Why grieve thyself with anxious thought
For things that are but vain?
Look to the Lord; thou art His own;
O! trust in Him, and Him alone;
He made, and will sustain."

One of his chief songs is entitled, "The Wittenberg Nightingale;" and we can at once understand of what nightingale he sang the praise, when we remember the bird of Wittenberg, in Saxony, whose powerful notes filled the land, announcing the coming day of Scripture light and truth. Amongst his songs are some lively—indeed, very merry—ones; "yet," as he says,—

"—not too rough and bold
Would I my song should be;
Nor let a sin be found therein,
But mirth and harmless glee."

And so should it always and everywhere be, that men should not renounce the fear of God in their mirth; that in the lightest joke what is good should be loved and honoured, and evil shunned and discountenanced. There is a time for laughter, as there is for sorrow and weeping; but the laughing as well as the weeping should be to the glory of God. Thus it was with our high-hearted "Meister;" and to this it was the wish of his heart, and the endeavour of his life, to bring his fellow-men. As he says further:—

"The here-collected songs were all design'd
by me,
As far as I remember, in praise, O God,
to Thee;
And that Thy Word may spread in songs,
and psalms, and hymns,
Far among Christian churches, and in all
German lands,
Midst young and old," &c.

And because he had devoted his powers to God, he could rejoice in them with all his heart, recognising them as a precious gift from heaven, as he does in these words (*very* literally translated):—

"Praised be God, who sent me down,
So graciously, the heavenly gift;—
To me, a poor, unletter'd man,
Who, without learning, can uplift
A song of praise to Thee, my God,
Which may by all be understood:
That this may blossom, bud, and wax,
And bear much fruit,—so prays Hans
Sachs."

He lived to a very great age; but, towards the last, he almost entirely lost his hearing; and his articulation also became laboured and fatiguing. His time was now necessarily spent chiefly in meditation. With a prayerful and thankful heart, he thought over the blessings which he had received

from God during his long pilgrimage, and over all the troubles and sorrows through which God's mercy had brought him, and over the work and labour of love that he had been permitted to carry out for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He yet, at times, brought out short, detached verses. And when, as years wore on, he could invent and rhyme no more, he still sat —the venerable old man—all day long at his table, where he had written so many precious lines. There he sat, with his long, snow-white hair and beard, and before him lay open a large book, beautifully bound,—that book which had been the guide of his youth, and was now the glory and joy of his age; the book he loved the best,—the Holy Scriptures; and he read in it. And about him, on chairs and benches, lay the many books in which were written his own songs and poems; and these, too, he read at times. And if a friend came in and greeted the old man, and wished to speak with him, he looked up at him, and spoke not; for he understood not his words; but smiled, and silently bowed his venerable head.

Many warm friends, and also many strangers—yes, many noble lords and ladies—came to see the aged poet, whose writings were still fresh, and young, and vigorous; and they looked upon him, and saw how calmly and contentedly he sat, absorbed in his own peaceful thoughts; and they left him with tearful eyes, and blessed God, who had granted him so tranquil and happy a close to his active, useful life.

In this state of seclusion from the world, Sachs continued a considerable time; until, in the eighty-second year of his age, on January 25th, 1576, in the time of a great waterflood, he sank gently to sleep, to awake no more in a world into which he had been born in the time of many deaths.

He was buried with great pomp, and the lovers of German song raised their voices in mournful hymns over his grave.

His works are said to have contributed very much to the spreading of evangelical truth in his native land; his songs and hymns being sung from one end of Germany to the other.

EXTREMES.

"A ROLLING stone gathers no moss," said a wise friend of ours to a restless, fidgetty person, who was quick enough to reply to this effect: "A standing stone gets spat upon."—Look at our two neighbours:—

Mr. Busy is always on the move; he is a hack of society, self-harnessed, ever drawing. He has persuaded himself fully that none of the many schemes with which he is connected can succeed, unless he is in a perpetual ferment about them. His voice is ever loud in Committee; his crotchets are ever pressed: if others are at work, or suggesting something about which he has not been personally consulted, he resembles the man of whom one said, "he is like a porcupine: always raising points." He has no leisure: if he gives himself half an hour with the "Times," he who prides himself that then he has caught our hero at rest, is very deluded; for as sure as there is the clock-face on the paper, so sure is our friend on the look-out to see whether there is any new necessity to petition Parliament, to get up a Deputation, or to summon a Committee. Of this there is no doubt, that *Mr. Busy* rises every day painfully, yet still pleasingly, conscious of the fact that there has leapt out of bed a gentleman who is the main-spring of many important schemes; and every night when he puts out his candle, he does so fully aware that there is no great hope of the regeneration of society until he has again condescended to attend to business.

He favours all the Members of Parliament, Peers and Commoners, and all the magnates within fifty miles of his village, with his sentiments on all subjects; and as carefully snubs all mere common-folk, as the above magnates snub him, when, without reading his letters, they throw them into the waste-paper basket. Taking him altogether, our friend, *Mr. Busy*, is a character, a type of character; and whenever he puts on his hat you may be sure that he covers an oddity; but, nevertheless, a person worth studying.

Mr. Tardy is quite a contrast to *Mr. Busy*. He says of himself, "I am a man like Moses, 'slow of speech;'" and so he is. Amiable, well-meaning, hoping that the good will prosper, he is a quiet spectator, a do-nothing. He smiles when he sees people like *Mr. Busy*, examples, as he thinks, of perpetual motion. He never signs petitions, never goes to tea-meetings or to Committees, never troubles himself about posterity, seeing that posterity is not troubled about itself, and is not likely to care much about him. His friends never saw him excited about any scheme; they never, even when he was a young man, heard him talk about "the true and the beautiful." He is now as he ever was, a man *alive* it is true, but careful to do as little that would prove his vitality as possible.

These two neighbours, the "rolling stone," and the "standing stone," are not models worthy of imitation. Perhaps one ought not to say that they are not of value. If it were not for such effervescing people as *Mr. Busy*, by whom the hot blood of the body of workers is carried off, possibly we should experience more general disagreeable feverishness; and the *Mr. Tardy* type are the sponges for cold water, always needed where the plethoric body is found. We must learn to avoid extremes. We cannot do everything, and it is folly to attempt too much. It is well for us therefore, on the one hand, not to be restless; nor on the other, idle: but to fix ourselves certain work, and to do it with energy, system, and love.

THE TWO FURLOUGHS.

"WELL, Peel, I am glad to see you back; you look quite hearty after your furlough. Found them all well at home, I hope?"

"Yes, Sir, thank you. I quite enjoyed myself. It was a different affair from my last. In fact *I* was different, and I suppose that made things seem different. It is all owing to Mrs. Mason; that is, under God."

"How so, Peel, is she a relative of yours? I think I have heard you speak of her before."

"No relative in the least, but she has always been very kind to our folks. When I went home, three years ago, she sent for me to her house. I went up wondering what she wanted, and a little bit ashamed of myself too, for I had been carrying on strangely. She was quite alone, and soon put me at my ease. After some time she rose up, and locked the door; sat down, opened her Bible, and said to me, 'Do you love Christ?' The question took me aback; so I told her, 'there was not much chance of a soldier doing that.' I began to feel very uneasy, and looked towards the door. 'That is locked, so you need not fear anyone disturbing us. I want some serious talk with you; and, if you please, I will read you some of God's word, and then we will pray to Him.' Her words and prayer struck me to the heart. I wept like a child; and, when we rose, I was determined to become a new man. Drink was my besetment, so I signed the temperance pledge, promised to read the Bible, and pray to God. When I returned to my regiment, I could not muster courage to let the men see that I had changed;

except so far as they could gather it from my conduct. I had been one of the wildest, and I thought that, perhaps, I might become bad again. Past times have been very bad with me. I do not like to think of them; and they are not to be boasted about."

"It is best to let those things lie buried. There are many impostors ready enough to show their sores, but honest men are only too glad to have been cured of them. They mention their recovery for the credit of the Physician who cured them, but they do not go into details. But you are not ashamed of owning your colours now. How did you throw off that false shame?"

"It was in this way. There was a great 'spree' going on among my old chums, soon after I returned. They wanted me to join them. The first night I was not well, and they took this as an excuse. The second night I said I did not want to go. They went without me; but, after a little, four of them came back, took me up, and carried me off to the canteen. Down they placed me in the middle. I did not know what to do. Two of them came up with some porter, and told me if I would not drink it they would throw it over me. This roused me. 'Let me get my jacket off,' I said, 'and then let us see who will fling porter over me.' 'Let go,' they said; 'he is going to fight.' Their hands were off me in double quick time, for you see I was always reckoned a pretty good hand at sparring." (As I looked at the arms of my friend, and the heavy fist he had unconsciously doubled up, at this part of his story, I admired the discretion, if not the valour, of his tormentors.)

"'Now,' said I, 'I will just show you what I am, and I don't think any one of you will ask me to drink again.' With that I left the canteen, and went across to my room, brought back my pledge, showed it to them, put a wafer on the back of a paper of reasons 'why I abstain from intoxicating drinks,' stuck it over the fireplace, and told them I intended to begin a new life. I knelt at my bedside that night, and have ever since. No one has ever hurt me. I have been bantered, and that kind of thing, but he is a poor man who cannot bear a laugh. It is a glorious change for me. I am as happy as the day is long. Thank God, I have learnt to love His Son and His word. There was an odd thing last Sunday night. I was awakened out of my sleep by some one shaking me, and asking me, what in the world I was singing at that hour of the night for? I did not know I was, so I asked him what it was. About 'marching through Immanuel's ground,' he said; then I remembered. The sermon I had heard was about heaven, and I suppose I was singing out my thoughts. He said to me in the morning, 'I wish I was like you, Peel; you are not a bit like the rest of us. I cannot think what makes you such a different man.' 'Cannot you,' I said; 'why it is God's grace makes the difference.'"

"You are right, it is. But you owe much to your friends. I felt sad enough as I came down from the hospital. I had just been to see Creamer, of your regiment. Do you know him?"

"I am afraid his is a hopeless case. It has always been down-hill with him since I knew him. I think he does many things merely to drown remembrance. He has fallen very, very low. I can hardly tell you the base crime he was in prison for last time, but it was a disgrace to the corps."

"But it was not always down-hill with him. He was once a member of our church: fell before temptation, and now despairs. I saw him a week ago. He was much affected; but there is one sin he cannot give up. He is going away: but to what a home! His brothers are wild. He will not begin a new life, nor promise to break

off his sin because his brothers will tempt him, and he will not be able to resist them. In vain have I spoken to him of his Saviour; prayed and begged him to turn to Him. It is no use. 'My furlough would overthrow all my resolutions,' is his only answer. You owe your change, under God, to your visit home. The same thing prevents him from changing. What a difference between you!"

"Poor fellow! I did not know so much about him before. When he comes back from his furlough I will give him a word, and try to win him to what is good."

"Do; and now, good morning, for we have had a long talk."

N. E.

HOW A WORK OF REVIVAL IS HINDERED.

1. WHEN Christians begin to get exultant over a revival, there is danger that it will be hindered. Not that God's people should refrain from great joy and devout thankfulness whenever He is pleased to convert sinners in their midst. Nothing else more deserves thanks and gladness than a genuine revival of pure and undefiled religion. But there is a difference between a thankful, humble heart, and a gleeful, proud heart; and when Christians begin to say to each other, "What a grand blessing we have had;" "How much good we have done;" "What a proof this is of the piety of *our* church, as distinguished from our sister-churches around us, which have not had any blessing,"—there is danger that they will become vain in their imaginations, and that their foolish heart will be darkened; and that then God, grieved with their folly, will withdraw His Spirit, and so the revival will cease.

2. When Christians begin to lose their humble—we had almost said *abject*—dependence on the Holy Spirit, and pass out of that agony of desire that God would glorify Himself in the conversion of sinners, which is almost always the commencement, on their part, of a work of grace,—there is danger that the work will cease. When, in consequence of the great movements of God on every hand, it seems easy for that process of salvation to be performed which at other times seems so difficult,—the danger is that the church will forget that the difficulty is only suspended, not removed, and will become lifted up with the thought of their own ability, and take credit to themselves, and fail to give God the glory. That is a solemn text, but one apposite to such an experience, in which God says, "If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto My name, saith the Lord of Hosts, I will even send a curse upon you, and I *will curse your blessings:* yea, I have cursed them already, because ye do not lay it to heart."

There is, in the nature of the case, great and continual temptation, when the invisible power of the Holy Spirit helps us to drag the chariot of the Lord over obstacles that were impassable before, to forget that it is *that unseen force*, and not that which we visibly put forth, which moves the load,—and then to glory over our own power, and so grieve away the heavenly Helper.

3. A revival will be hindered when Christians—seeing the prosperity of Zion—draw the hasty inference that God is doing His own work, and therefore does not need their help, and so suspend their own efforts. Perhaps God's people make great sacrifices of time and pains, in the beginning of the good work, to enable them to have a large share in its activities; and so, when all seems to be going on well, they, one by one, conclude that God's omnipotent Spirit will not miss *their* absence, and so they neglect the Lord's work for their own. When Christians begin to feel that they *cannot afford*

so much time to meetings, and personal labour with the impenitent, and all the diversified efforts by which God works out man's salvation,—there is great danger that coldness and sloth will quickly reconquer that territory.

4. A revival will be hindered when Christians become mechanical in their efforts to carry it on. When their prayers become formal, and their exhortations have less of thought than of words, and less of emotion than of either; when they labour with the unconverted in a dry and perfunctory manner; the days of the revival—so far as they are concerned — are numbered.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

THESE words enclose a beautiful significancy. Jesus and His disciples sat at meat in the village of Bethany. At the close of the repast, a door opened, and a woman entered. In silence she approached Jesus, and, opening an alabaster-box, anointed with its precious contents His head and His feet. Whereupon Judas and other disciples were displeased, viewing the matter from a utilitarian stand-point. Jesus rebukes their displeasure, justifies the woman, and, in commending her act, says, "She hath done what she could."

The goodness of her act was not in its practical utility. Had she wrought with her own hands, and given to Jesus, or to one of the twelve, some article of clothing, her act would have done more practical good. So, also, would it have been if she had sought and brought to Christ a dozen of the blind, dumb, or leprous that He might heal them. But in neither case could He have pronounced a higher eulogium than He did, in fact, on her act of anointing.

Had she been a poetess, and, in burning words, sung to the nations the glories of the God-man, the world would have rejoiced in her greatness; but Christ could have had no higher praises for her than He bestowed on the silent, simple act of anointing. It was the woman's right intentions, her good meaning, rather than her intrinsically right or good act, that Jesus commended. And this is a great and universal rule which pervades God's moral administration: He looks at, not what we say or do, but *how we mean*. And in this great principle, what a world of consolation is contained!

1. *To the unknown.* — Had this woman never before been seen by any one present, Christ would have uttered of her the same good words. Christ knows the most unknown of men; and, if such will do the best they can, He will bring them out of their obscurity. Make a good impression on some obscure child, and God will bring your act to the knowledge of the assembled universe. Little thought that woman her act would be known beyond Bethany; but Christ has heralded it to all nations, and it will be known to the end of time.

2. *To the unlearned.*—This woman may have been utterly untaught. But she loved Christ, and she wished to show to Him her love. Her act may have violated the etiquette of the day, but she cared not for that: she did the first thing that her good heart suggested, and it pleased God. Do always the best you know how, and bright blessings from the good God will be showered upon you.

3. *To the poor.*—It does not take money to buy possessions in the eternal city. The magnitude of your gifts to the cause of God on earth is not the index of how much interest will accumulate to your account in eternity. The widow who sews, till her eyes are gone, to support her children, or whose life is wasted in watching over and nursing an idiot relative, will find more interest in heaven than he who, from his millions, endows churches with thousands, so only that she toils and watches as unto Christ.

There is, therefore, no room for discouragement. Let us eye God in

intention; let us do the first work that is before us,—do it thoroughly, or to the best of our ability,—and then rejoice to know that God will say of us, "They did what they could."

NO TIME FOR DEVOTION.

Do we take devotion itself to be no business, or a business of no consideration? Do we conceit, when we pay God His debts, or discharge our duty toward Him; when we crave His mercy, when we solicit the main concernments of our souls, that we are idle, or misemployed? that we lavish our time, and lose our pains? What other affairs can we have of greater moment or necessity than this? Can there be any interest more close and weighty than this, of promoting our own souls eternal health and happiness? Is not this, indeed, the great work, —*the only necessary matter;* in comparison with which all other occupations are trifling? What are the great businesses of this world? What but scraping for pelf, compassing designs of ambition, courting the respect and favour of men, gratifying sinful curiosity and carnal humour? Shall these images, these shadows of business, suppress or crowd our devotion? that which procureth wealth inestimable, pleasure infinitely satisfactory, and honour incomparably noble above all that this earth can afford? Is it not, besides, no such indispensable business, but rather some base dotage on lucre, some inveigling bait of pleasure, that crosseth our devotion? Is it not often a complimental visit, an appointment to tattle, a wild ramble in vice or folly, that so deeply urgeth us to put off our duty? Nay, is it not commonly sloth, rather than inclination to any other employment, which diverts us from our prayers? Is it not the true reason why we pray so seldom, not because we are very busy, *but because we are extremely idle;* so idle that we cannot willingly take the pains to withdraw our affections from sensual things, to reduce our wandering thoughts, to compose our hearts to right frames, to bend our untoward inclinations to a compliance with our duty? Do we not betake ourselves to other conversations and commerces merely for *refuge, shunning* this intercourse with God and with ourselves.—*Barrow.*

A CHRISTLESS BURIAL.

"So I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done." (Eccles. viii. 10.)

WRAPT in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him, the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

O Christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O endless, hopeless doom!

O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee—no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost soul's funeral!

O Christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
Burst Thou the bands of sin!

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE WOLF.

THIS animal is not often alluded to by the sacred writers; but in the few references which occur, his character is strongly and justly drawn. Nature has furnished him with cunning, strength, and agility, to discover, to seize, and to devour his prey. Though naturally clownish and dastardly, want makes him ingenious, and necessity gives him courage. When pressed by famine, he braves danger; he attacks those animals which are under the protection of man, especially those which he can transport with ease, as lambs, small

dogs, and kids; and when successful in his bloody expeditions, he returns often to the charge, till the vigorous opposition of men and dogs forces him to his den. The dying patriarch, Jacob, ascribed to his youngest son the rapacity of this animal:—"Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at

night he shall divide the spoil." (Gen. xlix. 27.) The wolf is weaker than the lion or the bear, and less courageous than the leopard; but he scarcely yields to them in cruelty and rapaciousness. So Benjamin, although not destitute of courage and address, nor disinclined to war, possessed neither the strength nor the manly spirit of Judah, whose symbol was the lion's whelp; but yet he was greedy of blood, he delighted in rapine; and in the early periods of Jewish history, he distinguished himself by an active and restless spirit, which commonly, like the wolf among lambs and kids, spent itself in petty or inglorious warfare, although it sometimes blazed forth in deeds of heroic valour, and general utility. He had the honour of giving the second Judge to the nation of Israel, who delivered them from the oppressive yoke of Moab; and the first King who sat on the throne of that chosen people, whose valour saved them from the iron sceptre of Ammon, and more than once revenged the barbarities of the uncircumcised Philistines upon their discomfited hosts. In the decline of the Jewish commonwealth, Esther and Mordecai, who were both of this tribe, successfully interposed with the King of Persia, for the deliverance of their brethren, and took their station in the first rank of public benefactors. But the tribe of Benjamin ravined like wolves, that are so ferocious as to devour one another, when they desperately espoused the cause of Gibeah, and in the dishonourable and bloody feud, reduced their own tribe to the very brink of ruin, and inflicted a deep wound on the other members of the state.

The ravenous temper of the wolf prompts him to destructive and sanguinary depredations. He issues forth in the night, traverses the country, and not only kills what is sufficient to satisfy his hunger, but everywhere, unless deterred by the barking of dogs or the vociferation of the shepherds, destroys a whole flock; he roams about the cottages, kills all the animals which have been left without, digs the earth under the doors, enters with a dreadful ferocity, and puts every living creature to death, before he chooses to depart, and carry off his prey.

When his hunger is extreme, he loses the idea of fear; he attacks women and children, and even sometimes darts upon men; till, becoming perfectly furious by excessive exertions, he generally falls a sacrifice to pure rage and distraction. He has been accordingly joined with the lion in executing punishment upon wicked men; and it is evident from his character and habits, that he is well adapted to the work of judgment. (Jer. v. 6, 6; Ezekiel xxii. 27; Zeph. iii. 3; Acts xx. 29.)

In the sacred writings, the wolf is everywhere opposed to sheep and goats, as if his cruelty and rage were reserved especially for these creatures. So our Lord informs His disciples, John x. 12. The Prophet Isaiah seems to lead our attention to the same circumstance, when he describes the wonderful change which is to take place in the world, under the benign influence of the Gospel. (Isaiah lxv. 25.)

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXI.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." (Rom. xiii. 10.)

If we love God as we ought to do, we shall certainly have no other God but Him: much less shall we worship any graven image. We shall not take His name in vain; nor shall we fail to keep holy His holy day. If we love our neighbour, as Christ requires, we shall be sure to render to every man his due: and so by consequence we shall honour our parents and superiors, whether public or private, whether ecclesiastical or civil. Then for the neighbour who is equal, or in any degree inferior to us, we shall be sure not to injure him in any kind. From whence it follows, we shall not kill; for that were to injure him in his life: nor commit adultery; for that were to injure him in his wife: nor steal, or plunder; for that were to injure him in his goods: nor bear false witness; for that were to

injure him in his good name. And as we shall not thus injure him either in deed or in word; so, if we love him as ourselves, or as Christ loved us, we shall not do him any injury, no not so much as in our thoughts. We shall not covet, or be desirous of anything that is our neighbour's. Thus the four precepts of the first table, and the six precepts of the second, or if there be any other precept besides these ten, it is briefly comprehended in this one word, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—*Pierce's Sinner Impleaded*, Part iii., p. 152. *Edit.* 1679.

No. CXXII.

"*He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.*" (Prov. xix. 17.)

When God professeth to be our Debtor for all we give unto the poor, and gives us His word for a repayment; and Christ becomes our Security, that all we lend shall be returned a hundred-fold into our bosoms; what kind of reason can be imagined why one rich man will lend his money to another for six pounds in the hundred, or lay it out in some trade (at most) for twenty in the hundred, rather than lend it to the Lord, by having pity upon the poor; or lay it out upon life eternal; whereby he shall not only receive six or twenty in the hundred, but exceedingly more than a hundred-fold the very principal? If we inquire into the reason, I am afraid we shall find it to be but this: That they cannot easily trust God, or believe the Scripture, or accept of Christ for their Security. Say we therefore to ourselves, as many of us as are rich, that if ever we do expect to be carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, we must ourselves be obliged to take Lazarus into our own. Or admit, we may be said to be comparatively poor, yet rather than fail of being merciful, we must work with our hands the thing that is good, that we may have to give to him that needeth. St. Paul's own hands did administer to his necessities; and not only to his, but to theirs also that were with him. (Acts xx. 34.) The strong ought, by their labour, to support the weak. Rather than any man should want, who is not able to earn his bread, he hath a kind of right to eat it in the sweat of our brows. For there is one sort of poor, who are an honourable order or rank of men, being of God's immediate institution: and our Lord Himself was pleased to make Himself free of that company. He did not think it unbecoming Him to be the Head of that order: for whilst He lived, He lived on alms. The foxes were not so poor, for they had holes; the fowls of the air were not so poor, for they had nests; but the Son of Man, said the Son of Man Himself, had not where to lay His head. And then, when He was dead, He was buried upon other folks' charges. We must not, therefore, neglect the poor, unless we dare reproach our Maker; or, unless we dare despise that which Christ Himself, in His own person, was pleased to honour. The infidels provided, as well for those of their own country, as for those of their own house; and St. Paul implies by the word "specially," that Christians ought to provide for both, unless they dare be worse than infidels.—*Ibid*, pp. 164, 165.

Our Home Work.

COAST MISSIONS, AND THEIR FOUNDER.*

"WHAT David Nasmyth did for City Missions, Thomas Rosie may be said to have done for Coast Missions." Mr. Dodds makes the remark, and the book he has written contains its justification. The name of Thomas Rosie must be added to the long list of Christian heroes who have risen, from the warehouse and the workshop, to rank among the highest benefactors of mankind,—benefactors who would have given a thousand lives, had they possessed them, to accompliah the work on which God had fixed their hearts. As true greatness in him sprang from

* *Coast Missions. A Memoir of the Rev. Thomas Rosie.* By the REV. JAMES DODDS, Dunbar. Nisbet & Co. 1862. Pp. 258.

true goodness, attention is first called to the commencement of—

I. HIS INNER-LIFE.

A book lent to him by a young friend increased a sense of guilt which had been strengthened by his father's death, when he was sixteen years of age. Two appeals to him, as the eldest son, to act as priest at the family-altar, instead of his devout father, who had passed to the skies, gave poignancy to his convictions, for he felt disqualified for the duty by his iniquities. A sermon, about the same time, from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," greatly troubled him; and, after fruitless attempts to make himself better, he learned to value Christ as a Saviour, before the dawn of day, in a cleft of one of the huge high rocks that look down on the fine old city of Edinburgh. The words of his biographer are:—"His spiritual anxiety at length became alarming, almost overwhelming. His sins were all set in terrible array against him, and their burden was intolerable. He felt them to be unforgiven, and saw, as it were, the Judge at the door. For some time he was plunged into the deepest mental anguish, and found no relief. But one morning he rose very early, like one distracted, and bent his steps towards Salisbury Crags, in the hope of finding, beyond the precincts of the city, a fitting place for quiet meditation and earnest wrestling with God in prayer. In a solitary recess on the lofty ridge, which has so often of old, and in later times, witnessed far other sights, did this stricken youth kneel down to plead with God for the forgiveness of sins. Agonised as he was, he felt the Divine presence. He was brought nigh a throne of grace by the blood of Jesus. Like the patriarch at Peniel, he wrestled till the break of day; and, even after dawn, he continued to offer up his strong and earnest supplication. As he so poured out his heart, he began to feel relief; and the morning light, that broke upon Arthur's Seat, seemed an image of the light that now poured into his soul. It was a new and clear view of the Saviour's love to him, a wretched, helpless sinner, that was the forerunner of joy. He saw how great, and full, and free salvation is as offered in Christ. He got a real glimpse of the glory of the Cross, and felt, as he had never felt before, the preciousness and power of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. He did not leave that rocky spot till his heart was quite broken, and the great transaction between the Saviour and himself was done. He was constrained to give, and willingly he gave, himself to that Saviour; body, soul, and spirit, a living sacrifice. Having thus got peace, after a great but blessed struggle, he descended from his eminence; his heart joyful, and his face shining, like one who had, indeed, been on the mount with God." Mr. Rosie, in referring to this event in a letter, writes:—"I went home quite happy; feeling that if death were to come, I should not be afraid to die. And from that hour the desire arose in my mind to devote myself to the work of telling others the way to be saved. I felt, also, that if a way were opened up for my being engaged in that work, I should be willing to go to any quarter of the world." When young Rosie obtained spiritual life, his intellectual powers received new strength and stimulus: he became a wonder to many; an outspoken witness for Christ, and worker for souls; and an inexpressible joy to a widowed and pious mother. He took an early opportunity of relating to her all the particulars of his conversion; and she, who had borne him on her heart in prayer from his birth, followed him with delighted eyes as he went in and out rejoicing in a newly-found Saviour.

II. HIS TRAINING FOR HIS GREAT WORK.

Is there a plan of life in the mind of God for every youth in a Christian family? and, will the Architect of the plan become the Builder, and raise the building from the lowest stone to the top-stone, if the child yield himself to God, and his "members as instruments of righteousness unto God?" These questions are prompted by the fact that the circumstances of childhood often appear to develop tastes and abilities, by the right use of which singular usefulness is attained in the activities of a Christian life. The conditions of young Rosie's boyhood were an unconscious preparation for his future work. He was cradled and nursed on an island in the Orkney group, revelled in

the beauties of the blue waters, his choicest boyish sports and delights were among boats and with fishermen, and nothing but his regard to his mother's wishes kept him from a seafaring life. The brave boy was not a bad boy; and when his mother finally and solemnly refused her consent to his entrance on the perilous duties of a sailor, he never mentioned the subject to her again. "Well, mother, for your sake, I will give it up." His desire for the sea had been strengthened by adventures with the daring fishermen, when he was permitted to join them in their hard work in open boats, and by the sight of great numbers of sailing vessels that were frequently riding at anchor in Widewall-Bay; a safe refuge during certain prevailing winds, and within sight of his early home. Though he knew it not, young Rosie was then gaining some of the physical qualifications of the renowned Coast Missionary; and, by his removal to Edinburgh, two years before he became decidedly religious, he had opportunities for the spiritual training that followed his conversion; opportunities that he could not have found in his small native island. Like other men who have gained distinction in Christian enterprise, Mr. Rosie began his career of usefulness by *doing the work that lay within his reach*, and to which he felt himself prompted. He did not day-dream about the heroism he would display on great occasions, but he *entered at once*, in the most unobtrusive way, into the work of trying to win souls every way and everywhere; but especially among people who do "business in great waters." The biographer has sketched the first zealous efforts of young Rosie amongst his companions, as well as in the Sabbath-school, at the class vacated by a lovely and sainted sister, as one of the original founders of the Juvenile Missionary Society of the Nicholson-street Church, and the steps by which he rose from membership with the "Sabbath-Morning Fellowship Association, connected with Nicholson-street United Presbyterian Church," Edinburgh, to fill the offices of Secretary and President; but it is intended here to view him, almost exclusively, as a man raised up by God to bless seafaring men. Perhaps it ought to be noted, that he left the Sabbath-school, in 1850, to enter on new duties in another sphere; and when about to sail for India, eight years afterwards, he stated that "he rejoiced to believe that all his old Sabbath-scholars were, with one exception, giving evidence of being followers of Christ." While yet busy with the duties of his daily calling, he was constrained to think, with deep compassion and solicitude, of those that "go down to the sea in ships." Mr. Dodds says: "As he mused upon the condition and claims of sailors, the thought at length struck him that they were, at least, as well entitled to the services of Missionaries, as the neglected or destitute classes in towns." Full of this idea, he often devoted a holiday, or such spare time as he had at his command, to an excursion along the coast, either to the east or west of Leith. He visited all the fishing-villages in the neighbourhood, entered freely into conversation with such fishermen and sailors as he met, and treasured up all the information he could get about a class of men in which he felt a deep and growing interest: sometimes he spent the whole day in traversing the coast, and making such inquiries, and would come home exhausted with fatigue and want of food. As if it were becoming his meat and drink to be about his heavenly Father's business, he would forget the cravings of nature in the ardour of his work. On such occasions he was rather averse to telling where he had been, and whether he had got any food; but, for the most part, in reply to his mother's anxious questions, he quite unbosomed himself, and frankly related the adventures of the day. For fully three years did he thus show the spirit of an ardent Evangelist, in connexion with the Nicholson-street Church, and in his own missionary excursions."

Our mere essay-reading and essay-criticising young men, who talk glibly, to the satisfaction of themselves, and a few admirers, and shun hard, self-denying, soul-saving work, may equally foster a weak intellectual pride and a vain hope of future distinction; but they will probably live to disturb schools, and churches, and all organizations they may deign to patronise with their wisdom and presence: while the courageous and godly youths, who, fired by a devout and Divine enthu-

siasm, go straight into hand-to-hand combats with the devil, in dens and paths where he is keeping his stolen goods in undisturbed peace, will attain intense godliness, intellectual vigour, readiness for all kinds of Christian action, and unconquerable force of character. The practical workers, who long after "the lost" of any class, and in any place, and who patiently, prayerfully, ploddingly seek them out, and toil continually to bring them to Christ, are the men who will become the best Missionaries at home and abroad; among sailors or landsmen, in dense cities or small hamlets. What a pleasing picture of unintentional self-training the early life of young Rosie presents! The fire of the love of God inflames him with quenchless zeal for souls; and he not only links himself to the Sabbath-school, and with fellowship-meetings, but in every place, and every day, tries to teach transgressors the way of the Lord: and, on his holidays, and during his spare time, forgets that there are certain ideas of pleasure which young men of common-place devotion and devotedness may innocently entertain; and he walks long and weary miles by the quay of Leith, and along the shores by Musselburgh and Grantown, talking to sailors and fishermen of the things of God; often forgetting to eat bread! What a contravention of the laws of sentimental prudence! Nearly all the excesses and extravagances of young men find palliations in some quarters, except supposed excesses and extravagances of zeal for God's glory and the salvation of perishing souls. Heaven puts so-called enthusiasts, like Rosie, into one category, and earth puts them into another. God has a work for such men to do, and a place for them to fill, and He will lead them into both. Would God that the Wesleyans had a dozen such young men, reared on the seacoasts of old England, and filled with such practical compassion for sailors. They might be trained to become a band of Home-Missionary Ministers to Seamen; and by their labours among them give the Christian religion its true character wherever the British sailor carries British commerce.

III. HIS WORK AT HOME.

While Mr. Rosie was, on his individual responsibility, promoting the religious welfare of fishermen and sailors, a lady, the wife of a retired Lieutenant of the Navy, thirty miles distant, was full of serious and anxious prayer about the same class of men, and her concern about them gave a tone to her whole life. She was a woman of humble powers, but full of that energy which oneness of aim so often inspires. She endeavoured to draw the attention of Ministers and fellow Christians to the duty of attempting great things for their evangelization in Dunbar, where she lived, and along the coast between Dunbar and Berwick. She died just as success had begun to crown her efforts. On the 30th of April, 1850, a meeting was held, £40 were collected, and the first Coast Mission in Scotland was formed. An advertisement was inserted in several Edinburgh newspapers for a suitable person to fill the office of Missionary to seamen; and, among a considerable number of promising candidates, the choice ultimately lay between two. One was Mr. Duncan Mathieson, subsequently well-known as a Scripture-reader in the Crimea, during the Russian war, and as an Evangelist in the north of Scotland; and the other, the successful candidate, was Mr. Rosie. He began his labours in June, 1850, and pursued them in Scotland with irresistible energy for eight years. Mr. Dodds gives a charming account of the difficulties and struggles with which Mr. Rosie had to contend in organising societies to obtain funds, and increase the number of Coast Missionaries, and reports the wonderful progress of the work. During ten years the number of Coast Missionaries rose from a solitary one, (Mr. Rosie,) until, "in connexion with the different Coast Missions in Scotland, upwards of *thirty* carefully-selected and efficient Missionaries are at present regularly employed. But, in addition to these paid labourers, several hundred voluntary agents, grouped together in local auxiliaries, or in Christian Instruction Societies, give a large amount of valuable service to the mission-work in the different districts." Within the last two or three years there have been, in some of the places where the Missionaries labour, some of the most glorious revivals with which Scotland has ever

been favoured. Ordinary Christians will feel ashamed in reading of the herculean labours of the founder of Coast Missions in Scotland. How wonderfully he made his way through closed doors, and into hard hearts. One day he is pouring words of comfort into the souls of new-made widows, whose husbands have just been drowned at sea; and another day he is dropping French tracts into the pockets of French fishermen, because their hands are too "fishy" to touch them. On another day he visits all the fishermen's families in a small bay, and on another he is pouring forth a fervent and well-prepared address to a multitude on the sea-shore; and again he is reading the word of God in a forecastle, while youthful eyes are glistening with tears. His hopes are raised, on one occasion, as he sees a sailor affected, and the man ultimately becomes a powerful unpaid Missionary to his own class, winning many souls in a short time. The need of an increase of Coast Missions in England may be inferred from an extract in his diary:—"Dunbar, August 7th, 1850. Visited *several* English boats in the harbour, and found that *none of the men in them could read*, and that only one of them had a Bible. I conversed with them all. The young lads listened with special attention." That Methodism might reach and bless these ignorant fishermen and sailors is abundantly proved by the work God has wrought among this class by its agency on the coast of Cornwall and elsewhere, of which Mr. Rosie one day met with a startling proof. "Eyemouth, February 16th (*Sabbath*). When passing a vessel in the harbour, I heard singing, which I took to be carnal songs. I went on board, and on going down to the forecastle, I found that the sailors were singing a hymn they were in the habit of singing in their Methodist chapel at home. One of them, also, had a Bible in his hand. I talked to them awhile, then read a chapter, and prayed. They appeared to like my visit very much." Of course they did; and may such visiters be multiplied. Mr. Rosie appears as a Christian genius, and his enterprise becomes rather romantic, and truly sublime, when he, after much and varied opposition, gets a yacht purchased, and manned and worked by himself and three sailor-missionaries, or missionary-sailors, who can face storms at sea, and preach Christ crucified on shore and shipboard. Labours akin to these will add to the number of triumphant deaths among seamen, similar to one recorded in this interesting volume. "'Have you a good hope?' '*Land ahead!*' 'Are your prospects bright and cheering?' '*I'm rounding the point!*' Nearer to the close, he was asked, 'Is Christ still precious? Is heaven in view?' '*Let go the anchor!*'" and the spirit of the godly old sailor entered the haven. During the first three months of Mr. Rosie's services as a Missionary agent, a providential circumstance occurred that greatly enlarged his powers of usefulness. A solicitor, well known in Christian circles in the city of Edinburgh, heard Mr. Rosie address a large audience in a schoolroom, at the sea-coast, where his family were spending a few of the summer months. That gentleman states: "I was agreeably surprised on entering, to observe the district Coast-Officer, his lady, and an audience composed chiefly of sailors and fishermen. The room was so crowded that I remember taking my place on one of the tables, in order to make room for others. The youthful appearance of the Preacher, the fluency with which he expressed himself, and the earnestness of his manner, made so deep an impression on my mind, that I remained after the meeting was over, and said something to encourage him in the good work in which he was engaged; inviting him, at the same time, to call on me in town. This he accordingly did: when I took occasion to remark, that though usefully engaged as an agent of the Union Coast Mission, yet, if he were to study for the ministry, he might become still more useful in a more extended sphere of labour." This friend introduced Mr. Rosie's case to the notice of a wealthy Scottish gentleman, who, at his personal expense, maintains at the Universities young men of ardent piety and superior gifts. These intelligent Christian men did a great thing for the cause of God, by transforming the Missionary-Agent into a Missionary-Minister.

IV. HIS STUDENT-LIFE.

The reader must consult the work now

under notice, to learn how Mr. Rosie overcame the obstacles to his progress at the University, arising from deficient preparation to enter at first into its advantages. The spiritual welfare of the fishing and sea-going population, along the whole coasts of Scotland, was *his one idea* all the time he was at College, and he did as much Mission-work during the years he was a student, as any man could be expected to do who was not engaged in a course of study at all; and these self-imposed toils were followed by such immediate and signal results, as often to call forth the remark, from his class-companions,—"Well, if Rosie should be called even now to rest from his labours, he has been blessed to do more before beginning his regular ministry than most ministers in a long lifetime of pastoral work!" Instead of his ardent piety being cooled by contact with his fellow-students, it kindled and quickened theirs; and churches are this day reaping the benefits of his student-life in the influence he exerted on their pastors, while they and he were fellow-students. One of them, who is at present a successful Minister of a "Territorial Church," writes: "Any sympathy and aptitude I may have for my present Home-Mission Territorial work, I owe in great measure to my intercourse with my ever-remembered friend and brother, Thomas Rosie .....I desire to feel very grateful to God for bringing me into contact with this devoted, and now departed, Missionary; the Sailor's Missionary of Scotland." Another, whom he first met at college, writes:—"I often look back with thanks to God for having met with Mr. Rosie in the period of my youth; for I am persuaded that I drank in some of the practical spirit that characterized him; a spirit that was continually planning schemes of usefulness, and which was surrounded with such a halo of moral fervour as to render it attractive to all with whom he associated." The special work he did in stimulating his fellow-students to Home-Missionary effort, made him a practical professor in the University, in a department for which no "chair" is likely to be provided; but a liberal and gratuitous distribution of this biography among students, will bear precious fruits, to the joy of every Christian who will render this service to young men under training for the ministry.

V. HIS WORK ABROAD, AND DEATH.

The Directors of the "Bombay Harbour Mission," wrote to Scotland, in 1858, for a Minister to promote the spiritual welfare of seamen in that port, and the office was offered to Mr. Rosie. Not only Bombay, but all the coasts of India floated before his view as a magnificent sphere of Missionary labour, and summoned him to leave country and friends for its sake. He was duly ordained by the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Edinburgh, and he sailed from Southampton, on his way to India, on the 27th of December, 1858. A week afterwards the vessel touched at Gibraltar, and he had about an hour and a half ashore; but long enough to inquire whether any organization existed for the conversion of sailors:—"There were a great many vessels in the bay, among which *there would be excellent work for a Missionary.* They have nothing of the kind at present; so, if I am spared, it is probable I may be at Gibraltar again, on behalf of the sailors." Having taken the overland route, he preached his first sermon in his "Mariners' Church," or floating Bethel, about five weeks after leaving Britain. A noble fleet of a hundred and fifty East Indiamen lay near his own ship,—"The Mariners' Church,"—and there were three thousand sailors at least in the harbour. Starting in a small mission from his floating home, he usually spent three hours every day in visiting the shipping; and in these visits, and in prayer-meetings, lectures, and sermons on board or on shore, he found full scope for his unwearied zeal. During the whole of 1859 he laboured incessantly and successfully, and was sketching plans for a vast extension of Missions like the "Bombay Harbour Mission." His health failed in 1860, and his medical attendants required him to recruit his energies among the Mahableshwur hills. No danger was apprehended, and he had but five days' journey before him. Rain and heat induced attacks of dysentery, which refused to yield to medical treatment, and to the untiring attentions of the devoted

lady, to whom he had been united in marriage about two months before. In dying he seemed to see nothing but Jesus and glory; and his well-preserved utterances of trust and victory justify the remarks of his biographer,—"Surely, no death-bed was ever more peaceful and triumphant; and none has been more touchingly and truthfully described." His resignation in death was as grand an homage to the will of God as his activity in life. May some godly youth, who reads the life of Thomas Rosie, be covered with his mantle, and rouse the Methodist churches of Christ in Britain to send a host of Missionary-Ministers to seamen. His work was done ere he had reached the age of thirty-five. "The night cometh when no man can work."

M'A.

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER: CHARLES II.: JUDGE JEFFREYS.

(*Continued from page* 189.)

'Twas Bartholomew's day, August 24th, 1662.—Who has not read of that memorable day, when, in Paris, the night-guards, the citizens, among whom arms had been distributed, and the whole tribe of murderers, sallied forth from their lurking-places, shouting, "Kill, kill!" and (as it is supposed) "fifteen thousand" Protestants "in the capital, and one hundred thousand throughout the whole of France," were butchered by the hand of Popery?—On the 13th of May, previously, the "Act of Uniformity" had passed, which was to take place on this day. By it all ministers were required to submit to the following arrangements, in order to a retention of their livings, or any post of service in the Established Church: "They must submit to be re-ordained, if not episcopally ordained before. They must declare their unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church of England; together with the Psalter, and the form or manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, &c. They must take the oath of canonical obedience, and promise subjection to their ordinary; according to the canons of the Church. They must abjure the solemn league and covenant; and they must abjure the taking of arms, upon any pretence whatsoever, against the King, or anyone commissioned by him. These things were all strictly enjoined, without anything to qualify or soften them, or room left for a dispensation." The day, the 24th of August, dawned, and two thousand men marched out from their livings, casting themselves and their families upon the providence of God, rather than submit to impositions which they deemed to be so many fetters on their conscience. And in that act there was true moral grandeur.

Now in the forty-seventh year of his age, and deprived of his pastoral charge, Baxter perpetrated a deed which thrilled the country with excitement, and for which he received the strongest censure of many, and the praise of many more. *He married!* His pen had often been employed in support of ministerial unmarried life, and everyone regarded him as settled into a life of bachelorhood. He had, however, previously to this, many objections to remove, and many scruples to settle; but when in such a case the mind is once resolved, it is surprising how doubts vaniah, and in what a clear and beautiful light Providence is seen to favour the decision and the choice. His wife was twenty-two years of age, and he forty-seven; yet the marriage was a happy one. "She consented," he writes, "to these conditions:—1. That I should have nothing that before our marriage was hers. 2. That she would so alter our affairs that I might be entangled in no lawsuits. 3. That she should expect none of my time which my ministerial work should require. We lived in inviolate love and mutual complacency. I know not that ever we had any breach in point of love, or point of interest." Happy couple! Would that all were like them.

Now settled at Acton, Baxter toiled during the fearful Plague of London,

which carried off upwards of a hundred thousand of its inhabitants. The court fled to Oxford for safety; and the aristocracy, and the wealthy generally, sought refuge in every part of the country from the devouring scourge. The Conformist Ministers, too, left their flocks in the time of their extremity; "whereupon divers Nonconformists, pitying the dying and distressed people, who had none to call the impenitent to repentance, or to help men prepare for another world, or to comfort them in their terrors, when about ten thousand died in a week, resolved that no obedience to the laws of mortal men, whatsoever, could justify them in neglecting men's souls and bodies in such extremities. They, therefore, resolved to stay with the people, and to go into the forsaken pulpits, though prohibited, and to preach to the poor people before they died; also to visit the sick, and get what relief they could for the poor, especially those that were shut up."

The great Fire followed the great Plague. On the second of September, 1666, London was set on fire; and the devouring element wrapped in its destructive embrace, churches, houses, public libraries, shops, warehouses, and all within the city walls. Out of these tremendous evils good arose. It was, perhaps, part of that plan on which God proceeds in the development of His redeeming designs. Churches burnt, and their Ministers gone, a noble band of Nonconformist and Independent Pastors stood forth, resolved "to preach till they were imprisoned;" and Richard Baxter was one among them.

To enter into his labours in connexion with the various and exciting movements which progressed between the years 1665 and 1670, would alone furnish material for endless thought. The cruel and relentless hand of persecution grasped him, imprisoned him, and suppressed the little meeting which he held at Acton. He conducted a lengthened correspondence with Dr. Owen, which is worthy of attentive perusal by every student of his country's history. From his ever busy pen now proceeded his "Reasons of the Christian Religion;" "Directions to Weak Christians how to Grow in Grace;" "The Christian Directory;" "Apology, for Nonconformists," and several other works, which help to throw light on the character of parties at that important period, and also to unfold the religion of Christ in all its elevating and blessing power.

During the next six years, the "Conventicle Act," the "Dispensing Declaration," and the opposition of Parliament, brought Baxter into renewed intercourse with the leading personages of the day; and after many alternations of hope and fear,—after days and nights of mighty toil and sleepless anxiety,—he suffered the confiscation of his goods rather than swear to principles contrary to the word of God. He helped to fight a grand battle; and, amid the developments and glories of a higher life, he will realise the reward. How he wrote in the midst of this conflict, his "Duty of Heavenly-Mindedness;" "Vindication of God's Goodness;" "Defence of the Principles of Love," and other works equally valuable, it is difficult to imagine. But he was God's servant, and God helped him.

From the year 1676 onwards to his celebrated trial, a period of nine years, he wrote more than twenty works, some of them good size quartoes; sought to enter every open door to help the sick and destitute; and submitted to every species of annoyance and persecution, and that, too, with a weak and fragile body, and constant, and frequently excruciating, pain. Despotism was rampant. Informers infested the country. Every Minister, faithful to his conscience, was watched by the vulture eye of spies. Again, in 1682, he was pounced upon, dragged from his home, and deprived of his goods. Just then, with exquisite beauty and feeling, he writes:—"As waves follow waves in the tempestuous sea, so one pain follows another in this miserable flesh. O! how little is it that the best and kindest of friends can do for a pained body, or a guilty, sinful soul, in comparison of one gracious look or word from God. Woe be to him that hath no better help than man; and blessed is he whose help and hope are in God."

Dear Baxter! we honour thy memory, and in another world hope to commune with thy spirit on the events and experience of time.

(*To be concluded.*)

Nature and Art.

CHURCH SONG.*

AMONGST THE JEWS.

Worship-song is no peculiarity of revealed religion; it is the instinctive prompting of nature.† Homer and Hesiod wrote hymns to the gods,—the earliest divines of Greece, as well as its earliest poets. Orpheus was a priest-musician. A chief part of the religion of the Egyptians was singing hymns to their gods. We do not wonder, therefore, that the Bible is full of recognitions of worship-song, and that it makes such bountiful provision for its exercise. Amongst the Jews, the very use of poetry and music seems to have been restricted to Divine worship, probably because their theocracy demanded that every rejoicing should be a thanksgiving to Jehovah.

"It is especially in Judæa that we see Devotion and the Muse dwelling together in unity, twin sisters that God hath joined, going up to His house in company, worshipping hand in hand at the throne, weeping at the altar, and bowing in silent adoration before the glorious cloud flashing in awful brightness before the holiest place."‡

Hence, the newly-liberated life of the people found its first great outbreak in Miriam's magnificent song on the shores of the Red Sea, which is our earliest specimen, not only of choral, but of antiphonal, song; for Miriam and the women sang on the one side, and were answered by Moses and the men on the other.

Beyond all question, the Temple-service of the Hebrews was the most magnificent choral-worship that the world has seen. As arranged by David and Asaph, the choir appears to have consisted of some four thousand singers and players. One of the fathers tell us, that because of the number of singers and the elevation of Mount Zion, the sound of their song could, on great occasions, be heard at a distance of ten miles! Such a choir, surpassing that of our greatest modern celebrations, and leading the rejoicing song of an assembled nation, must have been overpowering indeed.

The historian especially records how, at the dedication of Solomon's Temple, the Lord Jehovah responded to the invocation of worshipping song:—

"It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that *then* the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord: so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." (2 Chron. v. 13, 14.)

That church music was formerly taught in the Jewish schools, is clear, from 1 Chron. xxv. 7: "The number of them, with their brethren that were instructed in the songs of the Lord, even all that were cunning, was two hundred fourscore and eight." And that Jewish song became very celebrated throughout the East, is obviously implied in the ironical request of the Babylonians, that their poor captives would "sing them one of the songs of Zion."

THE PSALMS.

The great glory of the Jewish service, however, was its Psalms,—the wonderful collection of sacred songs, which for a thousand years was the expression of its praise. Not that the book of Psalms was at any time the ritual psalter of the Jewish Temple; it is rather a collection of Hebrew poetry, containing the Temple Psalms, but containing also many pieces neither meant nor fitting to be sung. The book of Psalms, as we possess it, was a a long and gradual accumulation, and was not finally completed until after the captivity.

Hippolytus, writing in a third century, assigns it as a reason why the Jews affixed no author's name to the book of

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* *Church Song in relation to Church Life.* A Lecture by the Rev. Henry Allon. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1862.

† "If I were a nightingale, I would do as a nightingale; and if a swan, as a swan; but since I am a rational creature, I ought to praise God; this is my work, this I will do."—*Arrianus, the Stoic Philosopher.*

‡ *Milner's Life of Watts*, p. 256.

Psalms, "that the compositions were not written by one; but Esdras collected those of several authors, as the traditions inform us, in the time after the captivity, when he united the psalms of different writers, or rather songs in general (λογους); for they are not all psalms. In consequence, some of them have the name of David prefixed to them; some, that of Solomon; others, that of Asaph. There are also some of Jeduthun, and, besides, some of the sons of Korah, also by Moses. Now, the compositions of all these men collected together will not be called the Psalms of David alone by anyone who understands the matter."*

In its completed form, it is a precious fount of devotional expression and joy; "a kind of epitome," says Augustine, "of the whole Scripture;" "the choice and flower," says Hooker, "of all things profitable in other books."

By far the larger portion of the Psalms, however, was contributed by David, "that great chorister of God."† And the wonderful thing is, that spiritual utterances, so true, so profound, so ample, should come out of an age so crude in its theology, so dim in its religious light. How little these Jewish Prophets knew concerning God; His nature, His purposes, His love! How stern their dispensation; how ritual their worship; how carnal their age! And yet how full of religious light and love are these Psalms! How wonderfully they express the deep religious heart of humanity! They fathom the lowest depths, they scale the loftiest heights, of man's spiritual soul. We, of this nineteenth Christian century, have no expressions for our various religious experiences so adequate as David's. When we pray the most intelligently, we use his words: when we praise the most rapturously, we seize his harp. He speaks for us, as no one else has spoken, the great mysteries of our life, the great struggles of our soul; all that we can remember, experience, or hope; a penitence that our sorrow can never surpass, an ardour that we can but feebly emulate, a rapture that we can but faintly share. Who, with all the revelation of the New Testament, and with all the culture of nineteen Christian centuries, can say that his spiritual experiences have outgrown David's Psalms; that he has risen above their height, expatiated beyond their range, explored beneath their depth? If we hesitate to use them, it is that they go beyond our experience rather than fall short of it. When, in the worship of the church, can it be said, that "the prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended?"*

(*To be concluded.*)

* Hippolytus on the Psalms, quoted by Bunsen.—*Hippolytus*, vol. i., 284, 285.

† Bishop Hall.

* "They (the Psalms) discover secrets, Divine and human: they lay open the holy of holies of both God and man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the one is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the mysteries, the record of the struggles, the wailing when worsted, the pæans when triumphant, of that life. They are the thousand-voiced heart of the Church, uttering from within—from the secret depths and chambers of her being, her spiritual consciousness—all that she remembers, experiences, believes; suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succour, and hopes from God and His Christ. They are for all time. They never can be outgrown. No dispensation, while the world stands, and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or the need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude; they speak to all classes of minds; they command every natural emotion. They are penitent, jubilant, adorative, deprecatory: they are tender, joyous, majestic; low as the whisper of love; loud as the voice of thunder; terrible as the almightiness of God!"—*Binney's Service of Song*, p. 27.

Methodism in former Days.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Mrs. Fletcher to Mrs. Crosby.

"*Madeley, June 20th*, 1786.

"My very dear Friends,—The Lord's furnace is a painful, but a profitable, place. You have been both poorly together. By and by you shall be well together, and that through one eternal day. To die into the will of God is our lesson, and God grant we may learn it in a most perfect manner, that His adorable will may be completely accomplished. Dear Miss Ritchie has, doubtless, written herself before this

time, and told you how clearly she sees her way to Dublin, and in how providential a way she was helped thither. We had much Christian fellowship during her stay here, and our people love her greatly. You inquire after Miss Salmon. Mr. Horne, who is now settled among us, saw her, a few weeks ago, at Liverpool; he says she is in a very good, simple spirit, and has not at all drunk into her brother's notions, and is very desirous to know and do the will of God, but believes it was not His will she should go to Ireland; and, for many reasons, I believe so too. I think Miss B. before she went was convinced of the same. You say, do I think it right Mr. Ireland should print any account of my dear love? He knew and loved him as scarcely any other did, and, if he chooses to print a journal of their travels many thousand miles together, with the great spiritual labours he was eye-witness to, certainly it could not be wrong. The press is free for every Englishman, at least, if he be no Methodist; but this was by no means his intent: he only wanted to gather the accounts, and present them to me. He and my brother had set their minds on my doing it. I fear many sweet accounts will fall to the ground: such as his travels alone on foot through the mountains; lying in the night wherever he could find shelter from the bears and wolves, and returning with his shoes worn out, and clothes in rags; which, with the success of the journeys, would, perhaps, have been the most apostolic part of the account. Mr. Ireland is a true and faithful friend to me; he has served me abroad as well as at home. My brother Henry possesses so much of the spirit of my dear husband, that his care of me exceeds all imagination. The family have sent me a bond, over their own estates, as security to send me the whole produce every year. I do not know yet exactly what it will be, but it is far better than I thought; and so everything has turned out, of every sort and kind, in which my dearest Mr. F. has been concerned. I believe I have not wrote to you since a great change has taken place here. Mr. Kenerson has accepted a large living in Suffolk, and for it, has given up Madeley and another living. Some days before this news reached us, these words were much on my mind, 'Thy God reigneth;' and I could not fear. Soon the new Vicar sent us word: I should never be removed, and if he could do anything that would make my situation more agreeable, he would do it. The choice of a Curate should be as before. Then one of the head of the parish, quite unawakened, sent me word by his wife, that whoever I chose, they would sign for, and no other; for they thought it the least they could do out of respect to their late Pastor, to let me choose the Minister that was to follow: and so long as I lived here, it should always be so. In all things I discern the hand of the Lord more and more every day. He tells me I am called to keep the word of His patience, and to Him I look to keep me in this hour of temptation. I have collected, with a good deal of labour, some sweet little fragments, on different subjects, from little pocket-books, which some friends wished me to add to my last printed letter, with the picture. I prefer that advantage being given to Mr. Wesley, who told me he had done nothing towards the 'Life,' and had enough to do for a year past, and seemed to doubt of doing it at all; therefore, I printed five thousand. However, I shall have the pleasure of greatly facilitating the sale of his, for there is great inquiry when it is to come out. I hope the papers will not be shortened, or else I shall repent not having printed them all together myself; for which many blame me. My health is tolerable, and I am not much concerned about it. I want a full plunge into that element of love which is the spirit of heaven. I see a lovely prospect many times before me, and pant for all that fulness which arises from the being perfectly lost in God. When we shall meet again on earth I know not, since I think from the sudden impression I had, in taking leave of you, that we never shall: but, O! there is a better country, and this side of it looks to me a mere howling wilderness. My love to all friends, and believe me your sincere and affectionate friend,

"M. FLETCHER."

(To be continued.)

The Months of the Year.

JULY.

"Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away."
SPENSER.

THE season which we have been so long anticipating is now fairly arrived: summer is come among us, and the warmest and richest part of the year is felt and seen to be present with us. The direct influence of the sun gradually diminishes from the period of the summer solstice, yet the earth and air have been so thoroughly heated during the spring months, that the diminution of solar influence is more than compensated.

July was originally the fifth month of the year; it continued thirty-six days, and was called by the Romans, on account of its numerical station, *Quintilis*. Its name was altered by Mark Antony to *Julius*, the Gentile name of Caius Cæsar, the dictator, who was born in it. The number of days in this month was reduced by Romulus to thirty-one; by Numa, to thirty; and was again restored to thirty-one at the regulation of the calendar by Julius Cæsar. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called this month *Mædmonath*, from the meads being in their bloom; and *Heymonath*, from the business of hay-making, which occupies the early part of July, and in northern districts is the chief employment at the close of the month.

The Portfolio.

THE PROPER USE OF KNOWLEDGE.

IT is not, says Bacon, a couch to rest a searching and restless spirit, nor a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down upon; nor a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; nor a commanding fort for strife and contention; nor yet a shop for profit and sale: but a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Redeemer, and the relief of man's estate.

THE DOUBLE MEDIUM.

TAKE a straight stick, says Spencer, and put it into the water, then it will seem crooked. Why? Because we look at it through two mediums, air and water. There lies the deception, thence it is that we cannot discern aright. Thus the proceedings of God in His justice, which in themselves are straight without the least obliquity, seem unto us crooked; that wicked men should prosper, and good men be afflicted; that the Israelites should make the bricks, and the Egyptians dwell in the houses; that servants should ride on horseback, and princes go on foot. These are things that make the best Christians stagger in their judgment; and why? but because they look upon God's proceedings through a double medium of flesh and spirit, that so all things seem to go cross, though, indeed, they go right enough; and hence it is that God's proceedings in His justice are not so well discerned, the eyes of man alone not being competent judges thereof.

THE ALTERNATIVES.

A GENTLEMAN went to a friend, in great anger, at a real injury he had received, which he intended to resent. After relating the particulars, he inquired if it would not be *manly* to resent it? His friend replied, "Yes; it would doubtless be *manly* to resent it, but it would be *godlike* to forgive it."

CHINESE NOTIONS OF LIFE'S PROGRESS.

SIR JOHN BOWRING says that the Chinese apply to different ages certain terms. The age of ten, is called the opening degree; of twenty, youth expired; of thirty, strength and marriage; of forty, officially apt; of fifty, error-knowing; of sixty, cycle-closing; of seventy, rare bird of age; of eighty, rusty-visaged; of ninety, delayed; of one hundred, age's extremity.

Memorials of the Departed.

ELIZA ROGERS, wife of the Rev. John Rogers, Wesleyan Minister, whose maiden name was Wright, was born in Ballineen, in the County of Cork, on the 26th of June, 1791. When young, her father and family removed to the town of Bandon, and there resided for more than twenty years, and then removed to the city of Cork. When in Bandon, Miss Wright was converted to God, under the ministry of the Wesleyan Ministers, and received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of her sins through faith in the atoning blood of her great High-Priest, the Lord Jesus Christ. The Spirit of adoption was given her on the 1st of September, 1814, being then twenty-three years of age. She wrote a diary from that time until she was married, which proves she walked closely with God, day after day. The family again removed to the city of Cork. Her parents, brothers, and sisters, all united themselves to the Methodist Society. The late James Field, of Cork, was her Leader. He was one of the holiest Leaders, and most useful, that Ireland has seen. Her improvement in religious knowledge and grace grew rapidly, so that her Leader often got her to meet some of his female classes. In all the Circuits where the providence of God placed her husband, she was useful; visiting the members of the Societies, and in some of them she conducted classes. She lived the religion she recommended to others. She taught her children, by precept and example, the ways of the Lord. She loved God's word: daily did she read it on her knees, and through its heavenly teaching she had learned truly to be meek and lowly of heart. The house of God was her delight: there she was always in proper time. While loving all who loved the Lord, in the large catholicity of the Gospel, the Methodists were the people of her choice. It was among them she found "the pearl of great price," and blessedly knew that the Gospel which was preached to them was the truth as it is in Jesus; for it was the power of God unto salvation to her happy soul. She attended the lovefeasts regularly, and was generally the first to stand up to glorify God for His goodness and tender mercies, so richly bestowed upon her through her Saviour, Jesus Christ. For some months before her death her health began to fail. One Sabbath she attended public worship and met her class. Early in the following day, while engaged in prayer, she was seized with paralysis. She never rallied again, but on Tuesday, November 9th, 1858, she went to God, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She walked in the light of God's countenance for upwards of forty years. She put on bowels of compassion for the poor, and, according to her power, cheerfully relieved their wants. Her remains are interred in Modreeny Churchyard, there to remain until the day of God, when she shall be raised immortal, and glorious, and dwell with Him in everlasting day.

SAMUEL SEDGWICK was born at West-Witton, March 1st, 1799. He was in early life favoured with the instructions and prayers of pious parents. For a considerable time, however, he lived without God, seeking happiness in the sinful pleasures of the world. But in the year 1822, being the subject of deep concern for the salvation of his soul, he was invited by his pious mother to attend a Class-meeting. He consented; and from this time united himself with the people of God. Shortly after this, while attending a lovefeast at Preston, in the Middleham Circuit, he obtained peace with God, and entered into Christian liberty. From this time he was "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." His religion was consistent and influential, and was evinced by his spirit and general deportment. He became remarkable for his fidelity, and for the constancy of his zeal, in all matters relating to the cause of God. In West-Witton, the place of his residence, his circumspection, uprightness, and firmness, were universally felt and acknowledged. In this village he was connected with various departments of the work of God; and by the strenuous efforts he put forth for the glory of God and the welfare of men, the reality of his faith and love was strikingly manifested. In the good cause which he had espoused, he likewise displayed, in the most

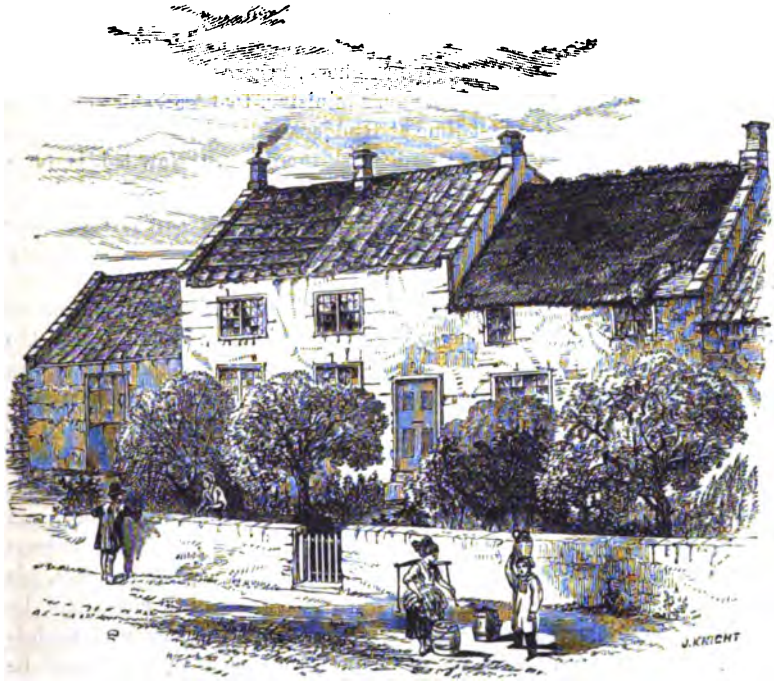
exemplary manner, the patience of his Lord, —enduring, like Him, the contradiction of sinners against himself. From deep conviction, he was ardently attached to Methodism, its doctrines, its discipline, and its institutions,—manifesting great regard for its Ministers. And as some proof of this, it ought to be told, that he diligently availed himself of all the privileges of the Society as far as opportunity allowed, never neglecting any of the means of grace, and regarding it as an honour, as well as a sacred duty, to be present at the renewal of tickets. These he highly valued as the tokens of membership in the church of his choice, and carefully preserved them all, from the first, received in 1822, to the last, received in 1860, the year of his death. After having been a member for a few years, by the approval of his brethren, he engaged in the work of publicly exhorting sinners "to flee from the wrath to come." As an Exhorter, his name stood on the plan of the Middleham Circuit, from 1828, up to the time of his death. His faithfulness and punctuality in attending to the appointments assigned to him, as well as to all his other engagements, made him a strictly reliable man. The work which his hands found him to do, he did with his might, and at the proper time. He was never late when he could avoid it. One who knew him thirteen years, testifies that he scarcely ever observed him five minutes behind the appointed time for commencing any good work, or for waiting on the Lord. His health began to fail in 1858. From this time his hitherto strong constitution was gradually prostrated by suffering, which, however, he bore with calm resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. His course resembled "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." On the Wednesday previous to his death, being surrounded by a few friends, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to him. While partaking of the sacred emblems of his Saviour's body and blood, he was filled with joy and peace, and testified of his confidence in his great Redeemer's ability to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day. After this period his words were few, although visited by many friends. Somewhat contrary to their thinking, his end was near; for, on the morning of Monday, September 24th, about five o'clock, he quietly breathed his happy spirit into the hands of his Creator. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Beanland, John,	Bramley,	Bramley,	62	March 28th, 1862.
Beaumont, Joseph,	West-Cowick,	Snaith,	81	March 9th, 1862.
Booth, George,	Goole,	Snaith,	65	May 4th, 1862.
Burrows, Mr. John, jun.,	Leigh,	Worcester,	35	March 26th, 1862.
Butler, William,	Bramley,	Bramley,	74	Feb. 23d, 1862.
Calverley, John,	Hampsthwaite,	Ripon,	73	Feb. 22d, 1862.
Chambers, Emma,	Balne,	Snaith,	24	March 14th, 1862.
Chapman, Christopher,	Hawes,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	49	Feb. 25th, 1862.
Jackson, Hannah Eliza,	Swinefleet,	Snaith,	18	April 19th, 1862.
Leighton, Mary,	Sedbergh,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	68	Feb. 19th, 1862.
Massee, Mrs. Tabitha,	Sheriff-Hutton,	Easingwold,	75	March 29th, 1862.
Parkin, Nancy,	Murthwaite,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	74	Feb. 7th, 1862.
Pringle, Mrs. Jane,	Stockton-on-Tees,	Stockton,	45	Jan. 7th, 1862.
Rolfe, Henry Richard,	Harleston,	Bungay,	22	March 26th, 1862.
Ward, Thomas,	Kington,	Kington,	75	April 2d, 1862.
Williams, Mr. D.,	Mildenhall,	Mildenhall,	62	May 11th, 1862.

ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



(*Dr. Newton's Birth-place.*)

THE MINISTRY OF THE REV. ROBERT NEWTON, D.D.

When men preach the Gospel they ought to do so as well as they can. The subject is of an importance to the glory of its Author, and to the welfare of man, so transcending every other, that it challenges the best efforts of the finest minds that were ever created to set forth its wisdom, holiness, and mercy. And we frankly declare our belief, that the Divine Author of the Gospel has taken care that those whom He calls to preach it, besides having a foretaste of its saving grace, should possess minds, both for strength and sympathy, naturally superior to those of their fellow men,—polished shafts in the quiver,—earthen vessels though they be, yet for capacity and fine quality, fitter than any others to contain the heavenly "treasure." Whether everyone whom the heavenly Artificer has moulded and attempered for this office, actually takes it; or, whether, supposing him to have entered upon the awful work of the ministry, he so purifies himself by prayer and self-denial, that he may become "a vessel of honour fit for the Master's use," or not, may, perhaps, be matter of question. Certainly we find true Ministers of the Gospel, men of strong sense and of large hearts. These sterling qualities—good sense, and good feeling—shone in Robert Newton. At the early age of nineteen he was called into "the work of

God," (as Methodism was designated in the last century,) as a Preacher on Trial; but the gravity of his manners and appearance, and the power and charm of his ministrations, not only excused his youthfulness, but obtained at once the cordial admiration of all classes of his congregations. At that time there were no "boy-preachers;" these have sprung up of late. At a very early stage of Newton's ministry, two Yorkshire clothiers went to hear him for the first time at Huddersfield. As they came down the gallery-stairs, the one was heard to ask the other, "Now lad, is he a barrel, or a fountain?" "Nay lad," responded his friend, "he's no barrel; I think he's a fountain." The man was right; as the Preacher's welling-out evangelical truth—clear, fresh, and abundant—for fifty years afterwards, fully proved.

"Christ;" "Christ and Him crucified," was the great theme of Newton's preaching. There he found everything: God reconciled to the world; forgiveness, peace, consolation, hope for men in this life, and in the world to come. There was a geniality, too, in his sermons not often felt in other men's. Happy himself,—knowing Christ had died for all,—overflowing with good health,—by constant travel spared the pain of interior views of society,—he was accustomed to give those representations of the Gospel which serve to win people by their beauty, and glory, and kindliness: undoubtedly, whilst many were his converts, all his hearers were moved with devout delight. As years brought forth experience, his sermons became still more enriched by their practical character: he appeared ready to sacrifice the graces of rhetoric in the forum of usefulness; he taught what must be done by us, as well as what may be believed and enjoyed. We have heard him in a few of his most popular sermons, in which undoubted truths were treated with the utmost interest of novelty; delivered with dramatic effect, and sent home to one with a power never to be forgotten: instances these, when he quoted the dignified verses of Milton or Young in the highest style of nature and art. Yet, enrapturing as were such effusions, the more quiet, practical, and discriminating Gospel of his later years rests upon us with most effect. For such a Minister, in labours so abundant, of a life so blameless, of a spirit so catholic, and of eloquence so sanctified, the Methodist connexion will long cherish an affectionate admiration: fathers will tell their children in time to come of Robert Newton. But let no man ape him: let no man try to be a Robert Newton. The God of nature is so wealthy in ingenuity, and so copious in resources, that in all this earth, "each herb and flower" is different from every other. Were it otherwise, how poor would all appear! Vast deserts are wearisome enough; but *then*, earth itself would be a desert. Now the God of nature is the God of grace, and He provides with equal skill and power Ministers, and many other helps, for His people, but never a duplicate of any one. There was but one Paul, one Cephas, one Apollos of old; and amongst the Methodists let there be but one Adam Clarke, one Richard Watson, one Robert Newton, one Jabez Bunting. Indeed, at present, we hardly need say that, unhappily, the imitators are studying more modern models.

The vocal organ in most men has two tones,—the singing tone and the speaking. The difference between the two tones in the same individual is so decided, that we have but a faint idea of what may be the quality of a man's voice in singing, whom we have heard only speak. If we did not see the person, we might affirm that the singer and the speaker were not one, but twain. This is imperfection. In a few other men, the vocal organ gives but one voice throughout its entire register. In one person it may be contra-basso; in another, baritone; in a third, tenor; and in another, alto. But, hear them whenever we may, singing or speaking, aloud or softly, it is ever the same pure, natural unitone. This is perfection. The rarest, most admirable, most manly of all these is the first, the contra-basso. It is double the depth of baritone, and imparts dignity to song, and majesty to speech. Dr. Newton's voice was of this character. From the moment that it broke, in youth, it was contra-basso; although it deepened and strengthened with years. Perhaps it was excelled by that of no other man. It was extensive in register, rich, flexible, and of vast power. Unconsciously, he often talked in tones as deep as the lower notes of the violoncello, or of the bassoon. In the pulpit, his voice was in perfection. Forth it poured in a mighty bass melody. It awoke all the music of one's soul. We forgot all time. People had not to lean forward and listen: the word was nigh them; the voice was among them, and surrounded them; everyone felt it: like the sound of the Pentecostal wind, "it filled all the house where they were sitting." But Dr. Newton had a correct ear, besides. Other Preachers may be found with as good voices: but where is the ear? His parents affirmed that "Robert could sing, before he could say." Without his well-tuned ear, his splendid voice had been a splendid monotony. But that outer organ taught him to play skilfully on his instrument. Whether his theme were argumentative, didactic, sympathetic, or declamatory, his voice obeyed his ear, and his ear good taste. With all its volume, his audience were never overborne with voice: his tones, so firm, did yet so wave and undulate, that whilst the ear of his congregations was filled and kept full, it was most delightfully regaled with their endless variations. And "because the Preacher was wise, he sought to find out acceptable words." His diction was his mother-tongue. He did not Latinize. His pronunciation was in keeping with his noble voice, full; and, as in all men who love good tone, inclining even to broad. Such a weight of voice employed incessantly in every extreme of heat and cold, in large congregations and in small, must have worn him down long since, as it has done many other men, had he not been discreet. But as the very best performers prefer the middle of their respective instruments, so Dr. Newton did likewise: suppressing, where others begin to shout, and always keeping within his strength, he retained his incomparable organ unshaken and unhurt to the last.

P. H.

THE LAW OF GOD.

HOW BELIEVERS FULFIL IT.

I. MANY persons cherish wrong views of the law of God, and of their own relation to it. Some there are who imagine that the death of Christ relieves them from the obligation to obey. Professing to exalt the Saviour, they speak as though the believer were freed from obedience to the law; and they brand as "legal" all who mention its requirements. Others, rushing into the opposite extreme, ignore faith in the atonement, and act as though salvation depended wholly on keeping the commandments. Others profess to take a middle course. They do their best to obey the law, and believe that their "sincere but imperfect obedience" will be accepted, all deficiencies being made up by the merit and intercession of Jesus. All these views are radically wrong. In speaking upon this subject many of God's people are bewildered, and feel themselves treading uncertain ground. Some extol obedience at the expense of faith; while others regard everything pertaining to the law, as a return to the bondage of the old covenant. It is, then, a matter of some importance, that we should find out our true position. Guided by the Spirit and word of God, we shall be enabled to ascertain this. It will be necessary for us to remember,—

II. *That the moral law is binding on us.*

Not the *ceremonial* law, given to the Jews in the wilderness,—that was for ever abolished by the advent of Messiah,—but the moral law, the rule of man's obedience to God. This law was first given to Adam in Paradise; and on his keeping it, depended his enjoyment of God's favour. The same law, embodied in ten commandments, was given to the Israelites, amid the thundering and lightnings, and smoke of Sinai. It was expounded by the Lord Jesus on the Mount, and its spirituality and breadth made known. And by the same Divine Teacher it was comprehended in two commands. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."* "And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. xxii. 37—39.) This law is in force at the present day, and is binding on us. We have not the slightest intimation of any repeal, in Old Testament or New. Christ confirmed it. "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." (Matt. v. 17.) Believing this, let us advance another truth.

III. *We are of ourselves unable to keep this law.*

Here we are brought face to face with one of the saddest results of Adam's fall. In his sin we lost, not God's favour merely,—not purity, not peace only,—but the *power to obey*. As regards keeping the law of God, we are emphatically "without strength." Does this statement require proof? Have not all men, in all ages, tried to keep the law? And have any succeeded? Have not we ourselves, after numberless efforts, been

* "With all thy heart;" that is, the affections shall be solely and fully fixed upon Him. "With all thy soul," or life: with all our living energies. "And with all thy mind," with the intellect, or understanding.—*See Wesley on Luke* x. 27.

forced to the conclusion, that we could not keep it? That "other law in our members"—our own depraved nature—was too strong for us; and, like the natural man Paul personates, we were ready in despair to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" (Rom. vii. 24.) But this fact does not in the least alter our obligation to obey. If an infatuated man, losing self-command, enslaves himself to drunkenness, the habit is no less criminal because he cannot help it. If a frenzied man, maddened by strong drink, slays his brother, the crime is as truly murder, and as justly punishable, as though he had been sober. Or, if a man convicted of theft, declares himself the slave of uncontrollable tendencies to stealing, he is none the less guilty. The claims of the law are not altered a tittle by such pleas. Then, because of these things, we are proven "guilty before God." No man has kept the law,—no man can keep the law. All have broken it, and all are therefore guilty; that is, liable to punishment. And that punishment all must suffer, unless God help us. The crime brings condemnation, and the condemnation is to everlasting death. But let us take another step, and say,—

IV. *The atonement of Jesus exactly meets our case.*

God, in sending His Son, gave proof at once of His hatred to sin, and love to the sinner. Christ died—died as man's substitute. By the sacrifice of Himself for us, He secured to us two grand blessings,—pardon and holiness. The first blessing casts its shadow over our past life, and secures forgiveness for every act of transgression: this frees man from guilt; removing his condemnation. The other blessing gives the soul power, and by the agency of the Holy Ghost, secures obedience. Christ did not obey the law *instead* of us; but, atoning for our past breaches of the commandment, by the same act, secured for us power to keep it. "He is the propitiation for our sins." He "gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Titus ii. 14.) Thus did Christ fulfil the law, not by doing our duty, but by restoring to us the power we had lost. Another link in the chain is this,—

V. *The means by which these blessings are made ours, is faith.*

Take the great and leading blessing of the Gospel,—*pardon*. How is this obtained? Through the blood of Jesus. But by what means? Faith. One passage in proof will suffice: "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) As to the other. We are "sanctified by faith." The Gospel is "the *power* of God to every one that believeth." What is faith? "The look of the heart to Jesus crucified." What is its position? Not, as some have supposed, to take the place of obedience, but to bring to us the power to obey. "Faith without works is dead." Faith is simply the channel through which the blessings of Christ's atonement flow into our souls. Faith in Jesus restores to us the blessings we lost in Adam. In a word, "Ye *are saved* through faith." "The just shall live by faith;" be made alive by receiving pardon and regeneration; continue to live by receiving power to obey. Let us advance another step.

VI. *True faith produces, and works by, love.*

This is the earliest emotion in the soul of a newly-forgiven man,—love to God. "We love Him, because He first loved us." And this love of God, produced by living faith, is "shed abroad" in the heart. It spreads, leaven-like, through the believer's entire soul, subduing, or absorbing everything else. He never loved till he believed; but now the fruit of faith is love. Here is the distinctive mark of an unrenewed man, he does not love God. "Not that we loved God." The believer *does* love God, really loves Him, consciously loves Him. This is a proof that his position is changed: an evidence that his heart is renewed. Faith produces love, and love evidences faith. We need only one point more.

VII. *The love of God produces obedience.*

The believer obeys because he loves. He loves God, and that love becomes to obedience at once a motive and a power. The man who truly loves cannot help but obey, it is natural to him. A child is supposed to love its parent. But what is the proof of its love? That it obeys. So with the believer. The word of his Master is, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments;" and how can he do otherwise? "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments." To what conclusion, then, are we come? The law is fulfilled in the believer.

Let us look back. God's holy law is binding, in all its strict requirements, upon every one of us. But, in our present fallen state, we have no power to keep it. The death of Christ providing pardon, procures for us all power to love and obey; and simple faith makes that power our own. Then the method is both easy and plain. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ we are saved. But this faith of necessity produces love; and where love is, obedience must follow. We have arrived at Paul's conclusion: "*For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.*" (Rom. viii. 3, 4.)

Presteign. I. E. P.

YANNE, THE NESTORIAN CAPTIVE.

(*Concluded.*)

Dr. H—— applied to the Pacha of Mosul for a suitable band of soldiers to go with him to rescue the girl. He expressed some surprise that Dr. H—— should go in person, but made no objection, and gave him an order upon a Turkish officer who commanded a body of troops fifteen or twenty miles distant from the Koordish encampment.

This officer readily promised compliance with the Pacha's letter, and soon Dr. H—— and Eremiah were in company with about eighty irregular horsemen and footmen, travelling in haste and by night toward the Koordish tents. Their expedition was not without danger. Chelliby Aga and his son were fierce warriors, noted in battle. They could muster about a hundred armed Koords, able to wage a desperate attack. The

Koords are naturally suspicious, and would be on their guard. They would resist any sudden onset to the utmost of their power. The best plan was to try and disarm suspicion; and by stratagem, if possible, to accomplish the purpose in hand. With this view, an apparently friendly interview was sought, and with some difficulty secured. On gaining admission to the Chief, Dr. H—— and the officer were escorted to seats of honour beside the Chieftains. At first, while reserve, suspicion, and preparation for attack were manifest in every look and movement, their project seemed hopeless. But as pipes and coffee were circulated, and conversation became general, the brow of the Chief relaxed, and his attendants gradually dispersed a little to perform the duties of hospitality. Eremiah meanwhile sauntered about with apparent indifference; and managed to see Yanne, and to communicate to her their intention, so that she might be in readiness.

In the tent the wonderful discoveries of the western world were recounted. Telegraphs and railroads were described. All the hearers were apparently deeply interested. Even the soldiers pressed forward to hear the news. Etiquette was forgotten in their eagerness to listen, so that they even found their way behind the Chiefs. Suddenly the Turkish officer gave a sign, and these zealous listeners at once threw themselves upon Chelliby Aga and his son, and pinioned their arms to their sides, so that they were incapable of the slightest resistance, and the astonished and excited crowd who pressed forward to revenge their assault, were assured that the slightest movement on their part would result in the death of their Chiefs: and while surprise still prevented the concerted action of the Koords, the Chiefs were bound on to horses. Yanne was also mounted on a horse, and in a moment more the whole troop were scouring over the plain.

So instantaneous was the whole movement, that Dr. H—— was not fully prepared for it, and found himself left behind after the rest of the party had left. His position was one of extreme peril, as the infuriated crowd closed around him; but a threatening manner and stern voice opened the way to where his horse was tied, and mounting him, he was soon borne out of danger.

The party pursued their way with excited feelings; the successful, rejoicing; the defeated, desponding. Yanne was overjoyed at her deliverance, for which she had been so long hoping. The Chiefs were chagrined at their being thus over-reached and overpowered; the younger was especially exasperated at the escape of his bride.

Night came on while they were yet distant several hours from Mosul, and compelled their encampment. In the stillness of the evening the quick ear of Eremiah overheard whispers which revealed a strange and wicked plot. It seemed that not the Pacha's letter, nor desire to please Dr. H——, or simple humanity, had stimulated the Turkish officer to such zeal and activity in the rescue of Yanne; but he was all the time scheming for his own advantage, and making tools of the others. He had heard the fame of Yanne's beauty, and knew what a prize she would be deemed in the Pacha's harem; so he intended to carry her at once to the Pacha's palace, knowing that for the delivery of such a present he might expect an office of honour, or a rich reward in money.

Upon this discovery a hasty consultation was held by the trio most interested. To Yanne this prospect was terrible, far more so than the fate from which she had just escaped. Once within the Pacha's harem, her doom for life would be sealed. As a result of their conference, while the wearied soldiers were sleeping, and the officer was dreaming of his golden prospects for the morrow, Eremiah and Yanne stole away in the darkness, and with rapid steps made their way toward the city. Fear, lent them wings; excitement, strength; and heaven, protection: so that soon after the gates of Mosul were opened in the morning, the fugitives entered and made their way to the house of the English Consul; where, under the protection of the English flag, Yanne was safe from both the Koordish Chief and the Turkish Pacha.

The scene at the camp about the same time baffles description. When the officer gave the summons to mount, and no Yanne started from the group of sleepers, his disappointment and rage were unbounded. The bird had flown, the schemer was outwitted, his castle in the air had vanished. Dr. H——, of course, explained nothing; but Eremiah's absence explained enough. Danger of an attack being now over, the captives were released and allowed to return, and the remainder of the party hastened to Mosul.

On their arrival there, the officer repaired at once to the palace, and told the Pacha what a prize he had almost delivered into his hands; and so inflamed his mind with his glowing description of Yanne's charms, that he determined to possess her at all hazards. Finding by inquiry where she had gone, he sent a message to the Consulate demanding her immediate surrender. The reply was returned, that she would stay where she was. Another message was sent by the Pacha, that he would send soldiers and take her even if they had to tear down the walls of the Consulate. Still Yanne was not given up; and he hesitated to execute his threat, through fear of the consequences should complaint be made at Constantinople.

He then attempted by a ruse to obtain possession of her. He secured an order for her to appear before the civil court, on the ground that she was the wife of a Mohammedan, and of course a Mohammedan, and was kept in the house of a Christian. He expected either to seize her upon the way to the court, or to secure her committal into other hands besides the friends with whom she was now staying, where she would be within his reach. But Yanne went to court well attended by guards from the Consulate; and while there, she testified that she was a Christian, and had always been a Christian, and was only kept by a Mohammedan by force: so that the court found no excuse for detaining her, and she was returned in safety.

Several months have since passed. Yanne has lived most of the time in the Consul's family, or with the Missionaries. Her Koordish lover still thinks of her, and sends messengers at times with extravagant offers of love and service, to all of which she is insensible. She has gained a good knowledge of Gospel truth; and the hope is indulged that she has

been truly born of God. She may yet be a blessing to the women of that country, and be as pre-eminent in piety as she is now in beauty.

THE ROCKS OF THE BIBLE.

THROUGHOUT Scripture the various objects of nature are made use of to render more clear to our limited intelligence the mysteries of revelation, or the supreme heights of Divine majesty. Among the splendid and sublime natural features thus introduced, perhaps, rocks are the most prominent and magnificent. Palestine, one of the most beautiful of earth's many lands, is diversified by all the varied splendour of wood and plain, rock and valley, field and flood; and the Hebrew poets and historians who wrote, under the direction of God, the canon of Holy Scripture, drank deeply of that poetic spirit, which the grandeur of their native land tended so powerfully to instil. Whenever they wished to picture, in "breathing words" and undying impression, the guardian care of Deity, they likened His sustaining grace to "the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land." When they wished to inspire the fainting souls of the men of Israel with fresh courage, they reminded them in stirring, yet majestic words, that "the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages." Wherever in the Bible there are found the sublime characteristics of the ancient Hebrew poetry, great affluence and grandeur of illustration are also present; a method, indeed, which adds beauty and force to the style, and simplifies the meaning of the inspired word by reference to the various parts of creation. For it is true, in the deepest and best sense, that—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame."*

* * * * *

* Milton. "*Paradise Lost*," b. v.

Rocks are frequently mentioned in the Old-Testament history as affording necessary supplies to the Israelites. It was at the rock of the waters of Meribah that the faith of Moses failed: whilst forcing the crystal water from the fissured crag, he gave not to God the glory due to Him in the presence of all the people. The Lord, who brought them up out of Egypt, did not forsake them in their need, but "made them to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock;" and when almost dying of thirst, and murmuring against their Divine Protector, "The Rock of Israel" distilled for them the living stream.

But let us endeavour to take a short glimpse of the Eastern deserts. See, along the dim line that bounds the sandy plain before us, we can just discern the headmost camel of an Arab band quickly approaching. The fiery sun is declining towards the west, hastening to lave his burning orb amidst the waves which wash the purple isles of ocean, and darting his ardent beams upon the way-worn travellers. Panting, and with sinking steps, they toil along, when look! that ridge of cave-cleft rocks, rising sheer from the arid waste of sand, meets their enraptured view; and now, with new strength and energy, they press onward, till safe from the fiery sun and burning earth, they rest under the great rock's shadow, and drink of the cool transparent fount which wells up through its flinty clefts. As this rock is to the Eastern traveller, the means of giving him fresh life and renewed vigour, when almost overpowered by the fatigues of the way, so Christ is to the Christian, his powerful support in every temptation, his shield in every danger; at once

a Fountain of life, and a Rock of deliverance.

Again: Before modern science developed the art of fortification, natural defences were more important, and more generally resorted to than they are now. Whenever an irruption of the warlike Philistines scared the idolatrous Israelites from their fields and homes, they betook themselves to the rocks and caves, which were so numerous in their native land: into these fastnesses their enemies could never penetrate. When intestine strife rent the commonwealth of Israel, and the other tribes went up to fight against impious Benjamin, the remnant of that unhappy race found a last and trusty refuge in the rock of Rimmon.

But rocks are used in the figurative passages, as well as the historical details, of the Bible. If we are told in the graphic words of the old Hebrew scribe, how the five Kings were killed by victorious Joshua, at the cave of the rock Adullam, and how that historic hold in after times afforded refuge and shelter to David and his men,—though "the Rock of Divisions" and Etam, the abode of Samson, are famous in inspired story, —yet those rocks are the most nearly present to the imagination which are incidentally mentioned in the hymnic and prophetic parts of the sacred writings. The magnificent prophecy of Balaam was thundered from the rocks of Pisgah; when on the craggy heights of Zophim the curse intended for the people of God was turned into a blessing,—and gifted with a glimpse adown the dim vista of futurity, "from the top of the rocks" the unhappy seer beheld the chosen seed of God, and longed to die "the death of the righteous," that he at last might rise to heaven. But he could not lay hold on that firm support so dear to the royal Psalmist: "The Lord is my Rock, and my Deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust."

The natural character of the Israelites was fickle and changeful. Time after time did they relapse into idolatry, and forget the Rock of their deliverance; and as often did the Lord pardon their iniquities, and restore to them their forfeited privileges. When blessed with a good King, or a firm and prudent judge, they walked contentedly the flowery paths of virtue, and found security, delight, and glory in the "Rock of Israel." But when a Manasseh sat upon the throne, or when there was no judge in the land, then they strayed after the gods of the neighbouring nations, and forgot Him who had been to them a delight and a benefactor, a "Rock of Defence" from all their foes.

After a long period of bondage and slavery, their indulgent Protector again remembered His mercy to them, and "the Rock of Israel," the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," broke the fetters of the people's shame, scourged their enemies with devastating slaughter, and the star of Jacob once more shone with undiminished lustre. But it was only when he made his dwelling in that Rock, when he drank alone of that perennial fount which flowed from its fissured side, that Israel's bow "abode in strength," and his enemies were driven out before him. In the second chapter of Isaiah the Prophet speaks in majestic language of that day when idolatry shall cease, when the clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness shall melt the frosted snow of ignorance and superstition, and shall kindle that blaze of glory, which will usher in the golden millennium. The time will come when the demon-idols of Africa, and the debased deities of the islands of the sea, shall fly "to the clefts of the rocks, and to the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." The time will come when the saints and martyrs, whose intercession the Church of

Rome has substituted for that of Christ, shall give place in human hearts to the sovereign claims of the Redeemer; and antichrist, now throned amidst the palaces of the seven-hilled city, shall be trampled beneath the feet of the victorious Saviour.

As under the New Testament dispensation Christ is the Rock, whose genial streams refresh and heal His people; so He is the "munition of Rocks," which defends and guards them from every danger. As He is the Rock on which the church is founded, and fixed in whose eternal strength she shall for ever stand; so He is the strong Rock and fortress which confers upon her grace and glory, and affords her shelter from all her foes. The Lord is also further described as a "Rock of habitation," and of refuge to His distressed and fainting people. He is the Rock higher than they; at once their pride and strength, their defence and their support, in whose craggy clefts shall be their everlasting abode.

The greatest and most famous rock in Old-Testament history, is that on which, for so long a time, rested the cloud which encompassed Deity, and where the leader of the hosts of Israel remained for forty days and forty nights in converse with Jehovah. The tribes had wandered for several long weary years among the solitudes of the wilderness; often had they murmured, often had they longed for the luxuries of the land they had left behind them; but, by the forbearance and mercy of their Almighty Guide, they had at length reached that spot which was to be the scene at once of the constitution of their wonderful polity, and of the blackest idolatry they ever committed. Continually through their journeyings,—

——"along their dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God;"*

* Heber.—"Passage of the Red Sea."

Till at last its luminous presence hallowed the cloudy heights of Sinai. Never since the ark rested on the rocky crown of Ararat had any mountain been the scene of deeds so full of import, so fraught with destiny, as those which Sinai was soon to see. If on Ararat began a new era of the world's history, and from its summit spread, in different directions, the family which was to people the whole earth, it was from the craggy rocks of Sinai that the awful voice of the Most High uttered the words which gave laws to His chosen people, elevated them above all other nations, and rendered their destiny peculiarly high and holy. But it was the severe dispensation of the law which was thus so majestically inaugurated; all those rites and ceremonies were then ordained, "which," says St. Paul, "neither we nor our fathers were able to bear;" and it is to be remembered, that whilst "the knowledge of sin" is by the law, "grace and truth" were brought into the world by Jesus Christ. What Mount Sinai was to the followers of Moses,—linked with memories of the origin of their laws and national existence; inseparably associated with the foundation of that greatness which arose with the fabric of the Tabernacle, and culminated in the gorgeous splendour of the first temple,—the hill of Calvary is to the disciples of the Saviour. "The stone which the builders rejected," though a "rock of offence" to the wise and learned sophisters of earth, "is become the head of the corner" to those who believe. The rock on which the fierce Hebrew zealots, true descendants of those who had killed the prophets, erected the ever-glorious cross of the Redeemer, is indeed sacred to all time: it will never be named, but in indissoluble connexion with the dearest hopes of humanity, and as the cliff-point of earth from whence the soul ascends to heaven. That rock on which the

expiring Son of Man uttered the awful words, "It is finished!" is the very emblem of salvation, the hallowed spot where the work of our redemption, after having been attested by many indubitable proofs, was finally worked out to the grand and dread conclusion, —to that completion which rescued a ruined world by the life-blood of the Son of God.

Uxbridge. F. T. P.

CONSTANCY IN GIVING.

After contributing a small sum for several years, to a Jewish Mission, a good woman said, when the application was renewed, "Are the Jews not converted yet?" So it is with not a few. They wonder when this giving will come to an end. The reply is, *Never!* If Christ be true, and if His word be true, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and constant giving is a Christian duty and privilege.

1. *Christ's cause demands constant giving.*—Sinners are constantly dying, and souls are daily perishing for ever. The heathen are leaping by thousands every day into eternity, without God, and without Christ! The Missionary is unremitting in his toil in the high places of the field where you have placed him. Like good Dr. Carey, he has gone down into the pit, and will you let go the rope? While there is one land to be evangelized, one tribe to be taught the truth as it is in Jesus, one soul to be saved, we who have "freely received," must "freely give."

2. *Constant giving is not peculiar to Christ's cause.*—Are you not always giving to self? Daily wants and cravings are regularly met. Is not constant supply needed for your family and friends? Do you, or your children, mean to starve to-morrow, because you have feasted to-day? Every department of life, whether secular or sacred, needs daily ministration! Why should the cause of Christ and Christian benevolence be made an exception? Why should it be thought the only cause which needs not daily giving?

3. *Constant giving is no hardship.*—Hardship! why, it is a great blessing; a source of happiness, if you have the means to give. Some few Christians feel thus; and for every opportunity presented to them, instead of grudging, they say, "Thank you for calling on me."

Constant giving is no hardship, because it elevates the Christian affections; it fosters the joy of Christian benevolence; it makes men fellow-workers with God.

4. *Constant giving should follow constant getting.*—Christians are ever receiving, and why should they not be always giving? What have we that we have not received? Daily God loadeth us with benefits, daily He causeth His sun to shine upon us, daily our bread is given, and our water made sure.

Do you ever weary of *getting*, my brother? Why then weary of giving out a portion of what you daily get? "Freely ye have received, freely give." The world, the Church, the souls of men, have claims on you which must be met and discharged.

5. *Constant giving secures a great reward.*—"Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Why stop? Why imperil the issue by a temporary or occasional suspension of Christian effort? If the racer suspends his care in the stable, and his skill and exertion on the race-course, he loses the prize. If the merchant suspends his business ever and anon, and gives himself up to self-indulgence, he soon becomes a bankrupt! "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." "*Giving is living, to deny is to die.*" We must go on living for Christ, toiling for Christ,

giving for Christ, until every city has become a Jerusalem, every village a Bethlehem, and every house a Bethel: until the sanctuary of the living God shall beautify the face of every landscape, and the voice of prayer and praise ascend to heaven from every quarter of the habitable globe.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

A CHILD of five years old knelt at the family altar, where the prayer that availeth much was offered, and although so young in years, yet the boy wept as though his heart would break when he thought of the wrath of God, revealed against all ungodliness and sin: that sin unforgiven would separate parents and children, God and the sinner, for ever. The child prayed as he wept, that God would pardon his sins for his Saviour's sake. Whose prayer was it that broke up the depths of this young child's heart?—*A mother's.*

A youth of sixteen was on his knees, in an open field, on a fine summer's night, seeking the Lord with strong cries and tears. Some half-dozen of his class-mates knelt beside him, and joined their prayers with his; and "*The Angel,*" with much incense, joined His all-prevalent intercessions with theirs before the Great Father's throne. The youth and the friends taking hold of the strength of God, said as they wrestled, with holy, humble confidence, "We will not let Thee go:" the prayer of faith prevailed; and the youth could say, like Thomas, "My Lord, and my God." But, on that still night, in the closet alone with God, there wrestled another pleader, with a full heart's affection, and a firm faith like the Syro-phenician for her child, crying after Jesus, "Lord, help me." Whose lone pleading was that? and whose all-conquering love and faith was there?—*A mother's.*

A young man of twenty-one lay to all appearance on the bed of death. The doctor said, "I can do no more; the case seems hopeless: you must prepare for the worst; this relapse will likely prove fatal." Who had watched over him with love stronger than death, during those months of suffering, and when his fevered brain was wild? And who pleaded for his life, which she had early devoted to his God, and refused to believe but that yet he would be employed in that glorious work of preaching Christ, to which God and the church had lately called him?—*His mother.*

A Minister, in the prime of life, stands up to preach the tidings of great joy, which for twenty years had been his heaven to proclaim. An old disciple sits in the corner pew, at the foot of the pulpit-stairs. As was the Minister's wont, before he left his home, he kissed that old disciple's cheek; who bade him "Go, and be strong in the name of the Lord." The power of the highest attended His own word that Sabbath morn, and many said, like the chosen three on Olivet, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Who was that old disciple? and whose prayers held up his hands while he proclaimed his Master's will?—*His mother's.*

The child—the youth—the man—the Minister. Who made him what he was, and is, and saved him from what he might have been? The grace of God, and *his mother.* H.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

NEARLY eighty years ago, two Moravian Missionaries stationed in Labrador, at a place called Nain, set out on a journey in a sledge, over the ice, to one of their settlements situated further north.

They started early in the morning. The weather was all that could be wished to favour their journey. In

those northern regions the air is clear and biting, to an extent never known in more temperate climates. The members of their party were each wrapped up warmly, and anticipated a pleasant drive. Their sledge was drawn by dogs, and driven by an Esquimaux Indian. Another sledge followed, in which were other natives, who were friends of the Missionaries, and among them were a woman and her child.

The whole party were in high spirits. They had one hundred and fifty miles to go, which they expected to accompliah in about two days, as most of the way was over the frozen sea, and the sledges ran with ease, and the dogs were fresh and in full vigour.

After they had journeyed some hours, and were a long distance from the shore, upon the clear, glistening ice that covered the ocean, they met a sledge containing some strange Esquimaux Indians. These natives were hastening for the land as rapidly as possible. They barely stopped a moment, and advised the Missionaries to return at once to the shore. They gave no reasons for their advice, and as the Missionaries could see no cause for returning, it was not heeded by them. The weather was fair: hardly a cloud was seen in the sky. The frozen ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was as motionless as though the treacherous waves beneath were chained for ever. Not many moments passed, however, before their driver thought he perceived what is called a ground-swell, under the ice. He jumped from his sledge. Lying down, he placed his ear upon the frozen surface. He then distinctly heard a hollow grating and roaring noise that seemed as if ascending from the abyss beneath.

The travellers now quickened the pace of their dogs. Soon the motion of the sea under the ice was more perceptible. The drivers turned for the shore, and urged the dogs to their utmost speed. The wind soon began to blow, and dark clouds seemed to rise up almost as if by magic from the horizon. The ice began to break: it opened here and there, in fissures and cracks one or two feet wide. These were rapidly crossed by the frightened company, and still they urged forward their dogs on their perilous way.

But now the warning signs increased. As the sun descended toward the west, the wind rose to a storm. The snow upon the rocks and mountainous ledges of the coast, was violently driven up by occasional gusts, and filled the atmosphere. The ground-swell increased so much, that the vast body of ice, upreared by a troubled ocean beneath, heaved fearfully in many places, and rose slowly like gathering waves. The sledges no longer moved swiftly and smoothly along, but could, with difficulty, be preserved from overturning. Loud noises, too, were heard in the distance, resembling the discharges of cannon, occasioned by the breaking up of the ice.

The Esquimaux eagerly strove to gain the shore; but it soon appeared evident that the ice would burst midway between them and the land. As they neared the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice was grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow-storms driving about in the air, utterly prevented their hearing or seeing anything distinctly. It was with the utmost difficulty the terrified dogs could be urged onward, amid the rising and falling of the icy sea. The drivers paused a few seconds, in a sort of mute despair. Then, seizing the critical moment when the trembling mass dashed wildly to the level of the coast, they drove their sledges furiously along it, and succeeded in their hazardous attempt.

They had hardly time to look around them, after gaining the land, when that part of the ice from which they

had just made their escape, burst asunder, and the water forced itself from below. In an instant, the whole frozen mass, in the wildest imaginable ruin, broke loose. The vast surface, as far as the eye could reach, was crumbling, crushing, piling, and tossing itself madly, amidst a clamour utterly indescribable, and through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could no more have been heard than the puny voice of a child.

The Missionaries were overwhelmed with amazement at their marvellous escape, and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God on account of their deliverance.

Their first care was to build a snow house, about thirty paces from the beach; and very glad were they to creep into its shelter, thanking God for this place of refuge from the stormy wind and cold, which were so violent as to deprive them almost of breath, and vital warmth. Having sung a hymn, the whole party lay down, and composed themselves to rest. The natives were all soon asleep, but the Missionary Liebisch, could not repose, owing in part to the dreadful roaring and tumults of the elements without, and also to the severe pain which he suffered from sore-throat. His wakefulness saved the whole party from death in another form.

About two o'clock in the morning, he perceived salt water dropping from the snow-roof. He was just about to give the alarm, when a tremendous surf broke close to the hut, and carried away the slab of snow placed before the entrance. He instantly awoke the sleepers. One of the Esquimaux, with his knife, cut a passage through the side of the house, and each of the others, seizing a part of the baggage, rushed out. The poor woman, with her child, fled in terror to a neighbouring eminence, whither they all followed, and took shelter behind a rock; which they had scarcely done, when a second wave swept away the snow hut. Cutting holes in the snow, they tried to find a partial covert; but, during the remainder of the night, they suffered much on account of the wind, sleet, and snow. As soon as the miserable hours of darkness were passed, they gazed around, and saw not a vestige of ice remaining. All before them was open sea. As soon as possible, the Esquimaux built a second hut, eight feet square, and six feet high; but now another terrible calamity pressed upon them. Famine, a fiercer enemy than cold, came on apace: their slender stock of provisions, though doled out in pittances, could not possibly last long, and there was no prospect of their being able soon to quit this dreary place, and reach the home they had left.

Only two ways were left for escape: either to attempt the passage over the wild and unfrequented mountain, Kiglapiet; or wait for the sea to freeze again: a biscuit and a half a day was the allowance for each. The poor natives were soon so sorely pinched with hunger, that they devoured an old sack made of fish-skins. While they were at this strange meal, they kept singing in a low tone, "You were a sack but a little while ago, and now you are food for us." Their spirits, too, began to sink; but happily they found refuge from their miseries in sleep, as they possess the convenient faculty of being able to go to rest whenever they please, and can, if necessary, go to sleep for days and nights together.

Meanwhile, the Moravians kept sad and anxious watch, looking forth wistfully from their snowy shelter, over the wide waste around. The poor dogs had now fasted four days; and another source of disquiet was occasioned by the mildness of the air, which thawed the roof, so that their clothes were thoroughly soaked, and they had not a dry place to lie on. At length, after remaining six days in this miserable place, they resolved to

return to Nain. There was no way to effect this but one; and their Esquimaux driver ran forward as a kind of pioneer to find the track. The brethren followed with their sledge. It was a weary, fearful journey. They made a last meal of the remainder of their provisions, and by dint of boldness and skill arrived at length at Nain, to the great joy of the whole settlement, and especially of their own families, who had been reduced almost to despair of ever beholding them again. This is but one of the numerous perils and escapes of which the Moravians speak in the simple annals of their mission to Labrador.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

"LORD, what Thou wilt, when Thou wilt, and how Thou wilt," was Baxter's utterance; and he "being dead, yet speaketh."

What a world of trouble would be avoided, what volumes of complaint would be saved, if this language were adopted by every servant of God! Why should it not be! Does not God know what is for the best interest of every one? Is it not certain that He will give to each one what is best for him? Is there any flaw in the argument of the Holy Spirit, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Baxter felt that his times were in the hands of God, and he was willing to have it so. There are events which we know must take place, trials which we know must be borne. We know that in regard to them we must exercise submission. We strive to do so. We pray for grace to do so. But, in regard to such events and such trials, we are apt to say, "Not now, Lord." How much better to say, and feel, "When Thou wilt, Lord." Substance, time, circumstances, should all be referred to God. We often excuse ourselves for a want of due submission, in consequence of circumstances connected with the event. The event we could have borne, had it not been for the manner in which it occurred. It is as important that we are able to say, "how Thou wilt," as "what Thou wilt," and "when Thou wilt."

THE GREEK'S EVENING-HYMN.

[This hymn is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's Evening-Hymn is to the Christian homes in our own land. Its melody is singularly plaintive and soothing. It is attributed to St. Anatolius of Constantinople, who died about A.D. 458.]

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in thy sight!
And guard me through the coming night!

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go!
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE WILD BOAR.

TRAVELLERS in the East frequently refer to this animal and to its ravages when it gets into a rice-field or a vineyard; for although its natural food be wild roots and wild fruits, if cultivated grounds be in the neighbourhood its ravages are very annoying to the hus-

bandmen, who can fully and feelingly understand the words of the Psalmist: "The boar out of the wood doth waste it." (Ps. lxxx. 13.)

Messrs. Irby and Mangles* as they approached the Jordan saw a herd of nine wild pigs, and they found the trees on the banks of a stream near that river all marked with mud, left by the wild swine in rubbing themselves: a valley which they passed was grubbed up in all directions with furrows made by these animals, so that the soil had all the appearance of having been ploughed up.

Burckhardt mentions the occurrence of the wild boar and panther together, or the *vunce*, as he calls it, on the mountain of Rieha, and also in the wooded part of Tabor. He mentions "a common saying and belief among the Turks, that all the animal kingdom was converted by their Prophet to the true faith, except the wild boar and buffalo, which remained unbelievers: it is on this account that both these animals are often called Christians. We are not surprised that the boar should be so denominated; but as the flesh of the buffalo, as well as its leben or sour milk, is much esteemed by the Turks, it is difficult to account for the disgrace into which that animal has fallen among them; the only reason I could learn for it is, that the buffalo, like the hog, has a habit of rolling in the mud, and of plunging into the muddy ponds in the summer-time up to the very nose, which alone remains visible above the surface."† Wild boars were frequently fallen in with by this traveller during his Syrian travels in the neighbourhood of rush-covered springs, where they could easily return to their "wallowing in the mire:" he also met with them on all the mountains he visited in his tour. In the Ghor they are very abundant, and so injurious to the Arabs of that valley that they are unable to cultivate the common barley on account of the eagerness with which the wild swine feed on it; and are obliged to grow a less esteemed kind, with six rows of grains, which the swine will not touch.

Messrs. Hemprich and Ehrenberg tell us that the wild boar is far from scarce in the marshy districts around Rosetta and Damietta, and that it does not seem to differ from the European species. The head of a wild boar which these travellers saw at Bischerre, a village of Lebanon, closely resembled the European variety, except in being a little longer. The Maronites there, who ate its flesh in their company, called it *chansir;* a name evidently identical with the Hebrew word *chasir*, which occurs in the Bible. The Turks, according to Ehrenberg, keep swine in their stables, from a persuasion that all devils who may enter will be more likely to go into the pigs than the horses, from their alliance to the former unclean animals.

* *Travels*, p. 147.

† *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land*, p. 9.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXIII.

"But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. xii. 36, 37.)

These idle words are profane atheistical discourse, blaspheming God and His providence, ridiculing His worship and religion, the doctrines and precepts of it, and those miracles which were wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost for the confirmation of Christianity, to which our Saviour particularly refers in this place; or obscene and wanton discourse, which St. Paul calls "corrupt communication," which should never come into the mouths of Christians; and all reviling and reproachful speeches, slandering, backbiting, railing, which our Saviour threatens with eternal damnation.

Atheistical, profane, obscene, reviling discourses make up the wit, and humour, and conversation of the age. These men never think of being judged for their words; yet words are the first and most natural indications of the temper and dispositions of the mind; for out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Our words betray the atheism and in-

fidelity, the wantonness, revenge, malice, and other evil passions which are within. Men are generally more cautious of their actions than of their words; they can speak their minds when they cannot act: and therefore may be better known by their words than their actions.

Besides, does anything produce greater mischief in the world than words, little as men think of them. What tends more to corrupt men's lives than lewd and wanton talk? St. Paul tells us that "evil communications corrupt good manners." What makes more divisions in the world, and gives greater disturbance to neighbourhoods, families, and private persons, than slandering, backbiting, and talebearing? And if words can do so much mischief in the world, it is very fit that God should judge us for them: and then it is very fit that we should be very careful of the words we utter.—*Sherlock on Judgment*, pp. 301—304.

No. CXXIV.

"*The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.*" (Prov. xviii. 10.)

"*Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.*" (Heb. vi. 18.)

Hence some have defined faith to be the flight of the soul unto Christ for deliverance from sin and misery. And much light is given unto the understanding of the thing intended thereby. For herein it is supposed that he who believeth is antecedently thereunto convinced of his lost condition; and that if he abide therein he must perish eternally; that he hath nothing of himself whereby he may be delivered from it; that he must betake himself unto somewhat else for relief; that unto this end he considereth Christ as "set before him," and proposed unto him in the promise of the Gospel; that he judgeth this to be a holy, a safe way for his deliverance and acceptance with God, as that which hath the characters of all Divine excellencies upon it. Hereupon he flieth unto it for refuge: that is, with diligence and speed, that he perish not in his present condition. He betakes himself to it, by placing his whole trust and affiance thereon. And the whole nature of our justification by Christ is better declared hereby unto the supernatural sense and experience of believers, than by a hundred philosophical disputations about it.—*Owen's "Doctrine of Justification by Faith,"* p. 424. *Edit.* 1677.

Religion in Heart and Life.

RICHARD BAXTER: CHARLES II.: JUDGE JEFFREYS.

(*Concluded.*)

After the death of Charles II., foes and difficulties continued to environ Baxter, but his great heart never failed. In James's ascension no ray of light brightened the clouds which darkened his prospect. It had been intimated by the Duke of York that Baxter was designed for jail before the death of Charles; and his trial for the sentiments contained in his "Paraphrase of the New Testament" is, perhaps, unparalleled in court records. By warrant of Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, he was committed to the King's Bench Prison. Jeffreys was born in 1648, and his cruelty and political profligacy will be reprobated long as the sun and the moon shall endure. The opening, progress, and issue of this trial are full of incident. Polixfen was leading counsel for Baxter. "Polixfen," cried Jeffreys, in the midst of his defence, "I know you well. I will set a mark upon you. You are a patron of the faction. This is an old rogue who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine; an old schismatic knave; a hypocritical villain." Further on he again interrupted Polixfen: "What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain that he would not conform? Was he wiser or better than other men? I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey-doctrine. Hang him. This one old fellow hath cast more reproaches upon the constitution and discipline of the church than will be

wiped off this hundred years; but I'll handle him for it. He deserves to be whipped through the city." Turning to Baxter, he exclaimed, "Richard, I see the rogue in thy face." "Indeed! my Lord," quietly replied Baxter; "I was not aware that my face was a mirror before." "Richard! Richard!" cried the Judge, "thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition—I might say treason—as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago it had been happy. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty don; but, by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave? Come, speak up. What doth he say? I am not afraid of you for all the snivelling calves you have got about you." "I am not concerned to answer such stuff," cried Baxter; "but am ready to produce my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

Of course Baxter was found guilty, heavily fined, and condemned to lie in prison till he had paid the whole. Thus ended one of the most disgraceful trials of the times. For two long years this godly man remained in prison, happy in the conscious possession of the Divine favour, and in the conviction that God would so direct all individual and national events as to make his own sufferings conduce to religious and civil freedom.

On the 8th of December, 1691, Richard Baxter died in great peace, and in fervent hope of the resurrection from the dead and the final judgment. A day or two before, he cried: "I have great pain; there is no arguing against sense, but I have peace, I have peace." To one who asked him how he did, he replied, "Almost well." Being asked whether he had altered his mind on controversial points, he said: "Those that please may know my mind in my writings, and what I have written is not for my own reputation, but for the glory of God." Many of his death-bed utterances are worthy the attention of every believer. They prove that he was on the Rock from which earth and hell can never remove the soul. He looked forward with joy to "the saints' everlasting rest" with cloudless hope and unfaltering confidence. Long had he fought, and bravely too. His great heart had never failed; and now yielding to the power of that foe before which the lofty and the mean alike bow, cherubic hosts would celebrate the praises of his work before the throne of God in heaven for ever.

Richard Baxter was a great man. His scholarship is evidenced by his "Critical Edition of Anacreon;" of "Horace;" and the "Dictionary of British Antiquities." He stood forth in an age when power was corrupt, a man of pure and inflexible principle, of unwearying patience and self-denial, of indomitable courage and caution, of hallowed and upright life, and of ardent and quenchless love to God and the souls of men.

We honour him as a man. We would do justice to his talents. All parties recognised, in his own day, his genius and eloquence. He was—to include all great qualities in one—emphatically a man of God. Then, eminent characters were not rare. They stood forth all great and good; but he was among them what Paul was among the Apostles. It is difficult in these modern times, when it costs no sacrifice to defend principles, to appreciate his character. We have freedom of worship, an open Bible, good laws, an unfettered press, and a glorious and most gracious Queen; but who fought for and gained these privileges? That illustrious band, among whom Baxter stood pre-eminent. Let the youthful aspirants for honour imitate their example, and they will secure for themselves laurels that will be green and flourishing when the religious shams of our day shall have lost their gaudy lustre, and see, to their shame, the tendency of their work.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The pains of death are pass'd,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

Wolverhampton. J. F. M.

Narratives.

RELIANCE UPON GOD.

Just at the foot of the Pentland-Hills lay, years ago, an old farmhouse, of the plainest kind, built of rough stone, and roofed with thatch, but shaded by venerable trees, and cheered by a "bonnie burn wimpling" over its pebbly bed. That was the home of Sandy Morrison. The only thing about him really attractive was his large, clear, hazel eye, which lay beneath his shaggy brow, like a deep fountain among the brown hills of his native land.

Sandy was a child of nature in all his ways; honest, industrious, and shrewd: simple, indeed, as a child; and yet thoughtful as a sage. He walked with God as friend with friend. When he prayed, he seemed to talk with God face to face.

Philosophers would have called him a mystic. He had never heard the word; and had it been applied to him in his hearing, and its meaning explained, he would have said, "Hoot, man, ye needna gae round about seeking the nearest to explain a thing sae simple."

Sandy had a perfect trust in the Providence of God. "The Lord reigneth," he would say; "everything is wisely ordered, and will come out right in the end."

This accounts for Sandy's peace and joy. "You see," said he, explaining the matter in his peculiar fashion, "years gane by, I believed just as others do, who have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. I didna understand; and, above all, I did not love God. I was worrying about this, that, and the other. Things were nae richt. Wife and I were puir, ye ken, and had to work hard; but we didna mind that sae long as we had health and strength. We lived in a bonnie place. The sun shone cheerily on our bit housie, among the roses and honeysuckles that my auld mither had planted wi' her ain hand. And, mair than that, the Lord sent us a bonnie bairn. Hech! the wee thing seemed an angel in disguise, wi' its yellow hair, dimplin' cheeks, and blue een. It was the licht and glory o' our hame.

"But the Lord took her to Himself. O, how we grat when we laid her in the yird! And Mary (that's my wife's name) began to fail. She could nae tell what was the matter wi' her. The doctor said she had a weakness in the chest. But it made our hame unco dowie like. Everything seemed to gae wrang, and I murmured sair against the Lord. The warld looked waefu', and I would have liked to dee.

"But I began to think. I seemed to come to myself; then my mind was unco dark. Then I read the Bible, and prayed. Our neebor, auld Mr. Wallace, a gude man, told us to look to the Rock o' Ages, and see if the Lord wad nae open for us the fountain o' consolation.

"Then I saw, but not very clearly at first, that there was anither world; anither kingdom like, spiritual and eternal, as holy Mr. Rutherford wud say. This warld is only a husk or shell. The substance, the spirit, is anither. And a' is full o' God. Then I saw wee Mary, whose body we laid in the grave, wakin' in that warld of licht and peace. I heard her singin' there wi' the angels o' God. I heard the voice o' Jesus, sayin', 'Peace, peace!' It came like the sweetest music to my puir heart!

"Then I understood how blind, unbelievin', and wicked I had been; and said to myself, 'What's the use of murmuring?' The Redeemer liveth, and blessed be His name! I will jist put myself and a' I have under the shadow o' His wings.

"Says I to my wife, 'Mary, we maun believe in God. He's a' and in a'. He gave us our bonnie bairn, and He's taen her again; for she was His mair than ours; and noo she's an angel. She wunna come to us, but we will go to her. And noo ye maun be comforted.'

"And we kneeled down thegither, and prayed to the God o' our fathers, the God o' our bairn, and were comforted.

"Then the warld appeared to me in a

new licht. It was filled wi' the holy presence o' God. I saw that a' was His, —licht and darkness, simmer and winter, sorrow and joy, death and life,—and that He was governing a' things according to the counsels o' His ain will."

THE BELGIAN MINER.

YEARS ago, in the deep heart of a mountain in Belgium, a hundred men were working in a coal-mine.

Grim-visaged and dusky, moving about by the dull red light of their safety lamps, they might have been mistaken for the demons of the mountains, once supposed by the peasants to dwell in their caves. Their work was hard, and surrounded by dangers; but their wives and children were in the hamlet above, and long habit made them forget their perils. So they might be contented, and even happy.

The creaking windlass raised and lowered a huge bucket through the deep and narrow shaft, from morning till night, carrying men and tools to and fro. This was their only doorway.

It was noonday, and the sun shone down one side of the shaft, and brought a glimmer of daylight to a part of the mine, when Hubert Goffin, the master-miner, took his place in the great basket, and was let down to the mine many feet below. When he reached the bottom, he commenced handing some tools and stores to Victor, a blind miner, who was waiting there. Victor had left a sick child in one of the cottages, and it was to inquire after him that he stood waiting at the bottom of the shaft.

The bucket was soon emptied, and Hubert was just stepping out, when—hark! what sound was that which made his cheek pale? It was the rushing and trickling of water. The next moment he caught sight of a stream forcing itself through a fissure in the mountain close to the shaft! Hubert's long experience instantly showed him their full danger. It was not a feeble, oozing stream; but a mighty pressure of water that had found its outlet here. They would be overwhelmed—lost.

One foot was yet in the bucket; a jerk at the rope would save him. But, though death stared him in the face, he could not sacrifice others to save himself. Quickly jumping out, he seized blind Victor, and placed him in the bucket, saying quickly, as he jerked the rope, "Tell them the water has burst in, and we are probably lost; but we will seek refuge at the further end of the gallery. Say farewell to our poor friends." In a moment he was gone, and with him Hubert's only certainty of escape from a terrible death.

The mine consisted of long narrow passages, and, on all sides, deep caves from which the coal had been dug. The men were all at the further end of the mine, hewing out the solid mountain, unconscious of danger. Hubert quickly made his way along the dark passage, followed by the swift-spreading water, and soon reached his fellow-workmen with the dreadful intelligence. It was a moment of panic, when each would have rushed to certain death in a vain effort to save himself. But, looking firmly into their ghastly faces, the master spoke a few courageous sentences:—

"Follow my words, lads, and be quick; our picks may save us!"

Then came a few steady, quick commands, to hollow a new chamber above the level the water would probably reach. The men obeyed in silence, though each knew not but that he might be digging his own grave. A hundred pairs of hands soon finished the work, and into the cave a hundred men crowded to wait for death, or an almost impossible chance of relief. The water gradually filled all the old avenues and chambers, and then seemed stayed. Never was a situation more dreadful. Not more than a day's provisions had been saved, and already two or three of their number had been killed by the falling rocks, while hastily digging the new chamber. The long, dismal hours, with no change to mark them, brought the advance of almost certain death.

Courage, brave Hubert! God, who saw thy noble sacrifice, will help thee!

The terrified friends and townsmen on hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran wildly about in hopeless panic. But soon, guided by the message Hubert had sent, they commenced working a new shaft as near as possible to the spot where the hapless

men might be. Five days and nights they toiled, digging deeper into the solid side of the mountain.

"It is a vain task," said the men. But the women cried, "Do not cease! God will help us!"

At length, on the morning of the sixth day, the muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen in the shaft. A signal ran along the rope, and told the news to the waiting multitude above, who rent the air with joyful shouts. Soon a communication was made. They were saved; at least, some were saved!

Who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate men, buried for five days and nights without food, when first the day gleamed in upon them, revealing a human face?

Of the hundred who had been imprisoned, over seventy survived, and with them Hubert. Without him, indeed, probably no one would have been spared to tell the story.

This noble act, done in a place and at a moment when no praise of men could have been looked for, echoed throughout Europe, and obtained the praise and gratitude of the world. The ten thousand miners of Liege hailed their fellow-labourer with delight and pride. Napoleon heard of the event in his palace in Paris, and sent a reward to that grand peasant. He sent him his Cross of Honour, the mark which all the high and great coveted; and, better still, offered him a pension, which raised him above want for the rest of his life.

When God unfolds in heaven the secret charity of men, many such heroes shall stand revealed; whom the earth and the waves have covered, sending no testimony to the world. Their "Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward" them "openly."

Methodism in former Days.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

MRS. FLETCHER TO MRS. CROSBY.

"*Monday, August 21st*, 1787.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have this morning received yours, but have not seen Mr. Baldwin. Soon after I wrote to Miss Ritchie, I got one from him, in which he told me he would spend one night here on his way: so we expect him every day. By that, I found he got safe to Leeds; but before, I feared something had happened to his bags, as he was sick by the way; which kept me from sending the other halves. I suppose I said in yours, 'When I hear you have got there, I will send S. W., viz., God willing, the other halves,' which I here enclose; and, if we are spared, make the payments from this time, July and January. We do live in awful times, and many think, notwithstanding the late fall of the Popish religion, that the Beast will have his deadly wound healed, as foretold in the Revelation; and then is the time when grievous things will be, and war made with the saints. The cause for this thought is, Papist schools are increasing amazingly; and in Ireland they are now, it seems, admitted into a share of the Government, and in England there are great pulls to do the same. Several pious and knowing people are alarmed. It has been observed, in all ages, that before a persecution there is usually much deviation in the churches, and that is remarkably so at the present time, not only among the Methodists, but more bodies of serious people have, of late years, lamented the spirit which has arisen among them. As to a peace it seems very uncertain, and, if we have not a peace, surely a very black cloud hangs over our head. May we now be let into the cleft of the Rock, and hide ourselves under His wing, who is as a shadow in a weary land. There has been remarkable thunder and lightning this way, as well as in other places, and much mischief in many. We have a fine plenty in the ground; but great rains have laid the wheat much, and it yet keeps showery. The corn should be cut next week. All things this way keep very dear. It was a great Providence about the five guineas. Tuesday morning.—Mr. Baldwin has just called for half-an-hour. It appears to me, as I always thought, Kilham's affair will

do us good. The preachers now learn that to make any innovations is like the letting out of water, and that if they are disobedient to Government, the people will be the same to them. Over Great Britain God does, and will, order all for good.

"I am, yours affectionately,

"M. FLETCHER."

Foreign Travel.

THE BUSHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE little intelligence, says a writer in the *London Quarterly*, which the Bushmen possess, is displayed chiefly in robbery and the chase. Rivaling the antelope in fleetness, and the monkey in agility, they accompany their wild, half-famished savage dogs, until they come within bow-shot of their game, or run down the objects of their pursuit. Arrayed generally with a bow, a quiver full of arrows, a hat and a belt, leather sandals, a sheep's fleece, a gourd, or the shell of an ostrich's egg—to carry water, these puny creatures wander over their parched and desolate plains, supported by food which, unless when occasionally varied by the luxuries of the chase, consists entirely of roots, berries, ant-eggs, grasshoppers, mice, toads, lizards, and snakes. They smear the arrows which they use for hunting and in war, with a poison which, extracted from a bulb, and mingled with a venom drawn from the jaws of the yellow serpent, forms a compound of the most noxious character, for no creature was ever pierced by a dart prepared with the deadly virus and lived. They have another poison more fearful in its effects, which is extracted from a caterpillar. The agony produced by it, Dr. Livingstone says, is so intense, that the person wounded cuts himself with knives, and flies from human habitations a raving maniac. The effect upon the lion is equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, becomes furious, and bites trees and the ground in his rage.

They are said to be totally void of natural affection: "and there are instances," adds a Missionary, (Mr. Kicherer,) who lived for some time in their neighbourhood, "of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion, who stood roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart until some peace-offering was made to him." They shun the face of strangers, concealing themselves amongst rocks and bushes, and even throwing themselves over precipices, rather than fall in the hands of their enemies.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE FAITHFUL SAYING: AN OUTLINE.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

IN this text, there are four distinct points for consideration.

1st. The historical fact stated,—"Christ Jesus came into the world."

2d. The object of Christ's advent,—"He came into the world to save sinners."

3d. The character of the Gospel message which relates to Christ and His work,—it is "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation."

4th. That which gave to the Apostle an interest in the Gospel message,—he was "the chief of sinners."

I.—*The great historical fact here mentioned*,—"*Christ Jesus came into the world.*"

1st. The expression, "came into the world," points to an existence which Christ had before appearing among men.

2d. The statement here made is very comprehensive. Christ's coming into the world included much.

(1.) The assumption of our nature. The Word was manifested. (John i.)

(2.) An entering into our standing,—as under law—under condemnation—sentenced to death. (2 Cor. v. 21.)

(3.) An acting and suffering in our place, and in our behalf.

(4.) It is a compendious announcement of all that is related in the Gospels.

3d. How stupendous is the event here mentioned! We cannot estimate its magnitude; for,

(1.) We know not His personal greatness.

(2.) We know not the height from which He came.

(3.) We enter not into the magnitude of His objects.

(4.) We see not the real glory of His work.

(5.) We comprehend not its results.

(6.) We see not the dependence of all other events upon this one.

II.—*The object of Christ's coming,*—"*to save sinners.*"

1st. As seen in the light of Christ's purpose and work, men were lost.

(1.) Absolutely beyond self-recovery, or restoration in the ordinary administration of Divine government.

(2.) They had lost all innocence, purity, happiness, &c.

(3.) They were themselves lost to God, to themselves, and to the holy creation.

2d. The salvation of Christ takes its character from the state of man as lost. Hence it is,

(1.) A recovery from guilt and condemnation, to acquittal and pardon.

(2.) A recovery from depravity to holiness.

(3.) A recovery from misery and degradation, to enjoyment and glory.

(4.) A recovery from sin and its consequences, to the state fallen from.

3d. To comprehend it, compare the believer with the unbeliever, on earth, in heaven.

III.—*The character of the Gospel message,*—"*A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.*"

First,—It is a faithful saying; *i.e.*, "a true saying." Chap. iii. 1.)

1st. There never was a fact of which the truth required to be more clearly proved.

(1.) From its own apparently incredible nature.

(2.) From the momentousness of the interests which hang upon it.

(3.) From the number and subtlety of the efforts made to disprove it.

i. To discredit the narrative containing it.

ii. To expunge it from the narrative.

2d. There never was a fact the evidence for which was so demonstrated.

(1.) There is every kind of moral evidence.

(2.) And each in the highest degree.

(3.) If it be not a fact that Jesus Christ came into the world, then nothing can be proved.

(4.) That He came to save sinners is testified,

i. By God who sent Him.

ii. By Himself.

iii. By the Spirit.

iv. By Apostles and redeemed men.

Second,—It is worthy of all acceptation.

1st. This is how the Gospel should be treated.

(1.) Because it is true.

(2.) Because it is important.

(3.) Because of its bearing upon us.

(4.) Because it is from God.

2d. Human condition—men love fiction.

IV.—*That which gave the Apostle an interest in the Gospel message,—he was "the chief of sinners."*

1st. We see the Apostle's estimate of himself.

2d. We see the place which the Apostle takes when compared with others.

3d. Yet the fact that the Apostle is a sinner, and the chief, does not keep him away from Christ.

4th. The markedness of his character, only puts away all doubt as to his being of the class intended.

1st. Some see not that they are as the Apostle.

2d. Some who see themselves, do not act like him.

Anecdotes.

LED TO CHRIST BY AN OX.

THE Spirit of God can make use of any agency to bring sinners to repentance and faith in the Redeemer. Commenting once upon the words, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider," the speaker sought to impress upon his people how strangely guilty the human heart is, despising the goodness of God, and forgetting His very existence. Three or four days after, a farmer who had been present, was giving provender to his cattle, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's word! This poor dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for everything. What a sinner I am!" The lesson had found its way to his heart, and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.

A SIGN OF BEING IN THE WRONG.

A COBBLER at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the academy, was once asked if he understood Latin? "No," replied the mechanic? "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

Nature and Art.

CHURCH SONG.

(*Concluded.*)

HOW THE HEBREW PSALMS ARE TO BE USED.

THE question arises—How, in our Christian worship, are these Hebrew Psalms to be used? We venture to reply—Such of them as are merely poems are to be read as poems, just as we read the book of Job. But are we to read such of them as are lyrical songs? Do we read hymns? Do we read prayers? "Singing," says Law, "is as much the proper use of a psalm, as devout supplication is the proper use of a form of prayer; and a psalm only read is very much like a prayer that is only looked over."* David composed his Psalms for musical use only. He did not say, "O, come let us read unto the Lord a new poem;" but, "O, come let us sing unto the Lord a new song." Hence, of his Psalms, fifty-seven are inscribed as "delivered to the chief musician." We may get a certain benefit from reading a psalm, just as we may from reading a hymn; but when we sing it, the benefit is tenfold. Who does not feel the difference between quietly reading the hymn, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," and singing it to a bright exulting melody, in which music speaks as well as words? The one is like the weary monotony of a dull orthodox Preacher; the other is like the divine inspiration of one upon whose lips men hang breathless, and whose words are things of life and joy. Just imagine the worshippers of heaven *saying*, not singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." A true lyric, indeed, hardly *can* be read. Try to read such a Psalm as the 95th, or the 103d, and you will inevitably rise into a chant. Psalms are not mere edifying Scriptures; they are the expression of the innermost life of worshipping men. And therefore it is, that, although often suffering from unmusical fellow-worshippers, and deeming him blessed who has no sense of tune, I have ever felt disposed to adduce good old Fuller's words as their excuse:—

"Lord, my voice by nature is harsh and untunable, and it is vain to lavish any art to better it. Can my singing of

* *Law's Serious Call*, ch. xi.

psalms be pleasing to Thy ears, which is unpleasant to my own? Yet though I cannot chant with the nightingale, or chirp with the blackbird, I had rather chatter with the swallow; yea, rather croak with the raven, than be altogether silent. Hadst Thou given me a better voice, I would have praised Thee with a better voice. Now what my music wants in sweetness, let it have in sense; singing praises with the understanding. Yea, Lord, create in me a new heart, (therein to make melody,) and I will be contented with my old voice, until in Thy due time, being admitted into the choir of heaven, I have another, more harmonious, bestowed upon me."*

It will be admitted, then, that psalms are to be sung; but how are they to be sung? Some persons have an invincible repugnance to the singing of the free, unmetrical version of our English Bible. These glorious songs of inspiration must be subjected first to the rude manipulations of some Thomas Sternhold, or Nahum Tate, or Francis Rous; or, if he will forgive the invidious fellowship, of Dr. Watts: the inevitable result of which must be, a beautiful thing marred; a good thing spoiled; a Divine thing made human; an irreverent emendation of the royal David, by mechanical versifiers. Talk of the protest of Wesley or Montgomery, against those who for any purpose should presume to alter their hymns,—how would not David have protested, had he ever imagined that, in order to adapt them to metrical tunes, his glorious songs would be stretched on the Procrustean bed of a Thomas Sternhold! And this, when there exists for our use, a form of tune the most simple, the most practicable, and the most devotional, which will enable us to sing them as David wrote them. I would put it to any one, which is the more reasonable in itself, the more just to the royal Poet, the more reverent to inspired Scripture,—to manipulate these inspired songs into iambic metres, in order to adapt them to our tunes, or to adopt the form of tune which preserves them in their primitive integrity?

* *Good Thoughts in Bad Times.* Personal Med. v.

THE CHANT.

A CHANT is simply a musical recitation suited to the rhythm of Hebrew poetry; a musical tone, with the simplest inflections; the measure of which is the natural length of the syllables to be uttered. Good chanting is simply good reading; the time, the emphasis, the grouping of the words precisely the same. Chanting is not the chattering, breathless, helter-skelter, the decapitated words, the crushed-out sense, the huddled-up confusion, in which all meaning of the words is subordinated to the notes of the music, which one so often hears in cathedral services, to the utter destruction of all worship, and distress of all devout worshippers. Hymns might be sung in the same manner, and with just as much reason; as, indeed, the last generation, did sometimes sing them; but we should not call it hymn-singing, nor because of it refuse to sing hymns ourselves; we should rather correct the abuse by insisting that hymns be sung properly and reverently. Even were chanting as difficult as it is easy, it would still be a duty to learn it, if thereby only we could qualify ourselves to sing the inspired songs that God has provided for us.

Surely, then, we are not to be deterred from doing a proper and an edifying thing by a mere name; nor to regard the word chant as a minor designation of Antichrist!

I hold, therefore, that all debatings about worship-music, whether it should be chanted psalm, or metrical hymn, are simply absurd. By the vail of tradition or of prejudice, they cover up the true point at issue, and make the very worship of God a badge of sectarianism. If it be conceded that both psalms and hymns are to be sung, the question is resolved. If it be a psalm that we sing, we sing it to a rythmical tune; if a hymn, we sing it to a metrical tune. Both are chants, for "*chanting*" is simply singing, whatever may be the structure of the music adopted.

In our uninspired hymnody, God has given us a precious possession of devotional wealth, the inheritance of many generations. It has enriched our worship, expressed our religious emotions, been the bond of our church praise, and the joy of

our pious homes. It has strengthened us in great duties, solaced us in great sorrows, and cheered our dying beds. Next to the Bible, the greatest loss that the church could sustain would be the loss of its hymnody. Germany could do better without Luther's sermons, than without his songs. England could spare all that her Doctors have written, better than her evangelical hymns; there can be no comparison between the religious power of dead books and of living songs. Sabbath after Sabbath, in ten thousand worshipping assemblies, and in ten thousand times ten thousand homes, Bishop Ken and Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge and Charles Wesley, Cowper and James Montgomery, speak as living men to living souls. "Being dead, they yet speak."

But precious as our hymns are, we may not exalt their religious power above that of the inspired Psalms; sanctioned as these are by a millennium of worship in the Jewish temple; by the worshipping use of our Lord and His Apostles; by the almost exclusive use of the Christian church for four hundred years, and by their perpetuated use to the present day: for, from the day in which they were written to the present day, there never has been a time when they were not the worship-song of the almost universal church.

The Household.

THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

As far as my experience goes, says George Muller, in his "Life of Trust," it appears to me that believers generally have expected too little of *present* fruit upon their labours among children. There has been a hoping that the Lord, some day or other, would own the instruction which they give to children, and would answer, at some time or other, though after many years only, the prayers which they offer up on their behalf. Now, while such passages as Prov. xxii. 6, Eccles. xi. 1, Gal. vi. 9, 1 Cor. xv. 58, give unto us assurance not merely respecting everything which we do for the Lord in general, but also respecting bringing up children in the fear of the Lord, in particular, that our labour is not in vain in the Lord; yet we have to guard against abusing such passages, by thinking it a matter of little moment whether we see *present* fruit or not. But, on the contrary, we should give the Lord no rest till we see present fruit; and, therefore, in persevering yet submissive prayer, we should make known our requests unto God. I add, as an encouragement to believers who labour among children, that, during the last two years, seventeen young persons, or children, from the age of eleven and a half to seventeen, have been received into fellowship among us; and that I am looking out now for many more to be converted, and that not merely of the orphans, but of the Sabbath and day school children. As, in so many respects, we live in remarkable times, so in this respect also, that the Lord is working greatly among the children in many places.

A FATHER'S DYING MESSAGE.

"TELL her to love the Saviour now; tell her to love Him while she is young; if she puts it off till she is old, it will be so much harder to love and trust Him."

This was the dying message of a father to his only child. The sands of his life were very rapidly ebbing away, and she, the only one of all his children that death had spared to him, the object over whom his tenderest affections yearned, in whom his very soul was bound up, his beautiful daughter, was far away; and, O! he must close his eyes on all mortal scenes, before she could possibly come to smooth his pillow, and to weep over his sufferings her filial tears. His next recognition of her must be in eternity! And as the death-damp stood on his brow, and his eye glanced back over his own life, and forward towards the mysterious revealings about to be disclosed to him, as the solemn utterance of one who just lingered a moment between the boundaries of time and eternity, to express the conviction of that most serious hour, he said, "Tell

her to love the Saviour now; tell her to love Him while she is young; if she puts it off till she grows old, it will be so much harder to love and trust Him."

NEGLECT OF CHILDREN.

We hear a great deal about the duty of filial obedience, but who says anything about parental obligations? Neglect of children is a common sin of the times, and not so much among the poor as among the rich. It is not enough to bequeath money to children. Give them counsel, example, discipline; that is, give them a share of your *time*.

The Months of the Year.

AUGUST.

"The eighth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With eares of corne; and full her hand was found.
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was loved and justice solde,
She left the unrighteous world and was to heaven extol'd."

SPENSER.

If the earlier months of the year have delighted us with their freshness and beauty, and have given to our ears and eyes a lovely profusion of melody and flowers, the present, in its more sober colouring and more subdued tones, induces a sense of quiet enjoyment and of grateful feeling, almost sufficient to atone for the loss of the brilliant Spring. How can we look on the scenery which August presents to us—the rich fields of wavy corn, ripe for the sickle, the trees laden with various fruits, the plenteousness with which the year is crowned—without feeling our minds elevated towards the Giver of all good, whose "bounty unconfined" thus

"Spreads a solemn feast for all that lives."

This month is, at its commencement, usually calm and hot. The full influence of the sun is poured forth on the productions of the earth, and they are rapidly advancing to maturity beneath his rays. According to the backwardness or forwardness of the season, must necessarily commence the gathering in of the fruits of the earth; but this is especially the harvest month, and the busiest season of the year; and now do we usually witness the interesting scene of multitudes of persons engaged in the task of reaping and bringing home the corn. This spectacle of pleasing industry is chiefly to be enjoyed in an open and extended country, where the different employments of those that wield the sickle or load the wain can be easily descried. Every fair day is diligently employed; all hands are at work; and a most laudable zeal is often shown by the labourers to make the most of the favourable opportunity, and secure the precious grain, ere it becomes over-ripe and falls from the ear, or ere the attacks of birds, or the fall of heavy rains, shall have diminished its quantity or lessened its value. To this unwearied labour the reaper is likewise stimulated by the hope of reward. The increase of wages which he receives at this period is of high importance to him, as enabling him to discharge debts unavoidably contracted; or to add some article of necessity or of comfort to his little store; or to lay by something for his support in the time of sickness or old age. His wife and children, perhaps, are gleaning in an adjacent field; and, by their persevering industry, are still further increasing the supply. As much as a sack of corn is sometimes thus obtained, which affords many a comfortable meal to the household, with the pleasing reflection that to their own industry they owe this seasonable help. It is the custom with some villagers to present cakes, made of the first flour which is ground from this wheat, to the owner of the lands where they have been kindly permitted to glean. The custom of gleaning is of ancient date. We find provision made for the gleaners among the Jewish people by the following command:—"When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger." An in-

teresting picture of a harvest-field is presented to us in the book of Ruth, where the command above quoted seems to have been the principle which guided the operations of the field.

There is often a delicious coolness in the evening air during this month, conveying to the sense the perfume of the remaining sweet-scented flowers, and of the ripe fruits which are now abundant, and affording a welcome refreshment after the heat of the day. Resting beneath the leafy canopy of some old tree, we look around and observe the change which has come over the face of nature since last month. How different the appearance of the trees and fields! The former have neither the brightness of early Spring, nor the full uniform richness of Summer; but a deep, dark hue, which forms, as it were, the groundwork to a lively embroidery, composed of the new foliage of Midsummer. These bright young shoots, gleaming in the sunshine with all the freshness of Spring, have a very enlivening effect. The fields are partly deprived of their rich produce; and the cleared barren patches already speak of the decline of the year. Then there are the withered, melancholy-looking bean crops, and the dark-leaved turnips; both of which, however, are very valuable to the farmer. In a short time, these, as well as the field-peas, will be gathered in; and then, when all the different crops are secured, and

"Barns are stored,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load,"

comes the rural festival of *harvest-home;* a festival which has been observed in almost all ages and countries, and which among the Jews was a joyful season of gratitude and praise to the God of the harvest. The remembrance of His goodness, who continues to send us "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness," is, unhappily, too little entertained in festivals of this description at the present day: on the contrary, the express commands of this gracious Being are often set at defiance, and drunkenness and revelry take the place of cheerfulness and gratitude.

The Portfolio.

SPOKEN PRAYER.

God can hear the *heart* without the *mouth*, yet without *words* the *heart* is slow in making itself heard. This is the true meaning of the injunction, "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord." Unless we pray *articulately*, we are apt to pray *wanderingly*. The late John Angell James used to pray aloud so earnestly as to be heard by those in an adjoining room. And although it is not necessary to articulate louder than to be heard by God, yet to be sure that we are praying we should not give up articulation altogether.

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

The finest specimen of a Christian is he in whom all the graces, like the strings of an angel's harp, are in the most perfect harmony. Therefore, we are to beware of cultivating one grace, or attending to any one duty, at the expense of others. That is possible; and never more likely to happen than in these days of recoil from mere speculative theology, and of busy bustling benevolence. Treading in our Master's steps, we are to go about doing good; yet we may undertake so many works of Christian philanthropy as to trench on the hours sacred to devotion. In seeking the good of others, we may so neglect the cultivation of our own hearts, and the duties we owe to our own families, as to have to cry, with the man of old, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; and mine own vineyard have I not kept." On the other hand, like a lark that goes up soaring and singing in heaven, while the hawk below is rifling her nest, we may spend our hours in devotional exercises, in communion with saints and with God, when we should be down here, fighting with the devil; alleviating human misery; righting the wrongs of the oppressed; raising the fallen; reforming the vicious; helping humanity; and, by God's help, plucking the prey from the lion's jaws. The head, the heart, and the hand,—doctrine, devotion, and work,—should have each their due share of our time and attention; we, working on our life, like the ancient sculptor on the dead mar-

ble when he produced forms where each feature was not only beautiful in itself, but in perfect proportion also to every other. On this account these statues of his divinities are the admiration of all ages, being the perfect models of men and women. Even so, it is by growing equally in the knowledge, and the love, and the life of Christ, that we are to reach the true model of a Christian; and, to use Paul's words, grow into "a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED at Castleford, in the Pontefract Circuit, September 8th, 1858, aged forty-one years, MRS. SUSANNAH SMEATON. Blessed with a godly parentage, her father having been a member of Society for nearly half a century, she was taught the good and right way, and early felt the drawings of the Spirit gently wooing her heart to Christ. Her conversion, which occurred about seventeen years ago, was scriptural and decisive in its character, and led to immediate union with the church of God. Her observance of the Christian Sabbath was exemplary; it was to her, in an eminent degree, "the Sabbath of the Lord, honourable, and a delight;" and her attendance on all the public and social means of grace was regular and devout. To the members of her class she evinced the most affectionate esteem; and her conduct was ever such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Naturally, like Hannah, of a sorrowful spirit, her great conscientiousness, at times, induced a somewhat morbid scrupulosity, which was the occasion of much mental suffering. But she held on her way, and, amid the pressure of domestic cares and physical debility, pursued the even tenour of her path. She was an affectionate wife and mother, deeply solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her children. On the day before her death, they were summoned to her presence, when she tenderly kissed them, and commended them to the care of Almighty God. Her sufferings were severe and protracted, and Satan was permitted to make a fierce assault upon her faith; but most gloriously did she triumph! Every doubt was dissipated, and her exultation was almost too great for her feeble frame. When reminded of her weakness, she exclaimed, "O, if all the world felt the preciousness of such a salvation, they would exult in Him who has given me such a deliverance! Glory, glory, glory! I shall see Elizabeth, and I shall be ready to receive my aged father." The closing hour fully sustained the allegory of the immortal dreamer, that, "the water was never lower than when Mr. Fearing went over." A gentle sigh, and a countenance lit up with a gracious smile announced her departure to the "better land," and her participation in the unutterable blessedness of those "who die in the Lord."

WILLIAM BOGG, who died, of typhus fever, at Sherburn, in the Scarborough Circuit, October 17th, 1858, was convinced of sin, and terribly pricked in the heart, under a sermon preached by the Rev. Stephen Cox. At a prayer-meeting held immediately after this public service, he "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, with his heart unto righteousness," and was instantly saved. Although he was the son of pious parents, and brought up in strict attendance on all the means of grace, it was not until he had thus received "the new heart and new spirit," that he began to have just perceptions of spiritual things. His eye having become "single," his "whole body" was "full of light;" "for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," had "made" him "free from the law of sin and death." This Divine and heavenly principle, which brought the life of heaven into his soul, was of steady increase, "growing exceedingly." Unlike everything else with which we are acquainted, it knows of no maturity here, beyond which it cannot proceed. While the outer man was perishing in him, the inner man was renewed day by day. The fruits of his piety knew no diminution by the lapse of years; but increased both in quality and quantity to the very last. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters,

and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Such a man was the subject of this sketch. We are, however, by no means to imagine that the principle of saving grace in our departed friend was free from all hindrances to its progress and growth. That he had often to pass "through the waters," and to walk "through the fire;" and that the Lord was with him, both in the one and the other, is undoubted. He was tried even more thoroughly than gold is tried in the fire. His faith, his patience, his fortitude, his humility, his hope, his love, yea, every grace which the Spirit of God had implanted within him, was tried. But special trials received special grace. The grain of mustard-seed broke forth from among the clods under which it was buried, and became a great tree. The morning light pierced through the clouds that sought to intercept its rays, and shone more and more unto perfect day. William Bogg, by the grace of God, warred valiantly against the seed of the serpent, and prevailed. He was borne up by an Almighty arm, and carried as on the wings of angels, until the wicked one had no power over him; or, as an Apostle phrases it, "touched him not." One, who has known him for many years, bears this honourable testimony; that, during the thirteen years of Wesleyan membership, "he maintained a consistent character, 'walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.' He was of a retiring disposition, but uniformly kind and obliging to all around him. He attended to all relative duties with conscientious accuracy. As a husband he loved his wife, as Christ loved the church; and his memory is graven on the hearts of his children. He was of a meek and quiet spirit. He had often provocations to endure; yet, fortified by much of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, he returned not railing for railing, but submitted himself to Him who judgeth righteously." In perfect harmony with these views of his character was the uniform tenour of his religious experience. Enjoying a certain and settled assurance of his interest in spiritual blessings, as the deep stream glides silently forward to the ocean, so he calmly moved on toward the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul. Early in the month of October, he was seized with typhus fever, which soon became malignant, and in a few days terminated his mortal life. A little while before his departure his venerable and much venerated father said, "My lad, I should like to know the state of thy mind now. O! I am anxious: thou must give up all; submitting thyself to God." He replied, "I have done so long since: Christ is my refuge. I am on the Rock. Glory be to God!" The language of prayer and praise to his God, and of affection and thankfulness to his friends, proceeded from him at different intervals, until his soul entered "into the joy of his Lord."

At Winterton, in the Barton Circuit, December 26th, 1858, aged twenty-eight, Sophia, the beloved wife of Mr. Samuel Robinson, and niece of the late Rev. Dr. Beecham. Early in life she attended the Sabbath-school, where she was brought under the sweetly subduing power of Divine grace, which operated on her tender heart till she was "born again." Of a meek and quiet spirit, and retiring disposition, her attractive piety shone most in the domestic circle; but her diligent attendance on the means of grace was exemplary, though she was connected with a house of business. Her last illness was short, but attended with severe suffering, in the midst of which her mind was kept in great peace: and, as the last struggle approached, she not only manifested perfect resignation, but the most triumphant joy; singing, with a sweet though tremulous voice, the effect of which can never be forgotten by those who stood round her,—

"I the chief of sinners am
But Jesus died for me."

And,

"O happy day that fix'd my choice," &c.

The scene was a striking comment on the words of the great Apostle, "More than conqueror through Him who loved us."

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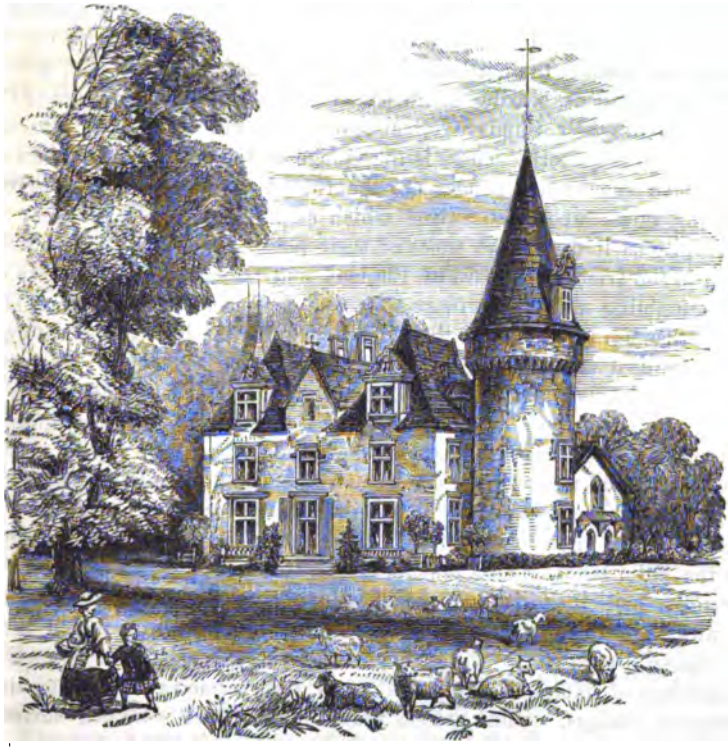


The Chateau de Breillan, near Bordeaux.

AN ANCIENT PROTESTANT HOUSE OF SOUTHERN FRANCE.

With all our love for old England, we have some favourite spots on the other side of the Channel; one of them is in Southern France. Had we to choose a delicious scene for an evening chat, it would be the quiet lawn of the Chateau de Breillan, in old Guienne; and when we say that our elect retreat is in old Guienne, it will, of course, recommend itself at once to those whose cultivated taste has become pleasantly familiar with the delicate flavour and fine perfumes which float around the terms Lafitte, Latour, and Chateau Margaux, as they drop from the lips of a well-spoken wine merchant. Who has not heard of the vineyards of Medoc? Well, then, the Chateau de Breillan is within that part of the province which is known as Medoc. That, at all events, will kindle some affection on its behalf. At the same time, should there be any old hero of 1814, who still lives to call up recollections of English camp-life on Blanquefort heath, he may have some grateful thoughts of *de Breillan* as the place which served as a hospital for his corps; and it may, perhaps, brighten the joy of his reminiscences, to be assured that *de Breillan* and its neighbouring peasant-homes continue to cherish the memory of those foreign troops who encamped on that soil for peace and

not for plunder, and who left the people upon whom they were quartered much richer than they found them. That road which goes out of Bordeaux towards the north-west, flanked for some distance with pretty villas and gardens, bearing smiling testimony to the home-delights of the *bourgeois* in their Sunday retreats, passes down, at length, into the valley of Blanquefort. There is the village on the hill rejoicing over its cultivated slopes; and yonder are the ruined towers of its old castle, looking down upon the stream which salutes them in their decay as faithfully as it did in the times of their power, as if it still felt itself akin to the armorial leopard of England and Guienne, which lingers on the crumbling wall, and witnesses to the former sway of Edward III. Who that has rambled over the old castle's guardian hill can ever forget the beautiful summer-dress of the Blanquefort vineyards. The undulating road rises gradually until it reaches one of the highest swells of the wavy landscape. There, about three leagues from Bordeaux, quietly seated among the trees which adorn the manor, like a bird's nest amidst the foliage, and unseen until it opens on the sight through its venerable gateway, the Chateau de Breillan still silently commands admiration as an emblem of virtuous repose. In times when, like many noble houses on the Salic lands, it held judicial rights, it was known as *La Salle de Breillan*, and then its dependent village was *Breilhan*, "the forest hamlet." It remains one of those picturesque old chateaus which seem so beautifully fitted to the French soil; those curious but agreeable clusterings of gables, high-peaked roofs, bay windows, little balconies, fantastic juttings, quaint spires, round towers, and garreted turrets; ancient, yet pleasantly capable of modern use; tasteful links between old times and new, witnessing to the possibility of using the past without dishonouring it, and symbolizing the mystic sympathy of the present generation with its immortalized ancestry.

The oldest bits of *La Salle de Breillan* tell of the fifteenth century, and could their language be interpreted they might furnish many a queer story about the Lords of Sallebeuf, or about the relatives of the celebrated essayist Montaigne, or about Fitzgeralds and O'Connors, even, who managed to get a living there among the vineyards when Ireland as well as England became too hot, or too cold, for James II. The peaceful old dwelling lies nearly square: its central court is somewhat in eastern style; and each of its sides rejoices in a distinct character. Comforted as it is by woodland shade, it looks out here and there upon refreshing prospects. Towards the east its grassy slopes are bounded by fragrant shrubberies, and beyond them there is a variegated stretch of country, not grand, but rather tempting the eye to repose upon its sweet and tranquil beauty. Oaks and firs, the arbutus, the holm, and the laurel; plots of flowery turf, and the pinnacles of quiet homes peeping from clumps of foliage, all take their place in the picture; and then, vineyard after vineyard in bright succession down to the beautiful Garonne; and still beyond, under the light of that clear blue sky, the eye that has gathered strength in communion with nature may see the airy looking suspension-bridge, which spans the Dordogne

at *St. André de Cubzac*. The southern view, on the right, shows the white dwellings of Blanquefort, prettily set amidst the patches of foliage and the rich gardens of a fertile soil; and away towards Bordeaux and beyond, there are half-revealed sketches of rocks, river, hills, and interwoven knots and lines of verdure, with dreamy suggestions, now of land, and now of water, all melting into the blue distance, like a visionary border of the inheritance which has "no more sea."

To pass from out-door enjoyments to the interior of the chateau, is to be refreshed by evidences of a taste which successfully harmonises the comfort of modern furniture with the architectural arrangements of earlier and ruder times; and, at the same time, to be instructed by the consistency of the accomplished, learned, and elegant Baron, who has fitted up his own apartments so as to honour the historical associations of his house, and to illustrate the archeological studies which he has so happily pursued. The mullioned windows and cozy balconies on the west side of the house, look towards the chief entrance to the grounds. The carriage-drive from the public road passes beneath a gothic archway, flanked by two towers, not uniform, but picturesque, and united by a gallery, with a pentice roof. A shadowy spot on the lawn, not far from the gate and its guardian spires, is the one we should choose as our scene for an evening chat; and we can easily call up that delicate expression of playful sarcasm with which a friend of ours, who was at home on that lawn, would say to us, "Then you really have found something charming even in France have you?" Yes, most certainly; nor are we sure that we might not be fairly spell-bound, now and then, at *de Breillan*.

There are times, it is true, when some would suspect us of a little English prejudice, but we may be forgiven, after all, if in fondly sustaining the claims of our native land, we have sometimes been seemingly unfair to *La Belle France*. The utmost care fails to save people from all false impressions when they come under the influence of such writers as Laing. Nobody, for instance, could ever suppose that anything like the semblance of a natural charm is to be found on French soil, after having learnt, among other geographical lessons, that "the traveller in France finds much to observe, but little to describe; the landscape being a wearisome expanse of tillage land, unvaried by hill and dale, stream and lake, rock and woodland; the towns and villages squatting on the plains like stranger begging-women tired of wandering in an unknown land;" that "the flat monotonous surface of a map is no uncharacteristic sketch of the appearance of the country;" that "*La Belle France*, in truth, is a Calmuc beauty; her flat pancake of a face, destitute of feature of projection, or dimple, and not even tattered with lines and cross-lines of hedges, walls, and ditches, so that the traveller at once admits her natural claim to the word which all other countries have borrowed from her—*ennui*." Under such teaching, from acknowledged authority, who is not in danger of being a little unjust even to the banks of the Garonne? We will not be unfair, however, if we can help it. Our own observations shall be balanced against other people's judgment and taste, especially when the character

of an entire country is likely to be damaged by exaggerated sketches of its least interesting districts. There are tame bits of scenery to be found here and there, all the world over; but the world, as a whole, is not without its loveliness for all that. We have heard a great deal about the dulness of the sandy levels and wildernesses of heath, and broom, and juniper which stretch along the French coast under the name of the *Landes;* but they would never be dull to us. We should rather realize deeply, while wandering over them, that hush of the soul, that sweet sense of stillness, which has often been enjoyed on the wild moorlands and sand deserts of England.

We suspect, however, that the *Landes* of *la Gironde* owe much of their witching power over us to their close sisterly connexion with the old barony of *de Breillan* and its neighbours of the cultured borderland. It really is pleasant, now, to be at leisure amidst alternations of shade and sunlight within reach of social joys and intellectual resources; and now, strolling to the utmost limit of cultivation, to cross the junction of the civilized and the savage, and to enjoy the one and the other by turns. Ah! that fine old park of Breillan's Hall; who can forget the joy of a ramble first up to its northern limit, and then down along its western edge? It has the advantage over many of our English parks, in that it is better wooded and less prim, more natural and free. There is an agreeable wildness about it. The paths look as if nature had made them for her own use; and the *bancs rustiques* always greet the pilgrim just when he feels he should like to repose for a little. Just where it touches the sandy soil of the western waste, it is truly refreshing of an early morning to inhale the fragrance which floats among the fir-trees and acacias. Never could there be a more delicious sense of life; on that spot it is a joy to breathe. Nor does that joy lose its freshness. "How often have I felt it during a long residence at the chateau," said our companion in chat; "often in the park, and as often while I have watched the sun go down from the western windows of the old house. What magnificent sunsets I have sometimes seen! Such floods of light—crimson, gold, and blue—in the distance, causing the old gate-turrets to stand in bold relief, and cast their long graceful shadows far over the lawn and carriage-way. And then, it was so calm, too, all around; only the songs of birds, the buzzing of insects, and the tinkling of cattle-bells could be heard. And what happy life I have known while rambling with the children on the other side of yonder road among the vineyards, dotted with sweet-blossomed peach-trees, and in the lanes between the meadows; yes, lanes rich with primroses and violets. How beautifully they seemed to bloom once, early in February, after we had spent the winter at de Breillan in 1848, the year of the revolution. The sweet flowers seemed to congratulate us on our safety; and, O it was such a joy to stroll with the laughing little group, and gather nosegays from those fragrant hedgerows; all seemed so perfectly free and tranquil. But after all, I am more deeply interested in the life which is found within the Chateau; that family group, so amiable and good. I cannot trust my lips with a commission to express what my heart feels towards them; but I love them, and so would you if you knew

them as I do," continued our friend; "but you know the head of that ancient house through his writings, don't you?" Yes, of course we do; and we are glad that one in whom we feel so deep an interest, as the worthy representative of a noble lineage, long distinguished by its municipal and literary dignity, and honoured in its many names of confessors and martyrs for evangelical truth, has, by his learned, thoughtful, luminous, and fine spirited writings, so successfully recommended himself to the esteem and affection of all intelligent Christians.

The present Lord of Breillan's Hall, is M. Pierre Paul Frederic Baron de Portal. He has the honour of descending from a very old family of Toulouse, marked in the history of that venerable capital of Languedoc among the earliest leaders of its political, literary, and religious life. Nor has he failed to sustain and brighten the ancestral dignity of his race, by his private virtues and his public actions. As an author, especially, he has proved himself worthy of his relation to the past, and of high tribute from the age which he has so pleasantly instructed by his pen. His volume on "Symbolical Colours" is a remarkable book. Its design is to show that the colours of nature have always had a symbolical meaning; that their meaning has been the same among all people, and at all times; that the Divine truths which they signify had one sacred origin, and that they are opened in their greatest clearness and beauty in that Christian dispensation, which is to regenerate and harmonize the world. We are at a loss to know which is the most striking, the writer's research, the clearness of his thinking, or the accuracy and beauty of his expression. Never did we more deeply feel the loveliness of true simplicity than while fondly lingering over some of his pages. "The spirit and tone of the book," says a friend of ours, "remind me of the primitive state when Adam gave names to every living thing. It seems to give one a glimpse of those treasures of knowledge laid up for us, which 'eye hath not seen, or ear heard;' and, though there is no direct mention of the atonement, it has made me feel, that near as man came to God in his unfallen state, yet as redeemed spirits we come nearer still. Indeed, I have gathered from these pages fresh views of the love of God in taking our nature; and, while reading, I have been viewing 'the Lamb in His own light.'" The author's theory will have a charm for every lover of truth and beauty; and the more so, as it seems to give a key to many otherwise comparatively obscure passages of sacred Scripture. The identity of symbols through all ages, nations, and forms of religion, is very remarkable; and the light which M. Portal throws on it affords impressive illustration of St. Paul's teaching as given from the 13th to the 25th verse of Romans i. Not less strikingly does he show the uniform tendency to decay, and the rapid degeneracy, of the purest forms of religion; at the same time helping our belief that this corrupt tendency is one of those "works of the devil" which Christ was "manifested to destroy." Now and then the reader is arrested, too, with many curious and interesting evidences of early human faith in the doctrine of a Trinity. Indeed, scarcely a page opens which does not prove that our Protestant Baron of Breillan's Hall is an eminently

gifted man; a noble specimen of that type of character which, as it widens its influence, will by and by prepare France for a happy and distinctive share in the work and honours of Christ's kingdom. His last book is one of interesting family memoirs, entitled, "Descendants of the Albigeois and the Huguenots." It is full of valuable details of local history during eventful times; and opens some deeply touching scenes from the annals of martyrdom and suffering for Christ's sake in Southern France. Some of these will repay our quiet attention; let us reserve that attention for another chapter.

JOHN KITTO, D.D.

(*Concluded from page* 134.)

Lessons from the life of Kitto are rather to be taken than given. They cluster so thickly upon the record, that it is easy for every reader to help himself to these "apples of gold." I shall take for granted that all who read this paper have fresh in their memory the outline of Kitto's life given in May; and, without repeating the facts, I shall briefly point to some lessons which grow out of his marvellous history.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.

If you look at Kitto as a boy, nothing was more unlikely than that he would ever have D.D. appended to his name, and well deserve it. His father a drunken, jobbing mason; and himself, at the age of thirteen, a dwarf, and delicate and deaf; at fifteen, making list-shoes in a workhouse; and at seventeen, twice attempting suicide, because of the brutal conduct of the fellow to whom he had been apprenticed. All this was rough hewing, and Kitto's manhood did not promise to be very shapely. But by His providence, and by His Spirit, God laid hold of the lad, and kept hold, and the "chosen vessel" became, in the end, "a vessel unto honour, meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Bowden, little thought that his cruel and cowardly behaviour to Kitto would appear in print, and be read and scorned by millions. He imagined that the poor little deaf pauper was altogether in his power, and that he could never be called to account for his treatment of a parish-apprentice; and so he beat, and bruised, and worked the lad without stint or mercy. But Bowden was seasoning a rod for his own back. His victim recorded in his journal the indignities and wrongs he suffered; and, five and thirty years after, the diary of the deaf cobbler is published as the journal of Dr. Kitto. Bowden's baseness is brought to light, and the man and his memory meet with the hearty execration of every true and honest reader.

On the other hand, many a kindness done to the Doctor in his early life has now met with a well-earned memorial. His good old grandmother took the delicate child from his wretched home, and for six years fed and clothed him out of her own scanty means. Many a time she suffered hunger that John might have enough to eat. Mr. Burnard, the master of the

workhouse, was always kind to the deaf pauper. Mr. Groves, the dentist, who not only instructed Kitto in his profession, but paid his pupil a salary in at the bargain. These, and others, who befriended the drunkard's deaf son, are now immortalized in a way they never expected; and already their kindness to young Kitto is "found unto praise and honour."

Do your duty, and trust God with your destiny.

This was, in the main, Kitto's plan of living. He improved the present, and left the future with his Master. He believed that a diligent to-day is the parent of a bright to-morrow. Many young people are a little like Naaman: if they were told to do some great thing, they would do it; that is, they would try: but when told to do some small thing, to set about duty, in a small way, they object. Kitto took duty as it came, and filled up every day with trying to improve himself and his circumstances. After he became deaf, and when he could do nothing else, he went, at low water, and groped barefoot for bits of iron and old rope. Out of his savings, he next bought colours and paper, and turned painter: and so he went on, earning money, buying books, and getting knowledge, little by little. In this way he rose. Kitto never saw far before him. As to employment, he was everything by turns; barber, bricklayer's labourer, marine store-dealer, shoemaker, (first in list, and then in leather,) sub-librarian, dentist, printer, private tutor, contributor to the "Penny Magazine," editor of the "Pictorial Bible," and author of "Daily Bible Illustrations." But whilst working in the lowest, he was preparing himself for the highest, of these posts of duty; and he did this by pressing into to-day as much hard work as the day would hold.

It is wiser to read well than to read much.

Kitto never had many books of his own, and to him this was a great advantage. He read, not for recreation, but to furnish his mind. He valued a book, not so much for what he found in it, as for what he took away from it. Whatever was at all likely to be of use, he made his own. This was his way of reading; and it is better to read a dozen volumes on this plan, than a hundred on the principle of getting to the end of a book as soon as possible. Kitto's pen helped his reading. The practice of writing every day, not only gave him much facility in putting upon paper his own thoughts, but made it easy and natural to take notes of what he read, and so he secured for himself the ripest thoughts of other men. It is no wonder that his stock of knowledge was always growing. If in these days young men read fewer books, and read with pen in hand, they would read to better purpose.

Sir William Jones, when a little boy, was given to asking questions. He was ever coming to his mother with whats and whys, and wherefores, as to everything he saw or heard of. His mother had not time to answer all his questions; but, referring him to fit books on the subject, would say to Master William, "Read, and you will know." As we see how a great deal of reading is done now-a-days, hastily and indolently, we say to such fast readers, "Read, and you *won't* know."

York. J. B.

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLICAN.

No. V.

WHAT took place in the house of Zacchæus on that memorable day, what conversation was held, what confessions were made by the publican, what gracious words spoken by the Saviour, we are not told. The result proves the entertainment to have been of the right kind; for the reception which Jesus values highest is not that where He can get, but where He can give, the most.

No doubt that day marked the publican's *Anno Domini*, and he would measure his history backwards into the past, dating each event as so long "before Christ;" and, as the years came on thereafter, they would all be numbered as "of the Lord."

But the happiness of this remarkable visit was limited to those in doors, for there stood many without, who were much scandalized to see Jesus cross the publican's threshold. Their murmuring seems rather to betoken surprise and disappointment, than anger. They had hoped better things of this Teacher. He had great influence over the people; but this was setting them a sad example, thus openly to associate with a man of infamous calling. What a pity, that one of such unquestionable ability and power should be so careless about the simplest proprieties of religion. In this you detect at once the leaven of the scribes and Pharisees. They would not have entered that house though its master besought them. Do not be astonished at this. Their purity would have been tainted by such companionship; and their purity cost them far too much for it to be treated carelessly. Much learning of the law, and painful watching of its manifold observance, and scrupulous heed of its smallest details, went to make up the laborious and lengthy process of whitening one's character up to the proper degree of exemplary piety. Moreover, painful and expensive as the process was, the result was an exceedingly sensitive and delicate product, apt to be soiled by the elbowing of the sinful crowd; for, you see, "*the* righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," of which Jesus said some strong things, was not so much a matter of bleaching as of covering,—less the work of the fuller than of the decorator.

The purity of Jesus, although so spotless, was not endangered by His intercourse with the publican. It was a *living* purity, like that of the lily's bloom, or the turtle-dove's wing, having in itself a vital virtue to throw off the dark flecks of wrong, and resist the stain of surrounding pollution. Nay, this virtue went farther; not only did it refuse to receive the stain of evil, but it gave out its own good, recovering the evil, and cleansing the foul.

That vital purity, having the same virtue still belongs to all in whom Christ dwells. Let them but take heed to use their purity for the cleansing of others, and they need fear little from the contact of sin.

The Lord does not answer the murmurers in words, but lets His work speak. They complain that He has become the Guest of a sinner: now let the sinner tell them what comes of the visit. Hereupon Zacchæus stands forth,—the host who has been fed by the Guest,—and declares the result of the entertainment.

He begins by hailing Jesus as "Lord." Not after the manner of those who shall one day seek a corner in heaven, because of their having long sung the meaningless cuckoo song, "Lord, Lord;" but honestly, as one who gives *Lord* to Christ, and takes *servant* to himself. Zacchæus will not be among those to whom it shall be said, "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" He wears the yoke, while he professes the service.

This is a fine confession of faith, not a rehearsing of the articles of belief; for

faithfulness is always the highest testimony of faith.

In his "Essay on Riches," Lord Bacon writes:—"Deferre not charities till death: for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so, is rather liberall of an other man's, than of his owne." The rich publican will be prompt, and bring his offering with his own hands. He makes his will, and executes it forthwith. In the ears of the murmurers, who witness the will, he declares his purpose, not to do something grand some day, but to do right there and then; and at that moment half his large property is set apart for the poor. By the promises now spoken, Zacchæus seems to mark the conquest of his chief sins, covetousness and injustice: and what fitter mark could he find than the setting forth of their opposites?

Where Jesus is sincerely entertained, all the keys are put into His hand. There is no private safe withheld from His control. Where so much as a single bag is tied up and hidden away from Him, He knows that the heart is not fully His. They who give grudgingly to the poor, or do not give at all, have never really "known the gift of God."

How brightly does this publican's mercy contrast with the Pharisee's self-made righteousness. How different the "I give tithes of all that I possess," from the "I give the half of my goods to the poor." One stood up in the temple to clear himself before the law written on stone; the other stands before Jesus to testify that the law is already written in his heart.

REFLECTIONS ON DANIEL III.

BY THE LATE REV. SAMUEL JACKSON.

The circumstances attending the temptation recorded in this chapter were of the most imposing and captivating character. There were all the delights of instrumental music. It was when the people heard the sound of all kinds of music that they were to fall down and worship the golden image. The sin itself was altogether destitute of attraction. The image, however tall and splendid, would have been treated with coldness and neglect, but for such a contrivance as this. All sin is essential ugliness and deformity, hence it is generally invested, by the subtlety of the devil, with some pleasurable circumstances.

This temptation was also connected with vast popularity. Here was the emperor himself, the officers of state, the judges, the counsellors, and the entire body of the common people,—all on the side of idolatry. These young men could not resist this temptation without becoming conspicuous, without being pointed at, and laughed at, and despised, as three conceited youths, who affected to be wiser than all the world beside. Indeed, did not men sin in multitudes, in many cases they would never sin at all. Bad as they are, they often have not the courage to commit sin when they are left entirely to themselves. If there was but one drunkard in a town, but one swearer or Sabbath-breaker in a county, he would become ashamed of himself, and would be compelled, by the power of public opinion, to amend his ways. But men become bold and impudent in sin when there is "a multitude to do evil;" and nothing but the firmest principles of religion will enable us to stem the tide of public feeling and opinion, and to be "against example, singularly good."

This temptation, too, was attended with circumstances of authority and terror, likely to make a deep impression on the mind. We know how apt men are to be afraid of one another, especially of those who are wiser and stronger, and every way greater, than themselves. They are daily yielding to things which they know to be wrong, through a fear of disobliging others, or incurring their displeasure. Now it was said to Shadrach, Meshach,

and Abednego, "If ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" We know, indeed, that this was an ebullition of ignorant blasphemy, and that God was well able to deliver His servants out of the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, great and mighty as he was. But had we been there, and taken into account all the circumstances of the case, we should have felt by no means quite sure that He would have done it. Thousands, who had little or no veneration for the idol, would fall down and worship it, through fear of suffering such a horrible death as this.

But how was the proposal received by these young and pious men? Drawn to sin by so many allurements, and driven to it by so many terrors, how did they finally act on this trying occasion? The temptation was *resisted* it was resisted *openly*, and resisted, with the utmost *promptitude*. They did not deem it necessary so much as to deliberate about the matter. Some persons would have requested time to think, and, very possibly, reasoning might have ended in an act of hypocrisy. It might have been whispered by an enemy, "The idol is nothing. Falling down to worship is a mere ceremony. Go, then, worship the image, and thereby save your lives, while at the same time you despise and laugh at him in your hearts." Or, they might, perhaps, have reasoned themselves into unbelief, until, like Cranmer and many others, they began to be afraid, and denied their God, and did violence to their consciences, in order to save their lives. To avoid all this, they determined not to deliberate about it at all, and accordingly observed, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter." Our answer requires no care; no study; no deliberation at all. We are prepared to give it just now; and it is this: "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." As might be expected, this was deemed an act of intolerable presumption. Nebuchadnezzar was thrown into the most unbounded rage and fury. Preparations were forthwith made for throwing them into the burning fiery furnace, which was ordered to be heated seven times hotter than before.

To some persons, perhaps, the conduct of these three Hebrew youths may have the appearance of ingratitude; for they were under great personal obligations to the King. He had not only saved them from death when they were wholly in his power, but had given them an excellent education, and promoted them to lucrative and honourable situations in the province of Babylon. To some, their conduct may appear rebellious, and inconsistent with the allegiance they owed to their sovereign and ruler. To others, it may seem enthusiastic; for in their opinion all religions are pretty much alike; and it is a foolish thing for a man to throw away his life upon either one or other of them. We must, therefore, suggest a few thoughts in vindication of their conduct, especially as we ourselves are placed in somewhat similar circumstances, and shall find it necessary to adopt their principles, and tread in their footsteps.

First, it must be remembered that these men were Jews, and of course well acquainted with the ten commandments, in which all worshipping of images is strictly forbidden. Even the few who deny the Divine authority of the law of Moses, must allow that it is the work of a Being of great wisdom, and of great benevolence. Its Author must have been wise, for He

was intimately acquainted with the nature and relationships of human beings, and with the duties they owe to their Maker and to each other. He must also have been benevolent, for His commands are directly calculated to promote man's highest happiness. Now it would have been, at least, a very rash and inconsiderate thing to act in flat opposition to such wisdom and goodness as this. It is a foolish thing to reject the advice of a wise and good man; but to disregard the commands of an all-wise and all-gracious God is nothing short of madness itself. The man who has committed sin may have gained a little honour, or a little pleasure, or a little profit; but let him remember that he has rejected the advice of Him who never was mistaken; he has insulted his very best Friend; and, as sure as God is greater than man, will find out in the end that he has acted entirely wrong, and must charge himself with the most pitiable folly and blindness.

Again: man is a creature, and a *dependent* creature. He did not make himself, nor does he uphold himself. Of course he is not his own, but the property of that Being who gave him life, and who preserves that life from one moment to another. What right, therefore, had these men to take the property of God without His consent, and to dispose of it in a manner contrary to His will? They knew that they were not *owners* but *stewards*, and felt bound by every principle of right and justice to employ themselves, not according to the commandment of Nebuchadnezzar, not according to the customs of the country, nor according to their own inclination, but according to the pleasure of their Creator and Preserver. To act otherwise, is essential robbery and wrong; and these upright men determined rather to endure any torment than to be guilty of such conduct. Let every sinner remember that he is the absolute property of his Maker, and that he has long been disposing of that property contrary to his Maker's directions. But the time must come when he will have to give an account of his stewardship, and his injured Creator will arise to assert His claims.

Man is, also, a *reasonable* creature. It is contrary to his nature to do a stupid and irrational thing. Now it must be admitted, that this worshipping the golden image was a most absurd and unreasonable business. Nebuchadnezzar was undoubtedly a wonderful man; he was a great conqueror, and ruled a large empire with considerable ability; but, when he set up to be a maker of gods, he entirely mistook his calling. The work was certainly worthy of its author. It was a lump of gold, but as utterly destitute of sense and reason as a block of wood. The most poor and ragged wretch in all that multitude had a far better title to Divine honour and worship than this golden image. What could be more senseless than to fall down before such a thing as this, and say, "Deliver me, for thou art my god?" And these men nobly determined rather to endure the extremest torments than to stoop to such utter degradation and brutality. And all sin, in its own nature, is just as senseless a thing as idolatry. To glorify God with our bodies and spirits, which are His, is a reasonable service; but every other kind of life is essential folly.

Perhaps it may be said the course which these men took might be perfectly proper under ordinary circumstances, but it was foolish to run such a dreadful hazard. Many have no objection to religion, but they think it foolish to run any risk, or to sustain any loss, on account of it. However, when we consider the issue of this trial, we must allow the truth of Nebuchadnezzar's declaration: "There is no other god that can deliver after this sort." It must be a matter of very

great importance to every human being to enjoy the favour and protection of such a Being as this.

There are many evils which threaten to come upon us on account of religion, which, in fact, never overtake us. We see them at a distance, but they never come near enough to do us any harm. They hover over us, but never fall upon our heads. We think of them, and tremble; but remain untouched and unharmed. So it was with respect to this burning fiery furnace. Escape seemed impossible. Nay, these three men were actually thrown into it; yet, after all, they remained unhurt. And there are many pilgrims and saints whose experience, though different in circumstances, is yet in principle and substance the same. The enemies' forces were heard behind; their glittering spears were seen from far; destruction appeared certain: but God opened a way for them through the sea. Some have been thrown into the furnace, but have come out of it uninjured. Others have seen it burning and prepared, but have never been cast into it at all.

After all, the question which we have to decide is not whether we will suffer or will not suffer. That is already decided for us. "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." The inconveniences connected with religion are but those natural and common evils which it is impossible wholly to avoid. The question is, whether we will accept of the presence and blessing of God in all our afflictions, or whether we will bear them unaided and alone. You say you will be laughed at if you become religious: you will be laughed at whether you are religious or not. Witty and malignant people, if they cannot make you ridiculous about religion, will do it for something else. Is it not better to suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing? We may save our lives by denying the Lord that bought us, but death will overtake us when we have done. Had these three young men consented to sin, they must in a few years have been gathered to their fathers; and then they would have had to suffer and die without God. But when they resolved to be faithful, He resolved never to forsake them. And to all His servants God has said, "Fear not, for I will be with thee." These men had nothing to fear though all the world was against them; though the burning fiery furnace was prepared for them; though Nebuchadnezzar, in his rage and fury, commanded the most mighty men in his army to bind them and cast them in. When God is with us, we can go through the fire without being burned; we can even consent to be consumed. When He is with us, death cannot dissolve that union; for the souls of the faithful, when delivered from the burden of the flesh, are with Christ in joy and felicity.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth:" did they raise no song over the faithful three—

> "Who braved the tyrant's ire,
> Nobly scorn'd to bow the knee,
> And walked unhurt in fire?"

PAINSTAKING IN RELIGION.

THE friends of a man sick with the palsy desired to bring him to Jesus that he might be cured. At first they were unable to do it, because of the crowd by which our Lord was surrounded. What, then, did they do? "They went upon the house-top, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst before Jesus." At once their object was gained. Our Lord's attention was drawn to their sick friend, and he was healed. By pains, and labour, and perseverance, his friends succeeded in obtaining for him the mighty blessing of a complete cure.

The importance of pains and diligence is a truth, says Ryle, that meets our eyes on every side. In every calling, and vocation, and trade, we see that labour is one great secret of success. It is not by luck or accident that men prosper, but by hard working. Fortunes are not made without trouble and attention, by bankers and merchants. Practice is not secured without diligence and study by lawyers and physicians. The principle is one with which the children of this world are perfectly familiar. It is one of their favourite maxims, that there are "no gains without pains."

Let us thoroughly understand that pains and diligence are just as essential to the well-being and prosperity of our souls as of our bodies. In all our endeavours to draw near to God, in all our approaches to Christ, there ought to be the same determined earnestness which was shown by this sick man's friends. We must allow no difficulties to check us, and no obstacle to keep us back from anything which is really for our spiritual good. Specially must we bear this in mind, in the matter of regularly reading the Bible, hearing the Gospel, keeping the Sabbath holy, and private prayer. On all these points, we must beware of laziness, and an excuse-making spirit. Necessity must be the mother of invention. If we cannot find means of keeping up these habits in one way, we must in another. But we must settle in our minds that *the thing shall be done.* The health of our soul is at stake. Let the crowd of difficulties be what it may, we must get through it. If the children of this world take so much pains about a corruptible crown, we ought to take far more pains about one that is incorruptible.

Why is it that so many people take no pains in religion? How is it that they can never find time for praying, Bible-reading, and hearing the Gospel? What is the secret of their continual string of excuses for neglecting the means of grace? How is it that the very same men who are full of zeal about money, business, pleasure, or politics, will take no trouble about their souls? The answer to these questions is short and simple. These men are not in earnest about salvation. They have no sense of spiritual disease. They have no consciousness of requiring a Spiritual Physician. They do not feel that their souls are in danger of dying eternally. They see no use in taking trouble about religion. In darkness like this, thousands live and die. Happy, indeed, are they who have found out their peril, and count all things loss if they may only win Christ, and be found in Him!

SATAN.*

It is the word of God alone that we must consult for authoritative information regarding the spiritual world. Some of the wildest reveries, the most fanatical outbreaks, or the most revolting scenes, which have by turns degraded and harassed mankind, have originated in the neglect of that simple truth.

But the remark seems to possess a special importance in regard to the existence and the attributes of the great enemy of man. That existence and these attributes, are matter of pure revelation. There may be haunting fear, or revolting devil-worship, or dark and sad forebodings regarding some evil power, where there is no inspired truth. Universal experience attests that that has been everywhere the case. But all exact information is derived from the law and the testimony. The question has been asked, "What is Satan? what does he aim at? or what can he accomplish?" and for an answer we must appeal to the Bible. Even *it* preserves a significant silence upon *some points*, regarding

* *Satan as revealed in Scripture.* By the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D.D. Edinburgh; John Maclaren. 1862. Pp. 192.

the spirit-world: it, at least, always speaks with a solemn and a wise reserve upon the subject. It would not be difficult to present figures of angels, or of seraphim, from the descriptions which inspiration gives of them; but in regard to Satan's form, all is silent as the grave. No figures here; no emblems; no appalling delineation: and we must copy its wisdom, if we would possess sound opinions or salutary convictions regarding him, his agents, his subtlety, or his power.

Yet upon this subject the scriptural disclosures, with all their wise reserve, are peculiarly explicit. Satan's nature, his fellow-agents, his work, his plans, his success, his discomfiture, and his eternal doom, are all depicted with heavenly wisdom, and with great precision. In the first place, we are told of an "innumerable company" of sinless beings who are before the throne of God. They are referred to as holding different ranks on high, and these portions of inspiration lead us, generally, into the knowledge of beings which are elsewhere described as "all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." A race of holy creatures superior to man, and yet in some way his appointed benefactors, are thus clearly made known. Even little children have their "angel" in the presence of the Great King; and though this whole subject is confessedly mysterious, though we have no detailed account of the creation, or of the attributes, of angels, such as curiosity might crave, or superstition invent, we are distinctly informed as to their functions regarding our race. Had men not indulged in unbridled fancies regarding these spiritual beings, the truth would have been more generally edifying than perhaps it is,—there might have been one snare less in the heavenward path, and one joy more in the believer's portion here below.

On the other hand, we read of "spiritual wickednesses," which are the deadly antagonists of man: not beings of flesh and blood, but subtle and impalpable, resistless by mortal strength, and requiring "the whole armour of God," if men would cope with them, and triumph. They are "the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation." They are the sinful creatures whom God did not "spare, but cast them down to hell." They are "the devil and his angels," whom the Judge of all describes, "the devils" who "believe, and tremble:" and had the gorgeous poetry of Milton not over-coloured this subject, or had daring men less boldly denied the truth; or had ingenious men not tried to explain it by explaining it away,—it would have been more easy to have arrived at exact and simple conclusions regarding it. An apostle warns us that "a novice being lifted up with pride," may "fall into the condemnation of the devil;" and is there not reason to fear that many disregard the warning? Judging from these words of St. Paul, it seems to have been pride that ruined the powerful creature whom the Bible makes known as the arch-enemy of man. But whatever was the occasion or cause of his fall, the result is clear: an enemy to God and our world appeared with whom nothing but Omnipotence could successfully cope. Even more significantly than when the words were first employed, his name is "Legion;" and man's salvation much depends on his being aware of the fact.

THE BIBLE A REVEALER.

It is wonderful what power there is in the Word of God. I was reminded of this but lately, by the remark of a youth, who, although he had been reared in infidelity, was nevertheless outwardly moral. "I feel almost afraid to go to church," said he, "for the Minister seems always preaching right at me."

The Word of God had found out his sin. Conscience was quickened by the plainest setting forth of truth. The sanctuary, so dull to others, ever brought some word to bear upon him which was in conflict with his life, and he felt himself unwillingly weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Indeed, there are many minds who, sinning through the week, go on the Sunday to the sanctuary, and are startled that in the chapters read, or the text chosen, there is a revealing of their own offences. It seems to them, as if in some mysterious way, the Preacher had learned their thoughts, observed their secret transgressions, and was now rebuking them before the entire congregation.

Ah! he is: but not with the mean personality they at times conjecture. It is only the Spirit driving the nail in a sure place. It is only the two-edged sword of the Word detecting "the thoughts and intents of the heart." It is only the perfect law held up as a mirror, in which each one is made to discern the spirit he bears. It is only the power of Divine truth taking hold of the individual conscience, and saying distinctly, directly, "Thou art the man!" Under just such revealings do some minds find the convictions which lead them to an embrace of mercy. Others, in the very sharpness of truth, find a stumbling stone, and a rock of offence. Proud and resolute, they will not sit to be a mark for the Preacher's arrows. They turn away like those hearers whose deceitfulness of heart our Lord so disclosed with a commandment.

Take the Word of God into your closet. It is no more the Preacher, but your own heart, so prone to look on pleasing lines, that is now the reader. Yet if a sin, or a neglect is on the conscience, the Word will weigh, and sift, and burn into the soul. It may be Genesis or Romans, the Revelation of John or Exodus. You will not read many lines ere your sin will find both a delineation and a malediction. Let the mind only come to the light, and its deeds will surely be reproved. The Word is ever with power. No mind can escape its assaults, unless reaching that fearful point in human destiny when it is "given up to believe a lie."

One, it is said, went to Cromwell, the Protector, complaining of a court Preacher for parading his sins; and he would have had him banished for his boldness. But Cromwell saw at a glance his guilt, and, with a pungency terrible as satire, replied, "Ah, Sir, the Word of the Lord has found you out, has it?"

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been, alas! but poorly spent: "*O that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!*" It could not be. That man's influence survives him. It still lives, is still working on, and will live and work for centuries to come. He could not, when he came to die, and perceived how sad and deleterious his influence had been, put forth his dying hands and arrest that influence. It was too late. He had put in motion an agency which he was altogether powerless to arrest. His body could be shrouded and coffined, and buried out of sight; but not his influence. For that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence, like the angel of death, and will walk till the hand of God arrests and chains it.

Let us be careful what influence we leave behind us. For good or evil, we shall and must live and act, on earth, after our bodies have returned to dust. The grave, even so far as the world is concerned, is not the end of us. In the nature of things, it cannot be. We are, every one of us, doing that every day, every hour, which will

survive us, and which will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after us. There is nothing we are more prone to forget or disregard, than our influence upon others, yet there are few things we should more dread.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness; and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seem'd as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, *My cross I cannot bear!*

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
O, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks, I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reign'd on all around,
E'en nature's voices utter'd not a sound,
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause; and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wandering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seem'd everywhere,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One, to whom all the others bow'd the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
"And follow Me," He said, "I am the Way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

This may not be, I cried; and look'd again
To see if any there could ease my pain;
But, one by one, I pass'd them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wonder'd more,
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.

But, O that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair;
Sorrowing I said, This cross I cannot bear.

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross—no crown."

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE RAVEN.

This bird is distinguished from all the feathered race by his sable plumage, and his harsh, lugubrious note. But the black colour is not equally intense on every

part of his body, although it is sufficiently prominent to justify the allusions made to it in the Scriptures.

The raven, it is well known, delights in solitude; he frequents the ruined tower or the deserted habitation. Hence to send a person to the ravens was, among the ancient Greeks, the same as to

express the wish that one might be sent away from the comforts of civil society, to encounter the wants and sufferings of solitary exile; to suffer an ignominious death; to be deprived of burial, and become a banquet to the birds of prey. The sable plumage and harsh discordant voice of that bird, serve to aggravate the horrors of desolation.* In the prophecies of Isaiah, it is accordingly foretold, that the raven, with other birds of similar dispositions, should fix his abode in the desolate houses of Edom: — "The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness." (Isai. xxxiv. 11.) The Prophet Zephaniah, in like manner, makes the raven, as seen in our woodcut, croak over the perpetual desolations of Nineveh:— "Both the cormorant and the bittern," (in the Septuagint and other versions, "the cormorant and the raven,") "shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the thresholds: for He shall uncover the cedar work." (Zeph. ii. 14.) In those splendid palaces, where the voice of joy and gladness was heard, and every sound which could ravish the ear and subdue the heart, silence was, for the wickedness of their inhabitants, to hold her reign for ever, interrupted only by the scream of the cormorant, and the croaking of the raven.

The writer in Prov. xxx. 17, appears to give a distinct character to some of the ravens in Palestine, when he says, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." He may, in this passage, allude to a species of raven which prefers the valley for her habitation to the clefts of the rock; or he may, perhaps, refer to some sequestered valley in the land of Promise, much frequented by these birds, which derived its name from that circumstance; or, as the rocky precipice, where the raven loves to build her nest, often overhangs the torrent, (which the original word *nahal* also signifies,) and the lofty tree, which is equally acceptable, rises on its banks, he might by that phrase merely intend the ravens which prefer such situations.

Bochart conjectures, that the valley alluded to was Tophet, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, which the prophet Jeremiah calls the valley of the dead bodies; because the dead bodies of criminals were cast into it, where they remained without burial, till they were devoured by flocks of ravens, which collected for that purpose from the circumjacent country. If this conjecture be right, the meaning will be this: — "He who is guilty of so great a crime, shall be subjected to an infamous punishment; and shall be cast into the valley of dead bodies, and shall find no grave, but the devouring maw of the impure and voracious raven." It was a common punishment in the East, (and one which the Orientals dreaded above all others,) to expose in the open fields the bodies of evil-doers, that had suffered by the laws of their offended country, to be devoured by the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven. He insinuates, that the raven makes his first and keenest attack on the eye; which perfectly corresponds with his habits, for he always begins his banquet with that part of the body, as is well known to shepherds, whose lambs and weakly sheep he often attacks, making his first onset by picking out their eyes.

Every species of food is acceptable to the raven; but he prefers the flesh of animals. A vile and disgusting bird, he hovers near the field of battle, in expectation of gorging himself with the slain; he attends at the place of execution, to feed upon the bodies of malefactors; he watches the habitations of disease and infection, to riot on the putrid carcase; and when these resources fail, he marks the lamb and other weak defenceless animals, and preys on living flesh. It is pretended that he will even attack larger animals with success; and, supplying what is deficient in strength, by cunning and activity, will fasten upon the backs of wild cattle, and eat them alive and in detail, after having picked out their eyes. What renders his ferocity more odious, is, that it is not in him, as in some other

* *Buffon's Natural History*, vol. iii., p. 13.

animals, the effect of necessity, but a desire of carnage; as he can subsist on fruits and seeds of every kind, on insects of every name, and even, it is said, on poisonous matters; so that no animal so well deserves the name of omnivorous. If to these base and truculent dispositions we add his lugubrious plumage, his harsh and mournful note, his ignoble mien, his ferocious look, infection exhaling from his body,—we shall not be surprised, that, in every age of the world, and among every people, he has been regarded as an object of aversion; that he was pronounced an unclean bird by the Jewish lawgiver, and the use of his flesh prohibited among the holy people.

To some it may appear surprising, that so vile and abject a creature should be so frequently recognized in Scripture, as an object of care to the Maker and Preserver of all things. When the Most High challenged Job out of the whirlwind, He demanded:—"Who provideth for the raven his food? when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." (Job xxxviii. 41.) In the songs of the temple, it is stated, as an argument for praising God, that "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." (Psal. cxlvii. 9.) Our Lord, in the New Testament, directing His disciples to trust in God, for their daily subsistence, bids them, "consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them." The ravens do not abandon their young, as some ancient authors pretend; but cherish them with as much care and attention as other birds generally do, till they are able to provide, in some degree, for themselves. Voracious gluttons by nature, they soon become clamorous for more than the parent birds are able to supply. In these straits, Divine Providence condescends to relieve their sufferings, by exciting their instinctive sagacity to greater and more skilful exertions to procure the necessary supplies. But the care of Providence is not confined to the young; it extends also to the parents, that, like their brood, "neither sow nor reap, have neither storehouse nor barn;" and supplies them with food from His inexhaustible stores. Whatever may be their character and habits, they are the work of infinite wisdom and power; and if it be not unbecoming the Almighty Creator to make such creatures, it cannot be unbecoming to provide for their support. They, too, have their sphere of action, and their qualities and instincts are usefully employed both for themselves and the other parts of the terrestrial creation; even the meanness of their character is of no small advantage to the considerate mind, in allaying his fears, and in exciting and establishing his confidence in the wise and bountiful arrangements of Providence. The argument of our Lord is exceedingly strong and pointed. If the Almighty hear not in vain the croaking of a young raven, He surely will not turn a deaf ear to the supplications of His people.

Methodism in former Days.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Mrs. Fletcher to Mrs. Crosby.

"*June 10th*, 1788.

"My very dear Friends,—As expenses are many, I have thought it best to put off the answering your kind favour of May 17th, till the Conference, as I can then send the answer by brother Leach, our assistant; and with it a guinea for John Nelson. Perhaps it will be best to give it to William, as the trees were his. Write with this message: I heard his brother was in want, and as I suppose he has a good deal to do for him, I send him this guinea to be laid out on him in any way he thinks best; and desire him to say nothing about it, for I am tired out with applications. Your foot getting better is a great mercy. What did Mr. Hey think it to be? We are in the Lord's hands, and that is to me an unspeakable comfort. More and more am I convinced of that truth, 'The hairs of our head are all numbered,' and no trial shall touch us, but at the time, and in the manner,

our tender Father sees good. We have had some souls of late slip from our company to the church above, and some among us would be thankful to follow them; yet, we are willing to tarry the Lord's leisure, and "love is all the will Divine." Often Satan tells me I shall have much to suffer before and in death; but it does not bring care. I commit it to the Lord, and am daily entreating grace, both to live and to die, especially the latter, not because my health is worse. I am better than for some time past, yet death seems near, and I find it a profitable prospect; yet am I pained that I cannot get faster forward, and bring more glory to my Lord. I feel that prayer continually in my heart, 'Show me Thy way that I may know Thee;' the answer seems to be, 'Lie still in My hand, keep thine eye on Me, and all shall be well:' and there I find a lasting rest. We have some dear souls here, who know what it is to live each moment in converse with Jesus. From these I learn many precious lessons, and their simple lively tale renders our private meetings very profitable. Last week, one class night, a dear woman, who had for years been an outward hearer, and with whom my precious husband had long taken much pains, was in the midst of the class set at liberty, and could not help breaking forth aloud in the praises of her redeeming Lord. Another, awakened about half a year since, was also set at liberty, as we were conversing alone a little time ago. Of this soul I have great joy, as she appears to be a singular gift of heaven, and the promise given me at the conversion of my dear nephew, was renewed for her: 'Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.' She seems to me to have learned the lessons of an adult Christian in a few weeks. O Lord, what a poor snail have I been when compared with this soul! Last Sunday night, another, who was seeking a renewed nature, felt herself deeply struck at the meeting, and has found a great change ever since. And this last week, a young woman, servant to a gracious soul in this town, who has long fought against conviction, has been laid on a sick bed, torn with condemnation, and now tastes of that peace which Jesus has promised to all who wait for and believe in Him. I tell you these little heads because I would have you to help us to pray and to praise. I can never be thankful enough for my room; it has been made a great blessing indeed, and the high seat is a great help to my weak body, as I cannot now stand to speak throughout the time. I have as yet the full use of my voice. You sometime ago asked me for a bit of my dear husband's hair. There were then so many promised, I feared we should part with too much; but I now send you a little, and may a share of his spirit accompany it, and give your soul to taste a drop of that comfort wherewith his cup did so richly overflow. We expect Mr. Wesley again in three weeks.

"Yours affectionately,

"MARY FLETCHER."

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. VII.

"Ye solemn woods, how pleasing 'tis to skim
On this calm flood, and find you thus at rest,
In one of Summer's most unruffled moods;
When scarcely steals a vagrant air abroad,
To bend the reed, or creep among the flowers."

THE tide was still flowing, but we were now far up among the hills, and to the eye the quiet stream gave no sign of tidal action. O the sweetness of that hour's life! We moved, and yet we were at rest; our very motion as we glided deepened one's sense of delicious repose. Often in my youthful dreams, I had been softly borne along upon the surface of a smooth transparent stream which in its expansions here and there reposed like a miniature lake amidst pensile woods, and then narrowing again between banks of water flags and lilies, and overshadowing old oak-trees, barely allowed a passage for my airy skiff. My dreams were now verified, and they seemed renew them-

selves in my memory like visions of fulfilled prophecy. Had I in the night wanderings of my boyhood sometimes floated on the Tavy? Let nobody laugh. Nobody, did I say? Yes, those may laugh whose sleep was never broken by

"Shadowy joy or solid woe."

They cannot care or know much about dreams or dreamers; and I believe it is taken for granted, in some quarters, that what is not understood may very properly be laughed at. Well, laugh who will, I shall go on with my dreaming on my pet stream. It looked now as if it had fairly given itself up to quiet rapture amidst the charms which courted it in witching alternation, and which appeared to enrich its enjoyment by their peaceful rivalries. On one side it received with reverent tenderness the graceful advances of the swelling lawn. Was there ever any thing so nearly approaching to the "living green" of an immortal world as that bright slope which the waters kiss beneath the shadow of those guardian elms! On the other hand, the grand old wooded hills hung over the river with deep silent affection; and their hush seems to deepen now and then, as the sanderling skimmed along the shadowy bank and gave out its plaintive note, or the swallow twittered as it swept between the leafy pentice and the stream, or a fish leaped as the oar softly cut the glassy water, or a gentle rippling told how the current played with the dipping branches of some venerable oak. "But what is that, boatman?" said I, pointing to some old walls just peeping above the trees far up on the hill-side.

"It is nothing but an old mine, Sir," was the reply. "Muckworms are restless things, Sir, often poking their noses where they shouldn't in search of pelf. They don't care where they dig, or what they disturb, so they can but find the copper or the tin, or the like of that. I suppose they thought there was something worth digging for yonder, and they kept on picking, and blasting, and threatening to turn the dear old hill inside-out, until their money was spent or their credit was gone, and all for nothing."

"Are you sorry or glad for them, boatman?"

"Well, Sir, if I loved shining dust as some people do, I should be sorry, no doubt; but I love these quiet woods well enough to be glad when anybody or anything that tries to break their peace and spoil their beauty gets smashed themselves before they have done much mischief."

"Ah, you love these woods then, and I like you all the better; it was a narrow escape for our beautiful Tavy, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Sir; but no thanks to the muckworms after all. We must have copper and tin I suppose, but somehow I can't like the people who seek for them in such places as this. It seems to touch one's very life-core to the quick to have nature torn to pieces on speculation. But never mind, the muck-worms have done nothing here but to put up a monument of their own losses; and if the old walls get covered with moss and ferns, as I hope they will soon, I, for one, shall think the restless people have not spent their labour and money in vain."

"Why you have no mercy towards mining-folks, boatman. Perhaps you would be of another mind if you had a share of their profits."

"Well as to that, Sir, money is well enough in its place; and when a fellow is rather short of 'tin,' he might be tempted a bit even to cross his heart in order to fill his pocket; but I would rather, nevertheless, be pinched for lack of a penny, and have a meal a day less now and then, than see this river-side burrowed by muck-worms. Who likes to see beauty insulted and abused? It makes one's blood boil."

"Well said, boatman! but stay we won't get up to boiling point just now; that would be an insult to the holy quietness of Tavy-side." No, I wanted to feel the stillness as it deepened. And so we glided silently upward, passing now, a luxuriant alder-tree in gentle dalliance with the stream; and now, a willow, delicately saluting the water which mirrored its beauty. Here, was a clump of golden ragwort, or purple fox-glove, bathing, with its rich corymbs and spikes gracefully held above the surface; there, clusters of wild roses, laughingly floated on the tide. Now, we swept past little islands of rank grass, prettily adorned with enamel-work of marsh-marigold and stitchwort; and then through a succession of overhanging rocks, and tangled woods, and hollow glades. Masses of exuberant

hazel stretched their horizontal branches towards us, as if they invited us to sleep beneath their shadow; ash-trees offered us the joy of passing under their magic boughs; rich chestnuts reposed on the stream, and seemed as if they longed for the joy of melting into the still waters; and giant oaks came bending over the boat, and laving their knotted arms so as here and there to interrupt the stroke of our oars. The solitude became more and more intense. The water was a perfect mirror. Every shrub and every flower had its answering picture in the clear depth. At one point, a beautiful boy stood on the verdurous bank, watching our advance; and to us it might seem doubtful which of the two images was the substance, and which the shadow; which the living thing, and which the reflection. Here and there the leafy canopy of one bank touched and linked itself with that of the other, and formed a roof of green network, through which the beams of evening threw a tremulous and chequered light upon our watery way. Then we seemed to be in an endless labyrinth of wooded hills, catching at turns a warm glance from the setting sun; and the beautiful Tavy looked as if it had forgotten the noise and dash of its course on the upland moor, and was now symbolizing human life when its tribulations are left behind, and it is gently passing into the blessedness of inviolable peace. Nature had, indeed, hidden us in her bosom, and we were lulled amidst her most sacred charms. How far away we appeared to be from everything like impurity and strife! One felt that perfect peace still had some favourite resting-places on earth. One's inmost soul partook of the stillness which brooded under the rich shadows which fell around us. All life was silent; but its breathing was felt, and that breathing was so sweet that my heart would fain have hushed its own beating in order more quietly to enjoy the sweetness. There we lay on our oars, and courted the visions which came softly floating towards us from the dreamy distances of time and space. Among the rest there was the spirit-chant of an old vesper-service from Buckland Abbey. It seemed to come along a dell which opened on the river; now swelling on one's inward ear, and now melting off in traditionary whispers about Amicia, the widow of Baldwin, Earl of Devon; how, in 1278, she blest the Cistercian brotherhood with cloister, and field, and wood, and stream; and how, for many generations, the brotherhood in turn prayed for her soul's peace, and shed blessings on her memory, as often in the refectory as in the chapel. Then there were visions of changing "times and laws:" times in which Buckland-Monachorum witnessed the breaking up of old systems, and saw her cowled masters turned out by royal Commissioners to battle in a new style with the realities of life: times of transition, during which the Abbot and his Chapter gave place to a Grenville, and his family line; and these again to one who rose from a humble cottage, higher up on the Tavy, to circumnavigate the globe, and leave his terrible name burnt into the memory of old Spain,—Sir Francis Drake. Drake! what legendary wonders gather around that name! To utter it was to make Tavy-side vocal with popular story. Many a wild and fantastic legend still witnesses to the racy character, bold enterprising spirit, and practical genius of the "great captain;" many, too, curiously indicate the very low scientific level from which the people of his times looked at his adventures and achievements. One favourite tale, for instance, is a somewhat beautiful specimen of local gossip, whether it has any groundwork of fact or not: "While the 'old warrior' was abroad," it is said, "his lady not hearing from him for seven years, considered he must be dead, and that she was free to marry again. Her choice was made; the nuptial day fixed, and the parties had assembled in the church. Now it so happened that at the very hour, Sir Francis Drake was at the antipodes of Devonshire, and one of his spirits, who let him know from time to time how things went in England, whispered in his ear in what manner he was about to lose his wife. Sir Francis rose up in haste, charged one of his great guns, and sent off a cannon-ball so truly aimed, that it shot up right through the globe, forced its way into the church, and fell with a loud explosion between the lady and her intended bridegroom. 'It is the signal of

Drake,' she exclaimed; 'he is alive, and I am still a wife; there must be neither troth nor ring between thee and me!'" Then there is the ever-living memorial of his navigating feats, in the common saying that he "shot the gulf;" that is, supposing, as in his day it was still supposed, that the world was formed of "two parallel planes, the one at a certain distance from the other;" when his ship had "turned over the edge of the upper plane so as to pass on to the waters of the under," he had "shot the gulf." Nor can one forget our obligation to folk-lore for some fine tributes to his scientific power, in stories about his chopping blocks of wood with his own arm, and making them spring into fire ships as they floated towards the enemy's fleet; or about his making a spring of water run after him as he galloped from Dartmoor to Plymouth; or about the devil helping him to move a great stone while he was repairing some parts of Buckland Abbey. How many lessons on personal character and national condition and manners crowd upon us in legends like these. Let nobody forget the significant fact that the popular mind could conceive of no more ready helper towards repairing an abbey than the devil himself. Some may wonder why, or how, the arch fiend should prove so willing to lend a hand on behalf of one of whom it was said by a lover of truth that he was a "very religious man towards God:" but those who fail to explain the devil's action, may succeed in sincere efforts to copy Drake's example, and they shall have it sketched by a good hand, though rather old: "chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, merciful to those who were under him, and hating nothing so much as idleness: in matters (especially) of moment, he was never wont to rely on other men's care, how trusty or skilful soever they might seem to be; but always contemning danger, and refusing no toil, he was wont himself to be one (whoever was second) at every turn, where courage, skill or industry was to be employed."

Battle-Bridge. X.

Nature and Art.

WATER.

Water exists around us to an extent and under conditions which escape the notice of cursory observers. When the dyer buys of the dry-salter one hundred pounds each of alum, carbonate of soda, and soap, he obtains in exchange for his money no less than forty-five pounds of water in the first lot, sixty-four pounds in the second, and a variable quantity, sometimes amounting to seventy-three and a half pounds, in the third. Even the transparent air we breathe contains, in ordinary weather, about five grains of water diffused through each cubic foot of its bulk, and thus rarefied water no more wets the air than the solidified water wets the lime or opal in which it is absorbed. Of a plaster of Paris statue weighing five pounds, more than one good pound is solidified water. Even the precious opal is but a mass of flint and water, combined in the proportion of nine grains of the earth ingredient to one of the fluid. Of an acre of clay-land a foot deep, weighing about one thousand two hundred tons, at least four hundred tons are water; and even of the great mountain-chains with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of tons are water solidified into earth.

THE FLYING FOX OF CEYLON.

There are more singular inhabitants of Ceylon trees than monkeys. The flying foxes hang from them like fruit. The flight of these creatures is directed by means of a membrane attached to the inner side of each of the hind legs, and kept distended at the lower extremity by a projecting bone, just as a fore-and-aft sail is distended by a "gaff." "Over the entire surface of the thin membrane of which they are formed, sentient nerves of the utmost delicacy are distributed, by means

of which the animal is enabled during the darkness to direct its motions with security avoiding objects against contact with which, at such times, its eyes and other senses would be insufficient to protect it." By day they suspend themselves from the highest branches of the silk-cotton trees, hanging by the claws of the hind legs, with the head turned upward, and pressing the chin against the breast. At sunset, taking wing, they hover, with a murmuring sound, occasioned by the beating of their broad, membraneous wings, around the fruit-trees, on which they feed till morning, when they resume their pensile attitude as before. They hang in such prodigious numbers, that the branches often give way beneath their accumulated weight. They fly in clouds as thick as bees or midges. "When at rest or asleep, the disposition of the limbs of the flying fox is most curious. At such times, it suspends itself by one foot only, bringing the other close to its side, and thus it is enabled to wrap itself in the ample folds of its wings, which envelop it like a mantle, leaving only its upturned head uncovered. Its fur is thus protected from damp and rain, and, to some extent, its body is sheltered from the sun. As it collects its food by means of its mouth, either when on the wing or when suspended within reach of it, the flying fox is always more or less liable to have the spoil rested from it by its intrusive companions, before it can make good its way to some secure retreat in which to devour it unmolested. In such conflicts they bite viciously, tear each other with their hooks, and scream incessantly; till, taking to flight, the persecuted one reaches some place of safety, where he hangs by one foot, and grasping the fruit he has secured in the claws and opposable thumb of the other, he hastily reduces it to lumps, with which he stuffs his cheek-pouches till they become distended like those of a monkey; then, suspended in safety, he commences to chew and suck the juicies, rejecting the refuse with his tongue."

Anecdotes.

GRACE IN PARDON.

In one of the gala-days at the court of Queen Elizabeth, of England, soon after the execution of Mary Stuart, the general gaiety was arrested by the sudden seizure of a courtly stranger by the guard. His singular appearance had created suspicion, and being watched, he was found to be armed, and bent on mischief. The Queen having ordered the guard to bring the prisoner before her, asked him,—

"Who are you?"

"Marguerite Lebrun," was the reply.

"Marguerite! Marguerite!" cried her Majesty, in wonder.

"Madam! I wear a beard!" tearing it from her face, "and also a man's apparel; but I am a woman."

"Loose your hands!" said Elizabeth, to the guard.

"Nay, madam, I mind not a rough hand. What is the pinching of an arm to me, who carry a broken heart?"

"Who hath broken your heart?"

"Elizabeth of England."

"We do greatly marvel at words so bold and strange. Heard you ever, my lords, the like of the Queen of England?"

"Madam, you have reft all that my heart did love. How could it help breaking? My mistress, my Queen, my chief-beloved Mary of Scotland. My husband, too. My all. Yes, lady; beggared and broken-hearted. You bid me speak. You bade me tell my errand. I obey. For years my husband and myself had been honoured in her service. We were with her when—when—madam, the horror of that scene was a dagger to my husband. I tried, I prayed that the wound might stanch; but—but—lady, I am a widow. I lost a loving husband at Fotheringhay. I felt my heart-strings yield; but I vowed over both their coffins that I would live to revenge both. I came here to fulfil my vow. A few steps more, and I had succeeded. I have struggled hard against my purpose; but in vain."

It cost the Queen a stern effort to retain

her composure under such a speech, but she calmly asked,—

"What think you is my duty upon the hearing of such a case?"

"Do you put the question to me as a Queen or as a Judge?"

"As a Queen."

"Then you should grant me a pardon."

"But what assurance can you give me that you will not abuse my mercy, and attempt my life again? Should I pardon, it should be at least upon condition to be safe from your murderous revenge in future."

"Grace fettered by precautions, grace that hath conditions, is no grace."

"By my faith, my lords," said the Queen, "thirty years have I now reigned, and never before have I found a person to read me so noble a lesson. My good lords, shall I not bid her go?"

Some of her most trusted courtiers remonstrated against the act, but the Queen listened impatiently. Turning to the prisoner, she said,—

"Are you not a Frenchwoman?"

"I am."

"Whither would you go, should I set you free?"

"To my country and my kindred."

"By —— ——! I will pardon thee; and I do it without conditions. You shall have safe and honourable conveyance to your own country. My loyal guards see that she is cared for."

The pardoned woman looked up with wonder, and gratitude, and admiration. For the first time in the interview she made an obeisance, and carried to her grave a reverence for the Queen who could freely forgive a great crime.

In like manner Christian hearts love God because He first loved them, and His free forgiveness of all their sins excites to wonder, and gratitude, and devotion.

IRREVERENCE CHECKED.

An old Scotch clergyman, who was terribly annoyed at many of his congregation indulging in the habit of bolting out of church previous to and during the "benediction," had one day just got that length in the service, and was standing with outstretched hands and closed eyes, when the noise of escaping numbers again attracted his attention, and disturbed the quiet of the church. Quietly opening his eyes, he thus addressed the church-officer:—"And now, John, open the doors, and let all those wicked people, who don't want the blessing, retire." This effectually stopped the practice for that day, at any rate.

Foreign Travel.

AN ARAB WEDDING.*

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

A few days afterwards, I was invited to a wedding in the Sakhali family, Christian Arabs of the Orthodox Greek community.

At about eight o'clock, A.M., I was led into their church; a domed building, lighted from above, and gaudy with highly-coloured, distorted copies of ancient Byzantine pictures; for the Greeks, though not allowed to have images to assist them in their devotions, may have pictures, provided they are not too life-like.

In the centre of the crowd, at a lectern, stood a priest, and immediately before him the bride, closely shrouded in a white izzar; a many-coloured muslin veil entirely concealed her features.

The bridegroom by her side, who was only seventeen, wore a suit of sky-blue cloth, edged with gold thread, and a handsome crimson and white shawl girdle. He had only once seen the face of the bride, and that was six months before, on the day of the betrothal.

The service was in Arabic, and rapidly uttered in clear but monotonous tones. The most important part of it seemed to be the Gospel narrative of the marriage at Cana, in Galilee. While the priest was reading it, bread and wine was handed to the young man; he gave some to the girl, who, in taking it, was very careful not to expose her face.

Immediately afterwards, she held out one of her henna-stained hands, and a

* *Domestic Life in Palestine.* By Mary E. Rogers.

jewelled ring was placed on her finger. Two crowns, made of gilt foil, were brought by the bridegroom's-man and bride's-woman, and placed on the heads of the now married pair, who joined hands, and with their two attendants walked round and round in the midst of the people, who made way for them, and sprinkled them with rose-water, and other scents, as they passed, singing, and shouting good wishes. By the time the circuit had been made seven times, the veils of the bride and bride's-woman were quite saturated; and the two men submitted, without the slightest resistance, to have bottles of scent emptied on their tarbouches. As the excitement increased, the sprinkling became general, and I came in for my share. Thus ended the ceremony.

Presently the men formed a procession, and, with the bridegroom in their midst, walked out of church. A pipe-bearer, carrying a handsome chibouque, was in attendance, and he handed it to the bridegroom whenever the leaders paused to dance the sword-dance, or to sing some wild, extravagant love-song. Rose-water was poured on his head from the roofs or windows of the houses under which he passed. Etiquette required that he should look quite calm and composed in the midst of the noise and excitement.

In the meantime, the bride, with her female attendants and companions, all veiled and shrouded in white, walked very slowly toward her home,—the home of her childhood; for she was not to go forth to meet the bridegroom till after sunset. I accompanied her. We all carried our tapers, although it was the third hour; that is, about nine o'clock, A.M.

We mounted a broad, covered stone-staircase, and passing through a corridor, entered a large, many-windowed room. The bride was led to a sort of throne, made of cushions and embroidered pillows, and I was placed by her side. Her white izzar and veil were taken off; she looked dreadfully faint and fatigued. She was not more than fourteen years old, with an oval face, rather large lips, and black, delicately arched eyebrows. Her eyes were shut; for custom makes it a point of honour for a bride to keep them closed from the time she leaves the church, till the moment she meets the bridegroom at night.

She wore a purple velvet jacket, very open in front, showing her crape shirt and her chest, which was actually adorned with little bits of leaf-gold! Her necklace, or collar of gold coins, was very beautiful; her skirt of white and yellow silk, almost concealed her full yellow silk drawers. Her hands and arms were checkered with deep orange-brown henna stains; but what struck me more than all, was the glossy, shining lustre of her skin.

While I had been intently watching and observing the bride, the company of women had quite transformed themselves; they had thrown off their white izzars and veils, and now appeared in all the colours of the rainbow, in all sorts of combinations. Dancing and singing commenced. The lookers on sat round on the matted floor. Sweetmeats, fruit, creams, and various dishes, were served at midday.

After sunset, the mother and female relations of the bridegroom came to fetch the bride; and then she commenced crying and wailing bitterly. This is expected of her; and, whether she feels regret or no, she must show signs of sorrow on leaving her home, and must also appear unwilling to go forth to meet the bridegroom.

On subsequent and persevering inquiry among Arab ladies, I found out how it was that the bride's face looked so lustrous. I learned that girls are prepared for marriage with a very great deal of ceremony. There are women who make the beautifying of brides their especial profession!

A widow woman, named Angelina, is the chief *artiste* in this department of art in Hâifa. She uses her scissors and tweezers freely and skilfully to remove superfluous hair, and trains the eyebrow to an arched line, perfecting it with black pigments. She prepares an adhesive plaster of very strong, sweet gum, and applies it by degrees all over the body, letting it remain on for a minute or more; then she tears it off quickly, and it brings away with it all the soft down or hair, leaving the skin quite bare, with an unnaturally bright and polished appearance, much admired by Orientals. The face requires very careful manipulation. When women have once submitted to this process, they look frightful, if from time to time they do not repeat it; for the hair never grows so soft and fine again.

The edges of the eyelids are blackened thus:—a little instrument, like a silver bodkin, is dipped in water, and then into a bottle or box containing an impalpable powder called *kohl*, made of antimony and carefully prepared soot, the blackened point is drawn gently along between the almost closed lids of the eyes. Poor people use soot alone, and apply it with pins made of *lignum-vitæ*.

The arms and hands, legs and feet, are bandaged with narrow tape or braid, like sandals, crossing and recrossing each other; then a paste made of moistened henna-powder (the pulverized leaves of the henna-tree, *Lawsonia*) is spread and bound over them, and allowed to remain on for several hours. When it is removed, the skin is found deeply dyed wherever the tape (which is now unwound) did not protect it: thus a sort of checkered pattern is produced; and when it is artistically and delicately done, (as Angelina can do it,) the feet look at a distance as if they were sandaled, and the hands as if they were covered with mittens of a bright orange or bronze colour.

The Greek Catholic Church vainly pronounces anathemas, and threatens with excommunication those women who tattoo themselves, and use kohl, and henna, and rouge: they will persist in it while they believe it adds to their beauty, and to their powers of attraction. The costly articles of a genuine Arab wardrobe last a life-time, and are heir-looms.

The Months of the Year.

SEPTEMBER.

Next him September march'd eke on foot,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvest riches which he made his boot,
And him enrich'd with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of weights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned."

SPENSER.

THE character of this month sensibly reminds us of the decline of the year. The weather is in general clear and serene, but the days are considerably shortened, and the morning and evening air has all the chilliness of autumn. The sun shines with a mellow lustre, still imparting summer's heat during the middle of the day. The change which has taken place in the appearance of the country tells us plainly that the youth of the year is gone, and that even its full maturity and strength are passing away.

There is not yet much of autumn colouring in the foliage of the trees; a few bright patches on the elm and beech contrast with the deep hue of firs and oaks, and show us that the varied colours of the season are in preparation. The song of birds is heard more frequently during this than in the last month: their tones, however, are subdued and almost plaintive, and we may easily imagine them to be pouring forth a long farewell to the departing summer. The common swallow leaves us at the latter end of the month, as do several other soft-billed birds. They seek a more genial climate in which to pass the winter months; while birds from more northerly countries arrive here to supply their place, and to avoid the rigour of a season still more severe than ours. The field-fare and red-wing are among the latter, and these subsist chiefly on the abundant supply of berries which our woods and hedge-rows afford.

"When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and, toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
And where, unpierced by frosts, the cavern sweats.*
Or rather, into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back."

THOMSON.

* The poet here alludes to the fancy of some of our old naturalists, that swallows pass the winter in holes below the surface of the water.

The Portfolio.

ASKING A BLESSING.

There is so much of propriety in the custom of asking a blessing before our meals, that it must commend itself to the good sense of all reasonable beings; and yet, it is sad to think how many calling themselves Christians sit down to partake of the bounties of a kind Providence, day after day, without even breathing a silent thanksgiving. The Jews are worthy of imitation in their scrupulous attention to this custom. It is a beautiful saying of the Talmud, "He that enjoys aught without thanksgiving, is as though he robbed God." Observe our Saviour's practice in this respect. Before the miracle of feeding the multitudes, we are told that "He gave thanks." (Mark viii. 6.) "What a scandalous thing it is," remarks Bishop Wilson, "to take our food without being mindful who bestows it on us!" St. Paul "gave thanks" in the "presence" of the heathen; (Acts xxvii. 35;) yet Christians are ashamed to do it before Christians. "How unworthy is he of the crumbs that fall from his own table," says Burkitt, "who, with the swine, looks not up unto, and takes no thankful notice of, the Hand that feeds him." (The reader will please refer to these passages: 1 Thess. v. 18; 1 Cor. x. 31; and 1 Timothy iv. 4, 5.) The King of one of the Friendly Islands became a Christian, and once went on board of a British vessel, where he was invited to dine with the officers. Observing that he did not taste his food, the Captain inquired the cause; when the simple native replied, that he was waiting for the blessing to be asked. All felt rebuked, and the king was desired to say grace, which he did with becoming solemnity.

THE APPLIANCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power for good or bad, as it is applied. A horse under restraint is of use in carrying loads and bearing burdens, &c. But if not restrained, he breaks his bridle, throws his rider, and dashes the carriage in pieces. The water of a large pond, conducted by trenches, or directed by a mill, is of use; but if it breaks its banks, it sweeps everything before it, and destroys, where otherwise it would be a blessing. When the ship is steered right, the sails help forward her onward course; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries the worse.

JOHN KNOX'S DEATH-BED.

Step into the room where the strongest and greatest Scotsman lies dying, says Dr. Guthrie. From the iron grasp of Kings and Princes Knox had wrung the rights of Scotland. Ready to contend even unto death, he had bearded proud nobles, and prouder churchmen; he had stood under the fire of battle; he had been chained to the galley's oar; he had occupied the pulpit with a carbine levelled at his fearless head; and to plant God's truth, and that tree of civil and religious liberty, which has struck its roots so deep in our soil, and under whose shadow we are this day sitting, he had fought many a hard battle; but his hardest was fought in the solitude of the night, and amid the quietness of a dying chamber.

One morning his friends enter his apartment. They find him faint and pallid, wearing the look of one who had passed a troubled night. So he had: he had been fighting, not sleeping; wrestling, not resting; and it required all God's grace to bring him off conqueror. Till daybreak Jacob wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant; and that long night Knox had passed wrestling with the Prince of darkness. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he met Apollyon in the valley, and their swords struck fire in the shadow of death. The lion is said to be boldest in the storm. His roar is never so loud as in the pauses of the thunder; and when the lightning flashes, brightest are the flashes of his cruel eye; and so he, who as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour, often seizes the hour of nature's distress to assault us with his fiercest temptations. Satan tempted Job when he was bowed down with grief. Satan tempted Jesus when He was faint with

hunger. Satan tempted Peter when he was weary with watching, and heart-broken with sorrow: reserving, perhaps, his grand assault on us for times that offer him a great advantage. It was when Knox was worn out, left alone, his head laid low on a dying pillow, that Satan, like a roaring lion, leaped upon his bed. Into the room the enemy had come: he stands by his bed; he reminds him that he had been a standard-bearer of the truth,—a reformer,—bold confessor,—a distinguished sufferer,—the very foremost man of his time and country: he attempts to persuade him that surely such rare merits deserve the crown. The Christian conquered: but hard put to it, only conquered through Him that loved him.

THE DYING WORDS OF THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

"CHILDREN, when I am dead, sing a song of praise to God." Such were the dying words of Mrs. Wesley.

How pleasant it is to meditate on the last words of such Christians! We love to recall the jubilant testimony of many of the Lord's people, and many of their utterances are most comforting and encouraging to the Christian; but we know of no parting words more sweet and soothing than those of the venerable woman we have quoted. Her troubles would then be ended; her peace enduring, her spirit enraptured, and her head with glory crowned. And who would save his tears for a coronation-day?

"Out of her last home, dark and cold,
She would pass to a city whose streets are gold,
From the silence that falls on sin and pain,
To the deathless joy of the angels' strain;
Well will be ended what ill begun,
Out of the shadow into the sun."

When we thus consider her spiritual relations after her departure, how singularly appropriate was her request:—"Children, when I am dead, sing a song of praise to God."

TWELVE HINDRANCES TO PRAYER.

WICKLIFF enumerates what he calls "twelve lettings to prayer." What these were in his days, 1324—84, they are now. They are thus summed up:—

The first hindrance is the sins of him who prayeth. According to that in Isaiah, "When ye make many prayers, I will not hear you, for your hands are full of blood."

The second is doubting. As saith the Apostle James, "Let a man ask in faith, nothing doubting."

The third hindrance is when a man asketh not that which ought to be asked. As in Matt. xx. it is said, "Ye know not what ye ask." And in St. James, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

The fourth is the unworthiness of them for whom we pray. Thus God, by Jeremiah, saith, "Pray not for this people, for I will not hear thee."

The fifth hindrance is the multitude of evil thoughts. Thus Abram (Gen. xv.) "drove away the fowls;" that is, "he that prayeth shall drive away evil thoughts."

The sixth is despising of God's law. In Prov. xxviii. God saith, "The prayer of him that turneth away his ear from hearing the law shall be abomination."

The seventh is hardness of soul. And this in two ways. First, in Prov. xxi. it is said, "If a man stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." The second is when one hath trespassed, and we refuse to forgive him. As Christ says, "When ye stand to pray, forgive ye, if ye have anything against any man. If ye forgive not to men, neither shall your Father forgive your sins."

The eight letting is the increasing of sin. David saith to God, "They that draw themselves from Thee shall perish." In James iv. it is said, "Nigh ye to God, and He shall nigh to you." He nigheth to God that ceaseth of evil work.

The ninth is suggestions of the devil, that withdraw many men from prayer.

The tenth is littleness of desire. Augustine saith, "God keepeth that thing from thee which He will not give soon to thee, that thou learn to desire great things."

The eleventh letting is the impatience of him that asketh. Saul asked counsel of the Lord, (1 Sam. xxviii.,) and He answered not Saul. "And Saul said, Seek ye to me a woman that hath an unclean spirit."

The twelfth is the default of perseverance in prayer. Christ saith, "If a man continue knocking at the gate, the Friend" (that is, God) "shall rise and give him as many loaves as he mindeth." Augustine saith, "If prayer is not removed, be thou secured that mercy is not removed." But here take heed that prayer stand most in good living—that prayer with mouth accord with the deed—and so continue, and thou shalt receive. Therefore Christ saith in Luke xviii., "It behoveth to pray ever, and cease not." And Augustine saith, "As long as thou hast holy desire, and livest after God's law in charity, thou prayest ever well."

Memorials of the Departed.

Mrs. Sarah Alexander, of Beechamwell, in the Downham Circuit, had been a steady and highly spiritually-minded member of the Wesleyan Society for more than forty years. A few years after their marriage, she and her husband were greatly assisted in spiritual feeling by their diligent perusal of two valuable books they had been led to purchase. Burdened with her sinful load, and seeking pardon through faith in Jesus, and aided by the prayers of a few Christian friends, she soon obtained salvation; greatly rejoiced in God her Saviour, and sought to lead others into the same path. Her good husband was early removed from the militant to the triumphant church; leaving her with a large family, to weather the storm of adversity, but she was sustained by the rich consolations of grace, and cheered by blooming hopes of heaven. For many years she was the subject of severe and prostrating affliction; she was, however, kept in perfect peace. The testimony of her Leader is, that she "was never heard to complain. She was a truly spiritual woman." At length her gracious Saviour called her home where affliction is unknown, on September 23d, 1858, aged seventy-seven years.

Died at Castleford, in the Pontefract Circuit, January 24th, 1859, aged nineteen years, Hannah Jenkinson. She was brought to God during a gracious visitation in the spring of 1857; and at once united with the church of Christ. The testimony of her acceptance with God was exceedingly clear and distinct, and it is believed that it was retained until the close of life. In her attendance on the means of grace she was regular and devout. She was modest and retiring in disposition. She had not long been connected with the people of God, before she became the subject of a protracted affliction; her faith never failed, and her patience was invincible. Her days of langour and suffering were cheered by the presence of her Saviour, and the attentions of her Christian friends. Her replies to questions bearing on her personal safety were most emphatic and undoubting. Her end was eminently peaceful.

Mary Elliott, was born at Wadworth, in the Doncaster Circuit, March 18th, 1836. At the age of twelve she was visited with an affliction which eventually terminated her mortal career. For five years she suffered greatly. She bore the amputation of her limb with remarkable fortitude. In the year 1854, she was awakened under the powerful appeals of an eminently zealous Local Preacher. She at once united herself to the Methodist Society, was enabled to trust in the infinite merits of Christ, and bore a joyful testimony to the grace of Christ. She cheerfully engaged in the work of a Sabbath-school teacher and tract distributer; and, unless unavoidably detained, was ever at her post. From these labours of love, affliction constrained her to withdraw in February, 1858. For more than fourteen months she was confined to her bed, during a considerable portion of which period, her sufferings were acute; but through all, her confidence in the Redeemer never failed; her patience never forsook her; she was truly enabled to glorify God in the furnace. A few days before her death, she derived much

comfort from the twenty-third and thirty-fourth Psalms. Having finished her course and kept the faith, she exchanged mortality for life, June 2d, 1859.

THOMAS GOTHARD, the subject of this short memoir, was a native of Shirland, in the county of Derby. He was born in the year 1780. His parents were poor, but they feared God; and, according to their ability and light, they trained up their children in the way they should go. Like too many others, Thomas, for some years, did not walk in that way; but the grace of God led him into it, and when he was old, for he lived to be very old, he did not depart from it. It was about the year 1802, that he was shown the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the danger of his soul. He yielded to the strivings of the Spirit: "yielded to be saved by grace." His brother Samuel, who survives him, was converted about the same time. They joined the Methodist Society. When Thomas Gothard was conversing with his son some days before his death, he referred with evident delight and thankfulness to the days of his first love, and described how powerfully he and his brother then felt the constraining love of Christ, and how strong and ardent was their young zeal for Christ and His cause. About nine years after his conversion, he entered the marriage-state. He married in the Lord. Many years after his marriage, he was removed, by the Providence of God, to Newton, in the same county. The nearest Methodist chapel was at South-Normanton. He and his family began to attend that chapel. He joined the Society, and was soon actively engaged in doing good; teaching in the Sunday-school, and distributing tracts. He eventually became the Leader of the class, and filled the office for more than fourteen years. To the end of life he was singularly diligent and regular in discharging the duties of his post, and, until the illness that terminated his life, he never missed class or school. Thomas Gothard had nine children: three died in infancy; six are still living. One of his sons says that he was always a most affectionate father, but very firm in the training and discipline of his family. To this firm parental restraint, he ascribes it that the family were kept from many sins into which others have fallen. Their father was very exact in taking his children to the chapel and the Sunday-school. It is to them now a hallowing recollection to recall, how, as little ones, they used to take their father's hand, and went up with him to the house of God. Another recollection, of a similar kind, is the remembrance of his prayers at the family altar, when he used to gather his boys and girls around him, and pray most earnestly that they might grow up to be "pillars in the temple of our God, to go no more out." Those oft-repeated prayers have been answered touching some of his children; would that it could be so said of all. They who are still out of the way will probably read these lines. Can they bear the thought that their now sainted father, their widowed mother, and the rest of the family circle, should meet in heaven, while they be wanderers lost? Thomas Gothard was as honest and upright in the affairs of this world, as he was zealous in matters belonging to the world to come. There is sometimes among professors of religion, a dishonesty, (it can be called nothing less,) springing from indolence and want of thrift. Just payments are long delayed, and delay, perhaps, is not the creditor's only loss; the debtor becomes more and more involved in the consequences of his own want of industry and economy, till at last his creditor is obliged to accept less than his lawful claim. This species of dishonesty is not so harmless and innocent as some seem to think. Sad reproach does it sometimes bring on the Christian name. But the world could never reproach Thomas Gothard with this. By great exertions, and untiring industry, he managed to bring up a large family, honestly and creditably. He was anxious that his children, when they left the parental roof, should walk in his steps; and he followed them with letters of counsel, and caution, and with his prayers. When the end of his pilgrimage was evidently drawing near, all his language breathed the spirit of thankfulness and praise. He praised God for the way in which He had led him. He wondered at the Divine condescension. The uppermost thought seemed ever to be, "How good God has been to me." Very

severe pain he bore with great resignation, only drawing a contrast between it and the "great agony," which was borne for him by a suffering Saviour. The last words that could be heard were part of a hymn,—

"Before the throne my Surety stands,
My—."

Speech failed; listeners on earth could hear no more; angel watchers caught away the spirit to finish its ascriptions of praise in heaven. He died on the 8th of June, 1859; leaving behind the memory of a bright example: an example of more than ordinary diligence in the Master's service.

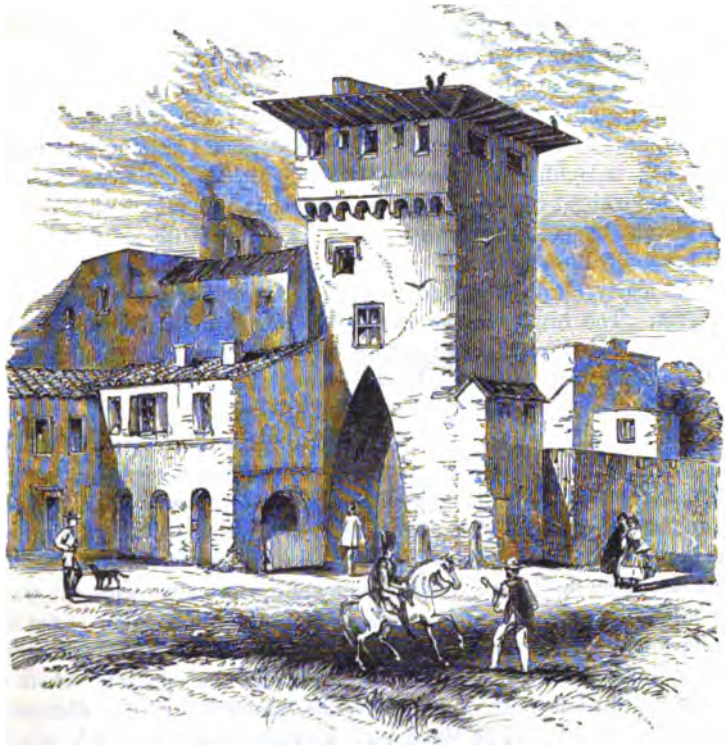
THE removal of a young disciple from the church militant to the church triumphant, may properly occupy a place among the records of the pious dead. "That life is long" and honourable, "which answers life's great end." It was about four years ago that the subject of this notice was led to give his heart to God. It was under the instrumentality of the Rev. William T. Radcliffe that he felt himself a sinner, and was enabled to cast himself upon the sinner's only refuge, the atonement of Christ. From the day of his conversion to that of his death, the leading traits in his character were integrity, scrupulous exactness in all business transactions, and zeal in the service of his God. He was employed in Middlesborough as a Prayer-Leader and Sunday-school teacher; in which occupations he testified, during the last weeks of his stay on earth, some of his happiest hours had been spent. For the last eighteen months his health had been visibly declining, and for some time his mind was led to think of the nearness of death, and to thank God for His goodness and mercy in having called him in his youth. Sometimes, while struggling for breath, he said to his aunt, "What should I have done without religion now?" His medical attendant was greatly impressed with his patience and resignation to the will of God; and so, indeed, were all who were privileged to be near him. Often during the night, as well as the day, he gave utterance to his joy in strains of praise to God; repeating, "Blessed be God! 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Praise Him!" He loved his Bible, and treasured up its precious promises. During his last few weeks, he delighted to dwell on the glowing descriptions of heaven given in the Revelation, and often exclaimed, "What will it be to be there!" It was his constant prayer that all his relatives might enjoy like precious faith, and be prepared to meet him in the better land. Shortly before his release, he said, "What a blessed change for me, if this is the day I am sent for to heaven!" Such it proved to be. He gradually fell into the slumber of death. It was in the twentieth year of his age, on the 28th of June, 1859.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Booth, George,	Goole,	Snaith,	65	May 4th, 1862.
Browne, Robert,	Kirby,	Bungay,	62	May 29th, 1862.
Church, John,	Loddon,	Bungay,	66	June 24th, 1862.
Frankland, Levi,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	30	April 22d, 1862.
Hopwell, Robert,	Cropwell-Bishop,	Bingham,	53	Dec. 28th, 1859.
Marsden, Ann,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	32	May 5th, 1862.
Smith, Richard,	Stroud,	Stroud,	71	April 14th, 1862.
Wardleworth, Jane,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	88	May 8th, 1862.
Whittaker, Abraham,	Rawtenstall,	Bacup,	83	May 7th, 1862.

ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



The Portal de Matabiau at Toulouse.

AN ANCIENT PROTESTANT HOUSE OF SOUTHERN FRANCE.

"An ancient Protestant house!" Somebody says, "how can that be? Protestantism itself is rather modern; it does not date farther back than Luther, does it?" No, not in name; but as a spiritual reality it is of much earlier birth; and the world felt and acknowledged the divinity of its spirit, its principles, and its creed, long, long before Luther. A beautiful fact in the life of Fenelon may illustrate this. The spiritual-mindedness of that amiable Roman Catholic Prelate had brought him into disrepute with the ruling powers of both Church and State; and he was condemned to a sort of penal servitude in his own diocese of Cambray. To him this was an agreeable retreat. His time was occupied in pastoral duties among the people. Protestants and Romanists alike shared his attention; although, as was natural enough, he was sometimes led into good-tempered controversy with those who had adopted Lutheran views. On one occasion, as he was returning, towards evening, from a pastoral ramble, the kindness of his heart constrained him to turn and drive home some stray cattle belonging to a Protestant with whom he had often conversed on church questions; and, finding it too late to return to his own house, he remained a guest for the night in the farmer's cottage. He and his

host pursued the old argument until a late hour; when the good Archbishop brought on what he thought to be the closing question, "Where was your religion before Luther?" One of the farmer's little sons, though seemingly asleep in his cot, had been quite alive to the discussion; and now responded from his bed, "Where was your religion before Luther? why, in the hearts of such Catholics as you, my Lord!" "The boy is right," said the candid and gracious dignitary; "we will say no more about the argument, but talk about the religion." Yes, the boy was right; and in many a pious heart before Luther's day the life and power of Protestantism had found a seat; and in many a consistent life and martyr-death had its doctrines and precepts been triumphantly set forth. The history of no part of Europe affords more interesting evidence of this than that of Southern France. Examples abound among the leading families of old Toulouse; and of these the ancient house of "de Portal" was one of the most faithful and true.

Toulouse still receives refreshing tribute from the beautiful Garonne; though she has lost nearly all the marks of her original sovereignty. Her name tells of a foundation laid by early Greek colonists, or of primitive homes first clustering around a *Tholus* or circular temple dedicated to Pallas Athene; but there is little in her narrow, crooked, brick-built streets, such as they were in our youthful days, which would help us to realize what she was in her best times, as the most ancient city of ancient Gaul, or as one of the most civilized and cultivated centres of young Christian Europe. There still remains one relic of the old embattled city, as she appeared when the simple and earnest faith of the *Albigeois* was her brightest distinction. That relic is the Portal de Matabiau: we have pictured it as it stood in 1822. Dear old tower! Thou art yet standing we hope! Thou hast outlived many a change. Municipal grandeur, political mastery, literary dominion, intellectual command, chivalry, poesy, music, and "pure and undefiled religion," all have passed away from around thee, and thou art left a lone thing, witnessing that

"Cities die as well as men;"

and whispering to the dull heart of modern Toulouse, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead!"

The Portal de Matabiau might be called a martyr-memorial. Its name is said to be an allusion to the cruel death which once took place on the spot which it overshadows. About the middle of the third century a Christian Missionary-Bishop from Italy had gathered a "little flock" of converts around him at Toulouse; and, as he used to pass the scene of heathen worship on his way from his dwelling to the church, he bore daily testimony against the abominations of idolatry. At length he was seized, dragged into the presence of the idol, and required to do sacrifice. On his refusal, his feet were tied to a consecrated bull, which, being driven from before the altar, ran violently down the ascent to the temple, and dashed out the brains of the tortured man upon the steps. He is honoured among the early martyrs of Southern Gaul as St. Saturninus.

But other memories, equally hallowed and growingly precious,

haunt the archway and battlements of that old tower. It once formed a part of the fortress which separated what was called the *Bourg*, from the other parts of the city. At a very early period it gave its name to the family which held it on feudal-tenure. The fortified gateway of the *Bourg* was eminently the *Portal;* and those who inherited the Portal de Matabiau and its lands, became known from the eleventh century at least as the Barons de Portal. This quarter of Toulouse remained the rightful property of the de Portal family until nearly the end of the fifteenth century; while the municipal records of the old city show twenty-two elections from the house of de Portal to the honour of representing the *Bourg* in the supreme council of the State.

But what of this *Bourg?* and what of these de Portals? Well, the *Bourg* enclosed the noblest and best houses of Languedoc. It was the aristocratic quarter of a city which, for many centuries, fairly claimed to be the most enlightened centre of European civilization. It was indeed the scene of high life; family and social life distinguished not merely by ancestral names and knightly bearing, but by an intelligent love of freedom, rich mental culture, and, above all, by purity, simplicity, and depth of religious principles and spirit. It was the cradle of hearty evangelical godliness in Southern France; the stronghold of the *Albigeois;* the long-guarded spring-head that, for many generations, gave out the gracious doctrines and influences which are now distinctive of Protestantism. The leading households of the *Bourg* were among the earliest claimants to freedom of conscience from Papal control; and its chevaliers were leading champions for the right of private judgment in spiritual things, for the individual Christian privilege and duty of searching the Scriptures in a devotional spirit, and with a practical design. Of all the Barons within that old embattled nursery of the Protestant faith, the de Portals were among the first to speak, to act, and to suffer for the truth. The lover of historical study who becomes familiar with the records of Toulouse from the end of the twelfth century to 1562,—from the dark hour of fiery Dominic's first visit to the final agony of the *Albigeois* remnant,—and who learns to trace the struggles of our brave men of the *Bourg* against Kings and Popes, Parliament and Inquisition, monks and mobs,—will find his heart burning and bleeding by turns over many a stirring scene, and many a touching story. Could that Portal de Matabiau tell us all that has been done and suffered around and within its walls, it would furnish material for a fearfully-illustrated "Book of Martyrs."

One picture in the series would represent a terrible prelude and foretoken of that massacre of the Protestants on the feast of St. Bartholomew 1572, which drained the heart of France of its best blood, and left on the mind of Christian Europe an imperishable suspicion of Romish policy. In the month of April 1562, ten years before the fatal day of Bartholomew, a Protestant funeral procession in Toulouse was set upon by some Popish priests, who wished to carry off the corpse to give it what they called Catholic burial;—a species of body-snatching somewhat popular in some quarters among men of that class;—and, indeed, not without reason, supposing

there were any truth in their exaggerated notions about consecrated earth, and the saving virtue of priestly actions. The street-scuffle over the dead proved fatal. Amidst the excitement the alarm-bell was rung. There was a murderous rush upon the Protestants, and a tragedy was begun whose last act involved the consummated disgrace of Toulouse. At that time, Jehan de Portal was *Vigieur* of the city. He had devoted his energies to the work of restoring, as far as possible, the ancient rights and privileges of the municipality,—rights and privileges which had been torn away in succession by the combined craft and power of Papal Inquisitors in association with French royalty. Now, however, as the military and political chief of the Huguenot population,—which included the most honourable citizens both of the higher and the middle classes,—he called a council in his old family seat, the Portal de Matabiau, and there it was resolved to stand on the defensive. The fortress was garrisoned; the Hotel de Ville was put into a state of defence; and it was hoped that these preparations for war would secure the continuance of peace. But, ah! that fearful tocsin sounded again; and "battle and murder" soon darkened the streets of the miserable capital. "To arms! to arms!" cried the infuriated zealots of Rome; "we will die for the religion of our fathers. Down with the Huguenots!" For three days there was nothing but blood, terror, and death. The armed Protestants entrenched within their fortified houses, defended themselves with artillery. The surrounding streets were at last set on fire for the purpose of dislodging or destroying the devoted garrison. The Parliament prohibited all attempts to extinguish the flames on pain of death; and stood to witness the accumulating agonies of the unfortunate wretches who peopled the burning quarters,—old men, women, and children,—who sank amidst the flaming masses, or flung themselves down, in frantic despair, from the windows and roofs, to meet their fate amidst the merciless butchers who were doing service for the Catholic Church. The besieged Huguenots were at length invited to lay down their arms under the promise of freedom to leave the city. This was agreed to. Arms were given up; and the unsuspecting families came forth, during vespers, with the intention of departing in accordance with the treaty. Alas, for them! There was to be no faith kept with heretics! The signal was given once more, and the defenceless people were ruthlessly cut down at every turn, until the sword itself seemed weary of its work, or was sheathed for lack of victims. Four thousand perished in this frightful massacre.

Jehan de Portal had bravely defended his own hearth,—the Portal de Matabiau; but when, at the conclusion of the treaty, he threw open his gates, he and his wife were led to prison by the faithless covenant-breakers; while the food which had been laid on the table for the mid-day meal, at the moment their enemies entered their house, was carried before them through the street in mock triumph. This, however, was quite in keeping with the piety as well as chivalry of those who shouted over the bloody scenes of their cruel treachery, "Long live the cross!" Scarcely had the noble de Portal left the gateway of Matabiau before a band of

assassins, fresh from the treaty of peace, rushed in, sacked and pillaged the fortress, and murdered all its inmates in cold blood. The Baron was reserved, with many hundreds more, for public execution. His head was struck off, and fixed upon the tower of the Chateau in which he had so long exercised his power and influence for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. At his martyrdom, the Protestant life of Toulouse was quenched. The city had got rid of her brave Huguenots. The spirit of her *Albigeois* was gone. Who could suppose that any professedly Christian people would gladly keep up the memory of such a transaction, and celebrate it as "a glorious event" by "feasts of deliverance!" Yet, so it has been. In 1762 there were processions in Toulouse commemorative of the horrid sacrifice; and those processions opened the way for another succession of torturing persecutions. "Ah!" some say, "the darkness had not passed away from Christendom in 1762; times are altered since then; everybody knows better now." Indeed! how comes it to pass, then, that but the other day, the Archbishop of Toulouse called upon his flock to celebrate another jubilee of "the glorious event," and thus to "renew the chain of the past," as he said? What does he mean? No harm, we would in charity hope. Perhaps he had caught the spirit of modern popular demonstration, and simply wanted to rival or eclipse our English Bicentenarians by getting up a Tricentenary agitation on the French side of the Channel. At all events, we may leave the unreflecting Prelate to those on his own side of the water, who have both will and power to clip his claws, or otherwise keep him from mischief; and, for ourselves, we may be happy in the belief that the best and wisest of his own flock will subscribe to the decision of their countryman, who remarks that "the celebration of such a festival is an idea worthy of the age which the Archbishop of Toulouse admires, and which he dares to propose as an example to fresh generations."

One word more about the old Portal de Matabiau. After the tragedy of 1562, the Parliament had it walled up; as if they would prevent its echoes from repeating the voice of blood to their guilty consciences. The gate was re-opened in 1600; by that time, it may be, the generation who might be disturbed by its open testimony had passed to its final account. In 1822 the city authorities had made the old square tower into a hospital for lepers; as if they would invite back the spirit of mercy to hallow the spot once violated by implacable zeal; and then, a lone monk, too, had made a nest for himself in the gateway, where he seemed to keep up his rigid devotions by way of token to the passers by that Toulouse ought to do penance for her crimes at the Portal de Matabiau.

HEART-ACHE AND HEART-HEALING.

"He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted."

"He died of a broken heart!" So have we sometimes heard it said of one whom the calamities of life have brought "with sorrow to the grave;" or of one whom ingratitude and unkindness have prematurely blasted, so

that "he never smiled again." And what is a broken heart? The phrase is replete with bitterness; and brings before the mind the image of a person drowning in distress and misery: whose joys are fled, whose hopes are withered, and whose sole remaining heritage is grief and blank despair. Many such sufferers are living, or rather dying, in the world. Ten thousand souls are bowed down to-day, beneath their overburdening sorrows; and hundreds before to-morrow will lengthen the sad list of those who have died of a broken heart.

"My punishment is greater than I can bear," said the agonized fratricide of Abel. Esau, being robbed of his father's blessing, "lifted up his voice, and wept," and "cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry." "Ye have taken away my gods," said Micah, "and what have I more?" Each of these was the expression of a bruised and despairing soul; which, having lost that which was regarded as all things to it, could take pleasure in nothing else. When superseded in his pride of place, by the intrigues of the wily Archite, Ahithophel "went out, and hanged himself." And Judas, in like manner, when convicted of the atrocity of his treason, fell horribly, his own destroyer. To these two miserable men, life offered no farther good. Earth seemed no longer to have room for them. They were sick of themselves and all things. They died of a broken heart.

All these are illustrations of that worldly sorrow that "worketh death." Theirs was, principally, a sorrow produced by suffering; but also, to some extent, a sorrow on account of sin. Cain was a murderer; Esau, a "profane person;" Micah, an idolater; Ahithophel, a traitor; and Judas, all these in one. "The sorrow of the world" is a disconsolate grief under temporal calamities; and a despairing melancholy, under spiritual darkness and distress. It "worketh death." It led the Israelites, in the wilderness, to murmur, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt!" It prompted them, at a later period, when "hardly bestead and hungry," to "fret themselves, and to curse their King and their God, and look upward." It plunged them, later still, into all the extremity of despair, when they said, "There is no hope: no; for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go." And again: "There is no hope: but we will walk after our own devices, and we will everyone do the imagination of his evil heart." It will lead all who neglect to come to the heavenly Healer of broken hearts, into "a kingdom full of darkness."

"These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame, that skulks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visaged comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart."

"They shall gnaw their tongues for pain, and blaspheme the God of

heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repent not of their deeds." They shall be "mad for the sight of their eyes;" and "their torment shall be as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. And in those days shall they seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them."

When our Lord said, "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted," He referred to cases widely differing from these. All, of whatever character may be their misery, may come to Him for mercy; but the sorrow of all these sufferers must include another and far different element, before they will come to Him, and before they can hope for healing. They must sorrow for sin, as sin; and not alone from an apprehension of its fatal issues. They must grieve, especially, that they have grieved "the Holy Spirit of God." They must "look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son." They must feel the anguish of the complaint, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" It is only when the heart is thus bruised and broken, that the great Physician will consent to heal it. When "the children of Israel said unto the Lord, We have sinned: do Thou unto us whatsoever seemeth good unto Thee; deliver us only, we pray Thee, this day;" and when "they put away" their "strange gods," and began to "serve the Lord," "His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel." When David prayed for the pardon of his awful crimes, he said, "Mine iniquities are gone over my head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long. I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." The publican in the temple stood apart, and hung down his guilty head, and "smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." And when Peter, after his foul fall, "remembered the word of the Lord," it brought to his recollection his promises of fidelity, his base and cowardly flight, his perjury and profanity; and "the remembrance of them was grievous unto him: the burden of them was intolerable." He tore himself away from the godless "servants" whose temptations had ensnared him; he left the scene of his awful wickedness; he flew from the High Priest's palace; he "went out" alone, in the darkness and the silence of the night, "and wept bitterly." All these were broken-hearted penitents, anxiously seeking God; and to them the Lord, in due time, revealed Himself as Jehovah-Rophi, "the Lord that healeth."

We gather hence, that they whom Christ will heal, are those who are deeply sorry for their sins; who are alive to the dreadful consequences they involve; whose overmastering desire is to be delivered from them; and who bring to the only Healer of broken hearts, a mind bowed down with a sense of its vileness, and groaning with all the anguish of grief and self-despair. Thank God! there are many such. They once were very different. They were unconcerned and trifling. They had then the same occasion for all this bitterness of feeling, but they saw it not: it was to them as if it did not exist. They were content with themselves as they were. But they see themselves now as they are. The world

which was formerly all-sufficient to them, has lost its power to please. They are miserable sinners. The Divine displeasure, a death of fear, a judgment of condemnation, banishment from heaven, imprisonment in hell,—these, they know, are the dreadful fruits of the things whereof they are now ashamed. They have tried to shake off their burden, but still it presses. They have wept, and prayed, and promised, and struggled against sin; but still they are unhappy. Their darkness is not dispelled; their burden is not removed; their sickness is not healed; their sins are not cancelled; their terrors continually increase. And now they abandon all. They feel that as they are without God, so are they without hope in the world. It is this feeling of unrelieved despondency that bruises and breaks the heart; and if it continues, life itself becomes a burden they cannot bear.

"Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No; the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life will break."

The heart cannot be thus broken but by the operation of the Divine Spirit. Sometimes He sends a messenger, an angel or a man, to alarm the offending party; but He often acts by instruments which cannot judge of His intentions; while in cases without number, He employs no visible means whatever, but makes His dreadful way direct to the guilty bosom. He caused conscience in the sons of Jacob, to cry out like their brother's blood. He sent an angel to the disobedient Jews at Bochim. A dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbad the prophet Balaam's meditated madness. Nathan was sent to David; and Elijah to the atrocious Ahab. A mighty tempest corrected the transgressing Jonah. Belshazzar was made to tremble by a supernatural sign. Iscariot was convicted without a look, or word, or motion, or any external token. And Peter was brought to reflection by the voice of an unconscious bird.

"And oft it haps that, when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise;
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before the meanest slave."

(*To be continued.*)

SELF-INTERCOURSE.

WHAT can be more beneficial, more interesting, than frequent and familiar intercourse with our own personality? The man who neglects his own society, who ignores himself, commits a grave offence against his own character.

It is a fatal mistake not to cultivate your own acquaintance. If you spend your whole time away from home, you will soon become a stranger in your own house; and if you never hold intercourse with yourself, you will be often embarrassed, in solitary hours, to find yourself *vis-à-vis* with an entire stranger,—your own inner-self! If you only seek intercourse with those by whom you are flattered, you will

acquire a distaste for the voice of truth, and grow unwilling to listen to that voice from your own heart; and when your conscience begins to whisper unwelcome truths, you will be very likely to seek refuge from it in the society of less sincere companions.

Therefore, be on your guard not to neglect your nearest friend,—yourself; that he may not turn his back upon you when you stand in greatest need of his assistance.

Ah! there come moments in which you dare not forsake yourself, though forsaken by every friend; moments in which intercourse with your heart is your only consolation. What will be your condition, then, if you are not on good terms with that inner friend, and find that even from this side you are cut off from all sympathy and aid?

But if you would find consolation, happiness, and repose in self-intercourse, you must treat yourself with the same forethought, honesty, delicacy, and justice which you show to others; that is, you must neither embitter nor oppress yourself by abuse and negligence, nor ruin yourself with flattery.

Guard well the health of your body and soul, but do not make either effeminate! If you abuse your body, you squander an inheritance which alone might suffice to raise you above the turmoils of life, and without which all the riches of the world are as worthless as a beggar's rags. If you shrink from every breath of fresh air, and avoid all exercise and use of your limbs, you will lead a miserable, oyster-like existence, and in time of need your unused faculties will refuse to perform their office. If you surrender your heart to the storm of passion, or keep the sails of your mind constantly spread, you will either run upon the shore, or creep homeward under jury-masts, when the gales are most propitious for your voyage. If you always allow the faculties of your mind and memory to slumber, and shrink from every insignificant struggle or exertion, you will not only have little true enjoyment in life, but must be lost whenever the occasion calls for power, courage, and resolution.

Beware of imaginary evils of body and soul! Do not suffer yourself to be cast down by every adverse circumstance, and every bodily discomfort! Take courage! Be comforted! The world moves along; perseverance conquers all things; and the worst can be forgotten, by turning your attention to other objects.

Therefore, respect yourself, as others should respect you. Do nothing in secret which you would be ashamed to let others see you doing. Act honourably, less to please others, than to preserve your own self-respect. Even in your exterior, in your clothing, do not be negligent when alone. Keep clean, whole, tidy; and do not make solitude an excuse for slovenly and boorish manners. Acknowledge your own dignity. Never lose confidence in yourself, the consciousness of your own worth, the feeling that, though you may not be as wise and ingenious as some other men, you will not be wanting in zeal, nor inferior to anyone in sincerity of heart.

Do not despair, nor be vexed, if you cannot attain the high moral and intellectual stand of your neighbour; nor should you overlook those qualities in which you may be superior to him. But even if you have none, it will not matter. Must we all be great?

Steel your heart against the ambition to rule; to be distinguished in the eye of the world. Few know the misery of high position! I can well understand that a man conscious of high powers, finds it difficult to keep ambition under wise restraint. It is hard to feel that you are the victim of circumstances. But do not lose courage, confidence in yourself, and faith in Providence. God preserve you against that misfortune! There

is a greatness, the most exalted of all, which is within the reach of every one. It is above the accidents of human affairs. It rests upon the inner consciousness of peace with God through our Saviour Christ.

You must be a pleasant companion to yourself. Never be tedious to yourself! that is, never be idle! Never exhaust yourself: continually draw new ideas from books and men. You can hardly imagine what a dull fellow you will become, if you never break out of the circle of your own fancies, and always reject what does not bear your own seal on its forehead.

You will never be so tedious a companion to yourself, as when you are ill at ease with your conscience. If you doubt the truth of this, pay close attention to your daily moods. How irksome, distracted, how burdensome to yourself, do you become after a few hours aimlessly, perhaps sinfully, squandered. And how cheerful and hopeful is your intercourse with yourself, after a well-spent day!

But it is not enough for you to be a social and genial companion for yourself; you must be your own truest, most upright, severest friend; and if you show yourself the same indulgence which you accord to others, it is also your duty to be as strict towards yourself as you are towards them. One is inclined by nature to excuse everything in himself, and nothing in others! Be impartial! Spare not your own feelings. Do not lay them at the door of fortune, nor cast the blame upon others. Bear manfully your own burdens. Do not measure yourself by those who are beneath you. Make the most of your faculties and opportunities. Often, in solitary moments, call yourself to a strict account; and ask, like an inflexible judge, whether you have made the best use of your means of intellectual and moral advancement?

WOMAN'S MISSION.

It is a striking fact, that both the visions of angels, both the first announciations of the resurrection, and both the first appearances of Christ, were made to women.

Why was this? Why not to Peter, John, Joseph, Nicodemus, or some others of the eleven? It cannot be that six facts so important should have happened without design and meaning. Why was it thus ordered?

Probably for the same reason that placed three women to one man at the cross, and now places three women to one man at the communion-table. The female heart has a quicker sympathy and a stronger drawing to religion than that of men, and hence is found more generally in a state of greater preparedness for it. It is more confiding and pure than the heart of man, and hence receives the glad tidings with more readiness.

The hearts of men come so early and so much in contact with a sinful world, that they become more seared and hardened than those of women, and therefore less disposed to believe and obey the Saviour. It was so with the disciples of Jesus. When the men forsook Him and fled, and gave up all hope, and refused to believe the first announcement of the resurrection, the women clung to Him, even to the end. They were the last at the cross, last at the sepulchre, earliest to return, and easiest to believe that Christ had risen indeed. It may have been, perhaps, in view of this fact, the greater preparedness of heart possessed by the women, that those six distinctions were granted to them, and that only their eyes were allowed to see the angels.

But as we look a little closer at the fact itself, we find that it is not so exceptional as it appears at first sight. It seems strange that the first tidings of the resurrection from human lips should have come, not from the lips of Apostles, who were to be the

authorized heralds of this fact, but from those of women who were to be forbidden to speak in the church. It seems, at first sight, a singular exception to the divinely-ordained plan for preaching the glad tidings of a finished redemption. Yet a little reflection will show us that it is not exceptional, but the very order of arrangement that is repeated in every generation of the world. The fact is the same that exists in the case of a vast majority of Christians ever since.

We first hear the story of the Cross, the sepulchre, and the throne, not from the lips of a man who stands as an ambassador for Christ; but from the lips of a woman, a pious mother,—or sister, or nurse, it may be,—who pours into our infantile hearts this wonderful tale of love and mercy. Some, it is true, are left to an early orphanage, and some to a godless parentage; but even of these, very frequently, the general fact is true that the first knowledge of Jesus is learned, not from the lips of men, but from the lips of women.

PALSIED BENJAMIN, THE NESTORIAN.

On our way to Gawar,—a first visit to that interesting field of former Missionary labours,—says a Missionary, we passed a night at Nazee. We arrived just at dark; and, as we expected to resume our journey early on the next morning, we went at once to see the palsied Benjamin, of whose simple piety, shining brightly amid deep poverty and protracted suffering, we had heard frequent mention.

While as yet there was not a single regenerated person known in his village, and he himself was not spiritually awakened, he set his heart on learning to read. The Priest, who taught the school, so far as is known, was not a converted man then. With great diligence Benjamin applied himself to his spelling-book. The Missionary, in his visits to the school, always found him in his place,—a man in the midst of children. So closely did he study, that at the end of the first winter he found he had seriously injured his eyesight, and he never again resumed his studies. During the winter, in school, he had heard the Testament read daily; and it would seem that the truth thus lodged in his heart was the only instrument which the Spirit used for his conversion. When, and precisely how, this took place, we have not been able to ascertain. He was, however, the first one in his village to abandon the old faith, and accept of Christ as the only way of salvation. Shortly after he was attacked with palsy, which for months confined him to his bed, scarcely able to move a limb. With this began a life of unmitigated poverty and deep distress.

His love to his newly-found Saviour impelled him to speak freely of Christ to all his neighbours before his sickness, in his daily contact with them; and afterward, whenever one chanced to come in to see him. Their enmity was thus greatly roused, and he was stigmatized as one of the "Inglese." (The name applied to all who have accepted the teachings of the Missionaries, converted or unconverted.) Not able to work and provide for himself, he was dependent on the charity of his neighbours. The Bishop commanded the people to have nothing to do with him, not even to minister to his wants: an injunction that was faithfully obeyed by all except the Priest of the village, who, having become enlightened, if not converted, dared to visit and nurture the poor invalid. He was reduced to great straits; and when he was in deepest necessity, even his wife would desert him for a longer or shorter time.

Many were the afflictions of this righteous man; but his faith and love failed not. The Lord sustained and comforted him in them all. By almost a miracle of grace, his sister, in another village, was converted from a life of infamy to a life of unusual consecra-

tion to Christ; and she has since been his companion when deserted by his wife. They, too, have read the Scriptures together extensively, comforting and strengthening each other in faith and hope. Their lives give evidence of much holy communion with their Redeemer.

When we reached his abode, we waited in the outer passage for a few moments for a light. He, learning who his visiters were, welcomed us from within with hearty salutation, in tones of peculiar joy and delight. Following the feeble light that was brought, we entered his room, worthy of no better name than a hovel. It was the meanest and most insignificant abode which we had entered among all the Nestorians. It seemed little else than a hole in the ground, so close together were the mud-walls and mud-roof.

It is now six years since his first attack of palsy. At present he is a little better, and is able to go about somewhat. We found him sitting up in his bed. His delight at seeing us was evident from his glowing face and animated voice. The whole scene was one to enhance our view of the preciousness of the Gospel of Christ, that could work such a wonder in dark Persia. He manifestly relished spiritual themes; and, with fixed attention, his face radiant with satisfaction and joy, he listened to the comforting, edifying words spoken by the native brother with us; a fervent Preacher of the Gospel. He told us some things about himself: how, lately, he had been much in spiritual doubt, tempted to distrust God; when, on a Sabbath afternoon, the Priest came in to visit him as usual, and read to him of Pilgrim's conflict with Apollyon. He took courage from Pilgrim's success, and has been joyful ever since. That book is now a continual feast to him. We asked him what he thought was the truth most precious to him. He replied, "That Christ died in my stead."

He patiently awaits the will of the Lord; rejoicing when he is able to get out, that he may speak with his neighbours of Christ, and of the world to come; and cheerfully resigned when his disease confines him to his bed. He is truly a shining trophy of saving grace. That dark mud-hovel in Nazee will be exchanged erelong for a mansion in the golden city. How glorious such a change; how wonderful the love that makes it possible!

WEEPING FOR SIN.

One night Felix Neff, on his way through a hamlet on the Higher Alps, heard from one of the cottages a sound of bitter weeping. He entered, and found some ten or twelve young people,—members of his own flock,—to whom he had been expatiating a few days before upon the sufferings of the Redeemer. "We were thinking," said one of them, explaining the cause of their weeping, "that, if it was necessary for the Holy One and the Just thus to sink beneath the wrath of God,—if He was overwhelmed with the condemnation and anguish which He endured,—surely we, who are the truly guilty, should tremble when we come to feel the weight and burden of our sins."

O! dear reader, has the Cross not yet melted you? Have you been able to gaze upon His pierced side, and His transfixed hands, and His marred visage, and His God-forsaken heart; and then coldly to turn your back upon Him, as if it were all a mere empty show? The blaspheming malefactor gazed upon Him, and wept, and adored, and lived. The pagan centurion gazed upon Him, and fell on His knees a wondering, rejoicing penitent. And *you* have gazed, but have *not* wept; have *not* been broken; have *not* adored; have *not* lived!

Friend! what meanest thou? God has "put Him to grief" that He might not put thee to grief for ever. Jesus

became the "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," that thou mightest not go into "the place of weeping and of wailing." And wilt not thou weep for thy sins *now*? Wilt not thou begin—even *to-day*, even *this very moment*—to "lament after the Lord?" Weeping now would draw thee to Him. Weeping afterwards will only drive thee farther and farther away from Him.

INTEMPERANCE.

If people could see the effects of intemperance as the Christian Pastor sometimes sees them in his visits, surely men would pause before they became confirmed drunkards.

A poor woman said, not long ago, to her Pastor, "To-morrow my woes begin again, for my husband returns from the House of Correction." She was a poor woman, supporting by hard toil her family of little children. And her only respite from personal violence, and from the robbery of her own scanty earnings to be squandered in drink, was when her husband was in "the House of Correction." This husband was naturally a kind-hearted man. He had wept bitterly over his own ruin and that of his household. He had promised and promised again to amend. Occasionally, for a fortnight at a time, he resisted the deadly appetite, until the very sight of the gin-palace, which he was compelled to pass, swept away, as with hurricane force, all his resolutions, and he returned to his home a brutalized drunkard.

Once I passed a Sabbath in the country, says an eminent Preacher, and was requested, during the interval of public worship, to visit a dying woman. The first aspect of the house to which I was led, with its decayed fences and broken windows, told me I was approaching the home of a drunkard. The apartment in which the dying woman was breathing her last, was one whose aspect of cheerlessness and discomfort made the heart to ache. A few wretched articles of furniture were scattered about the room, and upon a low bed, in one corner, lay the wasted form of the dying. Her countenance bore the traces of intelligence, of refinement, and yet of the most overwhelming mental anguish. Her husband stood at the head of the bed, with an expression of as deep grief as could be crowded into the features of a bloated inebriate. Five children were clustered around the bedside, sobbing; the eldest, a daughter not twelve years of age, kneeling by her mother's side, and almost convulsively clasping her cold and clammy hand as she drenched it with her tears.

It was one of those scenes of woe which at once paints itself upon the eye, and imprints itself upon the mind, in characters never to be effaced. From the few almost inarticulate words of the dying woman, I gathered that all the anguish of the mother's heart was in fevered excitement as she was to leave her poor children, in this world of temptation, with no guide but their drunken father. Her last moments had arrived, and soon her struggling broken, grief-rent soul left the body.

I inquired into the circumstances of her case, and found that a few years before, this woman, then a young lady of many accomplishments of person and of mind, was married to a young merchant, amiable, intelligent, of correct habits, and engaged in a lucrative and successful business. The sun of present and prospective joy beamed brightly upon the morning of their nuptials. Everything was cheerful and tasteful in the happy home where their youthful affections were first cemented. A few years of untroubled prosperity glided swiftly away.

But the young husband and father trifled with the most dangerous temptation earth has ever presented. He acquired a fondness for wine and conviviality; than for stronger drinks. Gradually, property was scattered,

reputation ruined, his family beggared, and he became a ragged vagabond in the streets. He was naturally amiable, compliant, yielding; and, having in his disposition but little of that sterner material called decision, when temptation came in its mighty power he fell at once, and irremediably. With such persons it is not unfrequently the case that intoxication produces perfect frenzy. It was so with him. A few glasses would craze him, and he would return to his home at midnight a very maniac. He would take the range of the house in his fury, and wife and children were compelled to flee from his terrible violence. Despair struck the mother's heart. Often would she gather her little children in the corner behind her, and receive upon her own person the blows which the crazed father was dealing around him.

"O, who can tell what days, what nights she spent,
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless, woe."

In the morning, this wretched victim of sin would awake from his debauch; and, restored to his natural affection, would reflect upon his brutality in the deepest horror and remorse. He would fall upon his knees before his wife, and with tears of anguish implore her forgiveness; he would curse the day in which he was born, calling himself "a brute," and wishing that he were dead. He would resolve and re-resolve never to drink a drop again. For a few days he would succeed in avoiding temptation. But the acquired appetite would gather strength by the transient restraint. Associates would lure him to those scenes of dissipation. The sight of the decanters, the persuasions of his companions, would speedily brush away all his resolves. One glass would follow another in the desperation of remorse and despair. Frenzied he would return to his home, and re-enact those scenes of outrage, the bare imagination of which makes humanity shudder.

Again and again the wife, in her wretchedness, went to the village tavern, and, with all the eloquence of a broken heart, implored them not to sell her husband rum. But all her entreaties were in vain. Misery is a slow and cruel murderer. He gnawed, with vulture tooth, at the heart of this woman, till exhausted nature sank, and she expired. The wretched husband has doubtless, ere this, gone down to a beggar's grave. Those children are scattered. But God's eye is upon them; and He will not forget a Christian mother's agonizing death-prayer.

A CHAPTER IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.

On commencing my ministry in J——, I found the people had, for a long time, been divided into two parties, agreed in nothing but keeping up the flame of contention. Prayer-meetings were almost unknown.

At the beginning of my labours, in the early fall, a prayer-meeting was commenced. The congregation paid respectful attention to the preached word; but the prayer-meetings were thinly attended; party strife raged; and utter deadness seemed to be resting on church and people.

I proclaimed the truth as faithfully as I knew how, but no good impression seemed to be produced. Soon repeated attempts were made to discontinue the prayer-meeting; but we struggled on through the winter, matters continually growing worse, and my own heart almost ready to sink.

In May, I was absent two weeks, and when I returned, found the prayer-meeting was given up. I said to my deacons, "We must begin the prayer-meeting again." They replied, "No; we have never had a prayer-meeting in the summer, and can't sustain one." I answered, "We must have a prayer-meeting: I can't think of doing without one." That

meeting was resumed; but during all the summer it dragged heavily.

My solicitude steadily rose, and at length amounted to agony. In August I prepared a sermon on the text, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." My study was witness of the prayers and groans with which that sermon was penned. It seemed as if the question was to be decided whether I had not mistaken my call to the ministry. I preached the sermon, and went home, imagining I could see that no good had been done. I was well-nigh in despair.

Two or three weeks later, I was told of three who were inquiring the way of life, and would be glad to see me. The news was almost too good to be credited. For twelve, weary months I had toiled, and had seen no fruit of my labours. But at length the blessing had come. In two weeks more the whole place was shaken.

In the village school, containing about one hundred scholars, all the children above ten years of age, and many younger, were visited by the Spirit of God. Soon a little band gave evidence of a saving change, and began to work for the Master. Each of them selected one or two of their companions as the special subjects of prayer and effort; and, where there was encouragement, would bring them into my study for religious conversation. I have never seen another band of Christian labourers so faithful.

The good work went on. Converts were multiplied. Two, three, and four, were gathered in from a single family. The school shared largely in the blessing. Still that band of youthful disciples kept on unremittingly toiling and praying for the salvation of their mates, and leading them to the foot of the Cross. For eighteen months it kept at work, and the season of ingathering was prolonged; until, one by one, those youthful harvesters were nearly all scattered.

I was talking one day with a young lady, my firstborn child in the faith, as I have reason to believe, and she gave me a more particular account of the dealings of God with her than I had before received. She told me that she was solemnly impressed by the first sermon I preached, but resisted the blessed influence. A few weeks after, her impressions returned with increased power, and again she struggled with them, and subdued them. "Then," said she, "you preached a sermon on the text, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God,' and my convictions returned with tenfold power." She then told me how she had confided in her morality, and would not believe that she was at enmity with God; but after hearing that sermon, her whole heart rose in rebellion against the Almighty. She hated God, and hated the way of salvation, and hated me, and did not care what became of herself, if she could only get rid of her distress. But the Spirit of God prevailed, and soon she came to her Pastor with the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?"

It would be impossible to describe the effect which this simple narrative made on my mind. I was amazed; I was confounded; I was deeply humbled. My soul magnified the Lord. I resolved that I would never again distrust Him. I had been unwilling to walk by faith; and yet the Lord had condescended to bless my poor labours, and was blessing them while I knew it not.

The lesson was invaluable. In many a dark day since, I have looked back to that interview, and have been strengthened. God spoke to me through the lips of that dear young disciple. Ever since, when the clouds have looked dark, I have cherished the precious sentiment of one who had seen affliction: "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.

ONE day, as we were just rising from the dinner-table, a young man knocked at the door. He had lived but a few months in the town, and my acquaintance with him was very slight indeed. I believe we had never spoken together but once, when I was making a pastoral visit to the family in which he boarded. The thing that most struck me then was his extreme diffidence. I was not aware that any particular impression had been made on his mind. Hence, it did not occur to me that his call, especially at such an hour, was connected with the state of his feelings on the subject of religion.

Judge then of my surprise, as he took his seat by the fire, in the midst of my family, and, looking up, said, "I have come to talk with you about my soul." The words thrilled through my heart. Such a remark, from a modest, retiring youth, who had never entered our door before, could not but awaken tender emotion. For a few moments, I hardly knew what to say. Soon, however, I found utterance, and in a few simple sentences, gave him such direction as seemed suited to his circumstances. It was a word in season. God had evidently been moving upon the mind of the diffident young man, and he was in a short time led to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Years have since passed away, but no one has had reason to doubt that this was a genuine conversion.

"HOW OLD ART THOU?"

How old art thou? thou of the hoary head;
How have the days of thy pilgrimage sped?
"Evil and few" are "the days of thy years?"
Clouded with sadness, and shower'd with tears?
Perchance, thou aged one, drear it may seem
To the vision thou hadst in youth's vain dream;
But has no bright hope e'er gilded the road?
How old art thou *in the service of God?*

How old art thou? thou in brave manhood's prime;
How shines thy noontide sun? how flits thy time?
"Few" are "the days of the years" thou hast seen;
How pass thy hours in life's wildering dream?
Has it been the work of thy life to bless?
Has it been thy spirit's chief happiness
To walk in the path thy Saviour trod?
How old art *thou* in the service of God?

How old art thou, maiden, with sunny brow?
Thou knowest but little of sorrow now;
Few have the days of thy pilgrimage been,
And life is to thee but a joyous scene.
And thou, sunny childhood, how old art thou?
With the spirit's smile on lip and brow,
And the dancing step of thy happy youth:
How old are ye both, *in the paths of Truth?*

Dim age and bright childhood, manhood and youth,
Number the days ye've devoted to truth!
Count not the hours of your folly and mirth,
The days when ye worshipp'd the things of earth;
But number the days ye've redeem'd from sin;
Youth, manhood, and age, *how old are ye then?*

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE LION.

THIS redoubtable animal is not only at the head of the formidable order *carnivora*, but has, by common consent, been regarded, from the earliest ages, as the king of the forest. This distinguished position has been acquired not only from its stately bearing, its great strength, and its tremendous power of destruction, but from ideas popularly held, that, in this noblest of beasts, we have the portraiture of "might mingled with ferocity, of courage undebarred by guile, of dignity tempered with grace, and ennobled by generosity." It is in vain that nearly all travellers record that the royal beast is as treacherous as any cur, and that, except when roused by hunger or brought to bay, he sneaks

away like a coward. "He may possess," says Mr. Methuen,* "the most noble qualities of any of the feline race, but it is a race distinguished by ferocity, craft, revenge, impatience; not by generosity."

* *Life in the Wilderness*, p. 82.

The traveller has often to record that, when suddenly roused, the lion runs off as timidly as a buck; and that he is a stealthy, cunning brute, who never attacks unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his great strength, feels sure of the victory.

The lion is admirably organised and armed for the purposes of his life; and possesses, in the large canine teeth and sharply-pointed molars, the most suitable dentition for the laceration of animal food. His very tongue is rough with elevated papillæ, the points of which are directed backwards, so that with this organ he can remove every particle of muscle from the bones of his victim. So rough is the tongue, that the lick of a lion has been known to abrade the skin of the human hand. The claws, which are five on the fore-feet and four on the hind, are long, and hard, and hooked; they are retractile, within a sheath, which is enclosed in the skin which covers the end of the paws. The muscles which move and hold back these claws are very complicated, and afford a beautiful and very evident instance of adaptive design; for in no other way could these useful organs have the sharpness of their edge, and the fineness of their point, preserved.

The male lion is distinguished, in his adult state, by a shaggy mane, which contributes much to his nobleness of look. The mane varies in colour according to his age. Mr. Cumming says,* that he attains it in his third year; at first it is of a yellowish colour; in the prime of life it is blackest; and when the monarch has numbered many years, but is still in the full enjoyment of his power, it assumes a yellowish-grey colour; a kind of mixture, as it were, of pepper and salt. These old lions are ever deemed the most dangerous. The female has no trace of a mane, and is covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. The tawny colour of the lion's skin is a great protection to him, rendering him perfectly invisible in the dark, and in the daytime, from its sandy or stone colour, concealing him well from observation and distinction. Mr. Cumming has often heard lions lapping the water loudly under his very nose, without being able to make out so much as the outline of their forms. This traveller observed, too, the unwillingness of lions to visit fountains when the moon was bright. If that luminary rises early, the lions deferred drinking till a very late hour in the morning; while, if it rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. The lion is strictly nocturnal in his habits. During the day his usual place of concealment is some low, bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the forest, or on the mountain-side. He also frequents jungly spots, where there are lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, among which he lies concealed during the heat and glare of the tropical sun.

The cubs for some time after their birth are obscurely banded with black, and on the head and limbs there are several spots of a similar darkish hue; so that the young, by their marking, show some affinity both to the tiger and to the leopard; animals closely allied to the lion, and belonging to the same natural family.

Travellers have remarked that, "contrary to prevailing notions, there is nothing very grand or loud in this animal's voice while prowling at night." Its growl consists of a thick, suppressed, panting roar, expressive of great impatience. Mr. Methuen well observes that were this "royal beast" to be very vociferous, he would have but small chance of filling his stomach. When lions approach very near, their purr may be distinguished, and it is impossible to describe the sensations of awe and fear produced by this sound breaking the silence of night in a dreary wilderness. Oxen and horses tremble with fright, and seem perfectly aware of the dangerous proximity of this dread beast. The poet Campbell, who visited North Africa, refers to the strangeness of the delight of the imagination in objects linked with danger, death, and pain:—

"And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
A lion's roar come down the Libyan wind,
Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake."

The memory of the escape of a London merchant from a lion, has been kept up annually for upwards of two hundred years. A sermon is preached every year, on the 16th of October, in the Church of St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall-street, to commemorate the deliverance of Sir John Gayer. This gentleman, who was Lord Mayor in 1643, when returning from a

* *Hunter's Life in South Africa*, vol. i., p. 195.

successful voyage, was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa. In his distress he perceived a lion making towards him: he immediately fell on his knees, and prayed for deliverance, declaring solemnly, that if the Almighty would please to keep him from the mouth of the lion, he would, on his return to London, evince his gratitude, and endeavour, to the end of his life, to inculcate reliances upon Divine Providence in the worst extremes of human wretchedness. The good Providence of God protected him, for the lion passed without molesting him. He soon after descried a vessel, and reached his native land. Not forgetful of his vow, he hastened to fulfil it; and, immediately on his arrival, placed the sum of £200 in trust, the interest of which was to be given in bread to the poor of the parish of St. Catherine for ever. He left also twenty shillings to be paid to the Minister who should preach a sermon, commemorative of his escape, on every succeeding 16th of October. The money left, unlike many other somewhat similar bequests, has been strictly applied to the object for which it was designed by the grateful parishioner.*

The artist, in the print which accompanies this article, intends, as our readers will perceive, to represent the Prophet Daniel in the Lions' Den. We must, however, defer reference, for the present, for want of space, to the notices of the lion in the Bible.

* *Dr. Hughson's "London,"* vol. ii., p. 177.

Our Country.

THE BANKS OF THE TAVY.

No. VIII.

"So live, that when thy summons comes,
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
That thou, sustain'd and soothed, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"THIS also shall pass away," was the motto which, it is said, was once given to serve a Prince, as he might need either caution or comfort; caution amidst pleasure, or comfort under pain. He was to make the best of lawful pleasures without becoming improperly dependent upon them, as they would not last long; he might cheer himself under the worst circumstances with the thought that sorrows too would pass away. And so it is in this life, alike with Prince and peasant; the "time of tribulation" is fleeting as well as the "time of wealth." Sorrows go as surely as they come; while joys likewise meet the soul, touch it, sweetly promise to linger, and then pass on. Thus it befell me as I floated upon that beautiful Tavy. Sorrows I had none just then; and, indeed, the peacefulness which wrapped both body and soul was so deep that even the memory of former sufferings seemed to melt away, as if all mortal woes had passed for ever. But, ah! that very peacefulness proved as transient as the trials which for the time made one forget. The tide had turned. We, too, must needs turn. For even in that still retreat it was true that a turn of the tide, or a shift of the wind, may bring changes which deeply affect not merely one's outer world, but the very deepest recesses within. Man is neither the slave nor the absolute master of circumstances. He is so placed in the midst of things that, if he humbly and wisely use his advantages, he may make the worst evil do him some gracious service; while things are so arranged about him that he can never affect independence without the humiliation of being painfully checked both by good and evil.

"Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides."

"The tide is ebbing, we must go, Sir," said the boatman; and the turn of the "Water-witch" broke the charm which had hushed us to rest on our oars, and made us forget everything but peace. For a time it had really seemed as if nature held me to her heart, so that the mysterious pulses of her happy life sent the very essence of joy through my entire being; but the moments of my unmixed enjoyment of communion with the Tavy were fled, and fled, perhaps, for ever. They were akin, if not equal to, the hours

which have come, now and then, filled with the joy of sweet abandonment to loving sympathy with a kindred spirit; like such hours they were fleeting; but, like them, their memory will afford balmy refreshment to one's heart all through the after-stages of this mortal journey.

"How easy it is to go with the stream, Sir," said my companion, as his boat began to feel the outward current, and his oars seemed instinctively to fall into their most easy and gentle style of motion.

"I am glad you find it so easy, my man; especially on this stream, for one likes to think of the Tavy as too gentle to inconvenience those who trust themselves to its waters. Nevertheless I have a notion that, easy as it may be to go with the stream, it is not always quite safe. Though you may have less toil in making your way, you often need an overcharge of care to keep yourself from being carried into mischief. We seem right enough now, however; neither tide nor freshet threatens any danger; so we will run down cheerfully with the friendly river."

And now, the cool evening breeze soon met us as old Worleigh wood once more opened on our view, and we caught sight of Beer-Ferrers nestling on the other bank of the river. The hum of voices and the sound of mirth came floating towards us at intervals, inviting our "Water-witch" to find evening shelter under the village jetty, while we had an opportunity of witnessing the closing hospitalities of the festival. Well, so let it be. One of us, at least, was never likely to see the rustic "town" again in the joy and pride of an extra holiday; and therefore the helm was turned, the boat was made fast, and I was soon the guest of a venerable, but merry-looking, old dame, who was wondrously amused at my modern fashion of seeking refreshment over a dish of tea. The light of a mellow sunset was affectionately lingering around the ancient tower of the parish church, as I made my way through several groups of merry loungers into the graveyard, and then into the house of prayer, whose dimness and silence were in solemn contrast with the scenes of youthful playfulness outside. My spirit was soon subdued. Many reasons for serious thought pressed upon one's soul. At one moment, the heart was thrilled as by a gentle touch from some unseen thing; and at another, the whispers of memory melted it into plaintive feeling. Many years had passed since my last visit to the old sanctuary, and the signs of change which were now around me appeared to be tokens of my own mortal changeableness. The first time I entered that church was on a sort of pilgrimage to the hallowed enclosure within which Charles Alfred Stothard breathed his last. My heart had been touched by the story of the young antiquary's lonely death; and I had crossed the river that I might pay a tribute to his memory on the spot where he fell amidst the sepulchral memorials which he was seeking to save from oblivion. As an artist and an antiquary he seems to have inherited many of the distinguishing gifts of his eminent father. His ambition was to immortalize "the monumental effigies of Great Britain," by the accurate and graceful use of his pencil. With intense enthusiasm, and in simple style he rambled from one retired nook of his native land to another in search of sculptured altar-places and tombs, painted chapels, and storied crypts. He had found his way to Tavy-side, and spent his last hour in silent joy among the interesting remains which had happily kept their quiet place in the little church by the water; while the rush of successive ages and revolutions had borne away so many of the nobler, but less retired, witnesses to England's ancestral dignity and power. Alenson, one of William the Norman's companions in conquest, received the lands of Beer-Manor as his reward; and left his memorial attached to the name of a neighbouring little ancient borough, now known as Beer-Alston. Beer-Ferrers dates its title from the time of Henry II.; when it came into the hands of Henry de Ferrariis, or Ferrers. Sir William de Ferrers, in 1337, had a license from Edward III. for castellating the manor-house. Like a pious King of holier memory, however, he seems to have felt that it ill became him to build a castle for himself without providing a sanctuary for the glory of God. He was the founder of the church on the Tavy; and his dust awaits the day of restoration somewhere beneath the massive but finely-executed

old effigies which still represent the knightly patriarchs of his house. There, in deep repose, still lie the figures of men who took a part in the early Crusades; and there, in the eastern window, Stothard found some curious remains of painted glass, on which, in brilliant colours, Sir William Ferrers and his lady, as founders of the parish-altar, are honoured amidst surrounding forms of St. Catherine and other saints. It was while in the act of copying that memorial window that the hand of the amiable young artist "forgot its cunning." He had been working on the stone figure of a Crusader on the north side of the chancel; had successfully opened up the distinctive character of very early chain armour, and had brought out, too, with wondrous effect, from beneath the dense layer of white-wash, the individuality of the warrior's face. There, mounted on an old ladder, he was zealously employed on the precious relics of the window, when he fell, and breathed out his spirit alone in that solemn, silent resting-place of the mighty dead. When I first visited the spot, the skilful action of his penknife could still be traced where it had removed the thick coats of lime from the features of the effigy; and the eastern window retained as yet the interesting fragments which formed his last study: but now my spirit was grieved to find that barbarous hands had once more bedaubed the old sculpture; the brush had been mercilessly used, until all tokens of Stothard's handiwork were effectually veiled: the window, too, was stripped of its antique ornaments, and was now filled with poor, cold, greenish-looking glass. Who did the mischief? Nobody could or would tell me; and with a sickening feeling, perhaps a little ill temper, I sought the open air, and tried to hush my spirits by reading over again the beautiful inscription on his memorial tablet upon the wall outside, the fatal scene of his final pencil-touch. I am ashamed to say that there were evidences of neglect even upon that memorial-stone. The tribute to his character, however, from the pen of his brother-in-law, was sufficiently legible for me to copy. One would like to do his best to preserve it, so here it is.

SACRED
to the Memory,
Dear to every one who knew him, of
CHARLES ALFRED STOTHARD,
Historical Draughtsman, and Fellow of the
Society of Antiquaries,
Eldest surviving Son of
THOMAS STOTHARD, Esq., R.A.
While pursuing his
Professional researches in the adjoining Church,
He was unfortunately killed by a fall,
On the 28th of May, in the year of our Lord, 1821,
In the 34th year of his age.
As a laborious investigator of the ancient
Sepulchral monuments, and other historical
Vestiges of the kingdom, which he illustrated
by his faithful and elegant pencil,
He was pre-eminent.
As a man, though gifted with the most solid ability,
He was humble, modest, unostentatious;
An example of benevolence and simplicity of heart;
A Christian by faith,
As he proved by that essential demonstration,
His works.
Thus awfully bereft of such a partner,
What words shall describe the deep, the
bitter sorrow of his widow,
Who stood not by to pay him the last sad offices,
But when he perished thus untimely,
Expected his return, and shortly to bless him
With a first child.
She has erected this poor monument to his memory:
A living one exists in her heart.
Reader, profit by this sad, but (doubtless
in the wisdom of God)
Salutary and merciful lesson:
For it is better that the virtuous should be
thus suddenly cut off than the wicked.

"Watch, therefore: for ye know not when the
Master of the house cometh, at even, or at
midnight,
Or at cockcrowing, or in the morning:
Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping."
MARK xiii. 35, 36.

Yes, thought I, as I once more, and for the last time, took my place in the stern of the "Water-witch," yes! there is another lesson on watchfulness. The Divine Master's warning seemed to follow me as the boat rounded the point. The banks of the Tavy were left behind, perhaps for ever. My voyage on that river is at an end. But it is one's duty still to look ahead. The Master is coming; and there is a "still small voice" on the waters of the evening tide, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!"

Battle-Bridge. X.

The Monitor.

"BEGIN WHERE TOMMY LEFT OFF."

It is the middle of a prayer-meeting. Two or three have prayed, and another is commencing. He is some time getting off, and seems as if he did not know what to be at. Having gone through a form of words as a proper preface to his prayer, he says, timidly and meekly, "Where shall we begin to make known our requests?" A blunt brother, who had more candour than patience, took this as an open question, and at once said, in a quick, sharp tone, "Begin where Tommy left off." Thomas Smith had just prayed, and had led on the supplications of the people to a certain point; and our outspoken friend thought there could be no uncertainty as to where the next ought to commence. He felt sure that the right place for this man to begin was where the other left off.

In our prayer-meetings, the brother who opens the meeting should bring the people into God's presence. A few minutes spent in recognising our sinfulness, God's majesty and purity, the Saviour's death and intercession, the Spirit's work and power, will be well spent; and when this is done with freshness of thought and feeling, the meeting will be the better for such an introductory prayer. But those who come after ought not to feel themselves bound to take the same course, and preface their prayers by a long introduction, as if they were asking their way into God's presence. That has been done already. The first who prayed brought the congregation before God through Christ, and all are now kneeling before Him. Take that as your starting-point. Do not go over the same ground as did the brother who opened the meeting, but begin to pray at once as if you felt God was listening. J. B.

York.

CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT.

(Luke ix. 10.)

Social devotion is no substitute for closet duties, for only by secret communion with God are the best elements of Christian character developed and matured. There is reason to fear that the multiplication of social meetings has drawn many away from secret prayer. Rev. J. C. Ryle gives some important hints on this point: "We are told that when the Apostles returned from their first ministerial work, our Lord 'took them, and went aside privately into a desert place.' We cannot doubt that this was done with a deep meaning. It was meant to teach the great lesson, that those who do public work for the souls of others must be careful to make time for being alone with God. The lesson is one which many Christians will do well to remember. Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation, and secret communion with God, are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking, writing, and working public works, is unquestionably a sign of zeal. But it is not always a sign of zeal according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must make time occasionally for sitting down and calmly looking within, and examining how matters stand between our own selves and Christ. The omission of the practice is the true account of many a backsliding which shocks the church, and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say with sorrow, in the words of Canticles, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." (Cant. i. 6.)

ELIJAH'S ALTAR.

When Elijah would miraculously confound the priests of Baal, two things were necessary; the instrumentality of man, and the power of God. The altar was built, according to divinely established precedent, of twelve stones; the wood was piled upon it; the bullock properly slaughtered, dressed, arranged; the water poured on. Still there was no power, no progress toward the discomfiture of Baal's servants. But when the Prophet's believing prayer went up to the throne, the fire came down,

the victory was complete, Baal's power was annihilated.

Believers in Christ, would you heap confusion upon the foes of God, build your altar, and gather around it. Don't fear discomfiture. All power is of the Lord. Gather to the prayer-meeting. Gather a prayer-meeting according to Apostolic precedent, when "*all were with one accord in one place.*" Make it in outward things a perfect meeting. Mingle prayer, praise, exhortation. Prayer,—humble, earnest. Praise,—tuneful, adapted. Exhortation,—brief, practical. All, concise, pointed, various. Let each present his offering.

All this, and yet you have accomplished nothing. Look to God in faith. He will answer. He would not have answered Elijah upon a clay altar, or with a sacrifice of swine. Make the altar right. Make the social meeting a model; but look up, in faith, for the heavenly fire to descend.

Methodism in former Days.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

MRS. FLETCHER TO MRS. CROSBY.

"*August* 16*th*, 1788.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am almost frightened to see the date of your kind letter, May 28th; but I have had a summer of much employ, and that in many ways. Maybe you have heard from Miss Ritchie of the two preaching-houses I have had on my hand; the one at the bank, six miles off; the other in our own yard. I have given to Miss Marshall the account, and will not take room to repeat it. Soon after the opening thereof, we had Captain Webb, who lodged in my house ten days, and a blessed soul he is. God was very powerfully with him in all the times he spoke. Several will have cause to remember that season. Lady Mary has been here near three months. I have just parted with my brother Sammy and his wife. Bill and two of my nephews stayed some days, but slept at night in the Inn, as our house could not hold them; however, they spent their days with me. They were very kind, and admired my new room, at which I feared they would be offended. I offer much prayer that they may also be fellow-heirs of the covenant of promise. I have had many promises for them, yet I cannot tell whether they feel or not; but many remarkable Providences occurred. I found a blessing in reading your pious letter over again, and feel for your bodily infirmities. True it is we must look beyond the grave for increasing rest. We have a tender Saviour to trust in, and well for us it is so. Poor sister Tripp's weakness and increase of complaint, as well as yours, is indeed an exercise of faith; but power is in the hand of Omnipotence, and it shall go no further than He permits. As to my health I hardly know what to say. There is scarcely a day, or an hour in it, but I feel much weakness; often much disorder in my head, especially after public meetings. It is amazing what I am carried through. Blessed be God! I never feel one moment's anxiety about it. Life or death, sickness or health, all will be right, as ordered by my heavenly Father, who cannot err. Sally is but weak, though on the whole better; she is very useful in the work, and has the cause of God much at heart. We had a watch-night while the Captain was here, at which she prayed sweetly indeed: also my nephew, who is a lively Christian, with a conscience exquisitely tender, like his dear uncle. Many say he is like him in person, but I cannot see it: however, he is like him in temper, and I believe will be in grace, which he grows much in. At present he is in Dublin..... What has poor sister Waterman gone through! pray let me know how it is with her. I have found her much on my heart. Betty Swain's situation is this. The Quakers allow her five or six shillings per week, I believe, exclusive of my shilling per week, and she works at her trade; so I think she is well off. Poor Mr. Snath, what a fallen man is he! The Lord help in time before it be too late! Our hurry being a little over, my soul seems stretching out afresh for full conformity; but I find

no way so good as the momentarily looking to Jesus, with an entire dependence on Him for all. Here are many deaths to be passed through. Lord make them effectual! What was wrote on my dear's tomb being different from my directions, 'though done with a good design to mend my language,' after a time I saw not to be so good as my own, and had it altered; so in the next edition of the Life it will be put right; it is thus:—

Here lies the Body of
The Rev. John William de la Fletcherre,
Vicar of Madeley.
He was born at Nyon, in Switzerland,
Sept. 12th, 1729,
And finished his course, August 14th, 1785,
In this village;
Where his unexampled labours will long be remembered.
He exercised his ministry for the space of
twenty-five years,
In this parish,
With uncommon zeal and ability:
Many believed his report, and became his joy and crown of rejoicing;
While others constrained him to take up the lamentation of the Prophet,
'All the day long have I stretched out my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.'
'He being dead, yet speaketh.'

Compare it with that in the Life, and give Mr. Downes a copy of the right one. Everyone was much pleased with the change; and, indeed, I was never at ease till it was done; but there were so many anxious to have it right, that they spoiled it. I shall be glad to hear of, and from you. O may we live for eternity! I see it just at hand, and long to be all the Lord's. I suppose you are now at Whitby, from which Miss R—— wrote. The Lord make your strength and day equal. What a blessing I never left Madeley: the order of God in this respect I see more and more; and, indeed, His light does shine on my path. Though I keep my nephew and horse, and see it my duty so to do, yet the Lord does so fulfil that word, 'I will bless thy bread and thy water,' that I am amazed how far everything seems to go: there is a blessing in all. Truly 'His ways are a great deep, and His footsteps are not known.' We have only to stand still, and every fiery trial shall end in peace; and these afflictions of time work out a glorious eternity. The Lord be abundantly with you both, and fill you with His love, prays your faithful friend,

"M. Fletcher."

Narratives.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

The following narrative is well fitted to impress the lesson of doing to-day "whatsoever the hand findeth to do." Duty delayed may not only become duty neglected, but it may involve an eternal loss.

"Little Willie," writes a Teacher, is a name which brings before me visions of his blue eyes and golden hair, of his rosy cheeks, where dimples loved to linger, and the ruby lips that so often used to say, "Tecer, are I a dood boy to-day?" But best of all, were the gentle words and winning smiles that made him such a sunbeam in our little school. His heart seemed overflowing with love and sympathy for everyone.

One afternoon I told the class, of which he was a member, how Christ took little children in His arms, and blessed them, and I taught them the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That afternoon, after school was dismissed, as I was locking my desk, Willie stole softly back. Climbing upon the desk, he put his arms around my neck, and kissed me, saying,—

"I love oo, Tecer."

"What is love, Willie?" I asked.

He thought a moment, then replied, earnestly,—

"It's what makes us dood to folks." After a little pause, he added, "Tecer, who is Kwist that best ittle children?"

Before I could reply, there came a knock at the door. I opened it, and a little girl handed me a note, saying, timidly,—

"Mrs. H—— supposed it had been

sent before." It contained an urgent invitation for me to spend the afternoon with a friend of mine. I knew that Willie was the child of irreligious parents, and that I ought to encourage this his first seeking after Divine truth, but the tempter whispered, to-morrow will do as well, and I yielded to the voice. To-morrow! how many broken hopes, how many duties unfulfilled, come from too firm a reliance on its deceitful promises.

But the next day Willie's place was vacant. I missed the bright face and ringing laugh of my little pet.

On the first opportunity, some days after, I directed my steps toward his father's house. On my way I met his sister. Taking my hand, she said, hurriedly,—

"O Teacher, wont you come right down to our house: Willie is so sick, and he don't know any of us."

In a few moments I stood by the bedside of the little sufferer. He was tossing to and fro in restless pain; and they told me that scarlet fever was drying up the fountains of that young life.

As I entered the room, he said, softly, "Who is Kwist that best ittle children?" Sitting beside him, I told him then the sweet story of the Cross. But reason seemed clouded; and yet, when I ceased speaking, he said, with pleading earnestness,—

"Pleath tell me who is Kwist that best ittle children?"

"Will you pray for us?" asked the father.

It was all he could say, for his heart was full. Kneeling there, I prayed that God would spare our darling if it was His will, and if not, that He would comfort the hearts of his parents in their great sorrow, and make me more fa'thful to the little ones committed to my charge.

When we arose, a convulsion came over Willie, and the little form writhed in agony. It was but for a moment; then he lay still, with closed eyes and clasped hands. Silently we watched beside him, till the ticking of the old clock, that stood in one corner, seemed like a sombre interlude, weaving the moments of suspense together. An hour passed on. Then there was another convulsion. It was longer and harder than the last. At its close he lay pale and exhausted. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and his lips unclosed. There was a strange agonizing earnestness in his voice, as he pleaded,—

"Pleath tell me who is Kwist that best ittle children? O, *pleath* tell me who is Kwist that best ittle children?"

"Pray for him, *for him*," sobbed the father; and I prayed then as I had never done before, that Christ would reveal Himself to that dying child.

God heard the prayer; for as we watched him, an exultant look glanced across Willie's face. He lifted his head, and stretched forth his little white hands toward heaven. I shall never forget his last words:—

"*There* is Kwist that best ittle children. I coming; I coming." And the little head was buried in the pillows. The beating heart was hushed for ever.

Two days after, when the clouds were weeping rain-tears, we laid him down in his last earthly resting-place. And as the aged Pastor told us that Willie had gone to see Jesus Christ who blessed little children, there were eyes unused to tears, and hardened sunburnt faces, that were moistened with something else than the raindrops that were falling thickly around us.

Brief was his life, beautiful his death; yet, through God's blessing, they were the means of leading his parents to fix their hopes, for both time and eternity, on that dear Saviour, who blessed little children. And in the great day of account how many ransomed souls will there be who have fulfilled the prediction, "And a little child shall lead them."

Anecdotes.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

It is stated, in the "Life of Major Vandeleur," that one afternoon he heard that a man in the Arsenal had met with a serious accident; and, as soon as his work there was over, he hastened to the

hospital to see what could be done for the comfort of the poor fellow. The doctors had just decided upon immediate amputation of the foot. The man was lamenting not his own suffering, but the prospect of starvation before his poor wife and little children if he were to leave the hospital a cripple for life. Arthur earnestly requested the doctors to postpone the amputation until the next day. They did not consider that the delay would involve any serious consequences, and therefore consented to it.

Arthur went home to plead earnestly with God on behalf of this poor man, whose distress had so moved his heart. That prayer of faith met with an immediate answer. The next morning the doctors pronounced the foot to be so much better that there was every reason to hope that it might be saved; and in a short time the man entirely recovered.

But a better blessing still was given in answer to that prayer of faith. "The Major spoke kindly," said he, "and prayed with me, and told me about the Saviour, who had bought me with His own blood. And then I began to see that I, who thought I had not a friend anywhere, had found two friends; an earthly and a heavenly Friend. After that I made up my mind to live a new life, by the help of God. There was room for a change, for I had never been to a school, nor to a place of worship, from the time I was ten years of age. I never had a mother's prayers; and if anyone spoke to me about religion, all I did was to laugh at them. As soon as I came out of the hospital I went to church, and felt very odd at first, my clothes being so shabby. But, by the help of God, I got over that, and learned to love it. For the last two years I have been a Teacher in a Sunday-school, and it is a blessed work."

A GENEROUS LANDLORD.

Mr. Howitt gives the following interesting anecdote of the late Duke of Portland:—"The Duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling year after year into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The Duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating; and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it through poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. 'John,' says the Duke, as the farmer came to meet him, as he rode up to the house, 'I want to look over the farm a little.' As they went along, 'Really,' said he, 'everything is in a very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do. I must take the farm into my own hands. You shall look after it for me, and I will pay your wages.' Of course there was no saying nay; the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock; then loads of manure; at the proper time, seed; and wood from the plantations, for repairing gates and buildings. The Duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Crops and stocks flourished, fences and outbuildings were put in good repair. In two or three rent-days it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was paying its way. The Duke on his next visit said:—'Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again. You shall be tenant again, and as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there.' The Duke then rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was, when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition. I will venture to say, however, that the Duke was the happier man of the two."

A LESSON FROM AN EPITAPH.

In the life of the devout and devoted Simeon of Cambridge, there is an incident related, which not only marks the providential care of God in the conversion of souls, but suggests how easily opportunities for doing good may be secured when the heart and will are bent on finding them.

In 1783, just at the beginning of his

ministry, Mr. Simeon, while on a visit to London, undertook to perform "the occasional duty" of a Clergyman at Horsleydown for a week. One day, while waiting in the churchyard for the corpse which was about to be laid in it narrow house, he occupied his time in reading the epitaphs on the tombstones. Many of them were such as might adorn a Jew's or a heathen's grave. But at last he came to one which characterized a Christian's epitaph:—

"When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then,—this shall be all my plea,
'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'"

Struck with the sentiment, he looked around to see if there were anyone to whom God might render it the means of spiritual instruction, and at a little distance he saw a young woman, "of a sorrowful countenance," reading an epitaph. She had ruined her health in labouring for the support of an aged mother and two children. Having just been to a sister who lived in that neighbourhood, instead of receiving help or sympathy, she had been sent away with reproaches; and now, after wandering among the tombs for five hours, and regarding herself as forsaken of God, her misery was insupportable; her resolution was taken, she would drown herself. Directed by a Providence which knew these things, Mr. Simeon accosted her:—"You are reading epitaphs, Mistress; read that: when you can say the same from your heart, you will be happy indeed; but, till then, you will enjoy no real happiness in this world or in the next." She read the words without any apparent emotion, and coolly remarked that a churchyard was a very proper place for her, for that she was much distressed. On hearing her burden of domestic care, Mr. Simeon turned to some passages in his Bible, and endeavoured to turn her eyes to Him who gives rest to heavy-laden souls. The arrival of the corpse put an end to the conversation; but he took her address, and visited the wretched home, two miles off, the following evening. There he found the aged mother very ill of asthma, two little babies lying in bed, and the young woman sitting like a statue of sorrow. The next evening, and the next, he visited them again; and it was only on the third visit that he heard the tale of intended suicide. "But now, Sir," concluded the poor woman, "instead of despairing of bread to eat, I am enabled to see that God, who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow, is my Friend; that Jesus Christ has washed me from all my sins in the fountain of His own blood, and that it is my privilege to be careful for nothing; and, blessed be God, I am enabled to cast all my care on Him who careth for me." Twelve months after, Mr. Simeon had the satisfaction to find that, while the aged mother had died in the peace of the Gospel, the younger widow was leading a holy and consistent life.

Christian Missions.

JOHN ELIOT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

"Bereaved New England, where are thy tears at this ill-boding funeral? We had a tradition current among us, that the country would never perish as long as Mr. Eliot was alive!.... Our Elisha is gone.....I am sure it is a dismal eclipse that has now befallen our New English World. If the dust of saints could give us any protection, we are not without it. We cannot see a more terrible prognostic, than tombs filling apace with such bones as the renowned Eliot's: the whole building trembles at the fall of such a pillar. We hope that all true Protestants will count it no more than what is equal and proper, that the land which has in it the grave of such a remarkable Preacher to the Indians as our Eliot, should be treated with such a love, as a Jerusalem uses to find from them that are to prosper." Dr. Mather.

John Eliot, the first Protestant Missionary to the red men of America, and honourably distinguished as the "Indian Evangelist," was born in England, in the year 1604. The exact place of his birth, and the circumstances of his early life, are involved in obscurity. His parents appear to have occupied a respectable position in society, inasmuch as they were

enabled to send him, for the completion of his education, to the University of Cambridge. Here he made rapid progress in his studies, and secured the friendship of several individuals who subsequently attained considerable eminence in the world.

On leaving Cambridge, young Eliot obtained a situation as usher in a school conducted by the Rev. Thomas Hooker, a distinguished Divine. This Clergyman, on account of his nonconformity, had been suspended from his ministry at Chelmsford, in Essex. Whilst in this situation, Eliot first became savingly acquainted with the things of God. Up to this period he had learning, talent, and ambition to sustain and stimulate him; but he knew not the religion which makes happy. Influenced, however, by the pious example and spiritual advices of his Principal and friend, he grew into a devout and earnest student in the school of Christ; and, becoming "wise unto salvation," he yielded himself up to the service of God. Referring to his residence under the more than paternal roof of Hooker, Eliot, in after life, bore this testimony:—"To this place I was called, through the infinite riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus to my poor soul, for here the Lord said unto my dead soul, 'Live;' and through the grace of God I do live, and shall live for ever."

Immediately on being put into the possession of "the pearl of great price," and feeling the value of his own soul, Eliot became anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of his fellow-creatures; and, after mature deliberation, being fully convinced of the reality of his "Divine call," he resolved to devote himself to the work of the Christian ministry. The state of things in England at this time was very unfavourable to evangelical religion; and, conscious that the views he had adopted would not be tolerated in the Established Church, he came to the bold decision of emigrating to the New World, where a wide and free career was open before him.

In accordance with this resolve, our young evangelist left the land of his fathers in the summer of 1631, and arrived at Boston, New England, in November of the same year. Before leaving his native country, he entered into an engagement with a number of Christian friends, who intended to cross the Atlantic, that, in the event of their doing so, previous to his settlement over any other congregation, he would become their Pastor. They followed in the ensuing year, and planting a colony a short distance from Boston; they erected a town, which they called Roxbury, and formed themselves into a Church, to the pastoral oversight of which Mr. Eliot was cordially invited.

Here, then, on the borders of the wilderness, this good man commenced his ministerial career. In the discharge of the duties devolving upon him as the shepherd of this little flock, he was remarkably diligent and conscientious, as well as eminently successful. The first settlers in America were placed in circumstances of great spiritual difficulty and danger. Men who wrested their fields, almost daily, from the desert; whose utmost exertions were required to procure a sufficient temporal subsistence; who were exposed to the attacks of the Indians by night; and whose hastily-built log-huts the flood or the tempest often swept away; were peculiarly liable to have their religious emotions deadened, and their sensibilities to Divine and heavenly things blunted. The future Missionary to the Indians was not, however, discouraged by the state and habits of semi-barbarism to which he and his people had voluntarily reduced themselves. He laboured and studied hard to adapt himself and his discourses to the special requirements of his flock. Rising, ordinarily, with the break of day, he devoted the first hours of the morning to meditation and prayer; and then, after his simple meal of vegetables was over, he would go to the forest where the settler was painfully clearing his way, and standing beneath the ancient tree, talk to him of the things of God. No wonder that this primitive Pastor secured the confidence and won the hearts of his people.

But Mr. Eliot had another talisman which he did not fail to use, to bring into subjection and to subdue to himself the rude spirits over whom he was placed,—he was pre-eminent in the grace of charity. The poor of his charge, and they were many,—for disasters ever and

anon came upon the colony,—often repaired to him with their tales of woe; and rarely did they leave his presence without receiving from his scanty stores. Innumerable anecdotes are told of his abounding self-denial and benevolence. "It was a joy to the poor," says one of his biographers, "when they spied him coming across the fields, or through the forests, to their lonely homes; for they knew that his charity had little prudence in it. Dr. Dwight states, that one day, the parish treasurer having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way he called on a poor family, and told them that he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house, saying, 'Here, my friend, take it; I believe heaven designs it all for you.'"

Whilst thus engaged, by charities and labours, in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the immediate objects of his charge, Mr. Eliot thought much of the moral state of the Indians by whom he was surrounded. The deplorable condition of these poor ignorant savages affected his heart; he pitied them in their deep degradation; and he resolved to help them. In order to this, it was requisite that he should be enabled to address them in their native tongue. Long and painfully he studied the Indian language before he could master its difficulties. The enormous length of the words, and the harshness of the sound, were well-nigh sufficient to deter the most determined. "It was enough," says his biographer, "to make one stand aghast; for the simple words 'our question,' were expressed by an Indian word of forty-three letters; and 'our loves,' by one of thirty-two." "The words," says Dr. Mather, "looked as if they had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel." By dint of unwearied toil, however, Eliot succeeded. "I found out," says he, "by God's wise Providence, a clever-witted Indian young man, who had been a servant in an English house, who pretty well understood our language, better than he could speak it, and well understood his own language, and had a clear pronounciation; him I made my interpreter. By his help I translated the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many texts of Scripture; also I compiled both exhortations and prayers by his help. I diligently marked the difference of their grammar from ours. When I found the way of them, I would pursue a word, a noun, a verb, through all variations I could think of: and thus I came at it." He at length became so complete a master of the Indian tongue, that he reduced it to method, and published a grammar; at the close of which, conscious of the magnitude of his achievement, he wrote, "Prayer and pains, through faith, will do anything."

(*To be continued.*)

The Months of the Year.

OCTOBER.

"Then came October, full of merry glee
For yet his nowle was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see.
Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianae's doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyed." SPENSER.

How gradually and almost imperceptibly do the seasons advance and retire! Day by day we are receiving fresh intimations of the departure of summer's days and scenery, and even of the decline of "sober autumn, fading into age;" yet, from the gentleness of the transition, and the many beautiful scenes presented to us in the changing aspect of nature, we almost forget to mark the steps of the pale-descending year, and are sometimes carried far on our way towards the succeeding season, ere we are reminded, in any painful degree, that the rigours of winter have yet to be endured.

Perhaps there is not a more beautiful

sight throughout the whole year, than that which is presented by our woods and groves in the month of October. The richly-diversified tints and hues of forest-trees at this season give an air of grandeur to the landscape, which is altogether unrivalled; and yet, accompanied as it is, and must be, with the thoughts of decay and approaching desolation, the scenery of autumn generally inspires the observer with pensive emotions, approaching to sadness.

The open fields are again the scene of active industry. Ploughing and sowing begin again to occupy the husbandman, and both these operations present an interesting spectacle.

Unless wet weather intervene, sowing is carried on throughout this month, and the crops of wheat are generally consigned to the earth ere its conclusion.

In the intervals of ploughing and sowing, many other occupations demand the attention of the agriculturist. The potato-crops have to be secured from the increasing coldness of the weather, and in the gathering and storing of the winter supply many busy hands are employed. Forest and fruit trees have likewise to be planted; stubble fields to be ploughed up for winter fallows; and various repairs and alterations to be made, which the previous busy season had withheld the execution of.

The Portfolio.

BEGINNINGS OF ESTRANGEMENTS.

No stream flows so smoothly but that somewhere on its surface a ripple appears; and no married life but has here and there moments of disagreement. Two human beings, who have not yet become perfect, cannot be perpetually together without sometimes thinking differently, and willing in opposition to one another. I know that there are here and there a husband and wife who are conscious of no such opposition, who can look over possibly years of uninterrupted communings, and undivided purposes, and who might easily suppose that it is because they evermore are the same in thought and purpose. But, I take it, it is rather that, impelled by a mutual affection, and a keen-sighted wisdom, they have unconsciously learned to allow nothing for a moment to stand between their hearts. To accomplish this, a husband and wife must guard against the beginning of estrangements. The lasting alienations, the separations, the divorces, do not spring at once out of some great violation of conjugal duty, but are the perfected fruit of little estrangements. A word, or even a look sometimes, like a small break in a dike, becomes a vast crevice, through which pours a flood of unhappiness. Nay, it may be a positive nothing, only a neglect, which may be the foundation-stone of untold misery. It is noticed and felt; but pride forbids any explanation or any questioning. Each notices the other's coldness, but neither can come to the point of asking what is in the way. Meanwhile, the peaceful consciousness of mutual agreement is broken up, and each is unhappy; and, I may add, each conscious of wrong. In this state of mind, a new offence is easily given, and more easily taken, and the breach is wider and wider. The process may go on till wife or husband, or perhaps both, begin to seek in the society of others what they have lost in their own; and, at last, embarked on a troubled and rapid stream, in some dark hour they are hurried into crime, and are lost to each other for ever.

"A something light as air,—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken,—
O! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
And ruder winds will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods, and parts for ever."

THE RACE FOR GENTILITY.

THERE is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel," says Smiles, in his "Self-Help." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us, but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways; in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest but do not dare to seem poor, and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Memorials of the Departed.

MR. BENJAMIN DENNIS feared the Lord from his youth. His parents, who were Members of the Independent Chapel, Lion-Walk, Colchester, trained up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." When about twelve years of age, a sermon by the late Rev. John Hyatt, on true prayer, convinced him that he had never prayed before with the heart. He left his home to reside in London, where he was mercifully preserved from the temptations of the world. On his return, he was invited by the late Mr. William Candler, who was a father in our Israel, to meet in his Class, and under the ministry of the Rev. John Bicknell, he was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. For upwards of forty years he continued to serve the Lord, to delight in the ordinances of God's house, and in communion with His people. He earnestly desired, laboured, and prayed for the conversion of his children, and had the happiness of seeing them all brought to God. He was much in private prayer, and diligently studied the Holy Scriptures. As Superintendent of the Sunday-school, he was most anxious for the salvation of the young. He was a Class-Leader for twenty-five years, and for some time, regularly met two Classes. In visiting the sick and dying, he always took great pleasure. To very many he administered consolation, and pointed them to the Lamb of God. He was never ashamed to confess Christ in the presence of ungodly men, and always embraced every opportunity of warning them to flee from the wrath to come. His last illness was distressing and painful; but his constant trust was in the mercy of God, through the atonement of Christ. From the commencement of his affliction he thought that he should not recover. This, however, gave him no alarm; nor did he murmur at the dealings of God with him, or wish his stay protracted. He would often say, "I have lived my term of years, and much longer than most. God has also been very merciful to me. I have been blessed with health and strength all through life until now." It seemed to trouble him a little sometimes that he had not more joy. "I feel no ecstasy" he would say; "but I have peace. I rest alone on Christ as atoning for my sin.

> 'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me.'"

The promises of God were the constant subject of meditation and converse: of these his mind seemed full. "He has often said to me," says the Rev. G. Blanchflower, "'O Sir, I never felt the preciousness of God's promises as I feel them now. I have often quoted them to comfort others, but now I feel that they sustain me.' He made frequent reference, and with deep feeling, to his own imperfections, and shortcomings; but always associated therewith a tearful gratitude for the mercy of God vouchsafed to him." On the Wednesday

before his death, he seemed happier than he had been, though his sufferings were severe. He spoke much of the future world, and dwelt with apparent rapture on his future home. Referring to the vision of St. John, he said "they have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb; they are before the throne; serve Him day and night; they shall hunger no more, they shall thirst no more," &c. He exclaimed, frequently,—

"O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break."

And again: "I long with Paul to share." His favourite chapter, which he frequently requested might be read to him, was the fifth of the second Epistle to the Corinthians: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The kindness of friends calling to see him, or to inquire after him, greatly affected him. "Thank them for me," he would say; "I do love them: ask them still to pray for me. I hope to meet them in heaven." When the last struggle arrived, he strove to address the members of his family, and his brothers, who surrounded his bed. He had hoped that he might be permitted to do this, but he was unable to say more than, "All pray!" He died February 28th, 1859, aged seventy years. In him the church has lost an invaluable Class-Leader. "I have often heard his Members," says his Minister, "speak of his efficiency in the discharge of the duties of that office. Well may we plead that, as the Head of the Church sees fit to take from us the leaders of His people, their mantle may fall upon many others."

WILLIAM BANKS was born July 26th, 1827. He was the son of Christian parents, and was taught in early life to attend the means of grace. The seed thus sown at length produced its proper fruit. He joined the Methodist Society August 27th, 1855, and soon gave clear evidence, both in his experience in the Class-meeting, and in his example before the world, that he had indeed become a child of God. He was ready to give an account of the hope that was in him. He loved the means of grace, and considered it a great evil wilfully to neglect any of them. It was his habit to invoke the blessing of God before he went. On the 25th of October, 1858, a serious illness befell him, which was likely to end in death; but, by medical aid and the blessing of God, he was again restored to labour for awhile in the church. He, however, never lost the good spiritual results of this visitation. In May, 1859, affliction again laid hold on him, and on the 20th of that month he died in the triumph of faith, aged thirty-two.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Calvert, Jeffry,	Gayle,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	36	April 22d, 1862.
Colson, Ekin,	Raunds,	Higham-Ferrers,	85	June 22d, 1862.
Harrison, John,	Pond-Dale,	Richmond,	66	Nov. 17th, 1861.
Hornsby, Jane,	Addington,	Higham-Ferrers,	80	April 5th, 1862.
Mosley, Mary,	Thrapston,	Higham-Ferrers,	75	June 5th, 1862.
Norris, Thomas,	Irthlingborough,	Higham-Ferrers,	76	June 11th, 1862.
Northard, Elizabeth,	Potter-Grange,	Snaith,	43	Aug. 13th, 1862.
Oversby, Margaret,	Dent,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	49	April 28th, 1862.
Palmer, Sarah,	Dean,	Higham-Ferrers,	78	Jan. 13th, 1861.
Sykes, Hannah M.,	Sedbergh,	Hawes & Sedbergh,	22	May 17th, 1862.

ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

The Castle of Ehrenbergh.

"ALBERT THE GOOD."

So the late illustrious Prince-Consort has been styled in song, by our living Laureate. The title has been universally recognized and accepted as most appropriate; and whether engraved or not on marble pedestal, or granite monolith, it is secure of immortality. Surely the poet was a prophet when he sang:—

> "Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,—
> Beyond all titles, and a household name,
> Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good."

Amongst the royal ancestors of the Prince were not a few who, in a similar manner, received surnames expressive of the qualities for which they were severally distinguished. Amongst these were, Henry the Illustrious, Margrave of Misnia, Landgrave of Thuringia, and Count Palatine of Saxony, who flourished in the Thirteenth Century; Frederick the Serious, who died in the year 1381; Frederick the Warlike, whose life and reign terminated A.D. 1428; Frederick the Benignant, who succeeded the latter; John the Constant, Elector of Saxony, and John Frederick the Magnanimous, his immediate successor, both the sincere friends and protectors of the great Reformer, Martin Luther.

His late Royal Highness, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel, Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, and Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born on the 26th of August, 1819, at the Castle of Rosenau. About four miles distant from the place of his nativity, stands the Castle of Ehrenbergh, another ancestral home, adorning the town of Coburg, the capital of the Duchy. There, in the small metropolis of a small dominion, most pleasantly situated on the Itz, in the midst of a beautiful valley, the days of the Prince's childhood were mostly passed.

To an Englishman, used to dense populations, over-grown towns, and world-extended territories, the dukedoms, and principalities of Germany appear, in their separated state, very insignificant. A wit has said that the Sovereign of any one of them might easily jump from his throne into the dominions of his neighbour. This, although, of course, not literally true, is yet tolerably expressive of their extreme diminutiveness. Saxe-Coburg, the patrimonial estate of Prince Albert's elder, and only brother, the present reigning Duke, is very little larger in geographical extent than Rutland, the smallest of English counties. United with Gotha, (with which it has been politically joined since 1826,) the whole ducal territory is not larger than Dorsetshire. Much of this, moreover, is occupied by mountainous tracts, and by that Black Forest of Thuringia, whose dismal shades the morbid imagination of German romance has selected as the scene of many a legend, wild and weird. The population of this little State is less than that of the town of Birmingham; the whole of its military force could be carried in a single British ship of war; and its gross annual revenue is not nearly equal to the revenue of the United Kingdom for a single day.

The importance which Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has not in itself, it has acquired as a part of Germany, and as a member of the Germanic Confederation. In common with the rest of Saxony, it is interesting to the people of this country as the cradle of their race. Thither came those Saxon chiefs, and those fair-haired warriors, who eventually drove the aboriginal Celts before them into the fastnesses of Wales, and to the remoter corners of the island. Those German-disliking Englishmen, who two-and-twenty years ago, on account of his foreign origin, looked coldly and jealously on the bridegroom of their Queen, forgot, perhaps, that the young Saxon Prince came from the same country as their own ancestors; and, with this difference in his favour, that he came not uninvited, a sworded intruder, like their rude, unwelcome forefathers; and that they themselves, too, are occasionally spoken of offensively as "Saxons," by Irishmen, Highlanders, and Welsh.

The Prince-Consort's father was Ernest Anthony Charles Lewis, the last deceased reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. His mother, who was the Duke's first wife, was Dorothea Louisa Paulina Charlotte Frederica Augusta, only child of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. Both the father and grandfather of the Prince bore arms against the French in the revolutionary wars. Napoleon in his destructive progress overturned the ducal throne, and issued a proclamation, declaring Prince

Ernest, the father of Prince Albert, his "particular enemy." It was not until the peace of Tilsit that the family were reinstated in their possessions. How strange that, years afterwards, the son of the despoiled Ernest, as the Consort of our Queen, should interchange visits, friendly to cordiality, with Napoleon III., the nephew and successor of the great spoiler!

At a still more important epoch in the history of Europe,—that of the Protestant Reformation,—three of the ancestors of the late Prince Albert, as Electors of Saxony, acted a most distinguished and noble part. Frederick the Wise, who, upon his return from the Holy Land, founded the University of Wittenberg, had Martin Luther appointed as Professor of Philosophy, and procured for the Reformer the degree of "Doctor," bearing the expense himself. It was this Prince—who had himself refused the imperial crown—that obtained from the Emperor a safe conduct for Luther to and from the Diet of Worms; and that, on many other occasions used his great influence to protect the Reformer's imperilled life. His son and successor, John the Constant, was a still more attached friend of the great Apostle of the Reformation, and more fully than his father received the doctrines which he taught. It was this Prince, at the head of a numerous and influential body, amongst whom were the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Duke of Luneburg, the Prince of Anhalt, and the representatives of fourteen important cities, who delivered to the Diet of Spires the solemn *Protest*, from which the adherents of the new doctrines, —or rather of the old Bible ones,—received the name of PROTESTANTS; an honourable, and now venerable, appellation. At Augsburg, while the Emperor Charles, his brother Ferdinand, and a whole retinue of Princes, knelt before the Pope's Nuncio, Cardinal Campeggio, to receive his blessing, John the Constant, by standing, refused to yield this mark of allegiance to the authority of Rome. On the same occasion it was that he presented to the Diet the celebrated document, from the elegant pen of Melancthon, still known as the CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG. Luther stood beside his bed when the Elector died, and preached afterwards two sermons on his decease. In one of these he says of the departed Prince: "He confessed the death and resurrection of Christ before the whole world, and adhered to his profession with constancy, although at the risk of his dominions, his person, and his life."

His son, who succeeded him in the Electorate, John Frederick the Magnanimous, a man of gigantic bodily stature, and of great mental vigour, was also distinguished for his faithful defence of the Protestant cause. He was at the head of the armed league which defended the Reformation against the crusade of the Emperor Charles V. Taken prisoner at the battle of Mulberg, he was tried by a court-martial, composed of Spanish and Italian Papists, and condemned to death. He was subsequently offered his life, on condition of subscribing to the decisions of the Council of Trent. He refused, expressing at the same time his firm determination to adhere to the Confession of Augsburg, and to the Word of God. His fidelity had its reward; for the Emperor, admiring his fortitude, restored him to liberty.

The Prince-Consort, it has been said, was not unmindful of his descent from these illustrious defenders of Protestantism. Living in England at a time when the Tractarian reaction was at its height, he showed no sympathy whatever with its Romanising tendencies. He was not one of those recreant Protestants who speak of the Reformation as "a sin." On the contrary, we find him at a meeting of the "Sons of the Clergy," speaking exultingly of the time "when our ancestors purified the Christian faith, and shook off the yoke of a domineering priesthood." Again, at a meeting of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts," we find him saying: "I have no fear for the safety and ultimate welfare of the Church, so long as she holds fast to what our ancestors gained for us at the Reformation,—the Gospel, and the unfettered right of its use." The Prince evinced his true Protestantism, as well as his devotional feeling, in his attendance, while at Balmoral, at the Presbyterian Parish Church of Crathy, in company with Her Majesty the Queen. Puseyism would have taught him that Presbyterian orders are invalid, and that a Presbyterian Church is only a conventicle; but the Prince thought differently, so, during the thirteen seasons that he stayed at Balmoral, he was only twice absent from the simple worship at Crathy Church. Evangelical Christians of other denominations than the Church of England, have no reason to complain of any "High Church" exclusiveness in connexion with the Royal Family. The Methodists should not forget the visit of Prince Alfred to the Missionary Chapel and establishment at Heald-Town, a few years ago. Nor should it be forgotten that the father of our Queen, the late Duke of Kent, was, on one occasion, at least, a reverential worshipper at City-road Chapel.

It is with pleasure that we trace the connexion of the lamented Prince-Consort with the Electors of Saxony in the Sixteenth Century. And we forget not that, through Albert the Good,

"The noble father of our Kings to be,"

Albert Edward Prince of Wales, inherits the blood of John the Constant, and John Frederick the Magnanimous, the protectors of Luther, and "nursing fathers" of the Church. To that pseudo-liberality which would suppress or ignore these facts we would say, that Protestantism is a part of the British constitution, and that without it no Monarch can sit upon the English throne, and no Consort can sit by the Monarch's side. This necessary qualification, with those moral virtues and intellectual excellencies which endeared him, while living, to his royal wife, and which endears his memory when dead, to his royal widow, the Prince-Consort possessed in no ordinary degree. Restricted by law, as Her Majesty was, in the selection or acceptance of a husband, to persons royal in blood, and Protestant in religion, her choice was necessarily very limited in its range. Still Providence so favoured her that in the stately Castle of Ehrenbergh, the home of her maternal ancestors, she found one who, in addition to those essentials, possessed equality of age, manly beauty, intellectual endowments, and those personal and social virtues, and high moral worth which made their palace-home more happy than palace-homes

are wont to be. But the gift to England and her Queen, bestowed in goodness, is resumed in mystery: "For death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces!" T. M'C.

THE COTTAGE VISITATION.

Just below my own house stands a neat, unpretending cottage, into which moved, last fall, its present owner. His wife was a gentle woman, who walked lovingly beside him, in the strait and narrow way. Two promising little girls called him father. The cottage was new; it was his own; and his business was good. Who, more than he, had the promise of an untroubled and useful life, far removed from both the wants which distract, and the riches which choke, the soul in its heavenward aspirations?

We know not what a day may bring forth. Man is "full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." For three months past, the wife and mother of that home has been rapidly sinking under the grasp of that fell scourge, consumption. Disease did not come to her with slow and stealthy step, as he often does to fragile and beautiful women; but snatched at once the roses from her cheeks, and the bounding life from her veins.

Yesterday, a bright day dawned to us on earth, and I trust, a far brighter, to that mother in heaven. I thought of her when I awoke, and looked out of the window to the cottage below. Its parlour-casements were raised a little: I knew what that meant. The woman's sufferings were over. She had played her humble and brief part here; and her children were written motherless!

My breath hurt me. My two little ones were feeding my greedy heart with words of love. Might not their turn come some day, as it had come to the little ones below, so young, so tender, apparently so dependent, for good, upon a mother's care? God's ways, for a moment, seemed strange to me. So many others, thought I, might have been better spared. Wherefore must desolation be brought, thus early, into so happy, so useful, so godly a household?

This is the first impulse of our earthly nature. Then come to us the groundwork of hope, and faith, and an earnest expectation; the rod, and the staff, and the glorious promises. Through the cloud of sorrow and doubt, which hem us in, bursts a vision of spiritual presence. We believe in an all-wise Father. The motherless children are safe. He who said, "suffer little children to come unto Me," by whose watchful eye every hair of their heads is numbered, will be both father and mother to them.

To the regenerate heart, what an infinite mine of consolation are the promises of the Bible. No afflictions of life, however great, no troubles, however small, escape the all-seeing Eye. He has a solace for every mourner, a balm for every wound. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To how many a burdened heart has not this tender greeting proved, "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land?"

The Bible is full of such. It has food and drink enough for every

hungry, thirsty soul. What excuse is there for spiritual deadness and lethargy? What right have we to question God's providence, who, with more than a father's love, offers to take from us all our cares and troubles, and enable us, through the exercise of love and faith alone, to achieve a worthy resignation to the untoward accidents of life, so that for us, death shall be swallowed up in victory?

HEART-ACHE AND HEART-HEALING.

(*Concluded from page* 296.)

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." "Terrors take hold on them as waters, a tempest stealeth them away in the night." "All these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." He alarms before He softens; and grieves before He gladdens. He is "the Spirit of bondage," before He is "the Spirit of adoption." He does not always assume the latter character, where He has borne the former; for none become "the sons of God" but they who are "led by the Spirit of God." But without His influence the sinner cannot see himself aright, nor come in sorrow to the Saviour. Sermons, sacraments, and prayer-meetings, cannot bring him to this. Privileges and duties cannot do it. The calamities of life cannot do it. They may make him melancholy, or drive him mad; but they can neither make him weep like Peter, nor pray like David. Never till "the Spirit of grace and of supplications" is poured on sinners, will they look upon Christ, and "mourn."

To heal the hearts which His Spirit has broken, the Father "sent" the Son; so that it is not His will that they should continue in this melancholy condition. The broken-hearted penitent is apt to imagine that God takes pleasure in his misery, and that He has no other object in it, than to punish sin: whereas, He is the God of love; and has given the greatest evidence of this, by sending His Son "to heal the broken-hearted." This fact forms the foundation of all true hope in God. Christ is authorized, and empowered, and was expressly sent, to heal broken hearts. The ground on which He offers and administers consolation is His own infinitely meritorious bloodshedding. "His blood can make the foulest clean;" it "cleanseth us from all sin;" and saves them "to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him."

To be healed of his broken heart, is the all-absorbing wish and prayer of the true penitent; yet his broken heart itself, is a priceless gift of God. It forms, in fact, the first stage on the road to heaven; and all who go to heaven, must pass this way. A poor, disconsolate, broken-hearted sinner, may be regarded as an object of compassion by mankind. The wicked and worldly-minded, rather than see their children distressed on account of their sins, would see them rich, and gay, and giddy, frequenting the house of mirth, and fluttering in the circles of fashion. It is otherwise with all who can judge justly. The people of God think differently. St. Paul "rejoiced" that the Corinthians had "sorrowed to repentance." And the

angels of God think differently. There is "joy," through all their ranks, "over one sinner that repenteth."

The heart must be broken, or the sinner cannot be saved. He can have no adequate idea of the evil of sin. It will continue to be the source of his most highly-prized gratifications; and he will persist in the commission of it, notwithstanding all he hears of its tremendous consequences hereafter. Sin must be embittered to him. He must view it as the dreadful fountain of all misery and vileness. God therefore causes him to sustain a measure of its crushing, killing weight, saying, "Thy way and thy doings have procured these things unto thee; this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reacheth unto thine heart." The pride of his heart must perish, or he will never embrace salvation on the simple ground of mercy. He will presumptuously, but impotently, strive with his Maker. He will resemble a foolish ox, kicking against his goads. He will turn away in a rage from all the waters of Israel, and proudly look for healing from the Pharpars and Abanas of human learning and philosophy. Or he will seek to stipulate with God; and, when urged to escape for his life to the distant mountains, he will say like Lot, "O, not so, my Lord!" He may be willing to be saved from hell; but he will struggle at every step, to be saved in his own way. Only a conviction of inexorable necessity, can lead a person to submit to the amputation of a limb; and only a similar persuasion can induce a sinner to divorce himself from all that he holds most dear. God's method of saving men is contrary to all our natural leanings. It explodes the notion of our greatness, and ignores our imaginary goodness. It aims a blow, which to be effectual, must be fatal, at our self-righteousness and pride. And unless we feel and know that happiness can arise from no other quarter, we shall never crave it at the hands of such a Saviour as Jesus Christ. Like men in a sinking vessel, we do not cast our treasures overboard, till reduced to the last extremity. Hence, therefore, before He saves us, Christ shows us how lost we are. When we feel that we are dropping into hell, we are ready to welcome our Deliverer, with all His "hard sayings," which, till now, we could not bear. It was not till the listeners to St. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, were "pricked in their heart," that they said to the Apostles, "What must we do?" Nor did the Philippian jailer ask, "What must I do to to be saved?" till he was shaken by an earthquake.

As the calm which succeeds a storm, so is the advent of light after darkness, ease after pain, and joy after sorrow. Such, especially, is the serenity of the seeker after God, whose fears give way to faith, and his groaning guilt to gladness.

Great was the joy of the jailer, when he "believed on the Lord," and was saved; of the inquiring Ethiopian, when Philip preached JESUS to him, and he received the truth in the love of it; and of Saul of Tarsus, when, after his three days abstinence and blindness, he was hailed by the believing Ananias, as "Brother Saul," and the scales fell from his eyes, and "straightway he preached Christ." Morning succeeding to night; peace, lulling the storm of war; earthly joy following earthly sorrow; bodily

ease after bodily pain,—all these are types too feeble to represent half the bliss which then welled up within them, and brimmed over in love and praise. Their gladness was the greater from its contrast with the darkness, and doubt, and danger from which they were newly delivered. This fulness of holy joy, is not too dearly purchased at the price of a broken heart. Repentance, with all its pangs, adds to the bliss of believing. It sweetens the voice of mercy, and deepens our draughts of pleasure, and wings the words of praise. We know not the value of salvation till we stand trembling on the precipice of perdition. Speedily to surmount some trivial disorder of the body, impresses the patient's mind neither with the danger of disease, nor the skill of the practitioner; but let him be delivered from a fierce, inveterate malady, such as mock at man and medicine, and commonly end in death, and the cure and the physician will long survive in his grateful recollections. To forgive an uncaptured criminal, would be an act more baneful than beneficial. It would, in all likelihood, lead him to jeer at justice, and strengthen his hands in wickedness, and embolden others to do likewise: But let him be taken prisoner, let the solemn forms of law be gone through, let sentence be pronounced upon him, and let him be remanded to his cell; let him thence again emerge to the sound of the bell of death, and be himself chief mourner in his own funeral procession; let him gaze on the gallows-tree, and mount the scaffold, and feel the hands of the hangman and the horrid touch of the halter, and hear the groans of the multitude assembled to see him die: and then, just then, let the messenger of mercy come, and the joyful shout arise, "A pardon! a free pardon!" he will feel: how will he feel? Language cannot say. But he will be a wretch indeed, if his whole succeeding life is not penitence, and thankfulness, and love. So it is with the sinner whom Christ forgives. He who surpassed in guilt, should excel in goodness. According to his pride should be his poverty of spirit. The basest should be the best. The saddest should be the gladdest. It is a characteristic of the forgiven sinner, that he never forgets his sins, and never forgives himself. The woman who had been a notorious sinner, while Simon gave the Saviour no water for His feet, stood behind Him weeping, and washed His feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair, and kissed them, and anointed them with ointment. And the Christian who approaches nearest the true notion of perfection, is he who can say, with the sincerest and deepest feeling,

"Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven."

To be broken in heart, then, is to be under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and to come within the immediate scope of the Redeemer's mercy. A broken heart exhibits the most encouraging evidence that He has been graciously at work upon it; and that He is willing to make it whole. No one need despair. Let all who truly mourn on account of sin, say, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us: He hath smitten, and He will bind us up." If indeed there are any who

need despair, they are the careless and lighthearted; who do not "mourn" that they have "pierced" the Saviour, nor tremble at their coming condemnation. They, though now, for a while, hilarious, are as hopeless as they are God-less. While the joy of the forgiven is as the calm which succeeds a storm, theirs is as the lull which precedes a storm. Their peace is not God's peace. Their joy is not joy in the Holy Ghost. It is the peace of the sleeping traveller, before a collision on the railway. It is the joy of an intoxicated mariner, whose good ship is rushing upon the breakers. Careless reader! there are rocks before you. Awake, arise! or you must presently be awoke, to find yourself an everlasting shipwreck, —a ruin irreparable; a thing of woe, and a thing of fear for ever.

Bradford, Yorkshire. S. W.

PILLOWS AND PILLARS.

THIS is no new tale I have to tell; but the ever fresh old story of the famous Twin setting out in the world on his own account. He has stayed long in the home-nest,—more than seventy years,—and might have stayed longer, had he not lined it with sharp thorns of his own bringing.

The son of the rich old man of Beersheba ought to travel well furnished and attended; but Jacob starts with no companion but his staff, and no wealth but a stolen blessing. He has left Hebron behind, with the sacred Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah rest. He passes by the awful hill, on which his own father, now so aged and blind, once lay bound on the altar, awaiting the stern plunge of the Patriarch's knife. And now the eastern hills, which shut in the valley up which the Supplanter travels, are all burning with the glory of the sunset. A little further, and dim, discolouring shadows creep over slope, and rock, and tree; and still darkness gathers in the hollows, and goes spreading up the mountains, following the retreating glow, until the last summit has lost its lingering purple, and the quiet stars grow out of heaven. Every star is a pledge of promise; all bear nightly witness that the land they looked down upon should be for the heritage of Abraham, and that as many as their own golden host should be the multitude of his seed.

The day's journey is done, and Jacob seeks a resting-place. Many a time, in his shepherd-life, has he found soft rest on the hard ground; and, wrapping his mantle about his head, has felt the gentle comfort of the pillowing stone.

There lies his pillow now; hard, but not cold; for the day has left some blessing of warmth even there. Already is that stone a monument, if Jacob's eye had skill to read its ancient story of the ages. There it had lain still, while the hills shouted to one another in the fierce battles of the storm. The lion had set his great fore-feet upon it, as he lifted up his terrible voice into the night. Wild tribes met there, and cried loud, and smote hard, and then swept along the valley, dinting other rocks with their horses-hoofs; and a red stain, deeper than the dark lichen, was on the stone, where the bald vulture perched, with the same dye on its dripping beak. And the serpent slid beneath that stone, as the gleam of the boar's white tusk went by. Yet the sunshine had drawn about it the tender love of the moss, and it had long known the moon's calm look, and had heard all the mystery of the winds; and thus, for ages gone, had it been waiting there to serve as the pillow of Jacob,

who was the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham, who was the friend of God.

Here Jacob laid him down, and listened to the whispering trees, until he heard no more; and looked up at the gleaming stars, until he saw nothing; and the blind old man, and doting woman, and wronged brother at home, were all forgotten: and the wayfarer slept.

Then, when every sense was dead, God quickened the slumberer's soul to see without eyes, hear without ears, and feel things of another world. The door of highest, brightest heaven is open; immeasurably distant, yet near at hand; hopelessly separate, yet unbrokenly joined to earth. The stream of down-poured light is all stepped with heightening grades of glory, and forms of princely presence pass to and fro upon that glittering steep. Laden with gifts they came, and carrying back empty wants to be filled, they returned; all together teaching, that the way of fulfilment for a promising God was always open, furnished with a ministry of good worthy of Him who promises, and enough for him who trusts. Crowning all the vision there flames an inconceivable splendour, where stands the most High, and whence His voice comes to the sleeper, repeating and confirming all His covenant of good.

A stir of morning, and a murmur of earthly voices waking, roused the dreamer. And though the dawn showed not the ladder which the darkness had revealed, he knew it to be there yet; and that the ready host of angels came down and went up its golden way for his weal, and for God's glory.

But though Jacob may know that the great ladder's foot is planted everywhere, yet will he mark the spot where it was given him to *see* it rest. And what so fit a mark as the pillow on which he has slept? He stoops to the task, and drives his fingers beneath the long stone's end, and lifts the great weight, until it slowly rises from its old place of rest, and stands, propped and guarded with lesser stones, a monument of the fairest vision mortal had ever seen.

"And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it."

Thus did the pillow become a pillar, set up to record God's gracious revelation; but not for this alone. Let it be for a sign to remind us of a like duty; for verily we should fare better were we more diligent in the study and practice of the godly art of making pillows into pillars.

Now this is written for the help of those who deem the good gifts of God to be worth remembering, not only for thankfulness' sake, but for the cheering of our hope, and succour of our faith in all time to come. For that is a Divine logic wherewith David reasons: "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." Throughout the Psalter we find songs of this same burden, and pitched in the same key. How shall the infirmity of our memories be helped in this matter?

You have often marked the strange power belonging to associated ideas in bringing to recollection things long unthought of. The sight of some object, the sound of a voice, the utterance of a word, or even the scent of a flower, will surprise you by suddenly opening some long hidden store of memory; and we find ourselves thus thinking over matters severed from us by the blank forgetfulness of years. May we not take advantage of this?

We often regret that the cares and manifold engagements of life weaken our attention to better things. These very hindrances, were we willing to know it, might become most important helps. Indeed there is no better quarry out of which to get our memorials of mercy. Nay, they do not

so much as need digging or fetching, but are brought ready to our hand day by day, and only wait that we should set them up and anoint them.

That pillow in Bethel, had it not been for the glorious dream he had who slept upon it, might have lain neglected like any other stone thereabouts. Every event in our history, in which the interposing goodness of God has been manifest,—giving us occasion to see the angel-thronged ladder from our pillow to God's heaven,—will be fitly used as a memorial. But why are these pillars so "few and far between?" Is it only now and then that the mercy is ministered to us?

The path of most of us lies through the daily-repeated series of the same ordinary affairs. Why not make all these serve our turn as monuments? The most untoward will answer best. It is not the soft down of comfort and ease, but the unaccustomed pillow of a harder lot that most readily becomes a memorial.

"I turn my cares into prayers," said a good, and therein a wise, man. Go and do likewise; and these very cares, by reason of the Divine help of which they become the occasion, shall be to you hallowed shrines of praise; and the innermost recess, where that secret anguish has rankled so long, shall become a holiest of all, a veiled sanctuary, wherein the revelation of infinite Love beams most blessedly.

But while some things beset us with the danger of carefulness, there are far more tempting us to be careless. It is in the regular run of common things which make up our lives, that our habits of thought and feeling form themselves. But these things are so simple, so easy, and withal so manageable, that we need scarcely mention them, except quite generally, in our prayers. So we are apt to reason. But what is the end? In the course of one hour we do a dozen things offhand, and never think of sanctifying one "by the word of God and prayer." Hereby we not only are losers of the rich blessings thus missed, but each instance of doing things, however small, without reference to God's promised help, strengthens us in the evil habit of walking in our own strength; so that, when a great emergency of trial comes, we have, in the same hurried moment, to seek our shield, and learn the use of it. He only can enter into the great glory of the boast, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," who accustoms himself to do *everything* by the strengthening of Christ.

But am I to pray about every little thing, making each task or engagement a special matter for prayer? Let good Herbert answer. The verses have been often, but not yet too often, given.

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee:

"Not rudely as a beast,
To runne into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it His perfection.

"A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heaven espie.

"All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with His tincture, (for thy sake,)
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgerie Divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and th' action fine.

"That is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told."

How different is the dull task now! How a sacred brightness glows therein,

and you find thereby a gate of heaven! Here is that which must be a pillar. Set it up gratefully, and anoint it devoutly; then pass on to the next engagement, seeking and finding another blessing. At every step, that eyesight which looks at things unseen, becomes stronger to see a want in every business, and a gift for every want. The heaven above is always open, the ladder always set, the angels always passing. Every place becomes a Bethel, and each circumstance a memorial of love. So when you return to tread the daily journey, the things that hindered you once aid you now. Each familiar object brings to recollection its own associated bliss. Each pillow of sluggish forgetfulness has become a pillar of remembrance; and yours is a sacred way, in which every step gives matter for praise, and ground for trust.

Hull. G. S. R.

THE HEART'S GARDEN.

How many Christians are constantly resolving to lead a higher Christian life, and yet their resolutions prove transient as the morning dew! They go mourning all their days over their shortcomings, and enjoy but little of that blessed peace which Christ has promised to His disciples. The secret of their failure is, that they do not offer constantly the prevailing prayer for the Holy Spirit to keep the purpose fixed in the heart, and to give strength and wisdom to accomplish it. Our hearts are, by nature "of the earth, earthy;" and only the constant interposition of God's Spirit can keep a single holy feeling alive there for an hour.

"Why is it the weeds so outrun the flowers in our garden?" asked a lady of her gardener. "Madam," replied the old man, "the earth is the mother of the weeds, but only the step-mother of the flowers." So is it with our hearts. Whatever is fair and excellent in them is planted and kept there by the Holy Spirit. His constant care is needed to keep these flowers of grace alive; and if we fail to ask, with believing hearts, for this constant watering, need we wonder that the choice exotics wither and droop before the hour has gone by? He is willing, and waiting, to enter in and occupy this spiritual garden, to nourish and prune these precious plants, and prepare them to be a fit offering for the Master. Earthly parents are not so willing to give "good gifts to their children," as is "your heavenly Father" to "give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Then do not pray in cold, general terms for this blessing, but ask earnestly and believingly; wrestle in prayer for it, until you feel that you have obtained an answer. There can be no spiritual growth without the Spirit's grace in the heart. By Him we are united to Christ, as the branch to the vine. This is the living principle that enables us to bring forth much fruit to the glory of God. By His Spirit He sanctifies us, leads us, strengthens us, so that His grace is sufficient for our day; and at last brings us, without spot or blemish, to dwell with Him for ever.

THE LAW OF THE LORD CONVERTING THE SOUL.

A COLPORTEUR, in the department of Y——, in France, was not long ago travelling through a most desolate district, when all at once he raised his head, and without having been previously aware of it, found himself opposite a humble cottage. The door stood open, and looking in, he perceived a bed, on which lay a female far advanced in years, who appeared to be suffering from a painful disease. "May the help and the peace of God be abundantly granted to you" were the words which our friend addressed to the

sufferer; "you do, indeed, appear to require them."

"The Lord, in His goodness, graciously vouchsafes them to me," was the reply he received, in a tone of voice which showed that, though feeble, she was not desponding; and, then, holding up a copy of the Gospels, she continued,—"I have now been confined to this bed of suffering for four years, and during all this time I have been sustained, strengthened, consoled, and gladdened by the Word of my Saviour; and by it I have learned, and have been made really to feel, that all things—even sickness, nay, even death itself, which in my case is not far distant—work together for good to those who love Him. Listen, and I will tell you in what a miraculous manner the Lord was pleased to help me.

"When, four years ago, I was seized with this illness, I did not know Him. I had no love for the God revealed to us in the Gospel. Living here, far removed from any other habitation, with a husband whom I dearly loved, I thought of no one but him, and of the happiness which he occasioned me; and thus, when I was taken ill, and the doctor plainly told me the danger I was in, I was thrown into a state of despair; and, with scorn, spurned the consolations which the *Curé* endeavoured to give me. I was positively exasperated. One day, when I was worse in this respect than ordinarily, a man in a blouse came to our door, just as you have now done; on his back he had a wallet filled with books, one of which he had under his arm, and in his hand he held an open copy. The first words which this man uttered, even before saying, 'Good day,' were those which I just now repeated: 'All things work together for good to those who love God.' To this salutation I responded with words of anger; nay—and I still entreat the Lord to forgive what I then said—I even uttered most horrible blasphemies. At this, the dear man was in no wise disconcerted; but, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and folding his hands, he said with gentleness, 'Forgive her, Lord; for she knows not what she is saying.' This touched me, and I felt an inclination to listen to the man. It would take too much time to tell you all he said, and the prayers he offered up during the three hours he spent with me; but when afterwards I recalled it all to my mind, and the effect which it produced on me, I could compare it to nothing else than to the workings of the ploughshare in our dry soil, which penetrates deep into the ground, and with difficulty makes a furrow, into which it is needful that the seed should be cast, in order that it may grow and bear fruit. Yes, indeed my heart was furrowed; but this was for the purpose of my receiving in comfort and joy all the glorious promises of the Gospel."

TEARLESS EYES.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. xxi. 4.)

THIS expression is one of exquisitive tenderness and beauty. The poet Burns said that he could never read it without being affected to weeping. Of all the *negative* descriptions of heaven, there is no one perhaps that would be better adapted to produce consolation than this. This is a world of weeping; a vale of tears. Who is there of the human family that has not shed a tear? Who that has not wept over the grave of a friend, over his own losses and cares, over his disappointments, over the treatment he has received from others, over his sins, over the follies, vices, and woes of his fellow-men? And what a change it would make in our world, if it could be said that henceforward not another tear would be shed, not a head would ever be bowed, again in grief! Yet this is to be the condition of heaven. In that world there is to be no pain, no disappointment, no bereavement. No friend is to lie

in dreadful agony on a sick bed; no grave is to be opened to receive a parent, a wife, a child; no gloomy prospect of death is to draw tears of sorrow from the eyes. To that blessed world, when our eyes run down with tears, we are permitted to look forward; and the prospect of such a world should contribute to wipe away our tears here; for all our sorrows will soon be over. Amidst the trials of the present life, when friends leave us, when sickness comes, when our hopes are blasted, when calumnies and reproaches come upon us, when, standing on the verge of the grave, and looking down into the cold tomb, the eyes pour forth floods of tears, it is a blessed privilege to be permitted to look forward to that brighter scene in heaven, where not a pang shall ever be felt, and not a tear shall ever be shed.

"Jerusalem! my happy home!
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

"O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

"We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

"Our sweet is mix'd with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

"Jerusalem, my happy home!
Would God I were in Thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see."

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

ONE beautiful Sabbath evening in the month of July, 18—, a young Local-preacher stood up, in a courtyard of one of our garrison-towns, to preach Christ, and Him crucified. The singing of a few verses of the beautiful hymn,—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

soon attracted a congregation from the neighbouring alleys; every window round was thrown up, and men and women, who seldom heard the words of life, or engaged in the solemn worship of Almighty God, listened with astonishment to the voice of praise. While prayer was being offered, a slight commotion took place, caused by four men carrying a woman, wrapped up in a sheet, from one house to another. Her face was ghastly pale, tears glistened in her eyes, and her long, jet-black hair fell dishevelled over her thin, bare shoulders. She was dying, and they were moving her into a more convenient room to spend the few remaining hours of her existence. A plain, practical exhortation was given, urging all to prepare for death and judgment. Deep and profound was the attention paid, and many the tears that were shed, by these poor fallen ones accustomed to spend the evening of God's Sabbath in sin and profanity. The service closed, and many a hearty "Amen" was breathed as they dispersed, blessing the man who had come to preach to them.

In a little dark room, upon a bed on the floor, with a few articles of furniture around, lay the dying woman. Her eyes were closed, her brow "damp with unhealthy moisture," while her whole face presented a picture of deepest sorrow and anxiety. Her lips were moving, and on bending down to listen, she whispered, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." An unseen but powerful agency was at work within; and it required no great stretch of the imagination to conceive angels arrested over that house of wretchedness, while, from lip to lip of their band, the glad news passed quickly, "Behold, she prayeth." Some of the precious promises of God's

Word were unfolded to her, and prayer was offered,—how earnest those alone can tell who have knelt at the deathbed of a seeking sinner. Monday and Tuesday passed, but still she prayed. Life ebbed slowly, yet the same supplication rose every minute from that broken, bleeding heart; and the last words that escaped her lips, at one o'clock, on Wednesday morning, when the silver cord was loosed, were, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

Reader, would you know the history of her life? It can be told in few words. Like tens of thousands in this land of ours, her life had been a life of shame; and yet some feeble rays of brightness lingered,—the memories of the past. She remembered the Sabbath-school, where she learned the lessons of Christ's love; and when the first verse of the hymn was given out that Sabbath evening, she started up in bed, and listened, until she heard that verse which strikes a chord in every heart,—

"Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace:"—

when she buried her face in her hands, fell back upon her pillow, weeping bitterly; and, for the first time since her fall, uttered the prayer of blind Bartimæus; and have we not every reason to hope her prayer was heard.

This case is but a type of many. Death every day lays his icy hand upon the poor and wretched. But, alas! is it not too true, that, in the vast majority of cases, they die with no friendly voice to direct them to their only hope, Christ Jesus. Darkness is about their death-beds, and they pass away into God's presence to answer for a life of sin. Let those who bear the name of Christians tremble lest in the great and terrible day of the Lord those who have lived at their very doors shall stand up, and with all the eloquence of despair, cry, "No man cared for my soul." The responsibility which rests upon the church is great; to a certain extent she is answerable for the souls of the people around her. Death is active in the lanes, alleys, garrets, cellars of our large towns and cities. The agency put forth to gladden these homes of distress and sorrow with the light of truth is yet feeble and insufficient. Souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. Our brothers and sisters are suffering the thousand ills of life, without one mitigating comfort; dying with no kind hand to smooth their pillow, no voice of prayer pleading for them before God. Who can calculate the good that might be done if everyone of God's people felt the burden of souls; if the love of Christ constrained them to go into the places where ignorance fosters every evil, and preach salvation in His name. If everyone who loves the Lord Jesus felt it his or her duty to become a "Home Missionary" in their own neighbourhood, many might be the instances of hopeful death-beds such as now recorded, and fewer those of hopeless misery, and deepest gloom, which daily take place around us. P. N. A.

RULE FOR THE TONGUE.

"In a mixed conversation," said John Newton, "it is a good rule to say nothing, without a just cause, to the disadvantage of others." The same writer says in another place: "I was once in a large company where very severe things were spoken of Mr. W——: when one person seasonably observed that, though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had never known anybody convinced of error by what was said of him behind his back. This was about thirteen years ago, and it has been on my mind as a useful hint ever since."

Yes, verily, an excellent rule, and one that ought to be taken much more strictly than it commonly is. We

would even extend it to the case of personal defects, whether in appearance or manners; so that *we should say nothing of others that we would not have said of ourselves.* Almost everyone is annoyed by the thought that his neighbours are making unfavourable comments upon his person, or upon the minor defects of his life, when it is so evident that no possible good can come of it. Here is an instinct of our nature, and did we love our neighbour as ourselves, it would save us from many speeches that may do harm to the reputation and influence of worthy people; and which by no possibility can be of any service to the world. It may be fit that we should speak of vices and crimes as they deserve: it may be a duty to speak to a friend or a neighbour of some serious fault in his life; but to remark of Miss A. that she is homely, or of Mr. B. that he is awkward in his manner, though it may be quite true, and though the harm done may be slight, and the sin scarcely appreciable, yet, as no one relishes this treatment for himself, no one, without special reasons, should apply it to others. Give us the "golden rule," in all its length and breadth. A little more care in the practice of it would be no loss in any community, but an acceptable good.

FLOWERS AND FAITH.

The vital instinct of flowers corresponds to some characteristics of faith. They seek the light. Put a flower-pot on your parlour window, and its flowers will invariably turn toward the light without. No matter how often you change the position of the plant, the flowers will always turn towards the window. Faith and piety seek the light; sin seeks darkness. Some "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Put a plant in a dark room, with but a single ray of light penetrating through some crevice in the shutter, and it will turn towards the place where it enters. Different persons enjoy different degrees of spiritual illumination. Some have their eyes but half opened, seeing men as trees walking; others walk in the meridian effulgence of the sun. Conversion turns the eyes of the soul Christward. "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Flowers turn the face of their hearts heavenward. Thus uplifted and open, the sun shines down into their inmost being; the dew gently distils into their leaves and hearts' core, until its drops gather on their petals and leaves like glistening pearls, reflecting the colours of the rainbow. For a flower to turn its face earthward, is unnatural and ruinous; for its petals thus form a roof, to keep out of its heart rain, dew, and sunlight.

NEARING HOME.

(ROMANS XIII. 11.)

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I have ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death.

Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Scripture Scenes.

HEBRON.

This city of Judah was situated among the mountains, (Josh. xx. 7,) twenty Roman miles south of Jerusalem, and the

same distance north of Beeraheba. It still exists; and is one of the most ancient cities in the world. In this respect, indeed, it is the rival of Damascus.

It was built, says Moses, "seven years before Zoan in Egypt." (Num. xiii. 22.) But when was Zoan built? It is well we can prove the high antiquity of Hebron, independently of the mystic annals of Egypt. We know that it was a well-known town when Abraham entered Canaan three thousand seven hundred and eighty years ago. (Gen. xiii. 18.) Its original name was Kirjath-Arba, that is, the city of Arba; so called from Arba, the father of Anak, and the progenitor of the giant Anakim. (Joshua xxi. 11; xv. 13, 14.) It was sometimes called Mamre, doubtless from Abraham's friend and ally, Mamre the Amorite; (Gen. xxiii. 19; xxxv. 27;) but the "oak of Mamre," where the Patriarch so often pitched his tent, appears to have been not in, but near, Hebron.

The chief interest of Hebron arises from its having been the scene of some of the most remarkable events in the lives of the Patriarchs.

Sarah died at Hebron; and Abraham then bought from Ephron the Hittite, the field and cave of Machpelah, to serve as a family tomb. (Gen. xxiii. 2—20.) The cave is still there; and the massive walls of the *Haram*, or mosque, within which it lies, form the most remarkable object in the whole city. Abraham is called by Mohammedans, *el Khulil*, "the Friend," i.e., of God; and this is the modern name of Hebron.

When the Israelites entered Palestine, Hebron was taken by Joshua from the descendants of Anak, and given to Caleb. (Joshua x. 36; xiv. 6—15; xv. 13, 14.) It was assigned to the Levites, and made "a city of refuge." (Joshua xxi. 11—13.)

Here David first established the seat of his government, and dwelt during the seven years and a half he reigned over Judah. (2 Sam. v. 5.)

Hebron was rebuilt after the captivity; but it soon fell into the hands of the Edomites, from whom it was rescued by Judas Maccabæus. (Neh. xi. 25.) A short time before the capture of Jerusalem, Hebron was burned by an officer of Vespasian. About the beginning of the Twelfth Century it was captured by the Crusaders. It subsequently lay for a time in ruins; but, in A.D. 1167, it was made the seat of a Latin Bishopric. In 1187 it reverted to the Moslems, and has ever since remained in their hands.

Hebron now contains about five thousand inhabitants, of whom some fifty families are Jews. It is picturesquely situated in a narrow valley, surrounded by rocky hills. This, in all probability, is that "valley of Eshcol," whence the Jewish spies got the great bunch of grapes. (Num. xiii. 23.) Its sides are still clothed with luxuriant vineyards, and its grapes are considered the finest in Southern Palestine. Groves of grey olives, and some other fruit-trees, give variety to the scene. The valley runs from north to south; and the main quarter of the town, surmounted by the lofty walls of the venerable *Haram*, lies partly on the eastern slope. (Gen. xxxvii. 14; compare xxiii. 19.) The houses are all of stone, well and substantially built, flat-roofed, each having one or two small cupolas. The town has no walls, but the main streets opening on the principal roads have gates. In the bottom of the valley, south of the town, is a large tank, one hundred and thirty feet square, by fifty deep; the sides are solidly built with hewn stones. At the northern end of the principal quarter is another, measuring eighty-five feet long, by fifty-five broad. Both are of high antiquity; and one of them, probably the former, is that over which David hanged the murderers of Ishbosheth. (2 Sam. iv. 12.) About a mile from the town, up the valley, is one of the largest oak-trees in Palestine. It stands quite alone in the midst of the vineyards. It is twenty-three feet in girth, and its branches cover a space ninety feet in diameter. This, say some, is the very tree beneath which Abraham pitched his tent; but, however this may be, it still bears the name of the Patriarch.

There is another Hebron mentioned in Josh. xix. 28, one of the towns in the territory of Asher, on the boundary of the tribe. But in the original the name of this town is quite different from that of Hebron; as our translators in this case, as in some others, have employed H where they should have used G, or retained only the vowel.

Christian Missions.

JOHN ELIOT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

(*Continued from page* 317.)

On the 28th of October, 1646, Mr. Eliot, in company with three friends, started on his Indian Mission. His first sermon to the Indians was preached at a place about four miles from Roxbury. The account of this first Christian service among these sons of the forest, is thus given by the Missionary himself.

"Being all assembled, we began with prayer, which now was in English, we being not so far acquainted with the Indian language as to express our hearts therein before God or them. We hope to be able to do this ere long; the Indians desiring it, that they also may know how to pray: but we begun thus in a tongue unknown to them, partly to let them know that the duty of prayer was serious and sacred, and partly for our own sakes, that we might more fully agree together in the same request and heart-sorrows for them, even in that place where God was never wont to be called upon.

"When prayer was ended, it was an affecting and yet glorious spectacle, to see a company of perishing and forlorn outcasts diligently attending to the blessed word of salvation then delivered, and professing that they understood all that was then taught them in their own tongue. For about an hour and a quarter the sermon continued, wherein one of our company ran through all the principal matters of religion, beginning first with a repetition of the Ten Commandments, and a brief explication of them; then showing the curse and dreadful wrath of God against all those who break them, or any one of them, or the least tittle of them; and so applying the whole unto the condition of the Indians then present, with much affection. He then preached Jesus Christ to them, as the only means of recovery from sin, and wrath, and eternal death. He explained to them who Christ was, and whither He was gone, and how He will one day come again to judge the world. He spake to them of the blessed state of all those who believe in Christ, and know Him feelingly. He spake to them also, observing his own method, as he saw most fit, to edify them, concerning the creation and the fall of man, the greatness of God, the joys of heaven, and the horrors of hell; and urging them to repentance for several known sins wherein they live. On many things of the like nature he discoursed; not meddling with matters more difficult, until they had tasted more plain and familiar truths.

"Having thus, in a set discourse, familiarly opened the principal matters of salvation to them, we next proposed certain questions, to see what they would say to them; that so we might screw, by a variety of means, something or other of God into them. But, before we did this, we asked them if they understood all that which was already spoken; and whether all of them in the wigwam did understand, or only some few? They answered to this question, with a multitude of voices, that they all of them understood all that which was spoken to them.

"We then desired to know of them if they would propose any question to us for the more clear understanding of what was delivered. Whereupon several of them propounded presently several questions, to which we think some special wisdom of God directed them.

"One asked, 'How may we come to know Jesus Christ?'

"We answered, that if they were able to read our Bible, the Book of God, therein they would see most clearly who Jesus Christ was. But since they could not yet read that book, we wished them to meditate on what they had now heard out of God's book; and to do this much and often, both when they lay down on their mats in their wigwams, and when they rose up, and went alone into the fields and woods, so God would teach them; and especially if they used a third help, which was prayer to God. We told them, that although they could not make long prayers, as we English could, yet if they did

but sigh and groan, and say thus:—'Lord, make me to know Jesus Christ, for I know Him not;' and if they did say so again and again with their hearts, that God would teach them to know Jesus Christ: because He is a God that will be found of them that seek Him with all their hearts, and hears the prayers of all men, Indians as well as English; and that Englishmen themselves did by this means come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. And, we advised them, as a farther help, to confess their sins and ignorance unto God, and to acknowledge how justly God might deny them the knowledge of Christ, because of their sins.

"These things were spoken by him who had preached to them in their own language; borrowing, now and then, some small helps from the interpreter whom we had brought with us, and who could oftentimes express our minds more distinctly than we could ourselves; but this we perceived, that a few words from the Preacher were more regarded than many from the Indian interpreter."

How interesting the scene here presented to us! How pregnant with important results this first attempt to reclaim these wanderers from barbarism to God! For the first time since the foundation of the world, the name of Jesus was now heard in this region. In those forests, where the war-cry of the savage, and the growling of wild beasts, had been almost the only sounds that ever broke the eternal silence, the glad tidings of salvation were now proclaimed. How must Eliot's heart have bounded within him, as he saw the dark, solemn, and listening circle of warriors gather around him; and as, amid the the awful gloom of the forest,—settling down upon them like that of the shadow of death,—he discoursed on the sublime themes of "life and immortality!" No man could tell of the things of God under such circumstances, and amid such scenes, without impressiveness and power; much less could our devoted Missionary. Doubtless, his sermons in the wilderness borrowed "wings, and light, and glory," from the scenery around; and, at all times eloquent, who can wonder, if now his eloquence was more than usually masterly and effective!

Nor did Eliot "labour in vain, or spend his strength for nought." He toiled with assiduity and earnestness, and the Divine Spirit crowned his efforts with success. In a letter, dated November 12th, 1648, just two years after the commencement of his mission, he thus writes:—"The work of preaching to these poor Indians goeth on, not without success. It is the Lord only who doth speak to the hearts of men, and He can speak to them, and doth so effectually, that one of them, I believe, has verily gone to the Lord: a woman who was the first of ripe years who hath died since I taught them the way of salvation. Her life was blameless after she submitted to the Gospel. She died of a sickness which she took in childbed. I several times visited her, prayed with her, and asked her about her spiritual estate. She told me that she still loved God, though He made her sick, and was resolved to pray unto Him so long as she lived. She said, also, that she believed God would pardon all her sins, because she believed that Jesus Christ died for her, and that God was well-pleased in Him, and that she was willing to die, and believed she would go to heaven, and live happy with God and Christ there. Of her own accord she called her children to her, and said to them, 'I shall now die, and when I am dead, your grandfather and grandmother, and uncles, will send for you to come and live among them, and promise you great matters, and tell you what pleasant living it is amongst them; for they pray not to God, keep not the Sabbath, and commit all manner of sins; but I charge you to live here all your days.' Soon after she died."

On another occasion Mr. Eliot thus gives an account of the death of a converted Indian Chief, the fruit of his labours:—"One of our principal men, Wamporas, is dead. He made so gracious an end of his life, embraced death with such holy submission to the Lord, and was so little terrified at it, as that he hath greatly strengthened the faith of the living. I think he did more good by his death than he could have done by his life. One of his sayings was, 'God giveth us three mercies in the world: the first is health and strength; the second is food and clothes; the third is sickness and death; and when we have had our share

in the two first, why should we not be willing to take our part in the third?' His last words, in the Indian language, were,—'O Lord, give me Jesus Christ.' When he could speak no more, he continued to lift up his hands to heaven, according as his strength lasted, unto his last breath. His heart was much upon our intended work, to gather a church among the Indians. I told him that I greatly desired he might live—if it were God's will—to be one in that work; but that if he should now die, he should go to a better church, where Abraham, and Isaac, and Moses, and all the dead saints were with Jesus Christ, in the presence of God, in all happiness and glory. Turning to the company who were present, he spake unto them thus:—'I now shall die; but Jesus Christ calleth you that live to go to Natick, that there the Lord might rule over you, that you might make a church, and have the ordinances of God among you; believe His word, and do as He commandeth you.' His gracious words were acceptable and affecting. The Indians flocked together to hear them. They beheld his death with many tears; nor am I am able to write his history without weeping."

Such were among the trophies won by this distinguished soldier of the Cross to the honour of his Master; and many such the "seals to his ministry" with which the Great Head of the Church favoured His faithful servant. The word of the Lord "ran and was glorified," and several happy and prosperous religious societies were formed among these sons of the forest.

But Mr. Eliot sought not only to direct his charge into the way of salvation. He knew full well that Christianity in its very nature, involved the elements of civilization and refinement, and he therefore eagerly availed himself of all the means within his power for introducing among them the arts of civilized life. His first aim was to conquer their wandering habits, and to fix them in distinct settlements. For this purpose he obtained for them grants of land, on which they might build towns. The ground for their embryo cities having been marked out, Eliot advised the Indians to surround it with ditches and a stone wall; gave them implements to aid them in their work, and established a system of rewards to sustain and stimulate them in their labours. Under his auspices and direction, and almost exclusively by his authority, the Indian towns of Nonanetum,* Concord, Natick, Pakeunit, and several others, were called into existence. O! it must have been a strange and wondrous thing to have beheld these men of the wilderness, "to whom a few months previous all restraint was slavery, and their lakes and forests dearer than the palaces of kings, submit to the drudgery of bricks and mortar,—Chief as well as serf; the very hands that were lately red with slaughter, scooping the earth at the bidding of Eliot, from morn to night."* Yet so it was; the magic power of the Gospel, and the irresistible force of kindness, subdued these lawless ones, and controlled even the strongest instincts of their nature.

The progress of civilization which followed the establishment of these settlements, was remarkable for its extent and rapidity. A regular system of commerce was established. Every town had a depôt for furs, skins, &c. The women were taught to spin, and they soon found something to send to the nearest markets all the year round: their chief articles of trade were baskets, fish, poultry, grapes, and strawberries. The men, also, were instructed in husbandry, and the more simple mechanical arts: our Missionary, both by precept and example, directing their movements, and stimulating and sustaining their efforts.

(To be continued.)

* Carne.

The Zoology of the Bible.

THE LION.

(Concluded from page 307.)

Lions were at one time far from scarce in the Holy Land, as we learn from several passages of Scripture. When passing through the vineyards of Timnath, "a young lion roared against" Samson, and was killed by him. (Judges xiv. 5, 6.)

David was well acquainted with this king of beasts, (1 Sam. xvii. 34,) and not unfrequently in the Psalms alludes to it, (Psa. vii., xvii., xxii.,) especially referring to its nocturnal habits in Psalm civ. 20—22. "Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." David had, doubtless, become familiar with their habits when feeding his father's flock, and when a wanderer fleeing from the face of Saul. The disobedient Prophet was slain by a lion, which "met him by the way." (1 Kings xiii. 24.) In the neighbourhood of the cities of Samaria, when inhabited by deportations of the King of Assyria, lions abounded; (2 Kings xvii. 25, 26;) while Jeremiah, prophesying more than a hundred years after, compares an enemy to "a lion from the swelling of Jordan." (Jer. xlix. 19.) The Jordan in its swellings still lodges sedge and drift-wood high up on the branches of overhanging trees, and overflows the lower plain,* but the lion seems to have been long since destroyed from its jungles. De Saulcy, however, who visited the Dead Sea, in 1850 and 1851, remarked on the sandy soil some recent and very distinct marks of an animal much larger than the panther; and felt convinced that, although he did not see the king of beasts, the lion had not yet entirely disappeared from the deserts of Judæa.†

The lion is often alluded to in the Bible, especially by the Prophets, who derive many comparisons from it. Among these may be particularised the references of Nahum to its habits, (Nahum ii. 11, 12,) evidently derived from close observation of its nature on the banks of the Euphrates. In these regions this royal beast has been long a formidable inhabitant. Nimrod, the "mighty hunter before the Lord," pursued there this grisly tyrant. In the British Museum, some of the most interesting slabs, deposited by Dr. Layard, contain most vivid representations of the pursuit of the lion by some descendant of Nimrod. He is accompanied by his courtiers, who drive the wounded animals to his chariot to receive their death-stroke from the monarch's hand. One of the lions is in a most infuriated state, and lashes about its tail, at the end of which is a very conspicuous prickle, with which the ancients believed that the beast roused its latent ire. In many of the other sculptures from Assyria, the lion is represented; and it seems to have formed one of the most frequent and expressive emblems employed in that most ancient kingdom. A figure with the body and limbs of a lion, the head of a man, and the wings of an eagle, and similar to one of the four beasts of Daniel's vision, (Dan. vii. 4,) frequently occurs in these sculptures, and seems to be symbolical of strength, wisdom, and swiftness.

Lions are still far from rare on the banks of rivers of Mesopotamia. Dr. Layard frequently saw these animals; and his party almost daily found traces of their footsteps amongst the ruins of Niffer.

* *Lynch's Narrative of United States Expedition*, p. 183.

† *Journey round the Dead Sea*, vol. i., p. 248.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PURITY OF HEART.

As Wesleyan Methodists, we hold most firmly the doctrine of Entire Sanctification. As believers in God's word, we insist on the possibility of the Christian being made completely holy in this life. As surely as it is said that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," so sure is the declaration that "the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin." We cordially, and with all our hearts, believe this. The word of God declares it, and upon its declarations we build our faith. We are constantly exhorted to "go on unto perfection," and to have in us "the mind that was in Christ." We have promise upon promise to the same

effect. God "will sprinkle clean water upon us, and we shall be clean." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness:" as faithful and just to cleanse us, as He is to pardon. We have the solemn command of Christ, to be "perfect as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." The Spirit inspires such prayers as, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Upon such evidence we ground our belief, that it is possible for the believer, even in this life, to be cleansed from all sin. Yet the persons who enjoy this Scriptural blessing are few. We thank God for some, who as clearly and blessedly experience it, as did any in the days of Wesley. But they *are few*. A vast number of our members live without it; either content to remain in a partially sanctified state, or thinking a state of entire purity too high for ordinary believers. There are many among us, who, as Christians, merely *exist*. Their souls cannot be said to *live* to God. The holy fire in their hearts burns but dimly; and, with few signs of growth in grace, they remain, year after year, in a state of spiritual dwarfishness. These want *purity of* heart. Then we have numbers of young converts, who, after the first gush of joy, are sensible of the want of something more. These want *purity*. There are also many—some of them Christians of standing—who once enjoyed this glorious blessing, but have lost it. A cloud is over their experience; their joys are meagre, and they are constantly crying, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness!" These want *purity*. There are Ministers who are bewailing their leanness of soul, and absence of unction in their pulpit services. There are Leaders of Classes, who deplore the lifelessness of their members. There are Local Preachers who have gifts for usefulness, and yet appear to labour almost in vain; and there are a host of persons, who, without doubt, are God's children, yet whose constant cry is, "O my leanness, my leanness;" and who live in the experience described in such verses as,—

> "Where is the blessedness I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?"

These all want *purity* of heart. It is the very blessing, which, of all others, they most need. We speak not too strongly in saying that, in the present day, this is the great want of the church. The best barrier against that rising tide of worldliness, which is sweeping round the church, is purity of heart. The best antidote to that cold and hollow formalism which robs the church of power, is purity of heart. The best remedy for doubts and distrustful fears, in individuals, is purity of heart. The best preparation for large and extensive usefulness, is purity of heart.

But how shall we seek it? how obtain a blessing so greatly to be desired?

Let us first become satisfied as to the possibility of attaining it; and then, by God's help, set our hearts on its possession.

Let us stir up ourselves to pray, and with heart-earnestness wrestle for the blessing.

Let us count the cost of a life of entire devotion to God; and then solemnly, and with all our hearts, give ourselves wholly to Him.

Let us, taking God at His word, trust, with simple faith, in the blood which "cleanseth from all sin;" and, assured that all things are "possible to him that believeth," let us take hold on the promise, and "henceforth live, not unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us, and rose again." We are Thine, O Jesus, bought with a price. Claim us for Thine own.

> "Meet it is, and just, and right,
> That we should be wholly Thine,
> In Thy only will delight,
> In Thy blessed service join:
> O that every work and word
> Might proclaim how good Thou art;
> 'Holiness unto the Lord'
> Still be written on our heart."

We close by a short extract from the Journals of our Founder.

"The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly en-

forced. I see, wherever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say, an *hourly expectation;* for to expect it *at death*, or *some time hence*, is much the same as not expecting it at all."—(*Journal, September 15th*, 1762.)

Kington. I. E. P.

POWER OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S PREACHING.

ST. AUGUSTINE was one of those Preachers whose power can never be estimated by their written discourses. We want to see the man and hear his voice, to witness the fascination of his manner, and the flash of his eye. Who could form any adequate conception of Whitefield by the mere perusal of one of his printed sermons? That St. Augustine had great skill and power as a Preacher, is evident from the effects which he occasionally produced. Two instances of this kind he has himself recorded.

There was a custom among the people of Cesarea, in Mauritania, which had been carried to a monstrous pitch of cruelty. At a particular season of the year, citizens, neighbours, brothers, parents, and children, having formed themselves into parties, engaged for some days in battle with stones, each one killing whom he could. Augustine's object was to draw off the people from a spectacle in which they took very great delight. He has given us his discourse on this occasion. He tells us, however, that he availed himself, as far as he was able, of the grand in eloquence, and not without some success. After he had addressed the people for a while in this way, they began to speak aloud and to applaud him. He was too well acquainted, however, with the human heart, to suppose that he had effected anything substantial, so long as they amused themselves with giving him applause. He therefore proceeded in a different strain, and soon saw them melting into tears. He then concluded that a change had in reality taken place in them, and that the horrid custom, which had been handed down to them from their heathen state, would be abolished. "Nor was I," he added, "disappointed; for it is now eight years since, and no attempt has yet been made to renew it."

As to the second instance mentioned, it seems that the African churches—and that at Hippo among the rest—had long been accustomed to celebrate the birthdays of certain saints, and in the end had so perverted them, that they were made occasions of feasting and drunkenness. And, what made the matter more intolerable, these disgraceful celebrations were held in the churches. Augustine early determined to put an end to them, at least in his own church; and, in a long letter to Alypius, he tells us how skilfully and faithfully he managed, and with what entire success. He had been for some time preparing his people for the change, by reading and expounding to them the most appropriate Scriptures. On the day preceding one of these celebrations, he told them plainly if they dared to contemn the great things which had been spoken to them in the name of God, that He would surely visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquity with stripes, even in the present life. "While I thus addressed them," says he, "and made my complaints, the Spirit of God seemed to impart to me courage and strength, according to the magnitude and danger of the enterprise. I did not move their tears by mine; but, when I had done speaking, I confess that I was unable to refrain. Having thus wept together for a while, with a strong expectation of their amendment, I brought my address to a close."

On the following day, when they were accustomed to prepare for the disgraceful festivity, some were inclined to murmur, and ask, "Why now? Our fathers who lived before us, and were wont to engage in these festivities, were not they Christians?" To these men, and to all those who sympathized with them, Augustine replied, "Say not, *Why now*, but rather *Even now*. Yes, *now*, after so long a time, break off this disgraceful practice, and honour the holy martyrs in a manner more appropriate and edifying." The practice, the Preacher goes on to tell us, was effectually broken up.

Anecdotes.

GOOD BROUGHT OUT OF EVIL.

Recently a respectable coloured man called on a merchant of New York, and asked him to aid in the erection of a church for the coloured people with a subscription. His credentials were good; and, among those who knew him, he stood high. The merchant cried, "Yes, I will give you something." He took the negro by the collar, showed him to the door, kicked him into the street, and said, "There, take that." The negro had not made up his mind what to do. The ejectment was summary and complete. His subscription-book lay in the gutter, his hat was knocked off, and thus was he thrust into the street. His first impulse was to break the assailant's windows; but he concluded he would not do that. He gathered up his property, and sought a more hospitable shelter. He told his tale, and before night his gains summed up fifty dollars; and a bright thought struck him, that he must put down the assault and battery as so much toward the church, and see what it would come to. He went on his way. Money came in. He told his story, and like the two mites, it promised more than anyone had put into the treasury.

The assailant heard of the story. He was ashamed of his conduct. He wanted to stop the mouth of the "black rascal," as he called him. He sent for him, made an apology, put his name down in the book, and gave the money into the hand of the black man. But this did not stop his mouth. He told it so much the more. And now he goes on his way,—he tells how the man assaulted him. "He caught me by the wool and swung me round just so. He put his name on my book. Jest look a here: dare hem be if you don't believe 'um." And the agent for the little, small, weak, black man's church among the poor of New York, thinks that the day he was beaten was "the best day's work he ebber did."

THE BEAUTY OF GRACE.

Dr. Payson said, in his last sickness, that "while tortured by pain, and deprived of all sources of worldly enjoyment, he was happier than ever in his life before."

We have received the following account of a poor woman bed-ridden with an incurable disease; — For twenty-seven years she has lain in her humble apartment, unable to rise, or to be removed, the subject of continual bodily pain, and at times of such excruciating pain as to make her continued life almost a continued miracle. Her father, her mother, her four sisters, have successively died before her eyes, and been carried out to their long home. She has been for many years left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which occasional and unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship with any relative or friend. Yet the grace of God has so wrought in the heart of that lone woman, that her very face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed. Young people, for miles round, visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures; and no new dress, or doll, or knife, or kite is thought quite complete till it has had the approval of their dearest confidant and friend.

What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young? Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her a heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways.

The Monitor.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

The tongue is an "unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and harder to be tamed than any wild beast, or monster of the deep. Many persons who "seem to be religious," never secure the grace that

would enable them to bridle and govern their tongues. In glancing at some illustrations of this truth, I shall have no occasion to refer to lying, or profane swearing, or to what the Apostle calls "filthy communications." These sins are so flagrant and abominable, that the man who indulges in them cannot be a decent heathen, much less a Christian. But there are other abuses of the tongue, into which even good men are liable to glide almost imperceptibly, against which it may be well for us to be warned.

Among these evils we place *a superfluity of words*. There is altogether too much talking in the world. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words." "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." Where there is one man who sins by remaining silent when he ought to speak, there are ten who sin by speaking when they ought to keep silent. It is almost impossible for an incessant talker to avoid saying many foolish and hurtful things. Words fitly chosen are like apples of gold in a frame-work of silver. But words blurted out without regard to circumstances or fitness, are like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. Whoever would have what Solomon calls a "wholesome tongue," must allow it opportunities for rest. If the "little member" be kept in perpetual motion, it will be sure, "like a sharp razor," to "work deceitfully."

Frivolous talking is another and very common evil. I am far from believing that Christians should always be straining after high-sounding and solemn words. We are acquainted with Christians who bring discredit upon religion by their conversation. Their speech is "larded too frequently, and out of time, with serious phraseology;" and all their words move as if on stilts. Such a manner is appropriate for the hypocrite, but does not become a simple-hearted and devout Christian. The ability to tell or enjoy a good story, is not an evidence of depravity. "Attic salt" is not the identical salt with which the Gospel requires us to season our speech. But there is no necessary antagonism between the two. Some of the best and most lovable men in the world have the keenest appreciation of wit and humour. A hearty laugh is not only lawful, but expedient, and "doeth good like a medicine." We are not disposed to quarrel with the saying, that—

> "A little nonsense now and then,
> Is relished by the wisest men:"

but it should be only *a little nonsense;* and the *now and then* should not recur too frequently. Foolish talking and jesting, are not convenient; and the habitual trifler is, at best, but a superficial Christian. Frivolity of speech and the levity of manner that corresponds with it, are most unfavourable to the enjoyment of communion with God. Everything in our circumstances, in our relations to our fellow-men and to the invisible world, call us to sobriety and circumspection. Death and life are in the power of the tongue; and for "every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." It was with great propriety, therefore, that David prayed, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

The practice of making *extravagant and exaggerated statements*, is another evil from which we are to restrain our tongues. This is an evil into which ardent and impulsive people are very apt to be betrayed. And it is a most foolish and useless habit; for as soon as a person comes to have the reputation of using "too much red in his paint," everybody judges his pictures in view of that fact. The most vehement declarations of such a person carry less weight with them than the simple Yea or Nay of an undemonstrative "Friend." And when this habit of overstating facts is once fixed, it is almost impossible to correct it.

Among men and women professing godliness, there are a great many who have *impertinent and intermeddling tongues*. St. Paul, in one of his letters to Timothy, speaks of a class of persons who are "not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." If this evil was restricted to the "younger widows" at the time the Apostles wrote, it has had a very wide diffusion since. Men and women are found in every community, who have a morbid fondness for interfering with the business of their neighbours. Nothing occurs within the circle of their observation, from buying a bonnet to building a church, but they must lay their tongues to

it. If these intermeddlers would act upon the Apostolic injunction, and "study to be quiet and do their own business," many families and churches that are now distracted would have rest and quietness. And they would find such a course eminently conducive to their own comfort, for "he that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." It is better to let the dogs alone, unless the duty of taking them by the ears is imperative.

But of all the sins of the tongue, *evil speaking* is, perhaps, the most common as well as the most pernicious. By evil speaking, I do not mean false and malicious statements made to injure an absent person. The slanderer is the meanest liar that walks upon the face of the earth. South says, "It was an apposite saying of one of the ancients, that both the teller and the hearer of false stories ought to be hanged,—one by the tongue, the other by the ears; and were every one of them so served, I suppose nobody would be so fond of the many mischiefs brought by such persons upon the peace of the world, as to be concerned to cut them down, unless, perhaps, by cutting off the forementioned parts by which they hung."

The command, "*Speak evil of no man*," is explicit and positive, and forbids our speaking evil of the absent, even though what we say be as true as the Gospel. And the grounds on which the prohibition of evil-speaking rests, are obvious on a moment's reflection. The practice of disparaging our fellow-men, by proclaiming their faults, is one that gratifies the worst passions of the human heart; and the zest with which the backbiter engages in the work of detraction, and the manner in which he prosecutes it, prove that he is actuated by the basest motives. Sometimes he stabs his victim with *confidential whispers*. He moves about with the stealthy tread of a cat, and, with bated breath, and sanctimonious air, utters words which are "smoother than butter," and "softer than oil," while yet they are "drawn swords." Taking a friend around the corner of the street, or into a private room, he says, in tones intended to be melancholy, "Have you heard the bad news?" "No." "Not heard it! well, it is dreadful, and I am so sorry. To think of the disgrace of his family, and the injury done to the church. Who would have thought it possible for Mr. —— to fall into such a sin?" After relating the affair with minute particularity, and gloating over its disgusting details with sad satisfaction, he passes on to repeat the story wherever and as often as he can find an ear open to receive it. And to every confidant he gives a solemn charge that they shall keep what he has committed to them as a secret, sacred and inviolate. In other cases he employs *insinuations and suggestive hints*, in carrying forward his nefarious work. There are some natures to whom the hearty and generous praise of the best of men is as wormwood and gall.

When they hear it said of Mr. A. that he is liberal in his benefactions to the poor, their response is, "Yes, but he has plenty of money; it costs him no self-denial to be liberal, and he is very willing that people should know what he gives."

Mr. B. is commended as a good and consistent Christian, and they say, "Yes, I *hope* he is a Christian; but God alone can see the heart. I have my fears with regard to him. I have heard *reports* that are not much to his credit."

Mrs. C. is spoken of as an amiable woman, an affectionate wife, and a devoted mother; and one of these vampires is ready to reply, "Yes, she is a good woman; but she has her faults. Her husband and children could tell you *some things*, if they would."

Such a tongue "is a fire, a world of iniquity,.... and setteth on fire the course of nature; and is set on fire of hell." From such a tongue, "Good Lord, deliver us!" "He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile:" for, "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

LOOK AT THE PREACHER.

YES, look at him while he is preaching:—

1. Because he is speaking to *you*. He speaks to all that are present. You do not drop your head, or avert your face, when a friend or any other man speaks to you in the house, or in the street. Acknowledge, by

looking, that you feel that you are spoken to.

2. Because, looking at him is a proper return, so far as it goes, for his pains to interest you. He puts himself into communication with you, and your attentive gaze at him is obedience to his virtual solicitation that you be in communication with him. It is simple justice.

3. It is politeness too. You would call one rude, and ill-mannered, who should avert his face when you attempted to speak to him. Politeness in the social circle should go with you into the sanctuary.

4. It is kindness too. You can do the preacher service; perhaps a very great service. He is anxious to instruct, or profit you, in some way. It will gratify him to notice your fixed gaze. It will cheer him. Perhaps he is troubled at his own conscious deficiencies, or at the inattention of others. Your kind look is as "cold water to a thirsty soul."

5. Would not you, if you were the preacher, like to receive the same treatment we now ask from you for him? Would not the hearer's attentive gaze at you do good? Can you refuse to do as you would be done by?

6. Look at the preacher, because there is power in your example. It will rebuke the unkindness and the want of politeness in others, whose averted faces and wandering eyes show that the laws of kindness and courtesy have lost dominion in their hearts.

7. Look at him, because it will help you to fix your attention more seriously and firmly upon the all-important truths he is trying to impress upon your heart.

Here are seven good reasons for doing what will cost you but little effort, and which is certain to be profitable and honourable to yourself, polite, kind, and cheering to the preacher, and greatly useful to others.

The Months of the Year.

NOVEMBER.

"Next was November; he full grown and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reak and steam;
And yet the season was full sharp and bream;
In planting eeke he took no small delight;
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadful centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight."

SPENSER.

THIS month has undergone fewer vicissitudes of place and proportion than any of the preceding ones; it was the ninth in the Alban Calendar, and became the eleventh only by the insertion of January and February at the beginning of the year; nor has it ever borne any other appellation, though the Roman senate were desirous of complimenting Tiberius, who was born in it, by calling it after him. Its term of thirty days, too, has always remained unvaried, while the other months have been lengthened and curtailed at pleasure. The gloomy prospect of approaching winter, and the general dreariness of nature at this season, were alleviated to our ancestors by the busy preparation for Christmas feastings; since in this month it was necessary to kill and salt the *beeves*, *bacons*, and *muttons*, that were to furnish forth the winter's hospitable board, and hence its name of *Blotmoneth*, from the Saxon word *blotan*, "to slay."

November is generally allowed to be the most gloomy month of the year: its cold rains come down till the drenched ground refuses to absorb further moisture; its thickening fogs and mists obliterate the distant features of the landscape, and mingle nearer objects together in one blind confusion.

It has been remarked, that the dreary character of the season usually produces a corresponding effect on man, and that the month of November seldom passes without engendering feelings of sadness and depression, which only the actively employed portion of the community, whose occupations are such as to demand unceasing attention, can successfully combat.

Methodism in former Days.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

MRS. FLETCHER TO MRS. CROSBY.

"*Madeley, April* 23*d*, 1791.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,—As you were both so poorly when you wrote last, February 25th, I should have been glad to have written sooner to have heard again, but have been prevented by the following causes. Mr. Horne had some thoughts of coming to Leeds, if Mr. Gilbert came here to supply his place; this we daily expected, but he is only just come, so he will go only to Birmingham. Blessed be God! I do find an increase of faith. Christ appears to me as a complete Saviour, in a fuller light than ever I before discovered; and I prove that the promise is true, 'according to your faith' it shall 'be unto you.' The more I look at Christ's righteousness as imputed, the more I feel it imparted; the more I live in a Saviour given for me, the more I feel of a Saviour living in me. O, the blessing of an all-sufficient Lord! Dear Mr. Wesley's sermon on the 'Lord our Righteousness,' is very clear and sweet. But now I have named our dear father, it leads me further on that subject. The passage on our Tickets this quarter is, 'This is a day of trouble, and of rebuke;' and so it is: though mercy is mixed therewith. His removal will be more felt, I think, some time hence than now. It is a time which calls for much prayer. I seem to feel there is a hiding-place in the wilderness for the upright; and it shall go well with them. Mr. Horne preached a good sermon from these words: 'A great man is fallen in Israel;' and at night I was led to speak to a large company from these words: 'In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul.' I could not but observe how many of the great ones, great in the sight of God, had in my day died: alas! how often has my heart bled; but I was comforted in the midst to look back on the scenes of the day, which I then related, and took comfort in the thought that my Jesus walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks. We were all much affected: a few nights after, being our intercession-night, we were refreshed while I was speaking on the whole of the 46th Psalm, and applying it to our present case, particularly that verse, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge:' Bible verities. I have not seen the funeral sermon yet by Dr. Whitehead. It is not come down. Neither can I get a line from Miss Ritchie. She is, I suppose, so busy about the 'Life.' I suppose you know young John Hampson has three volumes in the press ready prepared before Mr. W.'s death. I have sent for them when out. You have doubtless heard that they were forced to bury Mr. Wesley at six in the morning because of the mob, who in return threatened to pull down the gallery full of women; but there was no harm done through mercy. We go on well here, blessed be the Lord! The work deepens, and congregations increase. I am, your sincere and affectionate friend,

"M. FLETCHER."

The Portfolio.

HEAVENLY REPOSE.

LABOUR is rest to the loving spirit; congenial work is not toil; and, in heaven, though the redeemed "rest *not* day nor night," yet theirs is a peaceful, congenial activity. The work which on earth gave rise to the feeling of effort, then passes into pleasure; and the soul's repose is in *goodness*,—a goodness which has become a very necessity, and in which holy thoughts and works are as devoid of effort as song to a bird, or fragrance to a summer flower. There is endless repose, yet endless activity; unwearied, yet delightful, employment in the service of God. No more shall the redeemed grieve

and mourn. No more shall tears of sorrow and disappointment fall, or the heart be surcharged with affliction and distress. The anxious troubles, and the bitter cares of life, are never felt in the realms of glory; for *there* no seductive pleasure misleads, no ambition unduly excites, nor carking thoughts fetter and cramp the soul.

Believer! anticipate that "rest." But a few more rolling suns, a few more painful struggles, a few more "swings of Time's pendulum," and the world's curfew-bell will toll, announcing that the Sabbath of eternity has come. Then will you enjoy that "rest" which even an angel's voice could not portray, and be with Him who has been the source of all your earthly happiness: Him by whose sorrow you were made to rejoice; Him by whose grace your nature was renewed; Him who was your Advocate when you offended, who blessed you all your life long, who communicated to you His Holy Spirit, who showed toward you a patience which nothing could exhaust, a love which passeth understanding; who, though you outraged, and dishonoured, and forgot, and turned away from Him, would never turn away from you till He had conducted you in safety to His everlasting kingdom.

EXERCISE.

"It is no wonder he is feeble and without health; he takes no exercise," it was remarked of one who led a life of inaction, if not of indolence. Exercise is necessary to bodily health and vigour.

It is no less necessary to spiritual health and vigour. There is a Christian who is feeble in prayer. I do not mean that he cannot pray acceptably, as the phrase is, in a prayer-meeting: I mean that he has but little strength in prayer. He accomplishes little or nothing by his prayers. He does not call down blessings upon himself and others. He is thus feeble through want of exercise. He has not resolutely exercised himself in prayer, whether he felt like it or not. An eminently pious man wrote in his diary: "Felt an utter indisposition to pray; but after an hour's striving I attained a praying frame of mind." After an hour's striving! No wonder he became mighty in prayer. He was diligent and persevering in the exercise thereof.

There is a Christian who is feeble in benevolence. It requires great effort for him to perform an act of benevolence. He has not exercised himself in benevolence. He that exercises himself in benevolence will become strong in benevolence. Suppose selfishness does plead for indulgence, its plea may be disregarded. The blood-bought soul has motives enough within his reach wherewith to overcome the promptings of selfishness. He who would become strong in the Christian graces, must be diligent and persevering in the exercise thereof.

BELIEVE AND LOVE.

Believe, and you shall love. Believe much, and you shall love much. Labour for strong and deep persuasions of the glorious things which are spoken of Christ, and this will command love. Certainly, did men indeed believe His worth, they would accordingly love Him; for the reasonable cannot but love that which it firmly believes to be worthiest of affection. O! this mischievous unbelief is that which makes the heart cold and dead towards God. Seek, then, to believe Christ's excellency in Himself, and His love to us, and our interest in Him, and this will kindle such a fire in the heart as will make it ascend in a sacrifice of love to Him.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Memorials of the Departed.

Jane Williamson, the wife of Thomas Williamson, of Guisborough, was born at Stedil, in the parish of Guisborough, Cleveland, Yorkshire, in the year 1835. Her parents were moral and respectable. From infancy Jane was noted for serious, consistent conduct. The Bible was her delight; and being possessed of an amiable

disposition, she gained the esteem of all who knew her. Her affliction was brief indeed. She died immediately after giving birth to her second child. She seemed to have some intimation of her coming dissolution; for, about a fortnight before she died, when in perfect health and alone, her husband having gone to his Class, she wrote some lines, in which, after referring to her husband and her little girl, she says, "As for myself, I am in tolerable good health and spirits. I feel gratitude to rise in my heart to Almighty God, that He led me by His Spirit to see myself a guilty sinner in His sight, and has saved me by His grace; so that I feel that if I am called away from this world I have a hope beyond the grave; and if God should call me away from my dear husband and little Annie, be assured I am gone to a better world; and if faithful to death, I shall meet husband and child in heaven." Between the time in which she thus wrote, and her sudden death, her soul was kept in a constant calm. Some of her dying sayings were, "I shall have a crown of glory." "We have often talked of the realms of the blest,

'That country so bright and so fair.'"

And then waved her hand upwards, "I shall soon know what it is to be there." In a calm voice she said,—

"I am marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

She began to sing, "I love Jesus:" then breaking off she said, "Bless the Lord! He does love me." Speaking to her nearest relatives, as they stood about her bed, she charged them to seek religion; saying, "If I had religion to find now, what would become of me." She departed to be for ever with the Lord, August, 1859.

ALFRED, the third son of Nicholas and Sarah MOYES, was born at Windsor, September 4th, 1838. From his earliest infancy he attended the Sabbath-school in connexion with the house of prayer. He thus acquired that knowledge of Scripture which proved such a blessing to him in after-life. About the year 1854, he joined the Methodist Society, and continued in church-fellowship until his death; evidencing, by his walk and conduct, that he had been "with Jesus." His conversion was not marked by any extraordinary distress of mind; but he seems to have been gently drawn, and he followed on, "charmed to confess the voice Divine." When converted, he became a Sabbath-school Teacher. By kindness he gained the love, and by firmness he commanded the respect, of the children committed to his care; and on no occasion was he known to be absent, or behind time, unless lawfully detained. He was a diligent visiter of the absent scholars. He was also very assiduous in the care of the school-library with which he was intrusted,—so that when, by failing health, he was compelled to relinquish his charge, only three volumes out of the whole library were missing. He suffered much from rheumatism for a considerable time, but he did not murmur at his sufferings. For the last three months of his life he was almost entirely confined to his bed. On the Friday before he died, he seemed to be perfectly conscious his end was fast approaching, and in the evening sent for several friends to bid them adieu, saying, "I shall not be here long; I shall not see you again;" and took leave of them after he had asked his father to pray with him. During the night, he frequently broke out and sang, "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" "Glory, glory!" He tried to repeat, "I hear thee speak of a better land;" but his voice failed in the attempt. A little later he said, "'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever.' Jesus died for me. He is my Saviour." He then dosed for a short time; but about five o'clock, on waking, he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." "He has been with me in six troubles, and in the seventh He will not forsake me. Hallelujah! I believe it." And then, as if he could see the heavens opening to his view, he exclaimed, with all the energy he could command, "One night nearer glory!" During Saturday he was, at intervals, in great pain; but he was enabled to bear it with Christian patience and fortitude. About nine o'clock in the evening, he was enabled to exclaim, "Halle-

lujah!" and, in a few moments after, as he was being lifted up, his happy spirit took its flight to realms of everlasting day, September 1st, 1859. He died aged twenty-one years.

THE late MR. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, of East Butterwick, had in early life the advantages of a pious training; his parents being both consistent members of the Wesleyan Society for many years. By the blessing of God their efforts to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," were crowned with success; so that all the family had a name and place among His people. About fourteen years ago, the subject of this sketch gave his heart to God, and his hand to His people. During the few years of his pilgrimage he was a most devoted Christian, and a very consistent member of the Wesleyan Society at East Butterwick. His Leader says, "He was a Christian more mighty in deeds than in words. He lived the life of the Christian, and was indeed an ornament to society." He was distinguished on account of his Christian kindness and benevolence. His house was the Ministers' home for many years; and there the servants of God found a hearty reception from time to time. As Society and Chapel Steward, our departed brother was always at his post. He was faithful in all his engagements, and the Lord made him a great blessing. The affliction which terminated his life was short but very severe. For about three weeks he was called to pass through much suffering; he endured "hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." His family had no apprehension of danger, or that death was near, until late on Sunday evening, September 4th, 1859; and he was dead, and gone to glory, by noon on Tuesday following, the 6th of September. It was truly distressing to see his beloved wife and children all overwhelmed with sorrow, and deep distress, when they saw there was no hope. But he was not taken by surprise. His brother-in-law, Mr. Allinson, states, that he never saw anyone so happy, and so submissive to "the just decree." Quite prepared to meet death, he felt "to die" would be "gain." He said he thought he loved his wife and children as well as any man could, and when he looked at that side of the subject he felt it hard to part; but yet he could say, "the will of the Lord be done:" and, although he had so many ties—beloved wife, and children, and comfortable home—to court his stay, yet he did, and could, rejoice in the prospect of death, knowing that it was his heavenly Father's will, and that all would be well. Whilst his brother William, of East Stockwith, was engaged in prayer, he was enabled to obtain a more complete victory, and his hope was full:—"O, glorious hope of immortality." He lifted up his hands again and again in token of triumph, and assured his weeping wife and relatives that he was going home to God; that all was well; frequently saying, "O death, where is thy sting!" &c. "I have the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He gave all honour to his Saviour and Lord. He often tried to comfort his distressed wife with sweet promises from God's holy word, telling her that God would take care of her and the children, and be the "Husband of the widow," and the "Father of the fatherless in His holy habitation." About two hours before death, he sang,—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign:" &c.

He called his children to his dying-bed a short time before his departure, prayed for God's blessing, bidding them be obedient to their mother, and to attend the house of God. He was conscious to the last, and gave evidence of happiness and joy unspeakable; and then, without a struggle or a groan, fell asleep in Christ, aged forty-six. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

The writer can testify to his worth and goodness. May his surviving family and friends all be prepared to meet him in heaven! Amen.

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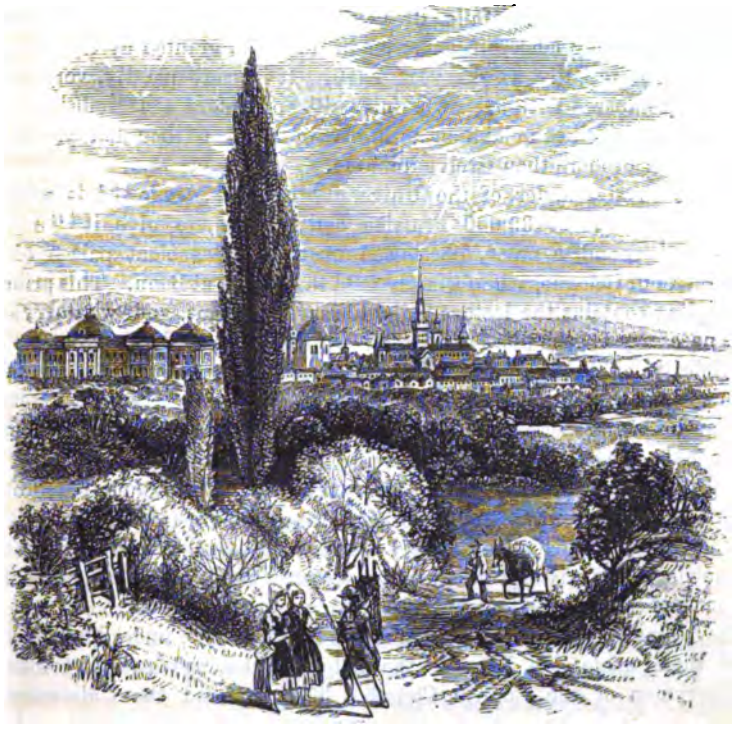

THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

The tourist who goes up the Rhine in search of the picturesque will see, pleasantly situated upon the left bank of the river, in Rhenish Prussia, and in what was formerly the Duchy of Cleves, the respectable old city of Bonn. Landing from his steam-boat, he will find a town of about 14,000 inhabitants, with streets rather narrow and irregular, but with a fine large square, beautifully planted with trees, amongst which towers majestically an ancient Gothic Cathedral. If the tourist be a musician, he will be pleased to learn that Beethoven, the celebrated composer, was born here, in the year 1770. But if he be an Englishman, he will look with greatest interest upon the University, not merely because it is in every respect the greatest ornament of Bonn, and is not exceeded in beauty or extent by any University-building in Europe, but because it was the *Alma Mater* of the late Prince-Consort, our own "Albert the Good."

Prussia stands pre-eminent amongst nations in matters of education. A larger proportion of children are under school-instruction in that kingdom than in any other country in the world. In addition to its village-schools, which are sufficiently numerous to meet the requirements

of the whole rural population, the towns and cities have their respectable seminaries and scientific academies. Besides these, there are the Universities of Berlin, Halle, Breslau, Konigsberg, and Bonn. The latter is comparatively modern, its charter having been granted by the King of Prussia so recently as the year 1818. It is, consequently, very young when compared with our own Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the former of which can claim an antiquity of about a thousand years, and the latter of more than twelve hundred.

The royal founder of the University of Bonn, endowed it with an annual income of 80,000 Prussian dollars; and, to give it "a local habitation and a name," bestowed upon it the ancient palace of the Electors of Cologne, who formerly held their court at Bonn. This princely building contains the lecture-halls, library, museums, and whatever else is necessary for the five faculties of which the University consists. The celebrity of the various Professors,—many of whom are distinguished in various branches of science and literature,—combined with the natural beauties of the neighbourhood, have drawn to Bonn a large number of students, the average attendance being more than seven hundred.

It was on the 3d of May, 1837, that Prince Albert and his brother Ernest, the present reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, entered the University. Previously they had been instructed in various branches of knowledge, by private tuition, in the ancestral Castle of Ehrenbergh. This domestic training extended over several years. For some months before they came to Bonn, they studied English at Brussels, under the auspices of their uncle, the King of the Belgians; having for their teacher a Clergyman of the English Church. They entered the University as *juris studiosi;* (students of law;) and applied themselves diligently to classics, mathematics, philosophy, jurisprudence, history and statistics. They also practised music and drawing under able private instructers. Of these latter accomplishments, it is said, Prince Albert—while not neglecting severer studies—was particularly fond. A painting which he executed at this time, and known as the "Savoyard Minstrel-Boy," may still be seen in the Queen's collection. He continued to reside at the University during three academical terms, and was earnest and persevering in his studies. He cultivated the friendship of the more distinguished of the Professors, amongst whom may be named the celebrated Schlegel. While living a temperate life, he gave an occasional entertainment to his fellow-students, in a style of hospitality becoming his rank; and, what speaks better still for the young Prince, he was bountiful in his charities to the poor of Bonn. After leaving the University, he was admitted, in his absence, to the degree of Doctor of Laws.

There have been those who have thought that much learning is unnecessary for royalty, and that it even detracts something from its dignity. Notwithstanding the celebrity which Frederick the Great obtained in literature, as well as in government and war, yet his father, Frederick William, held this opinion, and acted upon it in the limited

education which he gave to his son. On one occasion, happening to catch one of the tutors reading the "Golden Bull," in the original, with the young Prince, he roared out: "Rascal, what are you at there?" "Please your Majesty," answered the preceptor, "I was explaining the 'Golden Bull' to his Royal Highness." "I'll 'Golden Bull' you, you rascal!" shouted the King, seizing a cane. To his heels took the alarmed instructer: and thus ended the classical studies of Frederick. The father of Prince Albert acted differently towards his son, to the great advantage of England, his future country.

It is remarkable that the late Prince-Consort, notwithstanding his naturally gifted, evenly-balanced, and well-cultivated mind, did not develop into an actual author; except we regard a small volume of Poems, which he and his brother published while at the University, for the benefit of the poor of Bonn, as constituting him such. Had he appeared in this character he would not have been the first royal contributor to literature. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, already mentioned, was an author of nineteen-volume power. Catharine II., of Russia, wrote on jurisprudence, education, and the drama. Several royal personages connected with the English monarchy have, from time to time, appeared as authors. Henry I. was surnamed "*Beauclero*;" but nothing that he wrote has descended to us. Richard Cœur-de-Lion composed rhymes and sonnets in the language of Provence. Edward II. wrote Latin poetry. Queen Catherine Parr published several devotional pieces, the productions of her own pen. Edward VI. was an author at the age of twelve years. In the Cotton Library is still preserved his "Arguments against the Pope's Supremacy." Mary dipped her pen in author's ink, as well as her hands in martyrs' blood. Queen Elizabeth wrote poetry and prose, composed prayers and meditations, and translated from Greek, Latin, and French. And yet, strange to say, a single line which she scratched upon a window,—although written on so brittle a thing as glass,—is, perhaps, better remembered and more generally known than anything else which she wrote. James I. was, perhaps, the most learned of our Sovereigns. For his works in poetry and prose he received adulation without stint from courtly Divines and noble flatterers. Posterity has not been quite so eulogistic of the royal author of the "Demonologia," and the "Counterblast to Tobacco." Horace Walpole, in characterising his writings, says, that they are made up of "Quotations, puns, Scripture, witticisms, superstition, oaths, vanity, prerogative, and pedantry." Let us not, however, forget our obligations to King James, for originating and promoting our noble Authorised Version of the Bible. His connexion with that great work gives a brighter lustre to his name, than Prince Albert's connexion with the Industrial Exhibition of 1851 gives to his. James II. wrote, "Memoirs of his own Life and Campaigns to the Restoration." But by far the most famous productions of English royalty are the "*Assertio septem Sacramentorum adversus Martyn Luther*," by Henry VIII., and the Εικων Βασιλικη of Charles I. The latter ran through forty-seven editions in a few years, and was answered

by Milton, at the request of Parliament. The authorship of this work was questioned at the time of its publication, and now it is generally attributed to Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter. Henry VIII.'s book against Luther was ascribed by Bellarmin, perhaps without reason, to Bishop Fisher; and by others to Sir Thomas More. It was this work which gained for Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith;" a title which although conferred by the Pope, and won by the advocacy of Popery, is yet borne by Protestant Sovereigns, who are required, before coronation, to declare that the Mass is superstitious and idolatrous. At the time that Henry gained this title by attacking Luther, the great Reformer was protected by Prince Albert's ancestor, the Elector of Saxony. How strange are the vicissitudes of history! After the lapse of more than three hundred years, a descendant of Luther's friend marries a successor upon the throne of Luther's enemy. Prince Albert's wife, now his widow, is "By the grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH." "The faith," which her Majesty protects, as the head of this Protestant realm, is not the faith of the "Seven Sacraments," but the faith of the Bible.

If we have but little from the pen of the late Prince-Consort, we possess—thanks to our wonderfully accurate system of reporting—several speeches from his tongue. These are most creditable to the moral feelings and intellectual capabilities of His Royal Highness. In them we find sound and important principles enunciated with great felicity of diction and elegance of style, and a refined taste united with practical wisdom and strong common sense. His wise abstinence from politics, while so long and so closely united to the throne of this country, left him the more leisure for the cultivation of his intellectual tastes. Accordingly, we find him using the influence of his high position, and the powers of his well-regulated mind, for the promotion of art and science. In the year 1859, he was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. His efforts in connexion with the Great Exhibition of 1851, and with the South Kensington Museum, are well known. One of our national Universities, recognising his intellectual qualifications for the high office of Chancellor, elected him over a noble competitor possessing High-Church influence, and local claims. Thus, in a few years, the student of the University of Bonn, became the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Best of all, amid the attractions of art, science, and literature, "Albert the Good" neglected not an old volume which was "given by inspiration of God:" he was both a reader and a lover of THE BOOK. T. M'C.

SUMMARY OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE Lord's Prayer has three parts: an introduction, a series of petitions, and a conclusion. The introduction consists of one great thought, branching out into various others. "The family of the ransomed," is the thought which fills the Christian's heart as he proceeds to present this prayer. The whole family in heaven and earth: this is the key-note to

the whole. It is the prayer of a child for its own family; but that family embraces all. There is the father, the child, the brotherhood, and the home. "Our *Father*," the prayer begins, and in that aspect God is seen throughout it. "Our Father!" is the utterance of one who feels himself a child. "*Our* Father!" says the Christian, even though alone in his closet, and all through he contemplates the brotherhood of believers. "In heaven," the home of the family for which he prays.

Then follow in order the various petitions, which are not scattered hither and thither as they might occur to the mind, but proceed step by step, building up a Jacob's ladder, which reaches from earth to heaven. The first three petitions refer to God, the last three refer to man. The first three respect the name of God, the kingdom of God, and the will of God; the last three respect the daily food of man, body and soul, the pardon of sins, and grace to keep from evil. The first three seem to regard the persons of the Trinity: God the Father's name, God the Son's kingdom, God the Spirit's will. The Christian is taught earnestly to ask that the Father's name be hallowed, Christ's kingdom come, the Spirit's will be done; and this embraces all that we can desire for our fellow-men. Our brethren will all be blessed, indeed, if these petitions be granted. The last three petitions are all the utterances of want, the cries for mercy, which humble empty souls cannot but present. The craving for pardon does not come first. The child who prays in trust to a father has already come to him, and has already known what pardon is. The first of these petitions is for preservation of life; not neglecting the body, but chiefly regarding the soul. And then, as we need pardon every day for each new sin and failure in duty, forgiveness is next entreated; and asking it, we ask for the spirit of forgiveness also. Then, feeling how apt we are to fall, the Christian child is taught to ask that it may not be tempted, but that, if tempted, it may be able to withstand.

There are but six petitions here in all; of these three only are for man. But I know not in all our wants and yearnings, amid all our desires and prayers,—I know not a single petition which a Christian asks for, or has asked since the death of Jesus, that may not be comprehended in one of these. It is a prayer so short and simple, that a child of three years old may learn it; and a prayer so full and deep, that the whole Christian Church has not exhausted, and has hardly yet been able to enter into it. And then comes the conclusion, in which prayer passes into praise, the spirit of earth rising into the spirit of heaven. The petitions swell into a doxology which includes the whole prayer, and sets it, as it were, to music. We ask all these things, because (mark the force of every little word—not a jot or tittle can pass from this prayer without losing something of its spirit and purport)—we ask these things, *because*, Thine, O Jesus Christ! is the Kingdom; Thine, O Spirit of God, is the Power; Thine, O Father! is the Glory. And all these for ever! The prayer is done. But angels and the ransomed above, almost, we might think, mistaking this prayer of earth for a song of heaven, join the believer in the closing word, Amen!

THE VIEW A BELIEVER SHOULD TAKE OF DEATH.*

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

THEY are blessed. They must be blessed. How can it be otherwise? "Die!" no doubt they must die; but death has lost its sting; and it does not matter when, or how, or where they die. The dying is nothing, if they are in the Lord; whether they die in their bed, among holy prayers and blessed voices; or die in battle, amid thundering cannon; or die like a martyr, swinging in the air; or die whelmed in the deep, with the rush of waters in their drowning ears. Dying in the Lord they are blessed. It has proved a comfort to a sinking child, to feel a kind mother's arms around it; to expire with its head resting on her bosom. And when candles burned dim, and the mists of death were gathering thick over the eyes, I have heard the dying, unable to see, ask if some loved one was near; and I have felt their hand grasp my own, as if, on passing through the deep waters, there was some stay even in a human hand. But, O! in that coming hour may God give us to feel that we have a firm hold of Christ; that our head is lying on His blessed bosom; that His own kind hand is wiping away nature's last, bitter tears! Beyond the tender accents of a mother's, or wife's, or child's, or any human voice, O! how blessed it will be to hear Jesus whispering, "Fear not; for I am with thee. Be not afraid; for I am thy God." We may be ready to shrink back, saying, "Ah, Lord! the water is dark; the stream is cold and deep." How blessed then to hear Him say, "Go forward; fear not. I have redeemed thee." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the LORD thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Believer, let the world shrink from death—not you. Familiarise your mind with that inevitable event! Think of it, as life. Gloomy though the portal seems, death is the gate of life to a good and pious man. Think of it, therefore, not as death, but as glory; going to heaven, and to your Father. Regard it in the same light as the good man who said, when I expressed my sorrow to see him sinking into the grave, "I am going home." If you will think of it as death, then let it be as the death of sin; the death of pain; the death of fear; the death of care; the death of Death. Regard its pangs and struggles as the battle that goes before victory; its troubles as the swell of the sea on heaven's happy shore; and yon gloomy passage as the cypress-shaded avenue that shall conduct your steps to heaven. It is life through Christ, and life in Christ; life most blissful, and life evermore. How much happier and holier we should be if we could look on death in that light. I have heard people say, that we should think each morning that we may be dead before night; and each night that we may be dead before morning! True: yet how much

* *The Way to Life.* Sermons by Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1862.

better to think every morning, I may be in heaven before night; and every night that the head is laid on the pillow, and the eyes are closed for sleep, to think, next time I open them it may be to look on Jesus, and the land where there is no night, nor morning; nor sunset, nor cloud; nor grave, nor grief; nor sin, nor death, nor sorrow; nor toil, nor trouble; where "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLICAN.

No. VI.

At first sight of Zacchæus, one could almost smile; for, it must be confessed, that the little man struggling up into the tree did not show forth much dignity. But there is no smiling at him now; for in the perfection of his faithfulness we forget the shortness of his stature. As he stands confessing, adoring, serving the Lord, how he grows upon us into all the noble proportions of a model manhood, clothed with the excellencies of righteousness and love!

The change in him is betokened by something more than a good beginning of a better life. He will not only do well for the future, but, as far as possible, mend the past. Jesus, who wrought this wonderful conversion, put the convert's example in His own Book, that, from so high a pulpit, the Publican might teach all men, in all times, how true converts will behave themselves.

To hear the Publican's sermon rightly, it must be remembered that every sin is against God; and it is utterly beyond our power to remove our guilt as it is before Him. But many sins are to the hurt of our fellow-men, and so do twofold wrong—partly to our neighbour, and wholly to our God. Thus David wept: "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight." Yet the grass had scarce grown over the noble Hittite, and his wife's foul dishonour was still new. In one sense, sin can be against God alone; and no deed of ours can mend it, no purchase serve for a redemption. But the damage of our sin may harm our neighbour; and here some repair and recompense may be possible. Up to the extreme point of such possibility, righteousness requires us to go.

"And if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Hence learn that conversion is no process of white-washing. The just God could not enter into any covenant with His creature, which should serve as a shelter beneath which the pardoned one could abscond from the just claims of a fellow-creature. This tax-gatherer had got hold of the right way of compounding with his creditors. But, you say, he had plenty wherewithal to do it. And I answer, that no man has a right to *compound*, in the common meaning of the term, except that he may so round the corner of ruin as to pay in full those debts which just now he cannot discharge. He who asks his creditors to remit part of their claim, for his present relief, without the full, honest purpose of paying all hereafter, has no title to the name of Christian. And the man who having "taken the benefit of the Act," or made any compromise, and being thereby set afloat again at the cost of his creditors, prospers in business, and returns as quickly as he can to enjoyment and luxury, and in the book of his own purposes, writes off from his liabilities those debts which drove him aground; that man is—I don't like to say what;

but, be his profession what it may, though he crown himself with a very halo of saintliness, I deny the genuineness of his religion.

Real Christian honesty is better than any other honesty. Instead of standing to quibble about the exact measure of restitution, it will ensure going far enough by taking care to go beyond.

Those whom Zacchæus the Publican had wronged, are now not only righted, but benefited—turned from creditors into debtors—by Zacchæus the convert. He gives while he restores; and, in doing justice, shows mercy. He now feels that he had been wont really to impoverish himself by grasping, and that he is enriched in spending. So anxious is he to cut away the canker of the old sore, that he spares not to remove a wide margin all round; deeming it better to dwell with an easy conscience in a straitened fortune, than to live in greater state troubled with the haunting of accusing recollections.

It would be hard for us to enter into the amazement of the people who stood by and heard this startling declaration of the Publican. Here was the well-known thorn, cruel and barren, putting forth grapes. Yet beneath all they wondered at, was a far greater marvel. These ripe grapes, full of blessing and refreshment, were no monstrous growth adorning an unkindly stock. The mystery was, that the tree which had always been the thorniest of thorns, had become a veritable vine; and the fruits of righteousness had been brought forth by one who had become righteous.

Jesus the Saviour had already said to Zacchæus, "This day *I* must abide at thy house;" and now He declares, "This day is *salvation* come to this house." How great a work in a little time! He who disdained to make stones into bread, at the Devil's bidding, does, of His own free will, a far greater wonder, in making an extortioner just, a covetous man generous. This day the Saviour abides in the house: this day salvation comes to it. So it is evermore. Wheresoever the Saviour is received on His own terms, there is salvation. He asks nothing but entertainment, and full, free allowance to do all He will. Here is the result,—salvation.

Mark how the Lord drives His announcement right against the grain of all Pharisee reasoning. Here is salvation, not because the man sets about doing good, but "forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham." But this was more than a matter of mere pedigree; genealogical descent did not make the Publican an heir of salvation; for, speaking of him, Jesus implies that he was among the lost whom the Son of Man came to seek. As far then as pedigree went, Zacchæus had always been "a son of Abraham;" yet, hitherto, always lost. But now was he born into the better genealogy of the great Believer; and, by faith, inherited all the wealthy estate of the Covenant of Promise.

You and I may enter into the line of faith: and Abraham's faith is nobler than Abraham's blood.

Still "the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins," and to make bad hearts good. Still His work is "to seek and to save that which is lost." For the lost one to be found by any other, would be of little benefit. But here is a Seeker, who is also a Saviour.

And whom seeks He so diligently, and saves so mightily?

THE LOST.

My friend, that short description describes all who may hope in Christ. None else are provided for. Only the acknowledgment that you are lost, will make way for the knowledge of your Saviour. To none but the lost can He be revealed: to none others was He sent. The gate of salvation is so strait, that one must be altogether

stripped before he can get through. Do not spoil your case by trying to mend it. The more you discover your helplessness, the nearer you are to help; for—Zacchæus, together with an uncounted multitude, bearing witness—"the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Hull. G. S. R.

NOTHING TO SPARE.

"I HAVE found nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment, once said an eminent Minister, will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour, when you and I, and all pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in our skirts! Standing, as I now do, in the sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth Omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly avow, that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains of the people of America to embark together to carry the Gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead, or rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the church, how hard would it seem for your neighbours to neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the Gospel to you! My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on generations yet unborn.

"I CAN'T HELP FRETTING ABOUT IT, SIR."

THE vales of Yorkshire will be familiar to many of our readers, and few who have passed along them will have failed to observe how here and there the land rises in lofty, abrupt, and broken headlands, like the mighty barriers of some ancient sea.

On the summit of one of these, overlooking one of the most interesting and busy districts of the north, lives Thomas F——. His father was for many years the clerk of a parish church, and when yet a young man, Tom, as he was familiarly called, frequently supplied the place. But as time rolled on, and circumstances altered, he neglected the worship of God; and, as a natural consequence, soon fell into vice. The public-house, which has been the ruin of so many, became a snare and a pitfall to him; and the fruits of intemperance quickly followed. At home were violence and misery; abroad, strife and shame. Thus in folly and sin his manhood passed away. Silently but swiftly had seventy years swept over him, yet neither himself nor his wife had sought the Lord. Then in mercy the latter was laid low by disease, and brought very near to death. Her affliction was

sanctified to the salvation of her soul, and she was raised to "walk in newness of life."

Meanwhile, Tom himself continued in sin; but not long afterwards he had a stroke of paralysis. Kind neighbours visited him, and reasoned with him about his evil doings. They urged upon him his soul's danger, and Christ's compassion for sinners. His only answer was, "I shall do as I have done, and finish as I have begun."

Such, perhaps, was his intention; but God, who loved and loves all men, even when dead in trespasses and sins, (Eph. ii. 4, 5,) still sought to save him. A second time he was laid aside, and again his friends gathered around him without any marked result. When partially recovered, however, hearing that an old companion was to preach at a small chapel in the valley, he resolved to go. It was a weary walk for the old man, now enfeebled by disease, and especially as he toiled homeward up that long, steep hill. But it was the turning-point in Tom's history. He went for his comrade's sake, but now knows that the Spirit of God was gently leading him by a way that he knew not; by a way which, if he had known it, he would probably have shunned.

His neighbours heard that he had been to chapel, and thought that he might be willing to go again. There being no other place of worship in the hamlet, a room had been fitted up, and set apart for the service of God. Here, too, a few Christian souls were wont to meet for conversation and prayer, and they resolved to ask Thomas F—— to join them. As the time for the class-meeting drew near, one of the number called upon him, and not finding him at home, left an invitation. The evening came, and the little company were gathered together; but scarcely had they commenced their unpretending service, when a gentle knock was heard at the door, and in tottered the feeble old man; come in his turn to seek a place in their midst at the feet of Jesus. That place, when health would allow, has never since been vacant.

Time passed on, and affliction was again and again laid upon him; but gradually the Light of the Word shone upon his mind. Day after day, the hard heart was softened, and the consciousness of sin accompanied by a sight of the Saviour. But his past life has ever been deeply lamented, and beautifully has the change in his mention of it marked the stages of his growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"I can't help fretting about it, Sir; but I hope the Lord will forgive me," was his language at first; and then he was reminded that God had given His Son to die that all sin might be pardoned; that Jesus had obtained salvation; and that now, "Whosoever will," may come and "take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

"I can't help fretting about it, Sir; but I believe the Lord has forgiven me," was his next utterance. The condemnation was taken away, but still the remembrance of his sins was grievous unto him; the burden of them was intolerable. He was again pointed to Christ Jesus, whose "blood cleanseth from all sin;" (1 John i. 7;) and through whom, as "The Lord our Righteousness," our "iniquity is taken away," our "sin is purged." In His name he was encouraged to lay claim to the promises, and to cast every burden upon the Lord, (Psal. lv. 22,) even that of past transgression.

Days and weeks passed away, and gently was Thomas F—— led onward in his homeward journey. A new song has been put into his mouth, even of praise and thanksgiving to God. But he has not forgotten the past:—"I used to fret about it all day long, Sir; but I think the Lord is bringing me above that now." The days gone by, remembered as distinctly as ever, with all their deeds of evil, are no longer

able to produce despondency, low as they bow him at the Saviour's feet. And therefore he cannot fret; he can only love and praise, having received the answer to the prayer,—

"Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
With speechless wonder, at Thy feet."

As Tom himself expressed it, the Lord was bringing him above that, teaching him to trust simply in "Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." All sin himself, he was learning with confidence to sing those beautiful lines:—

"Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
* * * * *
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

"When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then,—this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

And with this one, this all-sufficient plea, he is treading, with cheerful trust and joyous hope, the pathway which leads through death to endless rest. His delight is in the people of God, and the ordinances of His house. His left arm in a sling, his left side almost useless from paralysis, on Sabbath-days and week-days he occupies his own place in the sanctuary. There the feeble man bows his hoary head to the Preserver of his manhood, the Saviour of his old age; and worships, leaning on the top of his staff; whilst tears of joy overflow his eyes as he hears of the love of Christ to wandering sinners, and of the mansions prepared for the followers of Jesus.

The case of Thomas F—— is not a solitary one. There was nothing sharply defined in his spiritual history. His was rather the beautiful uprising of the Sun of Righteousness, when the light first breaking over the hills is modified or partially obstructed by the soul's ignorance or timidity. There was, doubtless, some one moment when the first ray glanced through the morning twilight. If it be not denoted, still there *is* light.

Thomas F—— was an aged man when the grace of God led him to the cross of Jesus. Why should any despair? Why should we despair of any? There is no time to lose even in despondency, for all may be saved if salvation be sought now.

This case is one, under God, of purely Home-Mission influence. The Minister saw Tom but seldom; and, of necessity, his visits were far apart. Neighbours were the instruments used by the Almighty for his instruction and profit. They boast no learning, no great power of any earthly kind; but having the Word of God, the the throne of grace, and the love of Christ, (2 Cor. v. 14,) they spoke for the Saviour, and He honoured their efforts. Go, and do likewise.

Thomas F—— has since gone home to heaven. One day, whilst alone, his clothing took fire, and he was sadly hurt. Death soon followed, and set free the captive. He is now where there is no more sorrow or crying, where God wipes away tears from off all faces. AGRICOLA.

HUMILITY.

ARE you humble?

"I dare not say that I am. If I say I am perfect, it shall prove me perverse."

I can only say, would to God that I were "clothed with humility." I find so much in the Bible about this, that I am often terrified in the thought how little I know of it; how little I possess of it.

I read, "God resisteth the proud." O Lord, am I proud? O save me

from pride! But how shall I know? Pride is so subtle!

True,

"Pride, ugly pride, is sometime seen
With haughty look, and lofty mien;
But oftener 'tis found, that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide!'

And who can say but that it is hiding in my heart, though I hate it, and would so gladly be delivered from it. "He giveth grace to the humble."

I am sure I want grace; I pray very earnestly for it; but somehow I can't feel that I am worse than everybody else.

Nor need you attempt it. You probably could not succeed in convicting yourself of that, if you should continue your present endeavours to the end of your life. And yet you may attain true humility. You may even attain the evidence of your having true humility. But it is necessary first, of all, to ascertain what *is humility*. And to do this, we shall do well to consider what is *not* humility.

1. Obsequiousness is not humility. To yield your own judgment to that of another, is not humility. The willingness, without evidence of its worth, to prefer another's judgment to your own, is not humility.

2. Sluggishness of temperament is not humility. A man who is too indolent to pursue noble or worthy ends, too indolent even to propose to himself such objects of pursuit, ought not to be mistaken for a humble man.

3. Want of just confidence in one's own powers is not humility.

4. Diffidence, arising from an ignorance of facts, is not humility.

5. Doubt of one's love to God, and of God's love to one's self, is not humility: nor is such doubt the offspring of humility.

What then is humility?

Properly speaking, humility is a habit of mind; a habit produced by the hearty and continuous belief, *I have nothing which I did not receive. I am nothing, and can be nothing, but by the grace of God.* What I am, and what I possess, by the favour of God, is solely *because Christ hath loved me, and hath bought me with His own blood.*

There is nothing new in this statement. Its meaning is not obscure; and yet, all your perplexity comes from overlooking that meaning. Jesus promises the gift of His Holy Spirit; and He promises that His Spirit shall dwell with you and in you, and that He shall guide you into all truth. You have only to believe His word, and to take Him at His word, and to place yourself under the guidance of His Spirit, and you will certainly be taught not only what humility is, but also how you may possess it, or rather how you may be possessed by it.

If you really and earnestly desire to establish this invaluable habit of lowly esteeming yourself, begin by abandoning self-complacency. Dread its poisonous influence. Remind yourself of the Scriptures which bid us to esteem others better than ourselves. Moreover cultivate the habit of thinking of yourself in contrast with Christ; contrast your feebleness with His power; your ignorance with His knowledge; your wickedness with His holiness; your selfishness with His self-sacrificing; your impatience with His long-suffering. You must give yourself to this work with the earnestness and continuousness with which a lover of money heaps up gold. Do this, and the fascinations of the world will fade like the stars at the rising of the sun. Do this, and Jesus will become to you so glorious, so beautiful, so winning, that nothing else can draw you away from Him. You will not serve Him by compulsion, from the mere sense of duty, from the sense of fear of losing your soul, if you do not serve Him; but you will follow Him as the sheep follow the good shepherd, whose voice they know and love.

Consider now with yourself, whether

you are actually in the way which leads to the King's country, lying through the Valley of Humiliation. There are many roads through life in much esteem with worldly-wise men; but the way by this valley has an ill name with them; and yet it was made and travelled by the King himself; and those who have been much in the valley, say, that with all its damps, strange as it may seem, it is incomparably salubrious; that there is always a balmy, heavenly air in the valley, unspeakably refreshing to the single-hearted follower of the Lamb.

Reader, do you believe it? What will you do about it? Will you be persuaded to visit it? to make your abode in it? Do you really crave the indwelling of the Holy Ghost? He loves this valley: it is His delight to dwell in it. Here He spreads the daily, hourly banquet; fills the air with heavenly sights and sounds, and the hearts of its inhabitants with love to God and man. Is it not attractive?

WICHERN'S ROUGH HOUSE.

It is a very cheering picture of the present age that so many institutions are rising up to rescue the lowest and most degraded from their haunts of vice and love of sin,—by giving them work to do, and by patiently instilling moral and religious truths, "line upon line," into their untutored minds. A desire to amend is aroused, and a healthy tone of feeling rises up sooner than might be expected. Human nature will ever respond to the voice of love and pity; and it will usually be the better for being trusted. We think that it is greatly owing to this principle of trust that so many boys are reformed in our Ragged-schools. But it is not of our noble English societies we are going to write.

Thirty years ago, Immanuel Wichern, a young Clergyman, residing in Hamburg, had his soul deeply stirred within him on consideration of the almost universal demoralization of that town. The churches were almost deserted, the Gospel was but a name, and the reckless and defiant ungodliness of the people was fearful. Wichern identified himself with the evangelical movement that was awakening to action after a slumber of nearly fifty years. He began to work in the Sabbath-schools, to visit the poor, and to acquaint himself with the habits and feelings of the dregs of the people.

But Wichern soon found that the *homes* were so pervaded by sin and sinful influences, that he felt something must be done to take away the young from their daily life before any real good could result. He consulted with some grave earnest men, on the best means to accomplish the purpose. After deliberation, he resolved to collect as many boys under one roof as he could superintend; planning, that if they came voluntarily in large numbers, he would establish many households, he himself constituting the general father.

A touching incident occurred at this time, which made him determine never to rest until his scheme was carried out. As he was walking along the streets of the city, he says, "A little unknown child came to me in the open street, and with outstretched hands, and begging face, and many tears, tried to kiss the hand that had never done it a benefit, and cried, 'Come with me, come with me, and see for yourself.'" The child was ever in his thoughts, and he could take no rest.

A meeting was held, in which his deep feeling and appeals stirred many hearts; but there were no men of capital on whom to rely, and it was a large scheme. They resolved to *pray*, to believe, to expect; and in a few weeks remarkable answers were sent to their prayers. Money flowed in from unexpected quarters, and it was resolved at once to begin. A little cottage, half in ruins, and a plot of ground, was given by one of the gentlemen; and it was

soon improved and rendered habitable. How it derived its name of "Das Rauhes Haus," is not certain; it bore it before the reformatory was thought of.

Now arose the question, would children come? and many were ready to discourage the patient believing young Clergyman and his mother, who took up their abode under the thatched roof, gladly giving up all to live henceforth with juvenile sinners, rough and hardened. They entered the last day of October, and on the 8th of November three boys came, and when the year closed they had twelve. They varied in age from five to eighteen, and were all poor street-wanderers, and notorious for begging, theft, and for disbelief and contempt of all that was good and holy. They were very violent and shameless. They would eat raw meat, potato-parings, and tallow for greasing shoes. They knew all the scenes of dancing-booths and theatres, and their memories were stored with obscene ballads, and even clever parodies of the Bible. Here was an answer to prayer, enough to daunt any but a man whom God had called to that special purpose.

Wichern's theory was, not to punish hastily, or to use severity; but to win them over by "loving them." He had known most of them before, in visiting them at home, or in prison; and, doubtless, they felt he loved them, or they would scarcely have come of their own accord. When they were first told that the past was to be forgotten, that they were never to be reminded of their evil ways, but that he was to be their loving father, and his mother their mother, they were speechless with amazement and incredulity. Erelong, however, they believed in their new-found happiness, and began to unfold to the influence of gentleness and goodness. They would gather round Wichern at night and talk over the day; bring him the first-blown flowers; and on one occasion decked his room with flowers.

The first Christmas a boy ran away, and was met at the fair, and persuaded to return. When he arrived, the others were singing Christmas-hymns round the good mother. The elder boys proposed he should be punished, and suggested some severe treatment. But one stood out and begged forgiveness, and all the lads joined at once, and held out their hands to the wanderer. His heart was melted; he was trusted ever after, and never betrayed the trust. Several others ran off, so inveterate was their desire for a vagabond life; but they always returned ashamed. At length they yielded to the gentle controlling influence of home-life, and home-duties, and home-pleasures. They were most especially moved by singing: it would awaken the tenderest emotions, and they would sing hymns under the trees for hours.

The Bible was taught as a history. The picture of Christ in the Gospels, as He is represented in all the scenes of His life, excited the boys to the highest degree. They longed to tell the Bible-histories to others. They felt their power in their own experience, and yielded erelong to their transforming influence. It is interesting to know that the whole of the twelve boys found in the Rough House at the close of the first year became good and useful members of society.

It was indispensable to find out-door and in-door employment for the boys: and to get them to work, at first, was a difficulty. It was thus surmounted: The Rough House was surrounded by a bank six feet high, overgrown with shrubs and brushwood. It was proposed that this should be levelled; that, as it was a house of love, there were to be no bolts, bars, or ramparts to constrain them to abide. The idea took possession of them; and, by one scheme or another, the spirit of working was implanted; and busy and skilful the lads became year by year. The inmates began to multiply; and an

earnest request was made that girls might be received. The boys determined to build a dwelling for them. A house for twelve, a chapel and washhouse were soon erected. Wichern had a sister to superintend them. Alas! it was found that the girls were more unmanageable than had been the boys; they were deplorably vicious and profane; but, within a year, all gave proof of the power of the word of God save one.

A printing-press was set up. The first sheet struck off was the Twenty-third Psalm. During the last sixteen years it has done wonderful work. The boys print every month thousands of those *Fliegende Blätter*, that have borne such holy and blessed messages throughout Germany.

In course of time the applicants for admission became so numerous, that twenty separate houses grew up; the patch of garden spread out into fifty acres; and the twelve boys were multiplied into four hundred and fifty-two, with one hundred and thirty girls. Thousands of visiters from every country visit it. Kings and Queens, Archdukes and Archduchesses, have been found among the children earnestly asking how such results have been brought about.

The Rough House issues a capital paper, with a monthly circulation of six thousand: it has established a religious book-shop at Hamburg, and year by year it sends forth men and women, who, but for its influence, might have been occupants of prisons. They are found filling offices in the church, the army, the mercantile world. Others are artisans, sailors, colonists, men and women servants. Some have become heads of families, training their children up in goodness and truth.

Kindred institutions have sprung up throughout Germany. Indeed it has become impossible to calculate the blessed results that have arisen from the entrance of that devoted son and mother into that little thatched cottage, that October night, thirty years ago, with the love of Christ lighting up their zeal for the outcasts. Wichern kept to his first principle, to ask of none but God the means of support; and prayer after prayer was answered; promise after promise fulfilled; difficulty after difficulty overcome, in ways so surprising and delightful, that we can only wonder and believe that "whatsoever things," according to the will of God, are "asked in prayer, believing, shall" be "received."

A kind of brotherhood has grown up under the shadow of the Rough House. Wichern, his mother, and sister, needed helpers; and a young Swiss was the first to cast in his lot with them. Other helpers followed; and thus has resulted a wonderful brotherhood of Christian workers who have devoted themselves to some branch of home-mission work. While they remain they live among the children, carrying out the original scheme of a father to each family of boys. It is impossible, within our prescribed limits, to give an idea of the work doing in schools, workhouses, and prisons, by those who have gone out to labour for Christ as city Missionaries and as colporteurs.

Dr. Wichern still lives; the devoted mother has gone to her heavenly rest; but she has been succeeded in her loving work by "the young mother," the wife of Dr. Wichern.

THE MINISTRY.

Some would, says an eminent man, make the Minister a student; some a visiting Pastor; some a public speaker. Undoubtedly, the same rule cannot be applied to all. Different modes of labour are appropriate to different men, and to different conditions of society. Still, the great idea of the Christian Minister is plain. He is to be a teacher; and, in order that he may teach, he must learn. His peculiar work is to quicken the community by the promulgation of exalting truth,

The acquisition of this truth, and the clear, powerful expression of it, are then, his chief labours; and these imply most solitary thought. He is to be a thinker. To this severe toil his life is to be mainly given.

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.

God had an object in creating us. Every man and woman should seek to know and try to accomplish that end. Paul was no sooner converted than he asked, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Early press it on the minds of your children, engrave it on your own hearts. *A purpose.* There is a purpose which God had in view in giving me a place here. What can it be? How can I perform it?

We must glorify Him here. Our bodies, our souls are His, to be used in honouring Him. This will require active usefulness. We must try to be useful. Do not be drones. Do not be destructive, in principle or practice. If you cannot be salt, saving by your influence those that you come in contact with, do not be a nuisance, defiling and corrupting.

Try to realize every day that you have something to do for God, the souls of men, your own soul, for eternity. Be in earnest about it. "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" was the language of the Saviour. By constantly, daily urging on in any work, we can do an amount which we would not believe. Do not wait for opportunities. Seek them. If you cannot do what you would, do what you can.

Do not regulate your duty by your success, or the object of your aim; and do not be discouraged because you do not succeed in your wishes. It might do you injury to accomplish what you want, and defeat what God would have you do. God will use your endeavour to do His own will and purpose, which will be far better; and if you could only see a little further, it is the very thing you would like to see done. As God overrules all the actions of wicked men, and accomplishes undesigned good, so we may confidently hope and believe that He will use the actions of those who seek to do His will, more certainly to do good.

If you have never realized the idea before, try to get it into your mind, and *have a purpose.* See that it is worthy of your energy and zeal, then *live for it.* Seek grace and strength to pursue it, and persevere in it until the Master calls you.

"MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS."

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN SCHEFFLER.

"We love Him, because He first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.)

Loved One! who, by grace, hast wrought me
Somewhat to Thy likeness pure;
Loved One! who, in mercy, sought me,
Lost and wretched, blind and poor;
Loved One! hear me vow, this day,
To be Thine eternally.

Loved One! who endured such anguish,
Who for man so toiled and bled;
Loved One! who by death did vanquish
All my foes, and in my stead;
Loved One! hear me vow, this day,
To be Thine eternally.

Loved One! who art now bestowing
Light and knowledge, truth and grace;
Loved One! who Thyself art showing
As the sinner's hiding-place;
Loved One! hear me vow, this day,
To be Thine eternally.

Loved One! who for ever loves me,
Still for me in heaven prays;
Loved One! who my freedom gives me,
And the mighty ransom pays;
Loved One! hear me vow, this day,
To be Thine eternally.

Loved One! who, erelong, wilt wake me
From the grave, where I shall lie;
Loved One! who, erelong, wilt make me
Sharer of Thy bliss on high;
Loved One! hear me vow, this day,
To be Thine eternally.

Scripture Scenes.

SHECHEM.

This is a town in central Palestine, in Samaria, among the mountains of Ephraim, in the narrow valley between the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, and

consequently within the tribe of Ephraim. It is in north latitude 32° 17′, east longitude 35° 20′, being thirty-four miles north of Jerusalem, and seven miles south of Samaria.

It was a very ancient place, and appears to have arisen as a town in the interval between the arrival of Abraham in Palestine and the return of Jacob from Padan-aram, for it is mentioned only as

a place, described by reference to the oaks in the neighbourhood, when Abraham came there on first entering the land of Canaan. (Gen. xii. 6.) But, in the history of Jacob it repeatedly occurs as a town having walls and gates: it could not, however, have been very large or important, if we may judge from the consequence which the inhabitants attached to an alliance with Jacob, and from the facility with which the sons of the patriarch were able to surprise and destroy them. After the conquest of the country, Shechem was made a city of refuge, and one of the Levitical towns; and during the lifetime of Joshua it was a centre of union to the tribes, probably because it was the nearest considerable town to the residence of that chief in Timnath-serah.

In the time of the Judges, Shechem became the capital of the kingdom set up by Abimelech, but was at length conquered and destroyed by him. It must, however, have been erelong rebuilt, for it had again become of so much importance by the time of Rehoboam's accession, that he there gave the meeting to the delegates of the tribes, which ended in the separation of the kingdom. It was Shechem which the first monarch of the new kingdom made the capital of his dominions, although, later in his reign, the pleasantness of Tirzah induced him to build a palace there, and to make it the summer-residence of his court; which gave it such importance, that it at length came to be regarded as the capital of the kingdom, till Samaria eventually deprived it of that honour. Shechem, however, still throve. It subsisted during the exile, and continued, for many ages after, the chief seat of the Samaritans and of their worship, their sole temple being upon the mountain, (Gerizim,) at whose feet the city stood. The city was taken, and the temple destroyed, by John Hyrcanus, B.C. 129.

In the New Testament it occurs under the name of Sychar, (John iv. 5,) which seems to have been a sort of nick-name, such as the Jews were fond of imposing upon places they disliked. Stephen, however, in his historical retrospect, still uses the proper and ancient name. (Acts vii. 16.)

Not long after the times of the New Testament, the place received the name of Neapolis, which it still retains in the Arabic form of Nabulus; being one of the very few names imposed by the Romans in Palestine which have survived to the present day. It had probably suffered much, if it was not completely destroyed, in the war with the Romans, and would seem to have been restored or rebuilt by Vespasian, and then to have taken this new name. It has remained in the hands of the Mahometans since A.D. 1242.

There is no reason to question that the present town occupies the site of the ancient Shechem, although its dimensions are probably more contracted. The fertility and beauty of the deep and narrow valley in which the town stands, especially in its immediate neighbourhood, have been much admired by travellers, as far exceeding what they had seen in any other part of Palestine. The town itself is long and narrow, extending along the north-east base of Mount Gerizim, and partly resting upon its declivity. The population of the place is rated by Dr. Olin at eight or ten thousand, of whom five or six hundred are Christians of the Greek communion, and the rest Moslems, with the exception of about one hundred and thirty Samaritans, and one-third that number of Jews. The inhabitants bear the character of being an unusually valiant as well as a turbulent race; and some years since maintained a desperate struggle against the Egyptian government in some bloody rebellions.

Christian Missions.

JOHN ELIOT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

(*Concluded from page* 341.)

WHILST our laborious and self-denying Evangelist was thus toiling with unwearied diligence to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the deeply interesting class of men to whom he had thus consecrated his energies, he was not unmindful of that which, under the

Divine blessing, could alone give permanence and security to the work in which he had engaged,—the translation into the Indian language of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Eliot had long been employed in this work, and in September, 1661, he had the high pleasure of seeing an edition of the New Testament completed in the vernacular language of the aboriginęs. Two years subsequently he sent forth an edition of the Old Testament. Thus, after almost unparalleled difficulties, and with immense pains and many prayers, this good man conferred this invaluable gift upon the world,—an entire version of the Bible in the language of the North American Indians! Had John Eliot bequeathed no other legacy to his race than this, his name would deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance! "Behold, ye Americans," exclaimed Dr. Mathieson, on witnessing the completion of this great work,—"behold the greatest honour that ever you were partakers of! This Bible was printed here; and it is the only Bible that ever was printed in all America, from the very foundation of the world!"

Who can dispute the claim of this humble Missionary to be reckoned among the number of earth's greatest benefactors? In truth, whether we regard his mental or his moral achievements, he far outshines the majority even of the most illustrious sons of men! His most ordinary avocations excite our admiration at the energy and versatility of his mind. At one time we find him forming roads, and throwing substantial bridges over rivers and floods; at another, he is busy in erecting habitations of peace and comfort for his people, taking care to surround them with walls, and to protect them with the well-built palisado-fort; anon, he is directing in the labours of the field, or preaching and praying in the forests, or in the chapels he himself has reared; whilst, all this time, he is toiling with almost sleepless diligence, to translate into the rugged tongue of the Indian, not only the religious tract, but also the entire volume of the Word of Life!*

Verily, he rendered obedience to the injunction of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might.*"

It pleased God, by very peculiar trials, in his old age, to test the faith, and charity, and zeal, of this distinguished man. A war broke out between the colonists of New England and one of the principal unconverted Indian Chiefs. The Christian Indians naturally attached themselves to the English, and some of them even took up arms against their heathen countrymen; but the fact, that a few converted Indians fought against the English was sufficient to excite the prejudices of the colonists against all the converts. They viewed them with abhorrence and distrust; they subjected them to severe persecution; some of them they actually put to death. Mr. Eliot, of course, exerted himself to protect the persons and interests of his spiritual children; and in doing so became the subject of considerable obloquy and suspicion. The whole affair was to Eliot a cause of deep distress. "My heart," says he, "hath much ado to hold up my head; it doth daily lead me to the everlasting arms, where alone is my hope and help; the world is a place and state on which I will lean no more."

The results of this war were most disastrous, both to the progress of evangelical religion, and the advancement of civilization. Most of the Indian settlements that, at so much cost of time and labour, had been formed, were entirely desolated. "The storehouse was no longer filled with skins and furs for the markets; the happy circles were no more gathered beneath their roofs; the sounds of prayer and praise came seldom on the ear; even the psalms that Eliot had composed were neglected; it was a dark dispensation. At the age of seventy-two, it is sweet to sit in the shadow of the tree that we have

* In addition to his great work, the translation into the Indian tongue of the Holy Scriptures, Eliot translated various other useful books; such as Primers, and Catechisms; Dr. Bayly's "Practice of Piety;" Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted;" and Shepherd's "Sincere Convert and Sound Believer." He instituted schools, at which many learned to read and write. At Cambridge, New England, a building was erected, through his instrumentality, under the name of "The Indian's College." It was intended for the clerical education of young converts; but, on account of the death or departure of most of the native-students it was chiefly occupied by Anglo-Americans.

planted, to listen to familiar sounds; to see the sun go down on our labours, and the faces we have long loved, grow more kind as the night draws near. But this venerable Missionary was called to build and to plant at the eleventh hour, to go forth again to the forest and plain, to wait for his reward in eternity; and he was content to do so. Eagerly and cheerfully, as in the days of his youth, with his staff in his hand, and his leathern girdle about his loins, he left the blackened homes of his settlements, and journeyed to the 'howling wilderness,' if he might but gain new converts to God. It is not easy to regard this man without admiration. It was not with him as in days past, when public approval at home and abroad followed every step, and every lip hailed him as 'the apostle:' men branded him now as insidious, traitorous, a lover of himself more than of his country; and, for the first time of his life, the iron entered into his soul. Wherever he went the traces of the war were fearfully distinct. 'I have studied to be faithful to their souls,' he said, as he looked sadly round. Yet his zeal and perseverance were at last rewarded; his preaching was again attended with great success; his head was lifted up again from the dust. Perhaps there was something irresistibly impressive, to the Indians, in the venerable man seeking their wilds again, and addressing them with the fire, as well as the charity, of his earlier days. Perhaps, also, it was the will of Heaven to shed a glory round the latter days of its faithful servant, and bid the morn break more beautiful from the night of tears. During the few succeeding years, he had the inexpressible comfort of seeing his churches gradually restored; the assemblies gathered again; and, if a great number of old faces were not among them, there were others equally earnest from other tribes; the plantations again rose around the towns, and good conduct, as well as feelings of kindness and mercy, prevailed among the dwellers. It is probable this kindling anew the dying embers of religion in the spirit of the Indian, made Eliot's last days more happy than if a continued stream of prosperity had been his lot. His heart overflowed with gratitude, though his mission had never again the same extent or influence as before the disastrous war."*

For more than threescore years this man of God continued actively engaged in evangelistic duties. At the age of eighty-two, he persisted in going forth, as far as he was able, to visit his loved settlements; and such was the excellence of his constitution, that his frame was not yet bowed, and his eye was still bright. Earth had nothing so welcome to him as to mingle yet awhile with his Indians, sit in their assemblies, and listen, when he could speak to them no longer. At length, a violent fever utterly prostrated him. Being asked how he did, he answered, "Alas! I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails me; but I thank God my charity holds out still: I find that rather grows than fails." When speaking of the work in which he had been so long engaged, he said, "There is a cloud, a dark cloud, upon the work of the Gospel among the poor Indians. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work in which I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word, *my doings!* Alas! they have been poor, and small, and lean doings; and I'll be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." At another time, he said, "The evening clouds are passing away; the Lord Jesus, whom I have served, like Polycarp, for eighty years, forsakes me not. O, come in glory! I have long waited for that coming!" Among the last words he uttered were, "WELCOME JOY!" He departed this life, in the beginning of the year 1690, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Nearly half a century had this distinguished Missionary toiled to bring the wanderers of the North American forests to a knowledge of the truth. Did he toil uselessly? Let the Indian himself, in his own wild but striking eloquence, reply. Thus spake one of these sons of nature, at the close of a Christian service:—

"My heart laughs for joy on seeing myself before thee: we have all of us

* Carne's *Lives of Missionaries.*

heard the word which thou hast sent us. How beautiful is the sun to-day! but lately it was red and angry, for our hands were stained with blood; our tomahawks thirsted for it; our women howled for the loss of their relations; at the least shriek of the birds of night, all our warriors were on foot; the serpents angrily hissed at us as we passed. Those we left behind sang the songs of death.

"But now our whole nation laughs for joy to see us walk on the same road with thyself, to join the Father of spirits: our hearts shall make but one: come with us to the forests; come to our homes by the great river; we shall plant the tree of life, of which thou speakest, there, and our warriors shall rest beneath its leaves; and thou shalt tell us more of that land where there is no storm or death, and the sun is always bright. Will not that be good? What dost thou say to it, my father?"

Happy the man who was the instrument of producing this great change, and who was thus unconsciously recognised, even by the heathen themselves, as the "APOSTLE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

Narratives.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

IT was night; the heavens were cloudless, and the sea was calm. An East Indiaman, "The Six Sisters," was steering its rapid course towards the Isle of France, with twenty-eight passengers on board, besides the crew. Everything seemed to promise a prosperous voyage. The air was balmy and clear, and the song of the sailors mingled harmoniously with the murmur of the waves. The Captain, quietly seated on the deck, was chatting with Madame Malfit, one of the passengers. Suddenly a cry of terror was heard from the lower end of the vessel, and a bright light flashed in upon the darkness. Through some unaccountable negligence the vessel had caught fire, and the flames were already spreading with terrible rapidity. All that human thought could devise, and human energy effect, was in instant operation to arrest the fearful calamity; but, alas! in vain. As if to help the dreadful enemy to a more certain conquest, the wind had risen, and the heavens began to lour with tempest-clouds. The flames ascend, increase, and rage fiercely; till at length the vessel, completely enveloped in their fiery mantle, sinks, and is seen no more.

It was in the changeful month of April, 1819. A small boat that had escaped the devouring flames was now the last resource of the hapless voyagers. They had thrown themselves into it, unmindful, in their frantic struggle for life, that it was too small by any possibility to hold them all; and it was not till they lay huddled together, that even the Captain became aware that the want of room to work the boat destroyed their only chance of escape. Should the storm rise, the overloaded bark must sink; and already the waves were roaring, and the thunder growling in the distance. In utter despair the Captain and sailors, in short and whispered deliberation upon the course to be pursued, determined that, at any cost, the boat must be lightened; that two must at once be thrown overboard: and, should this suffice not, more must follow. But who are to be the victims to the general safety? Upon whom is the deadly lot to fall?

Almost at the same instant, the eyes of both the Captain and the sailors glance upon two negroes, who were paying the most devoted attention to their mistress, Madame Malfit, while, lying half dead in the bottom of the boat, she clasped in her failing arms her infant child. In the twofold glance might be read that the choice was made. The first victims were to be the two negroes; but how is the purpose to be effected? Will not the most desperate resistance be made by the vigorous sons of Africa? Will those brawny arms, those athletic forms, be passive victims? It is idle to hope it; and yet the least struggle must upset the boat. The Captain trembled in every limb as, covering his face with both hands

he whispered the only remaining alternative, "The women and children must be thrown overboard!"

The dread sentence was overheard by one of the negroes, who, laying his hand on the shoulder of his swarthy brother, exchanged with him a few quick, brief words: then, turning to Madame Malfit, said, "Him and me make room; the lady and young Massa shall see their country again." Then, solemnly addressing the Captain,—"Sware to save her, and him and me will go over!"

The astonished Captain prepared himself to speak.

"No!" interrupted Madame Malfit, whom these words had roused into full consciousness of what was passing around her; "it must not be. I cannot suffer such a sacrifice. These faithful creatures are bold and vigorous; their strength will be of service, but I am utterly useless; I am only a burden. Let me be the victim; I am ready! One last prayer,—'Save my child! Let him be as your own.'" And, as she spoke, the mother lifted the babe in her arms, and motioned to the Captain to take him.

"Give him to us for a last kiss," exclaimed one of the negroes. "Lady, you taught us what makes us not afraid to die; for you told us of Jesus dying for us poor black men, to save us and take us to heaven."

At this instant a peal of thunder rendered wholly inaudible the remainder of his sentence. The faithful creatures now pressed their lips to the pale cheek of the infant, which the lightning's flash showed in strange contrast with their dark complexions. "Good-bye, little Massa, we shall meet above!" and with one look upward, the devoted negroes plunged into the deep. Unexpected mercy! No more victims were needed. The storm ceased, and the remainder of the party were saved.

Religion and Morals.

THE RENEWAL OF THE COVENANT.

THAT this old established custom amongst the Methodists has Scripture precedent for its observance is evident, for in the Bible we have several instances, both of individuals and public assemblies, covenanting with the Most High.

David describes the saints "making a covenant with God by sacrifice." The offering which Abel presented not only implied a confession of guilt, and an application to a Redeemer, but also faith in the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who was, in the fulness of time, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and a surrender of himself to His service. After the flood, God covenanted with Noah, (Gen. ix. 8—11,) then with Abram, (Gen. xvii. 1, 2,) and subsequently with Jacob. The terms of the last are extraordinary and important. The Patriarch was on his journey from his father's house to Padan-aram, and being benighted, he was compelled to lie down to rest in a most defenceless situation; the cold earth was his bed, and a stone his pillow. The ground on which he slept was consecrated by the remarkable occurrence of that night, and afterward obtained the significant name of Bethel. While asleep he was favoured with a singular vision. He witnessed a communication taking place between heaven and earth by means of the angels of God, ascending and descending upon a ladder, and the Lord standing above it. While Jacob gazed upon this wondrous sight, he heard a voice from the excellent glory addressed immediately to himself, which reiterated the benediction which Isaac had recently pronounced, although the provisions thereof were considerably enlarged. On awakening, he confessed the presence of God; and, constrained by a sense of Divine goodness, he raised a monument of gratitude, and bound himself by the most solemn engagements, to avouch the Lord to be his God. He "vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then

shall the Lord be my God." (Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.)

There are also instances in which large assemblies of people, publicly and unitedly entered into covenant with the Almighty. Among these, we enumerate that which transpired on the eve of the giving of the law from Mount Sinai; (Exodus xix. 5—8;) that in the land of Moab; (Deut. xxix. 1—13;) that previous to the death of Joshua; (Joshua xxiv. 14—25;) that in the days of Josiah; (2 Kings xxiii. 2, 3;) and also that which was predicted by Jeremiah, (Jeremiah l. 4, 5,) the fulfilment of which is recorded by Ezra and Nehemiah. (Ezra viii. 21; x. 1—3; Neh. ix. 1—3, 38; x. 28, 29.)

In Methodism, in the outset, "the renewal of the covenant" was confined to the metropolis, and to one chapel. It was afterwards observed in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and subsequently in Bristol. It was then introduced into all the larger Societies; until at length, its preciousness as a means of grace, led to its universal adoption.

In Mr. Wesley's Journal there are several notices of the introduction and progress of this important service in Methodism. Some of the extracts will interest our readers in the near prospect of its annual observance:—

"August 6th, 1755.—I mentioned to the congregation [Spitalfields] another means of increasing serious religion, which had been frequently practised by our forefathers, and attended with eminent blessing; namely, the joining in a covenant to serve God with all our heart and with all our soul. I explained this for several mornings following; and on Friday many of us kept a fast unto the Lord, beseeching Him to give us wisdom and strength, to promise unto the Lord our God and keep it.

"Monday, August 11th.—I explained once more the nature of such an engagement, and manner of doing it acceptably to God. At six in the evening we met, for that purpose, at the French Church in Spitalfields. After I had recited the tenor of the covenant proposed, in the words of that blessed man, Richard Alleine, all the people stood up, in testimony of assent, to the number of about eighteen hundred. Such a sight I scarce ever saw before. Surely the fruit of it shall remain for ever!" In the year 1756, the practice was introduced among our societies in Ireland. Mr. Wesley, being at Dublin, writes, "April 16th, (being Good-Friday,) near four hundred of the society met to follow the example of their brethren in England, and renew their covenant with God. It was a solemn hour: many mourned before God, and many were comforted."

On Good-Friday, the following year, Mr. Wesley, then in London, writes, "I read over, and enlarged upon, Joseph Alleine's 'Directions for a thorough Conversion to God;' and desired all who were able would meet me on Monday that we might 'perform our vows unto the Lord.'"

"Monday, 11th, at five in the evening about twelve hundred of the society met me at Spitalfields. At half-hour after nine, God broke in mightily upon the congregation. 'Great' indeed 'was our glorying' in Him: we were filled with consolation."

The Household.

THE HOME MOTHER.

We must draw a line, ay, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flirts from party to party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as heartless as herself; she who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given to her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements. Not so with our home mother; blessings on her head! The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties.

How pleased she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some little article for

the use and adornment of her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little faces dimple with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she made! How much more warm and comfortable they feel if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or put the comforters around their necks.

There is a particular charm about all she does,—the precious mother. They could not sleep—nay, for that matter, she could not—if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arranged them comfortably before they slept. Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator as she looks on those sweet, blooming faces; and, when their prayers are done, imprints a good-night kiss on each rosy mouth.

It may be, too, a tear will start for the little nestling bird, in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter howls around its head. It needs no longer her tender care. A mightier Arm enfolds it. It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the Hand that sped the shaft; and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left to love. How tenderly she guards them from danger, and with a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill.

Blessings be on the gentle, home-loving mother! Angels will look with love upon her acts. Her children will rise up and call her blessed; and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment.

THE SABBATH AMONG THE SCOTCH SECEDERS, SIXTY YEARS AGO.

In the autobiography of the late Rev. Adam Lind,* Minister of the Associate Congregation, Whitehill, we have an interesting account of the manner in which his godly parents were wont to keep the Lord's day. His father's name was also Adam. He was a farmer and merchant in the village of Tarves, in Aberdeenshire, Margaret Fyvie was the maiden name of his second wife, and was the mother of the Minister of Whitehill.

As the writer [the Rev. Adam Lind] has been long impressed with the superior piety of his parents, he may mention, as a proof of it, the usual way in which they spent the Sabbath. They rose sooner than ordinary that day, and called up the drowsy members of the family at the same time. After spending a considerable time in secret prayer, they met the children and servants in the kitchen end; for, in all ordinary cases, one apartment contained the whole. One was then employed, then another, in reading aloud from some sound author,—such as Dr. Owen, (a favourite author with the head of the family,) or Mr. Boston, or one of the Erskines, or Mr. Andrew Gray, &c. This was the order till breakfast-time. After it, worship was observed, to a greater length than on other days. They then spent some time in secret prayer, preparatory to their going up to the house of God. No carnal, worldly discourse was allowed in their presence on this day. On their way to church, which was a full mile, they were usually joined by some fellow-Christians, when the conversation was wholly of a spiritual nature. One would propose, What is the best frame of mind for hearing the Gospel of Christ? or, How may a cold, wandering heart become interested in the service of Christ? In speaking on such religious themes, they often found the road too short. In the hearing of the Word, they were not diverted by the entrance of such as come too late to the house of God,—the disturbers of public worship. Indeed, there were comparatively few of these at Craigdam, in those days. When there was an interval between the discourses, it was uniformly improved, by a considerably large class, in digesting, conversationally, the message just delivered. They drew together, as kindred spirits of one heart and of one mind. Seated on the heather,

* *Memorials of the Rev. Adam Lind, Whitehill, containing Autobiography.* Edited, *with a Sketch of his Character and Ministry*, by his Nephew, the Rev. Adam Lind, Elgin. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co. 1862.

these excellent ones of the earth strengthened one another, and encouraged one another. In this class, Adam Lind was a chief person. He had a retentive memory, and a lively, inviting manner of communication. Not a few spent the interval among the heath, at the side of a bush or a dike, in earnest, secret prayer to God. Among these, Margaret Fyvie was generally found, for she was an eminent praying saint.

When public worship was over, the congregation retired in parties, and aided one another in calling back what they had heard. The worthy pair returned not alone, but in company with some anxious to enjoy their spiritual conversation. There were few sapient critics in those days. It was not the man, nor the manner of his address, but the message itself, that chiefly occupied their attention and conversation. God's people then felt the Word; and, though they had more true theological knowledge than pretenders now have, they were diffident, humble, and modest.

On their return home, these two disciples spent some time in secret prayer for a blessing on the public work of the day; and, after dinner, children and servants were called to give some account of what they had heard. Even those servants that belonged to the parish church, were required to give notes from the discourse which they had heard; nor were there ever any uncharitable remarks made by their master on their going to the Established Church, nor on their frequently garbled and stupid statements.

When they had collected all they could from their domestics, they then went over the discourses regularly:—1st, The heads; 2d, The observations on them; 3d, The inferences; and then gleaned the illustrations. They did not, as many, retain only an anecdote, or striking remark; but where Christ had the most prominent place, that they preferred, or the close practical strictures of the preacher.

On the evening of the Sabbath, a domestic catechising was strictly observed. From this part of duty neither child nor servant was allowed to be absent, if well. The female head commenced by asking the questions of the Assembly's Catechism. During this time her worthy partner was engaged in secret prayer in the barn. On his return, he asked one of said questions, beginning where he left off the Sabbath preceding; and from this question he went round his class, which sometimes amounted to about twenty, children and servants together; asking at each, questions suited to his age, and attainments, and habits. The questions were generally built on the doctrines of the text, unless he designed to convey an admonition or reproof to any one. He possessed an eminent catechetical talent, clear, concise; accompanied with a kind, indulgent manner. It would be difficult to say whether he excelled most in the doctrinal or the practical in divinity. In either he found himself quite at home. He was evidently gratified when he received appropriate answers. When otherwise, he felt keenly, though he did not rail, or give way to passion. As he accompanied his catechising with practical remarks, no formal address succeeded it.

If there were time after this exercise, some one was employed in reading aloud on some important subject. After supper, worship was conducted by one of the male servants. The servants in this family were changed but seldom. They were often pious servants. They loved the order of the house; and, after some practice, delighted in the honourable work of leading family-devotion. When, through tremor, they stammered or were obliged to be short, no censure was passed. If anything was said at all, it was to encourage; such as, "Ye'll do better next." After having closed the exercise of the day as they began, this primitive pair retired to rest; giving an injunction that no carnal conversation be indulged.

Here is an instance of the beneficial results of Mr. Lind's firmness and faithfulness as a master:—

A young man once left the family of Adam Lind because he was reproved for absence several times on Sabbath evening, and enjoined to attend for the future. His mother was bitter with his master for chiding her son, and asked him to send and bring him back. He, however, would do no such thing. The young man in a few days returned with his mother, pleading that he might be taken back,

The conditions were mentioned by the master, and the servant complied with them, acknowledging his fault. From that time, this servant became a reader, and a regular man; and Adam Lind lived to see him, not only a private Christian, but an elder along with himself at Craigdam; a well-informed, prudent, talented member of society. And he dated the whole from the event just mentioned; admiring the firmness and faithfulness of such a master.

Anecdotes.

PROVIDENTIAL REMOVAL.

We are told in the life of Bishop Bull, that the lodgings he, when a parochial Clergyman, had taken in his parish, were contiguous to a powder-mill. After he had been there for several months, Mr. Morgan, a gentleman of the parish, and his lady, paid him a visit, and having represented the danger to which he was exposed by continuing in those lodgings, invited him to their house. Mr. Bull was at last prevailed upon to accept their offer; and some few days after, the mill and his apartment were blown up, on such a day and hour as he had always been in his study, from the time he first came to that place.

REPUBLICAN PROFANITY.

After the death of Charles the First, the Court of King's Bench was called the Court of Public Bench: and some republicans were so cautious of acknowledging monarchy anywhere, that they even, in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, "Thy kingdom come," chose to have it said, "Thy commonwealth come!"

BARNES' EPITAPH.

Joshua Barnes, the learned editor of "Euripides," had a Greek epitaph upon him, with this sense:—

"Kind Barnes, adorned by every Muse,
Each Greek in his own art outdoes.
No orator was ever greater,
No poet ever chaunted sweeter;
H' excell'd in grammar mystery;
And the Black Prince of history;
And a divine the most profound,
That ever trod on English ground."

And it goes on to say, that Mr. Joshua Barnes read a small English Bible, that he usually carried about him, one hundred and twenty-one times over, at leisure hours.

A SPECIMEN OF LEARNED FOLLY.

Burnett in the "History of his own Times," mentions a Dr. Case, who wrote a book, with this title, "The Angelical Guide, showing Men and Women their Lot and Chance in this elementary Life." The work is very astrological and profound; for instance, the author states, that "Adam was created in that pleasant place called Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002; viz., on April the 24th, at twelve o'clock at midnight."

The Monitor.

THE REBUKE.

All eminent Christians have learned the worth of prayer; they loved to be often at the throne of grace, in the closet, the social circle, and the public prayer-meeting. That disciple is to be pitied who cannot recall seasons when he would have left meals untasted, or walked any distance, rather than miss the prayer-meeting.

John Angell James was noted, in the commencement of his religious life, for great zeal in sustaining a Sunday morning prayer-meeting in the town of Poole, where he was an apprentice. An old gentleman, who remembered him well, told the following story in illustration:—One Saturday evening he had gone over to Blandford, about fourteen miles, to visit his friends, and was not expected back

till late the next day. But, on the next morning, the old gentleman went as usual to the meeting, and, being a few minutes late, found that the services had begun, and some one was leading in prayer. The voice sounded very much like Mr. James', but, knowing his absence from town, he could not believe that it was he. When he got in, he found it was indeed Mr. James, and on expressing surprise at the close of the meeting, Mr. James simply said, with a smiling face,—

"O! why could you not come in time? I have walked over here from Blandford this morning, and got here before you."

If members of our societies living within two or three streets of the chapel, had a little of Mr. James' spirit, these meetings of prayer would be better attended, and pervaded with more earnestness and grace. Can one be a true Christian who does not love the prayer-meeting?

The Months of the Year.

DECEMBER.

Dark December has at length arrived; the earth has completed another of her annual journeys, and has brought us to the middle of winter; to the season of chilliness and cloudiness, of cheerless skies, dreary prospects, and miry roads. Severe frost does not usually set in till towards the close of the month; but a damp and chilling state of the atmosphere often prevails, which is more unpleasant than frost. The days are now at the shortest, the time that the sun remains above the horizon being, on the twenty-first of the month, something less than eight hours even in the southern parts of our island.

Vegetable nature seems to have fallen into a state of torpor, and to have retired, like the hybernating animals, to some secret mansion, there to sleep away the cold and unpropitious season, till the warmth of the ensuing spring shall arrive and awaken her to her accustomed energy. But this is not really the case: while apparently slumbering, she is actually engaged in preparing and compounding all the beautiful verdure, and the pleasing forms, of the coming season. The fair profusion that adorns the spring, the richer flowers and fruits of summer, and the wide-spread bounties of autumn, are nothing more than the perfect results of what has been prepared and fabricated in silence and secrecy during these dull months. Had we the faculty to detect and to observe what is going on beneath the rugged and unsightly bark of the tree that now lifts its bare arms towards the sky, we should be filled with wonder and admiration at the sight: there should we behold the manufactory going on of "materials for its leaf and its bark; for the petals and parts of its flowers; the tubes and machinery that concoct the juices, modify the fluids, and furnish the substance of the fruit, with multitudes of other unknown operations and contrivances, too delicate and mysterious to be seen, or even comprehended, by the blindness, the defectibility of our nature; things of which we have no information, being beyond the range of any of the works or the employments of mankind."

The Portfolio.

THE PATIENT CHRISTIAN.

Under the pressure of any affliction, "Thy will be done," as it is the patient Christian's unceasing prayer, so it is the ground of his unvarying practice. In this brief petition he finds his whole duty comprised and expressed. It is the unprompted request of his lips; it is the motto inscribed on his heart; it is the principle which regulates his life; it is the voice which says to the stormy passions, "Peace, be still!" Let others

expostulate, he submits; nay, even submission does not adequately express his feelings. We frequently submit, not so much from duty, as from necessity; we submit, because we cannot help ourselves. Resignation sometimes may be mere acquiescence in the sovereignty, rather than the conviction of the wisdom and goodness, of God; while the patient Christian not only yields to the dispensation, but adores the Dispenser. He not only submits to the blow, but vindicates the Hand which inflicts it: "The Lord is righteous in all His ways." He refers to the chastisement as a proof of the affection of the Chastiser: "I know that in very faithfulness Thou hast caused me to be afflicted." He recurs to the thoughtlessness of his former prosperity: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray;" and alludes to the trial less as a punishment than a parental correction. If he prays for a removal of the present suffering, he prays also that it may not be removed from him until it has been sanctified to him. He will not even part from the trial until he has laid hold on the benefit.

FEAR.

Fear is the great bridle of intemperance, the modesty of the spirit, and the restraint of gaieties and dissolutions; it is the girdle to the soul, and the handmaid to repentance, the arrest of sin, and the cure or antidote to the spirit of reprobation; it preserves our apprehensions of the Divine majesty, and hinders our single actions from combining to sinful habits; it is the mother of consideration, and the nurse of sober counsels, and it puts the soul to fermentation and activity, making it pass from trembling to caution, and from caution to carefulness, from carefulness to watchfulness, from thence to prudence; and, by the gates and progresses of repentance, it leads the soul on to love, and to felicity, and to joys in God that shall never cease again. Fear is the guard of a man in the days of prosperity; and it stands upon the watch-towers and spies the approaching danger, and gives warning to them that laugh loud, and feast in the chambers of rejoicing, where a man cannot consider by reason of the noises of wine, and jest, and music; and if prudence takes it by the hand, and leads it on to duty, it is a state of grace, and a universal instrument to infant religion, and the only security of the less perfect persons; and in all senses is that homage we owe to God, who sends often to demand it, even then, when He speaks in thunder, or smites by a plague, or awakens us by threatenings, or discomposes our easiness by sad thoughts, and tender eyes, and fearful hearts, and trembling considerations.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"IS THE MATTER SETTLED?"

"Is the matter settled between you and God?" I asked solemnly of one whose declining health forewarned us to expect her early removal from this world. "O yes, Sir," was her calm reply. "How did you get it settled?" "O, the Lord Jesus Christ settled it for me." "And when did He do it for you?" I inquired. "When He died on the cross for my sins." "How long is it since you knew this blessed and consoling fact?" The answer was readily given: "About twelve months ago." Anxious, however, to ascertain the grounds of this confidence, I asked, "How did you know that the work which Christ accomplished on the cross for sinners, was done for you?" She at once replied, "I read in the Bible, and believed what I read."

And now, dear reader, have you read in the Bible, and believed what you have read? It is written, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) Does this bring comfort to your soul? Do you believe this "faithful saying?"

THE OCCASIONS OF RELIGIOUS DECLENSION.

1. *Constant association with careless professors.*—Duty will carry us into the world, but only sin makes us of the world. The question is not, are our relatives, or our business acquaintances worldly; but are

our chosen friends so? The first is consistent with a state of grace, the second never so.

2. *Vanity.*—If a man is naturally vain, he will be in danger of sacrificing everything to a name.

3. *A tendency to speculate.*—This often precipitates a fall. It drags us into boon companionship with men whose idol is gold. It eats into that quiet which is essential to prayer. It damages us in the judgment of others; and when we know others think we are sinking, we are apt to sink: and it often drags us into practices inconsistent with Christian integrity.

4. *Going to vain amusements.*—This is wholly incompatible with a man's "walking in the fear of God and the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

5. *Indulging some besetting sin.*—Soon this corrupts our whole standard of truth. We seek a new gospel to make this sin permissible; and this new gospel gives us a new master.

6. *Neglecting prayer.*—Declension first knocks at the closet-door. It is the only gate by which it can effect an entrance. But when in, it possesses the whole house.

7. *Laxity of speech and dealing.*—There are always ebbs and flows in the human heart, but beware lest you increase the reaction. Satan, like the wreckers, watches for an ebb tide to seize the vessels that may be temporarily stranded.

Memorials of the Departed.

William Faulks, a native of Hickling, near Melton-Mowbray, was born of poor, but honest and industrious, parents; and though but little, comparatively, is known of his early religious views and feelings, in relating his Christian experience, he has referred, with peculiar gratitude, to the influence exerted upon his mind, by the earnest prayers and consistent example of a pious and devoted mother. When called upon at an early age to go forth from the home of his youth, to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, the advice and counsels of that pious mother were never forgotten by him. But it was not until he had arrived at manhood that he became decidedly pious. He then obtained a clear sense of his acceptance with God. It was, as he has been often heard to say, as clear as the noonday sun;—the Spirit itself bearing witness with his spirit, that he was a child of God. Nor did he ever cast away this, the beginning of his confidence.

This great change was brought about by the instrumentality of Wesleyan Methodism, and he immediately gave evidence of his attachment to this people by having his name enrolled among them as a member of Society. For forty years he continued a zealous and consistent member, adorning "the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things." In order that he might be thoroughly furnished to every good word and work, as well as to promote his own growth in grace, he gave attention to reading. He searched the Scriptures. He was a man of prayer. His prayers in public were never tedious, but always earnest, and remarkably Scriptural; and he delighted in the exercise and joys of family-worship. Such a man, it is scarcely needful to add, was attentive to the public means of grace. No Sunday shower kept him at home. Whoever else might be absent, health permitting, he was sure to be present. Many a time, at the appointed hour of prayer, has he gone to God's house, and finding no one to join him in the holy exercise, he has poured out his soul for himself and his neighbours; and, having obtained the Divine blessing, has retired refreshed in spirit.

For a number of years he laboured under the very serious infirmity of being scarcely able to "hear the sweet music of speech." But he turned this to advantage by spending much of his time in reading and meditation. The "Poor Man's Daily Portion," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and other works of a similar character, were his great favourites. He also spent much of his leisure time in visiting the sick and the dying, for which he was peculiarly adapted. He was in this respect a home-Missionary; for there were few families

in his native village beneath whose roof his fervent prayers have not ascended to God. His last illness was short and severe, attended with great suffering; and, what was still more painful, his deafness shut him up from the outer world; so that he was quite unable to receive those consolations which he had so often endeavoured to pour into the ears of others. And being quite unable to speak, but little could be known of his feelings in this solemn hour: no doubt, however, rested on any mind, that he fell asleep in Jesus,—when, in little more than a week from the beginning of his illness, his spirit passed away. He died, September 12th, 1859, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

The late Thomas Man, of Wroot, became a member of the Wesleyan Society upwards of forty years ago. He was about twenty-three of age when he gave his heart to God, and found peace. During the whole of his connexion with the church of his choice, he was a worthy and consistent member. He was always, in all times of trial, enabled to hold on his way, and to walk worthy of his high vocation. In 1838, he was appointed the Leader of a Class; eventually he became the Leader of the whole Society in Wroot: and, for the last fifteen years, was a "pattern to all that believe." About the same length of time he was engaged as a Local Preacher; faithful to his appointments in all weathers, punctual, and very acceptable. He was a man of a meek and quiet spirit, very spiritually-minded. He loved all Christian people, but he especially loved his own people. While friendly to other sections of the Redeemer's church, he was every way, and in every sense, a Wesleyan Methodist. If others were ever disposed to waver, Thomas Man kept fast his confidence. Methodist doctrines were his stay in the house of his pilgrimage, and its discipline he well understood, and admired, and defended with great success. He stood firm by the cause at Wroot, through good and evil report. He was always very humble, and gave all glory to God. The affliction which terminated his mortal career was long and severe, but he felt the value of religion. He was graciously sustained, and enabled to say, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee." The writer can bear testimony to his patience under suffering, during many pastoral visits paid to him. It was felt that,—

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

He said that God's staff had been a comfort to him many times, and now, in affliction, he felt he knew the meaning of the passage altogether, for he even felt His rod also comfort him. When asked how it was with him in the approach of death, he said he was taking a survey of the valley of the shadow of death; adding, in allusion to his employment, "My line is fixed; one end on earth, the other in heaven. My hope is in the blood of Jesus Christ. I fear no evil." About two days before his death, Mr. H—— said, "I hope you have a bright prospect of another and a better world." He replied, "O yes; all is right; all is well;" and added, "I do not hesitate to say it will be far better to depart and to be with Christ." Mr. H—— referred to the "many happy meetings they had enjoyed on earth," when he quoted—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!"

While suffering severely, Mr. H—— repeated the words,

"But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,"—

when he took up the other couplet,—

"With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!"

"Then let our songs abound," &c.,—

and about half-past six o'clock, on the morning of September 16th, 1859, this devoted servant of God, finished his course, aged sixty-three years; and, "dying, found his latest foe under his feet at last." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sigh of Jesus, go!"

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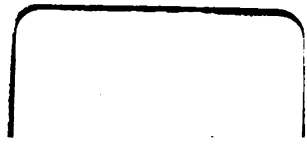
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